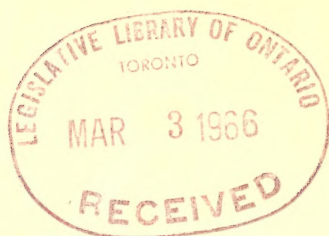




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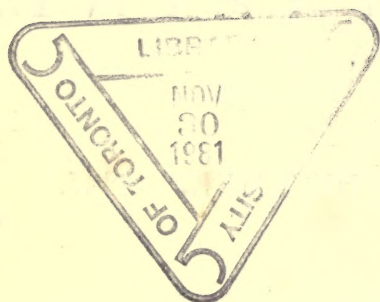


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BROWNLAWS.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XX.—POWYS'S BITS OF PAPER.

MR BROWNLOW, perhaps, did not know very well what he meant when he called young Powys into his room. He was in one of those strange states of mental excitement in which a man is at once confused and clear; incapable of seeing before him what he is about to do, yet as prompt and distinct in the doing of it as if it had been premeditated to the last detail. He could not have explained why nor told what it was he proposed to himself; in short, he had in his own mind proposed nothing to himself. He was swayed only by a vague, intense, and overwhelming necessity to have the matter before him set straight somehow, and, confused as his own mind was, and little as he knew of his own intentions, he yet went on, as by the directest inspiration, marching boldly, calmly, yet wildly, in a kind of serious madness, into the darkness of this unknown way. He called the young man to him in sharp, decided tones, as if he knew exactly what he wanted, and was ready to enter

fully into it at once; and yet he did not in the least know what he wanted, nor what question he was to ask, nor what he was to say the next moment; the only thing that helped him was, that as he looked out of his office to call Powys, he could see him pick up hastily and put in his pocket the bits of paper all dotted over with calculations, which he had already remarked on the young man's desk.

"Sit down," said Mr Brownlow, "I have something to say to you;" and he resumed his own seat at his writing-table as if there had been nothing particular in the conference, and began mechanically to arrange the papers before him: as for Powys, he put his hand upon the back of the chair which stood on the other side of the table, and waited, but did not sit down, being bewildered a little, though not half so much as his employer was, by this sudden summons.

"Sit down," said Mr Brownlow,—"sit down; I want to speak to you: I hope you know that I

have always intended to be your friend——”

“Intended! sir,” said Powys, “I know that you have been my friend, and a far better friend than I deserved——” Here he made one of those pauses of embarrassment which sometimes mean so much, and often mean so little. Mr Brownlow, who knew more than Powys did, took it to signify a great deal, and the idea gave him strength to proceed; and the fact is, that for once the two, unknown to each other, were thinking of the same thing—of the bits of paper covered with figures that were in Powys’s pocket,—only their thoughts ran in a very different strain.

“That must be decided rather by the future than by the past,” said Mr Brownlow. “I can say for myself without any doubt thus far, that I have meant to be your friend—but I must have your confidence in return; I do not think you can have any more trustworthy counsellor.” As Mr Brownlow said this, it seemed to him that some one else, some unseen third party, was putting the words into his mouth; and his heart gave a flutter as he said them, though it was little in accordance either with his age or character that the heart should take any such prominent part in his concerns.

As for the young man, there came over his face a quick flush, as of shame. He touched with his hand instinctively, and without knowing it, the breast-pocket in which these papers were—all of which actions were distinct and full of meaning to the anxious eyes that were watching him—and he faltered as he spoke. “I know that you would be my most trustworthy counsellor—and I don’t know how to thank you,” he said; but he had lowered his voice and cast down his eyes. He stood holding the back of the chair, and it trembled in his grasp. He could not meet the gaze that was fixed upon him. He stood shuffling his

feet, looking down, red with embarrassment, confusion, and shame. Was it that he felt himself a traitor? eating the Brownlows’ bread, receiving their kindness, and plotting against them? It seemed to his companion as clear as day.

“Sit down,” said Mr Brownlow, feeling his advantage, “let us talk of it as friends——” and then he himself made a pause, and clenched his hand unawares, and felt his heart contract as he put the last decisive question. “What are those calculations you have been making all day?”

Young Powys started, and became violently red, and looked up suddenly into his employer’s face. No doubt this was what he had been thinking of; but the question was so sudden, so point-blank, that it dispersed all the involuntary softenings of which he had been conscious, and brought back to him all his youthful pride and *amour propre* and reserve about his own affairs. He looked Mr Brownlow full in the face, and his agitation took a different form. “Calculations, sir?” he said, with even a touch of indignation in his voice; and then he too stopped, lest he should be uncourteous to his employer, who he was confident wished him well though he was so strangely curious. “The only calculations I have made are about my own affairs,” he went on. “They are of no interest to any one. I am sorry you should have thought I was taking up my time——”

“I did not think of your time,” said Mr Brownlow, with an impatient sigh. “I have seen many young men like you who have—who have—gone wrong—from lack of experience and knowledge of the world. I wish to serve you. Perhaps—it is possible—I may have partly divined what is on your mind. Can’t you see that it would be best in every way to make a confidant of me?”

All this the lawyer said involuntarily as it were, the words being

put into his mouth. They were false words, and yet they were true. He wanted to cheat and ruin the young man before him, and yet he wanted to serve him. He desired his confidence that he might betray it, and yet he felt disposed to guide and counsel him as if he had been his son. The confusion of his mind was such that it became a kind of exaltation. After all he meant him well—what he would do for him would be the best. It might not be justice—justice was one thing; kindness, friendship, bounty, another—and these last he was ready to give. Thus, in the bewilderment of motives and sentiments that existed in his mind, he came to find himself again as it were, and to feel that he did really mean well to the boy. “I wish to serve you,” he repeated, with a kind of eagerness. Would not this be to serve him better than by giving to his inexperienced hands a fairy fortune of which he would not know how to make use? These thoughts went vaguely but powerfully through Mr Brownlow’s mind as he spoke. And the result was that he looked up in the young man’s face with a sense of uprightness which had for some time deserted him. It would be best in every way that there should be confidence between them—best for the youth, who, after all, had he ever so good a case, would probably be quite unaware how to manage it—and best, unquestionably best, for himself, as showing at once what he had to hope or fear. Of this there could be no doubt.

As for Powys, he was touched, and at the same time alarmed. It was the same subject which occupied them both, but yet they looked upon it with very different eyes. The Canadian knew what was in those scraps of paper with their lines of figures and awful totals, and it seemed to him that sooner than show them to any one, sooner than make a clean breast of what was in them, he would rather die. Yet the kindness went to his heart,

and made him in his own eyes a monster. “Divined!” he said half to himself, with a look of horror. If Mr Brownlow had divined it, it seemed to Powys that he never could hold up his head before him again. Shame would stand between them, or something he thought shame. He had not done much that was wrong, but he could have shrunk into the very ground at the idea that his thoughts and calculations were known. In spite of himself he cast a piteous glance at the whiteness of his elbows—was that how it came about that Mr Brownlow divined? Pride, shame, gratitude, compunction, surged up in his mind, into his very eyes and throat, so that he could not speak or look at the patron who was so good to him, yet whom he could not yield to. “Sir,” he stammered, when he had got a little command of himself—“you are mistaken. I—I have nothing on my mind—nothing more than every man has who has a—a—life of his own. Indeed, sir,” the poor youth continued with eagerness, “don’t think I am ungrateful—but I—I—*can’t* tell you. I can’t tell my own mother. It is my own fault. It is nothing to any other creature. In short,” he added, breaking off with an effort, and forcing a smile, “it is nothing—nothing!—only I suppose that I am unaccustomed to the world—”

“Sit down,” said Mr Brownlow; “come nearer to me, and sit down upon this chair. You are very young—”

“I am five-and-twenty,” said Powys. He said it hastily, answering what he thought was a kind of accusation; and the words struck the lawyer like a blow. It was not new to him, and yet the very statement of that momentous number seemed to carry a certain significance. The ill-omened fortune which made these two adversaries had come to the one just when the other was born.

“Well,” said Mr Brownlow, who felt his utterance stopped by these

innocent words, "it does not matter. Sit down; I have still a great deal to say——"

And then he stopped with a gasp, and there was a pause like a pause in the midst of a battle. If Powys had not been preoccupied by the subject which to him was so absorbing, though he denied its interest to any other, he could not have failed to be struck by the earnestness, and suppressed excitement, and eager baffled looks of his employer. But he was blinded by his own anxieties, and by that unconscious self-importance of youth which sees nothing wonderful in the fact of other people's interest in its own fortunes. He thought Mr Brownlow was kind. It did not occur to him that a stronger motive was necessary for these persistent questions and for this intense interest. He was not vain—but yet it came natural to receive such attention, and his mind was not sufficiently disengaged to be surprised.

As for the lawyer, he paused and took breath, and looked into the frank yet clouded face which was so open and communicative, and yet would not, could not, reveal to him the secret he wanted to seize. It was not skill, it was not cunning, that preserved the young man's secret—was it innocence? Had he been mistaken?—was there really in Powys's consciousness at least no such secret, but only some youthful trouble, some boyish indiscretion, that was "on his mind." As Mr Brownlow paused, and looked at his young companion, this thought gradually shaped itself within him, and for the moment it gave him a strange relief. He too was absorbed and preoccupied, and thrust out of the region of such light as might have been thrown on the subject by the whiteness of the seams of the young fellow's coat; and then he had come to be in such deadly earnest that any lighter commonplace explanation would have

seemed an insult to him. Yet he paused, and after a few moments felt as if a truce had been proclaimed. It had not come yet to the last struggle for death or life. There was still time to carry on negotiations, to make terms, to convert the enemy into a firm friend and supporter. This conviction brought comfort to his mind, notwithstanding that half an hour before he had started up in the temerity of despair, and vowed to himself that, for good or evil, the decisive step must be taken at once. Now the clouds of battle rolled back, and a soft sensation of peace fell upon Mr Brownlow's soul—peace at least for a time. It melted his heart in spite of himself. It made him think of his home, and his child, and the gentle evening that awaited him after the excitement of the day; and then his eye fell upon Powys again.

"I have still a great deal to say," he went on—and his voice had changed and softened beyond all doubt, and Powys, himself surprised, had perceived the change, though he had not an idea what it meant—"I have been pleased with you, Powys. I am not sure that you have quite kept up during the last few weeks; but you began very well, and if you choose to steady yourself, and put away any delusion that may haunt you"—here Mr Brownlow made a little pause to give full force to his words—"you may be of great service to me. I took you only on trial, you know, and you had the junior clerk's place; but now I think I am justified in treating you better—after this your salary shall be double——"

Powys gave a great start in his seat, and looked at Mr Brownlow with a look of stupefaction. "Double!" he cried, with an almost hysterical gasp. He thought his ears or his imagination were deceiving him. His wonder took all the expression, almost all the

intelligence, out of his face. He sat gazing, with his mouth open, waiting to hear what it could mean.

"I will double your salary from the present time," said Mr Brownlow, smiling in spite of himself.

Then the young man rose up. His face became the colour of fire. The tears sprang into his eyes. "This was why you said you divined!" he said, with a voice that was full of tears and an ineffable softness. His gratitude was beyond words. His eyes seemed to shoot arrows into Mr Brownlow's very soul—arrows of sharp thanks, and praise, and grateful applause, which the lawyer could not bear. The words made him start, too, and threw a sudden flood of light upon the whole subject; but Mr Brownlow could not get the good of this, for he was abashed and shame-struck by the tender, undoubting, half-filial gratitude in the young man's eyes.

"But I don't deserve it," cried Powys, in his eagerness—"I don't deserve it, though you are so good. I have not been doing my work as I ought—I know I have not. These bills have been going between me and my wits. I have not known what I was doing sometimes. Oh! sir, forgive me; I don't know what to say to you, but I don't deserve it—the other fellows deserve it better than I."

"Never mind the other fellows," said Mr Brownlow, collecting himself; "I mean to make a different use of you. You may be sure that it is not out of goodness I am doing this," he added, with a strange smile that Powys could not understand—"you may be sure it is because I see in you certain—certain capabilities—"

Mr Brownlow paused, for his lips were dry; he was telling the truth, but he did not mean it to be received as truth. This was how he went on from one step to another. To tell a lie, or to tell a truth as if it were a pleasant fic-

tion, which was worst? The lie seemed the most straightforward, the most innocent of the two; and this was why his lips were dry, and he had to make a pause in his speech.

Powys sat down again, and leaned on the table, and looked across at his master, his benefactor. That was how the young man was calling him in his heart. His eyes were shining as eyes only do after they have been moistened by tears. They were soft, tender, eager, moved by those last words into a deeper gratitude still, an emotion which awoke all his faculties. "If I have any capabilities," he said, "I wish they were a hundred and a hundred times more. I can't tell you, sir—you can't imagine—how much you have done for me in a moment. And I was ashamed when you said you had divined! I have been very miserable. I have not known what to do."

"So that was all," said Mr Brownlow, drawing a long breath. "My young friend, I told you you should confide in me. I know sixty pounds a-year is very little, and so you must remember is twice sixty pounds a-year—"

"Ah, but it is double," said young Powys, with a tremulous smile. "But I have not worked for it," he went on, clouding over—"I have not won it, I know I don't deserve it; only, sir, if you have something special—anything in this world, I don't care how hard—that you mean to give me to do—"

"Yes," said Mr Brownlow, "I have something very special; I can't enter upon the details just now. The others in the office are very well; but I want some one I can depend upon, who will be devoted to me."

Upon this the young man smiled; smiled so that his face lighted up all over—every line in it answering as by an individual ray. "Devoted!" he said, "I should think so indeed—not to the last drop of blood, for

that would do you no good—but to the last moment of work, whatever, however, you please——”

“Take care,” said Mr Brownlow, “you may be too grateful; when a man promises too much he is apt to break down.”

“But I shall not break down,” said the Canadian. “You took me in first when I had nobody to speak for me, and now you save from what is worse than starving—from debt and hopeless struggles. And I was beginning to lose heart; I felt as if we could not live on it, and nobody knew but me. I beg your pardon, sir, for speaking so much about myself——”

“No, no; go on about yourself,” said Mr Brownlow. He was leaning back on his chair like a man who had had a fit and was recovering from it. His whole countenance had relaxed in a manner wonderful to behold. He listened to the young fellow’s open-hearted babble as if it had been celestial music. It was music to his ears. It distilled upon him like the dew, as the Bible says, penetrating through and through, pervading his whole being with a sense of blessed ease and relief and repose. He lay back in his chair and was content to listen. He did not care to move or think, but only to realise that the crisis had passed over; that for the moment all was still rest and security and peace. It was the best proof how much his nerves had been tried in the former part of the day.

“But you must recollect,” he said at last, “that this great fortune you have come into is, after all, only a hundred and twenty pounds a-year; it is a very small income. You will have to be very careful; but if you get into any difficulties again, the thing you ought to do is to come to me. I will always be ready to give you my advice, and perhaps help, if you want it. Don’t thank me again; I shall have a great many things

for you to do, which will make up.”

“Nothing will ever make up for the kindness,” said young Powys; and then he perceived that his audience was over. Already even the lines were beginning to tighten in Mr Brownlow’s face. The young man withdrew and went back to his desk, walking on air as he thought. It was a very small matter to be so glad about, but yet there are circumstances in which ten pounds to pay and only five pounds to pay it with will make as much anguish as the loss of a battle or a kingdom—especially to the inexperienced, the sensitive, and proud. This awful position he was suddenly relieved from when he saw no hope. And no wonder that he was elated. It was not a chronic malady to which he had grown accustomed. The truth was he had never been in debt before all his life. This may be accounted for by the fact that he had never had any money to speak of, and that he had been brought up in the backwoods.

Mr Brownlow did not change his position for some time after his clerk had left him. Passion was new to him, though he was on the declining side of life. The sharp tension, the sudden relief, the leap from anxiety, suspicion, and present danger into calm and tranquillity, was new to him. His mind had never been disturbed by such conflicts while he was young, and accordingly they came now in all their freshness, with a power beyond anything in his experience, to his soul. Thus he continued motionless, leaning back in his chair, taking the good of his respite. He knew it was only a temporary respite; he knew the danger was not past; but withal it was a comfort to him. And then, as he had this time disquieted himself in vain, who could tell if perhaps his other fears might vanish in the same way? God might be favourable to him, even though perhaps his cause was

not just such a cause as could with confidence be put into God's hands. It was not always justice that prevailed in this world; and perhaps—— So strangely does personal interest pervert the mind, that this was how John Brownlow, an upright man by nature and by long habit, calculated with himself. It seemed to him natural somehow that God should enter into the conspiracy with him—for he meant no harm even to the people who were to be his victims. Far from that; he meant, on the contrary, bit by bit, to provide for them, to surround them with comforts, to advance and promote in every way the young man whose inheritance he had so long enjoyed. He meant to be as good to him as any father, if only he could be successful in alienating for ever and ever his just right from him. Possibly he might still even carry out the plan he had conceived and abandoned, and give the crown of all his possessions, his beautiful child, to the lucky youth. Anything but justice. As he sat and rested, a certain sense of that satisfaction which arises from happiness conferred came into Mr Brownlow's mind. In the mean time, he had been very good to Powys. Poor young fellow! how grateful, how elated, how joyous he was—and all about a hundred and twenty pounds a-year! His trouble had involved only a little money, and how easy it was to make an end of that! It was not by a long way the first time in Mr Brownlow's life at which this opportunity of bringing light out of darkness had occurred to him. There were other clerks, and other men not clerks, who could, if they would, tell a similar tale. He had never been a hard man; he had been considerate, merciful, lending like the righteous man, and little exacting as to his recompense. He had served many in his day, and though he never boasted of it, he knew it. Was it in reason to give up without a struggle his power of

serving his neighbours, all the admirable use he had made of his fortune, when he might keep his fortune, and yet withal do better for the real heir than if he gave it up to him? The sense of coming ruin, and the awful excitement of that conflict for life and death which he had anticipated when he called Powys into his office, had exhausted him so entirely that he allowed himself to be soothed by all those softer thoughts. The danger was not over—he knew that as well as any one; but he had a reprieve. He had time to make of his adversary a devoted friend and vassal, and it was even for his adversary's good.

Such were the thoughts that went softly, as in a veiled and twilight procession, through his mind. After a while he raised himself up, and gathered together all the calculations at which he had been working so hard, and locked all his private drawers, and put all his memorandums by. As he did so, his halcyon state by degrees began to be invaded by gleams of the everyday daylight. He had doubled Powys's salary, and he had a right to do so if he pleased; but yet he knew that when he told it to Mr Wrinkell, that functionary would be much surprised, and that a sense of injury would be visible upon the countenances of the other clerks. Certainly a man has a right to do what he likes with his own, but then every man who does so must make up his mind to certain little penalties. He will always be able to read the grudge of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day in their faces, however silent they may be; and even an emperor, much less a country lawyer, cannot fail to be conscious when he is tacitly disapproved of. How was he to tell Wrinkell of it even? how to explain to him why he had taken so unusual a step? The very fact was a kind of confession that something more was in it than met the

eye. And Jack——; but Jack and Wrinkell too would have greater cause of astonishment still, which would throw even this into the shade. Mr Wrinkell knocked at Mr Brownlow's door when he had come this length in his thoughts. The manager had not troubled himself long as he had been alone and apparently busy; but after the long audience accorded to young Powys, Mr Wrinkell did not see how he could be shut out. He came in accordingly, and already Mr Brownlow saw the disapproval in his eye. He was stately, which was no doubt a deportment becoming a head clerk, but not precisely in the private office of his principal; and he did not waste a single word in what he had to say. He was concise almost to the point of abruptness; all of which particulars of disapprobation Mr Brownlow perceived at once.

"Wrinkell," he said, when they had dismissed in this succinct way the immediate business in hand, "I want to speak to you about young Powys. I am interested in that young fellow. I want to raise his salary. But I should like to know first what you have got to say."

It was a hypocritical speech, but Mr Wrinkell happily was not aware of that; he pursed up his lips and screwed them tight together, as if, in the first place, he did not mean to say anything, but relented after a minute's pause.

"At the present moment, sir," said Mr Wrinkell, "I am doubtful what to say. Had you asked me three months since, I should have answered, 'By all means.' If you had asked me one month since, I should have said, 'Certainly not.' Now, I avow my penetration is baffled, and I don't know what to say."

"You mean he is not doing so well as he did at first?" said Mr Brownlow. "Nobody ever does that I know of. And better than he did later? Is that what you mean to say?"

"Being very concise," said Mr Wrinkell, slowly, "I should say that was a sort of a summary. When he came first he was the best beginner I ever had in hand; and I did not leave him without signs of my approval. I had him to my 'umble 'ome, Mr Brownlow, as perhaps you are aware, and gave him the opportunity of going to chapel with us. I don't hesitate to avow," said Mr Wrinkell, with a little solemnity, "that I had begun to regard him as a kind of son of my own."

"And then there was a change?" said the lawyer, with a smile.

"There was a great change," said Mr Wrinkell. "It was no more the same young man—a cheerful bright young fellow that could laugh over his tea of a Sunday, and walk steadily to chapel after with Mrs Wrinkell and myself. We are not of those Christians who think a little cheerfulness out of season of a Sunday. But he changed of that. He would have no tea, which is a bad sign in a young man. He yawned in my very pew by Mrs Wrinkell's side. It grieved me, sir, as if he had been my own flesh and blood; but of course we had to give up. The last few weeks he has been steadier," Mr Wrinkell added, quickly, "there can't be any doubt about that."

"But he might decline tea and yawn over a sermon without going to the bad," said Mr Brownlow. "I hope so at least, for they are two things I often do myself."

"Excuse me," said Mr Wrinkell, who liked now and then to take high ground. "There is all the difference. I fully admit the right of private judgment. You judge for yourself; but a young man who has kind friends anxious to serve him—there is all the difference. But he has been steady of late," the head clerk added, with candour; "I gladly acknowledge that."

"Perhaps he had something on his mind," said Mr Brownlow. "At all events I don't think much

harm has come of it. I take an interest in that young fellow. You will double his salary, Mr Wrinkell, next quarter-day."

"Double it!" said Mr Wrinkell, with a gasp. He fell back from his position by the side of the table, and grew pale with horror. "Double it?" he added, after a pause, inquiringly. "Did I understand, sir? was *that* what you said?"

"That was what I said," said Mr Brownlow; and, after the habit of guilty men, he began immediately to defend himself. "I trust," he said, unconsciously following the old precedent, "that I have a right to do what I like with my own."

"Certainly—certainly," said Mr Wrinkell; and then there was a pause. "I shall put these settlements in hand at once," he resumed, with what the lawyer felt was something like eagerness to escape the subject. "Mr Robinson is waiting for the instructions you have just given me. And the Wardell case is nearly ready for your revision—and. May I ask if the—the—increase you mention in

Mr Powys's salary is to begin from next quarter-day, or from the last?"

"From the last," said Mr Brownlow, with stern brevity.

"Very well, sir," said Mr Wrinkell. "I cannot conceal from you that it may have a bad effect—a painful effect."

"Upon whom?" said Mr Brownlow.

"Upon the other clerks. They are pretty steady—neither very good nor very bad; and he has been both good and bad," said Mr Wrinkell, stoutly. "It will have an unpleasant effect. They will say we make favourites, Mr Brownlow. They have already said as much in respect to myself."

"They had better mind their own affairs," was all Mr Brownlow said; but, nevertheless, when he went out into the office afterwards, he imagined (prematurely, for it had not yet been communicated to them) that he read disgust in the eyes of his clerks; and he was not unmoved by it, any more than General Haman was by the contempt of the old man who sat in the gate.

CHAPTER XXI.—HOW A MAN CAN DO WHAT HE LIKES WITH HIS OWN.

It was not for some days that the clerks in Mr Brownlow's office found out the enormity of which their employer had been guilty—which was almost unfortunate, for he gave them full credit for their disapproval all the time. As it was, Mr Wrinkell embodied within his own person all the disapprobation on a grand scale. It was not that he disapproved of Powys's advancement. Without being overwhelmingly clever or fascinating, the young Canadian was one of those open-hearted open-eyed souls who find favour with most good people. There was no malice nor envy nor uncharitableness about him; he was ready to acknowledge everybody's good qualities, ready to appreciate

whatever kindness might be offered to him, open to see all that was noble or pleasant or of good report—which is the quality of all others most generally wanting in a limited community, from an office up to—even a University. Mr Wrinkell was a head clerk and a Dissenter, and not a tolerant man to speak of, but he liked the more generous breadth of nature without very well knowing why; and he was glad in his heart that the young fellow had "got on." But still, for all that, he disapproved—not of Powys, but of Mr Brownlow. It was caprice, and caprice was not to be supported—or it was from consideration of capability, apart from all question of standing in the office,

which was, it must be allowed, more insupportable still. Mr Wrinkell reflected that he had himself been nearly forty years in the employment of the Brownlows of Masterton without once having his salary doubled. And he felt that if such a dangerous precedent were once established, the consequences might be tremendous. Such a boy, for example, if he but happened to be clever and useful, might be put over everybody's head, before anybody was aware. Mr Wrinkell, who was grand vizier, was not afraid for his own place, but he felt that it was an example to be summarily discouraged. After all, when a man is not clever it is not his fault; whereas, when he is respectable and steady, the virtue and praise is purely his own. "It's revolutionary," he said to his wife. "There is Brown, who has been years and years in the office—there never was a steadier fellow. I don't remember that he ever lost a day—except when he had that fever, you know; but twenty pound a-year increase was as much as ever was given to him."

"When he had the fever they were very kind to him," said Mrs Wrinkell; "and, after all, Mr Brownlow has a right to do what he likes with his own."

"He may have a right," said Mr Wrinkell, doubtfully, "but it's a thing that always makes a heart-burning, and always will."

"Well, William, we may be thankful it can't make any difference to us," said his wife. This was the sum of the good woman's philosophy, but it answered very well. It was always her conviction that there will be peace in our day.

As for Brown, when he first heard the news, he went home to the bosom of his family with bitterness in his heart. "I can't call to mind a single day I ever missed, except that fever, and the day Billy was born," he said to Mrs Brown, despondingly; "and here's this

young fellow that's been six months in the office——"

"It's a shame," said that injured woman; "it's a black burningshame. A bit of a lad picked up in the streets that don't know what money is; and you a married man with six—not to say the faithful servant you have been. I wonder for my part how Mr Brownlow dares to look you in the face."

"He don't mind much about that. What he thinks is, that the money's his own," said poor Brown, with a sigh.

"But it ain't his own," said the higher spirited wife. "I would just like to know who works hardest for it, him or you. If I saw him every day as you do, I would soon give him a piece of my mind."

"And lose my place altogether," said the husband. But, notwithstanding, though he did not give Mr Brownlow a piece of his mind, Brown did not hesitate to express his feelings a little in the tone of his voice, and the disapproval in his eye.

All this, however, was as nothing to the judgment which Mr Brownlow brought upon himself on the following Sunday. The fact that his father had doubled any clerk's salary was a matter of great indifference to Jack. He smiled in an uncomfortable sort of way when he heard it was young Powys on whom this benefit had fallen; but otherwise it did not affect him. On Sunday, however, as it happened, something occurred that brought Mr Brownlow's favouritism—his extraordinary forgetfulness of his position and of what was due to his children—home in the most striking way to his son. It was a thing that required all Mr Brownlow's courage; and it cannot be said that he was quite comfortable about it. He had done what never had been done before to any clerk since the days of Brownlows began. He had invited young Powys to dinner. He had even done more than that—he had

invited him to come early, to ramble about the park, as if he had been an intimate. It was not unpleasant to him to give the invitation, but there is no doubt that the thought of how he was to communicate the fact to his children, and prepare them for their visitor, did give him a little trouble. Of course it was his own house. He was free to ask any one he liked to it. The choice lay entirely with himself; but yet—— He said nothing about it until the very day for which his invitation had been given—not that he had forgotten the fact, but somehow a certain constraint came over him whenever he so much as approached the subject. It was only Thursday when he asked young Powys to come, and he had it on his mind all that evening, all Friday and Saturday, and did not venture to make a clean breast of it. Even when Jack was out of the way, it seemed to the father impossible to look into Sara's face, and tell her of the coming guest. Sunday was very bright—a midsummer day in all its green and flowery glory. Jack had come to the age when a young man is often a little uncertain about his religious duties. He did not care to go and hear Mr Hardcastle preach. So he said; though the Rector, good man, was very merciful, and inflicted only fifteen minutes of sermon; and then he was very unhappy, and restless, and uneasy about his own concerns; and he was misanthropical for the moment, and disliked the sight and presence of his fellow-creatures. So Jack did not go to church. And Sara and her father did, walking across the beautiful summer park, under the shady trees, through the paths all flecked with sunshine. Sara's white figure gave a centre to the landscape. She was not angelic, notwithstanding her white robes, but she was royal in her way—a young princess moving through a realm that belonged to her, used to homage, used to

admiration, used to know herself the first. Though she was as sweet and as gracious as the morning, all this was written in her face; for she was still very young, and had not reached the maturer dignity of unconsciousness. Mr Brownlow, as he went with her, was but the first subject in her kingdom. Nobody admired her as he did. Nobody set her up above every competitor with the perfect faith of her father; and to see her clinging to his arm, lifting up her fresh face to him, displaying all her philosophies and caprices for his benefit, was a pretty sight. But yet all through that long walk to Dewsbury and back, he never ventured to disclose his secret to her. All the time it lay on his heart, but he could not bring himself to say it. It was only when they were all leaving the table, after luncheon, that Mr Brownlow unburdened himself. "By the way," he said suddenly, as he rose from his chair, "there is some one coming out to dinner from Masterton. Oh, not anybody that makes much difference—a young fellow——"

"Some young fellows make a great deal of difference," said Sara. "Who is it, papa?"

"Well—at present he is—only one of my clerks," said Mr Brownlow, with an uneasy and, to tell the truth, rather humble and deprecating smile—"one you have seen before—he was out here that day I was ill."

"Oh, Mr Powys," said Sara; and in a moment, before another word was spoken, her sublime indifference changed into the brightest gleam of malice, of mischief, of curiosity, that ever shone out of two blue eyes. "I remember him perfectly well—all about him," she said, with a touch of emphasis that was not lost on her father. "Is there anybody else, papa?"

"Powys!" said Jack, turning back in amaze. He had been going out not thinking of anything; but this intimation, coming just after

the news of the office about Powys's increase of salary, roused his curiosity, and called him back to hear.

"Yes, Powys," said Mr Brownlow, standing on his defence like a guilty man. "I hope you have not any objection."

"Objection, sir?" said Jack; "I don't know what you mean. It is your house, to ask anybody you like. I never should have thought of making any objection."

"Yes, it is my own house," said Mr Brownlow. It made him feel a little sore to have the plea about doing what he liked with his own thus taken, as it were, out of his very mouth.

"But I don't remember that you ever asked any of the clerks before," said Jack. It was not that he cared much about the invitation to the clerk; it was rather because he was disagreeable himself, and could not resist the chance of being disagreeable to others, being in a highly uncomfortable state of mind.

"I don't regard Powys as a mere clerk—there are circumstances," said Mr Brownlow. "It is useless to explain at this moment; but I don't put him on the same level with Brown and Robinson. I should be glad if you could manage to be civil to him, Jack."

"Of course I shall be civil," said Jack. But he said, "That beggar again!" through his clenched teeth. Between himself and Powys there was a natural antagonism, and just now he was out of sorts and out of temper. Of course it was his father's house, not his, that he should make any pretension to control it, and of course he would be civil to his father's guests; but he could not help repeating, "*That beggar!*" to himself as he went out. Was his father bewitched? He had not the slightest idea what there could be to recommend this clerk, or to distinguish him from other clerks; and as for the circumstances of difference of which Mr Brownlow spoke, Jack did not believe in them. He would be civil,

of course; but he certainly did not undertake to himself to be anything more cordial. And he went away with the determination not to be visible again till dinner. Powys!—a pretty thing to have to sit at table and make conversation for the junior clerk.

"Never mind, papa," said Sara. "Jack is dreadfully disagreeable just now; but you and I will entertain Mr Powys. He is very nice. I don't see that it matters about his being one of the clerks."

"I was once a clerk myself," said Mr Brownlow. "I don't know what difference it should make. But never mind; I have not come to that pitch that I require to consult Jack."

"No," said Sara, a little doubtfully. Even she, though she was a dutiful child, was not quite so clear on this subject. Mr Brownlow had a right to do what he would with his own—but yet—— Thus Sara remonstrated too. She did not give in her whole adhesion, right or wrong. She was curious and mischievous, and had no objection to see Powys again; but she was not quite clear in her mind, any more than the other people, about a man's utter mastery over his own. Mr Brownlow saw it, and left her with something of the same feeling of discomfort which he had in the presence of Mr Wrinkell and Mr Brown. Was there anything in this world which a man could really call his own, and of which he was absolutely free to dispose? It seemed to the lawyer, thinking it over, that there was no such absolute personal possession. After all, he of the vineyard settled the matter in a quite arbitrary way; and nowadays, amid all the intricacies of extreme civilisation, such a simple way of cutting the knot was impracticable. Nobody knew that Mr Brownlow's house, and money, and goods were not entirely and honestly his own property; and yet nobody would consent that he should administer them absolutely in his own way.

He could not but smile at the thought as he went into the library, where he always felt himself so little at home. His position and relationship to everything around him seemed to have changed in these days. He had been a just man all his life; but now it seemed to him that justice stood continually in his way. It was a rigid, unmanageable, troublesome principle, which did harm by way of doing right, and forbade the compromises which were essential in this world. Justice to Brown denied him the liberty to advance his clever junior. Justice to Jack forbade him his natural right to entertain whomsoever he pleased at his table. In fact, it was vain to use the possessive pronoun at all; nothing was his—neither his office, nor his money, nor his house—unless under the restriction of everybody else's rights, and of public opinion beyond all. So Mr Brownlow mused as he left Sara and retired to his solitude. "Is thine eye evil because I am good?" But then in the days of the parable there were fewer complications, and a man was more confident in his own power.

As for Sara, in her reflections on the subject, it occurred to her as very probable that Mr Powys was coming early, and she stayed indoors accordingly. She put herself into her favourite corner, by the window—that window which was close to the Claude—and took a little pile of books with her. Sunday afternoon, especially when one is very young, is a difficult moment. One never knows exactly what one ought to read. Such at least was Sara's experience. Novels, except under very rare and pressing circumstances, were clearly inadmissible—such circumstances, for instance, as having left your heroine in such a harrowing position that common charity required you to see her through it without delay. And real *good* books—those books which it is a merit to read—were out of Sara's way. I should be afraid to

tell which were the special volumes she carried with her to the window, in case it might convey to some one, differently brought up perhaps, a false impression of the soundness of her views. She had Eugenie de Guerin's Letters in her hand, which ought to cover a multitude of sins; but she was not reading them. There was the ghost of a smile, a very ghost, appearing and disappearing, and never taking bodily shape, about her pretty mouth. What she was thinking was, who, for instance, this Mr Powys could be? She did not believe he was a mere clerk. If he were a mere clerk, was it possible that he would be brought here and presented to her like this? That was not to be thought of for a moment. No doubt it was a prince in disguise. He might be an enchanted prince, bewitched out of his proper shape by some malignant fairy; but Sara knew better than to believe for a moment that he could be only a clerk. And he was very nice—he had nice eyes, and a nice smile. He was not exactly what you would call handsome, but he had those special gifts which are indispensable. And then poor papa was in a way about him, afraid to tell his secret, compelled to treat him as if he were only a clerk, afraid Jack should be uncivil. Jack was a bear, Sara concluded to herself, and at this moment more a bear than ever; but she should take care that the enchanted prince should not be rendered uncomfortable by his incivility. Sara's musings were to this effect, as she sat in her corner by the window, with Eugenie de Guerin in her hand. A soft, warm, balmy, sunny afternoon, one of those days in which the very air is happiness, and into which no trouble seems capable of entering—nineteen years old—a fairy prince in disguise, coming to test her dispositions under his humble incognito. Do you think the young creature could forget all that, and enter even into Mademoiselle de

Guerin's pure virginal world of pensive thoughts and world-renunciation, because it was Sunday? But Sara did all she could towards this end. She held that tender talisman in her hand; and, no doubt, if there were any ill spirits about, it kept them out of the way.

Powys for his part was walking up the avenue with a maze of very pleasant thoughts in his mind. He was not thinking particularly of Miss Brownlow. He was too sensible not to know that for him, a junior clerk just promoted to the glory of a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, such an idea would have been pure madness. He was thinking, let us say, of the Claude, of how it hung, and all the little accessories round it, and of the sunshine that fell on Sara's dress, and on her hair, and how it resembled the light upon the rippled water in the picture, and that he was about to witness all that again. This is what he was thinking of. He was country bred, and to breathe the fresh air, and see the trees waving over his head, was new life to him; and warm gratitude, and a kind of affection to the man who generously gave him this pleasure, were in his mind. And notwithstanding the horrible effect that the burden of debt had so recently had upon him, and the fact that a hundred and twenty pounds a-year are far, very far, from being a fortune, there was no whiteness now visible at his seams. He was as well dressed as he could be made in Master-ton, which was a commencement at which Mr Wrinkell, or any other good economist, would have frowned. Mr Brownlow went to join his daughter in the drawing-room as soon as he heard that his visitor had come to the door, and met him in the hall, to Powys's great comfort and satisfaction. And they went up-stairs together. The sunshine crossed Mr Brownlow's grizzled locks, just as it had crossed the ripply shining hair, which glistened like the water in Claude's picture. But this time Powys did

not take any notice of the effect. Sara was reading when they went in, and she rose, and half-closed her book, and gave the guest a very gracious majestic welcome. It was best to be indoors just then, while it was so hot, Sara thought. Yes, that was the Claude—did he recollect it? Most likely it was simply because he was a backwoodsman, and entirely uncivilised, that Powys conducted himself so well. He did not sit on the edge of his chair as even Mr Wrinkell did. He did not wipe his forehead, nor apologise for the dust, as Mr Brown would have done. And he was grateful to Mr Brownlow, and not in the least anxious to show that he was his equal. After a while, in short, it was the master of the house who felt that he was set at ease, as it was he who had been the most embarrassed and uncomfortable, and whose mind was much more occupied than that of his visitor was by thinking of the effect that Powys might produce.

At dinner, however, it was more difficult. Jack was present, and Jack was civil. It is at such a moment that breeding shows; anybody, even the merest pretender, can be rude to an intruder, but it requires careful cultivation to be civil to him. Jack was so civil that he all but extinguished the rest of the party. He treated Mr Powys with the most distinguished politeness. He did not unbend even to his father and sister. As for Willis, the butler, Jack behaved to him as if he had been an archbishop; and such very fine manners are troublesome when the party is a small one and disposed to be friendly and agreeable. Under any circumstances it would have been difficult to have kept up the conversation. They could not talk of their friends and ordinary doings, for Powys knew nothing about these; and though this piece of courtesy is by no means considered needful in all circles, still Mr Brownlow was old-fashioned, and it was part of his code of manners. So they had to talk up-

on general subjects, which is always difficult; about books, the universal resource; and about the park, and the beauties of nature, and the difference of things in Canada; and about the music in Masterton church, and whether the new vicar was High or Low, which was a very difficult question for Powys, and one to which he did not know how to reply.

"I am sure he is High," said Sara. "The church was all decorated with flowers on Ascension Day. I know, for two of the maids were there and saw them; and what does it matter about a sermon in comparison with that?"

"Perhaps it was his wife's doing," said Mr Brownlow, "for I think the sermon the best evidence. He is Low—as Low as you could desire."

"As I desire!" cried Sara. "Papa, you are surely forgetting yourself. As if I could be supposed to like a Low Churchman! And Mr Powys says they have good music. That is proof positive. Don't you think so, Jack?"

This was one of many little attempts to bring back Jack to common humanity; for Sara, woman-like, could not be contented to leave him disagreeable and alone.

"I think Mr Powys is extremely good to furnish you with information; but I can't say I am much interested in the question," said Jack, which brought the talk to a sudden pause.

"Mr Powys has not seen our church, papa," Sara resumed. "It is such a dear old place. The chancel everybody says is pure Norman, and there are some bits of real old glass in the west window. You should have gone to see it before dinner. Are you very fond of old glass?"

"I am afraid I don't know," said Powys, who was bright enough to see the manufactory of conversation which was being carried on, and was half amused by it and half distressed. "We have no old churches in Canada. I suppose they could scarcely be looked for in such a new world."

"Tell me what sort of churches you have," said Sara. "I am very fond of architecture. We can't do anything original nowadays, you know. It is only copying and copying. But there ought to be a new field in a new world. Do tell me what style the people there like best."

"You strain Mr Powys's powers too far," said Jack. "You cannot expect him to explain everything to you from the vicar's principles upwards—or downwards. Mr Powys is only mortal, I presume, like the rest of us. He can't know everything in heaven or earth."

"I know a little of that," said Powys. "Out there we are Jacks-of-all-trades. I once made the designs for a church myself. Miss Brownlow might think it original, but I don't think she would admire it. We have to think less of beauty than of use."

"As if use and beauty could not go together," said Sara, with a little indignation. "Please don't say those things that everybody says. Then you can draw if you have made designs? and I want some cottages so much. Papa, you promised me these cottages; and now Mr Powys will come and help me with the plans."

"There is a certain difference between a cottage and a church," said Mr Brownlow; but he made no opposition to the suggestion, to the intense amazement and indignation of Jack.

"You forget that Mr Powys's time is otherwise engaged," he said; "people can't be Jacks-of-all-trades here."

Mr Brownlow gave his son a warning glance, and Sara, who had been very patient, could bear it no longer.

"Why are you so disagreeable, Jack?" she said; "nobody was speaking to you. It was to Mr Powys I was speaking. He knows best whether he will help me or not."

"Oh, it was to Mr Powys you were speaking!" said Jack. "I

am a very unimportant person, and I am sorry to have interposed."

Then there came a very blank disagreeable pause. Powys felt that offence was meant, and his spirit rose. But at the same time it was utterly impossible to take offence; and he sat still and tried to appear unconscious, as people do before whom the veil of family courtesy is for a moment blown aside. There are few things which are more exquisitely uncomfortable. He had to look as if he did not observe anything; and he had to volunteer to say something to cover the silence, and found it very hard to make up his mind as to what he ought to say.

Perhaps Jack was a little annoyed at himself for his freedom of speech, for he said nothing further that was disagreeable, until he found that his father had ordered the dogcart to take the visitor back to Masterton. When he came out in the summer twilight, and found the mare harnessed for such an ignoble purpose, his soul was hot within him. If it had been any other horse in the stable—but that his favourite mare should carry the junior clerk down to his humble dwelling-place, was bitterness to Jack. He stood and watched in a very uncomfortable sort of way, with his hands in his pockets, while Powys took his leave. The evening was as lovely as the day had been, and Sara too had come out, and stood on the steps, leaning on her father's arm. "Shall you drive, sir?" the groom had asked, with a respect which sprang entirely from his master's cordiality. It was merely a question of form, for the man expected nothing but a negative; but Powys's countenance brightened up. He held out his hands for the reins with a readiness which perhaps savoured more of transatlantic freedom than ought to have been the case; but then he had been deprived of all such pleasures for so long. "Good heavens!" cried Jack, "Tomkins, what do you mean? It's the bay mare you have

in harness. He can't drive *her*. If she's lamed, or if she lames you——"

And he went up to the side of the dogcart, almost as if he would have taken the reins out of Powys's hand. The Canadian grew very red, and grasped the whip. They were very ready for a quarrel—Jack standing pale with anger, talking with the groom; Powys red with indignation, holding his place. But it was the latter who had the most command of himself.

"I shall not lame her," he said, quietly, "nor let any one be lamed; jump up." He was thus master of the situation. The groom took his place; the mare went off straight and swift as an arrow down the avenue. But Jack knew by the look, as he said, of the fellow's wrist, by the glance in his eye, that he knew what he was about, though he did not at this moment confess the results of his observation. They stood all three on the steps when that fiery chariot wheeled away; and Jack, to tell the truth, did not feel very much satisfied with himself.

"Jack," said Mr Brownlow, calmly, "when I have any one here again, I must require of you to keep from insulting them. If you do not care for the feelings of the stranger, you may at least have some regard for yourself."

"I had no intention of insulting any one, sir," said Jack, with a little defiance; "if you like him to break his neck or the horse's knees it is not my affair; but for a fellow who probably never had the reins in his hand before, to attempt with that mare——"

"He has had the reins in his hand oftener than either I or you," said Mr Brownlow. The fact was, he said it at hazard, thinking it most likely that Powys could drive, but knowing nothing more about it, while Jack knew by sight and vision, and felt himself in his heart a snob as he strolled away from the door. He was uncomfortable, but

he succeeded in making his father more uncomfortable still. The mare, too, was his own, though it was Jack's favourite, and if he liked to have her lamed he might. Such was the Parthian arrow which Mr Brownlow received at the end of

the day. Clearly that was a distant land—a land far removed from the present burden of civilisation—a primitive and blessed state of existence, in which a man could be permitted to do what he liked with his own.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE DOWNFALL OF PHILOSOPHY.

Jack Brownlow was having a very hard time of it just at that moment. There had been a lapse of more than a week, and he had not once seen the fair little creature of whom every day he had thought more and more. It was in vain that he looked up at the window—Pamela now was never there. He never saw her even at a distance—never heard so much as her name. Sara, who had been ready enough to speak of her friend—even Sara, indiscreet, and hasty, and imprudent—was silent. Poor Jack knew it was quite right—he recognised, even though he hated it, the force that was in his father's arguments. He knew he had much better never see her—never even speak of her again. He understood with his intelligence that utter separation between them was the only prudent and sensible step to be taken; but his heart objected to understand with a curious persistency which Jack could scarcely believe of a heart of his. He had found his intellect quite sufficient to guide him up to this period; and when that other part of him, with which he was so much less acquainted, fought and struggled to get the reins in hand, it would be difficult to express the astonishment he felt. And then he was a young man of the present day, and he was not anxiously desirous to marry. A house of his own, with all its responsibilities, did not appear to him the crown of delight which perhaps it ought to have done. He was content to go on with his life as it had been, without any immediate change. It still appeared to him, I am sorry to

admit, that for a young man, who had a way to make in the world, a very early marriage was a sort of suicidal step to take. This was all very well for his mind, which wanted no convincing. But for his heart it was very different. That newly discovered organ behaved in the most incomprehensible sort of way. Even though it possibly gave a grunt of consent to the theory about marriage, it kept on longing and yearning, driving itself frantic with eagerness just to see her, just to hear her, just to touch her little hand, just to feel the soft passing rustle of her dress. That was all. And as for talking reason to it, or representing how profitless such a gratification would be, he might as well have preached to the stones. He went back and forward to the office for a whole week with this conflict going on within him, keeping dutifully to his work, doing more than he had done for years at Masterton, trying to occupy himself with former thoughts, and with anticipations of the career he had once shaped out for himself. He wanted to get away from the office, to get into public life somehow, to be returned for the borough, and have a seat in Parliament. Such had been his ambition before this episode in his life. Such surely ought to be his ambition now; but it was amazing, incredible, how this new force within him would break through all his more elevated thoughts with a kind of inarticulate cry for Pamela. She was what he wanted most. He could put the other things aside, but he could not put her aside. His heart kept cry-

ing out for her, whatever his mind might be trying to think. It was extraordinary and despicable, and he could not believe it of himself; but this was how it was. He knew it was best that he should not see her; yet it was no virtue nor self-denial of his that kept them apart. It was she who would not be visible. Along the roads, under the trees, at the window, morning or evening, there was no appearance of her. He thought sometimes she must have gone away. And his eager inquiries with himself whether this separation would make her unhappy gradually gave way to irritation and passionate displeasure. She had gone away, and left no sign; or she was shutting herself up, and sacrificing all that was pleasant in his existence. She was leaving him alone to bear the brunt; and he would gladly have taken it all to spare her—but if he bore it, and was the victim, something at least he ought to have had for his recompense. A last meeting, a last look, an explanation, a farewell—at least he had a right to that. And notwithstanding his anger he wanted her all the same—wanted to see her, to speak to her, to have her near him, though he was not ready to carry her off, or marry her on the spot, or defy his father and all the world on her account. This was the painful struggle that poor Jack had to bear as he went back and forward all those days to Masterton. He held very little communication with his father, who was the cause of it all. He chose to ride or to walk rather than have those *tête-à-tête* drives. He kept his eyes on every turn of the way, on every tree and hedge which might possibly conceal her; and yet he knew he must part from her, and in his heart was aware that it was a right judgment which condemned him to this sacrifice. And it was not in him, poor fellow, to take it cheerfully or suffer with a good grace. He kept it to himself, and

scorned to betray to his father or sister what he was going through. But he was not an agreeable companion during this interval, though the fact was that he gave them very little of his society, and struggled, mostly by himself, against his hard fate.

And probably he might have been victorious in the struggle. He might have fought his way back to the high philosophical ground from which he was wont to preach to his friend Keppel. At the cost of all the first freshness of his heart, at the cost of many buds of grace that never would have bloomed again, he might have come out victor, and demonstrated to himself beyond all dispute that in such matters a strong will is everything, and that there is no love or longing that may not be crushed on the threshold of the mind. All this Jack might have done, and lived to profit by it and smart for it, but for a chance meeting by which Fate, in spite of a thousand precautions, managed to balk his philosophy. He had gone home early in the afternoon, and he had been seen by anxious eyes behind the curtains of Mrs Swayne's window—not Pamela's eyes, but those of her mother—to go out again dressed, about the time when a man who is going to dinner sets out to fulfil his engagement. And Jack was going out to dinner; he was going to Ridley, where the family had just come down from town. But there had come that day a kind of crisis in his complaint, and when he was half-way to his friend's house a sudden disgust seized him. Instead of going on he jumped down from the dogcart, and tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, on which he scribbled a hasty word of apology to Keppel. Then, while the groom went on with his note, he turned and went sauntering home along the dusty road in his evening coat. Why should he go and eat the fellow's dinner? What did he care about it? Go

and make an ass of himself, and laugh and talk when he would much rather run a tilt against all the world! And what could she mean by shutting herself up like this, and never so much as saying good-bye? It could harm nobody to say good-bye. Thus Jack mused in pure despatch and contrariety, without any intention of laying a snare for the object of his thoughts. He had gone a long way on the road to Ridley before he changed his mind, and consequently it was getting late when he drew near Brownlows coming back. It was a very quiet country road, a continuation of that which led to Masterton. Here and there was a clump of great trees making it sombre, and then a long stretch of hedgerow with the fragrant meadow on the other side of it, and the cows lowing to go home. There was nobody to be seen up or down the road except a late carter with his horse's harness on his shoulder, and a boy and a girl driving home some cows. In the distance stood Swayne's Cottages, half lost in the twilight, with two faint curls of smoke going up into the sky. All was full of that dead calm which chafes the spirit of youth when it is in the midst of its troubles—that calm which is so soothing and so sweet when life and we have surmounted the first battles, and come to a moment of truce. But there was no truce as yet in Jack Brownlow's thoughts. He wanted to have his own way and he could not have it; and he knew he ought not to have it, and he would not give it up. If he could have kicked at the world, and strangled Nature and made an end of Reason, always without making a fool of himself, that would have been the course of action most in consonance with his thoughts.

And it was just then that a certain flutter round the corner of the lane which led to Dewsbury caught his eye,—the flutter of the soft evening air in a black dress. It was not the "*creatura bella vestita*

in bianca" which comes up to the ideal of a lover's fancy. It was a little figure in a black dress, with a cloak wrapped round her and a broad hat shading her face, all dark among the twilight shadows. Jack saw, and his heart sprang up within him with a violence which took away his breath. He made but one spring across the road. When they had parted they had not known that they were lovers; but now they had been a week apart and there was no doubt on the subject. He made but one spring, and caught her and held her fast. "Pamela!" he cried out; and though there had been neither asking nor consent, and not one word of positive love-making between them, and though no disrespectful or irreverent thought of her had ever entered his mind, poor Jack, in his ardour and joy and surprise and rage, kissed her suddenly with a kind of transport. "Now I have you at last!" he cried. And this was in the open road, where all the world might have seen them; though happily, so far as was apparent, there was nobody to see.

Pamela, too, gave a cry of surprise and fright and dismay. But she was not angry, poor child. She did not feel that it was unnatural. Her poor little heart had not been standing still all this time any more than Jack's. They had gone over all those tender, childish, celestial preliminaries while they were apart; and now there could not be any doubt about the bond that united them. Neither the one nor the other affected to believe that further preface was necessary: circumstances were too pressing for that. He said, "I have you at last," with eyes that gleamed with triumph; and she said, "Oh, I thought I should never, never see you again!" in a voice which left nothing to be confessed. And for the moment they both forgot everything—fathers, mothers, promises, wise intentions, all the secondary lumber that makes up the world.

When this instant of utter forgetfulness was over, Pamela began to cry, and Jack's arm dropped from her waist. It was the next inevitable stage. They made two or three steps by each other's side, separate, despairing, miserable. Then it was the woman's turn to take the initiative. She was crying, but she could still speak—indeed, it is possible that her speech would have been less natural had it been without those breaks in the soft voice. "I am not angry," she said, "because it is the last time. I shall never, never forget you; but oh, it was all a mistake, all from the beginning. We never—meant—to grow fond of each other," said Pamela through her sobs; "it was all—all a mistake."

"I was fond of you the very first minute I saw you," said Jack; "I did not know then, but I know it now. It was no mistake;—that time when I carried you in out of the snow. I was fond of you then, just as I am now—as I shall be all my life."

"No," said Pamela, "oh no. It is different—every day in your life you see better people than I am. Don't say anything else. It is far better for me to know. I have been a—a little—contented ever since I thought of that."

These words once more put Jack's self-denial all to flight. "Better people than you are?" he cried. "Oh, Pamela! I never saw anybody half as sweet, half as lovely, all my life."

"Hush! hush! hush!" said Pamela: they were not so separate now, and she put her soft little hand up, as if to lay it on his lips. "You think so, but it is all—all a mistake!"

Then Jack looked into her sweet tearful eyes, nearer, far nearer than he had ever looked before—and they were eyes that could bear looking into, and the sweetness and the bitterness filled the young man's heart. "My little love!" he cried, "it is not you who are

a mistake." And he clasped her, almost crushed her waist with his arm in his vehemence. Everything else was a mistake—himself, his position, *her* position, all the circumstances; but not Pamela. This time she disengaged herself, but very softly, from his arm.

"I do not mind," she said, looking at him with an innocent, wistful tenderness, "because it is the last time. If you had not cared, I should have been vexed. One can't help being a little selfish. Last time, if you had said you were fond of me, I should have been frightened; but now I am glad, very glad you are fond of me. It will always be something to look back to. I shall remember every word you said, and how you looked. Mamma says life is so hard," said Pamela, faltering a little, and looking far away beyond her lover, as if she could see into a long stretch of life. So she did; and it looked a desert, for he was not to be there.

"Don't speak like that," cried Jack; "life shall not be hard to you—not while I live to take care of you—not while I can work——"

"Hush, hush!" said the girl, softly. "I like you to say it, you know. One feels glad; but I know there must be nothing about that. I never thought of it when—when we used to see each other so often. I never thought of anything. I was only pleased to see you; but mamma has been telling me a great deal—everything, indeed: I know better now——"

"What has she been telling you?" said Jack. "She has been telling you that I would deceive you; that I was not to be trusted. It is because she does not know me, Pamela. You know me better. I never thought of anything either," he added, driven to simplicity by the force of his emotions, "except that I could not do without you, and that I was very happy. And, Pamela, whatever it may cost, I can't live without you now."

"But you must," said Pamela:

"if you could but hear what mamma says! She never said you would deceive me. What she said was, that we must not have our own way. It may break our hearts, but we must give up. It appears life is like that," said Pamela, with a deep sigh. "If you like anything very much, you must give it up."

"I am ready to give up everything else," said Jack, carried on by the tide, and forgetting all his reason; "but I will not give you up. My little darling, you are not to cry—I did not know I was so fond of you till that day. I didn't even know it till now," cried the young man. "You mustn't turn away from me, Pamela—give me your hand; and whatever happens to us, we two will stand by each other all our lives."

"Ah no," said Pamela, drawing away her hand; and then she laid the same hand which she had refused to give him on his shoulder and looked up into his face. "I like you to say it all," she went on,—"I do—it is no use making believe when we are just going to part. I shall remember every word you say. I shall always be able to think that when I was young I had some one to say these things to me. If your father were to come now, I should not be afraid of him; I should just tell him how it was. I am glad of every word that I can treasure up. Mamma said I was not to see you again; but I said if we were to meet we had a right to speak to each other. I never thought I should have seen you to-night. I shouldn't mind saying to your father himself that we had a right to speak. If we should both live long and grow old, and never meet for years and years, don't you think we shall still know each other in heaven?"

As for poor Jack he was driven wild by this, by the sadness of her sweet eyes, by the soft tenderness of her voice, by the virginal simplicity and sincerity which breathed

out of her. Pamela stood by him with the consciousness that it was the supreme moment of her existence. She might have been going to die; such was the feeling in her heart. She *was* going to die out of all the sweet hopes, all the dawning joys of her youth; she was going out into that black desert of life where the law was that if you liked anything very much you must give it up. But before she went she had a right to open her heart, to hear him disclose his. Had it been possible that their love should have come to anything, Pamela would have been shy and shamefaced; but that was not possible. But a minute was theirs, and the dark world gaped around to swallow them up from each other. Therefore the words flowed in a flood to Pamela's lips. She had so many things to say to him,—she wanted to tell him so much; and there was but this minute to include all. But her very composure—her tender solemnity—the pure little white martyr that she was, giving up what she most loved, gave to Jack a wilder thrill, a more headlong impulse. He grasped her two hands, he put his arm round her in a sudden passion. It seemed to him that he had no patience with her or anything,—that he must seize upon her and carry her away.

"Pamela," he cried, hoarsely, "it is of no use talking,—you and I are not going to part like this. I don't know anything about heaven, and I don't want to know—not just now. We are not going to part, I tell you. Your mother may say what she likes, but she can't be so cruel as to take you from a man who loves you and can take care of you—and I will take care of you, by heaven! Nobody shall ever come between us. A fellow may think and think when he doesn't know his own mind: and it's easy for a girl like you to talk of the last time. I tell you it is not the last time—it is the first time. I

don't care a straw for anything else in the world—not in comparison with you. Pamela, don't cry; we are going to be together all our life."

"You say so because you have not thought about it," said Pamela, with an ineffable smile; "and I have been thinking of it ever so long—ever so much. No; but I don't say you are to go away, not yet. I want to have you as long as I can; I want to tell you so many things—everything I have in my heart."

"And I will hear nothing," said Jack,—“nothing except that you and I belong to each other. That's what you have got to say. Hush, child! do you think I am a child like you? Pamela, look here—I don't know when it is to be, nor how it is to be, but you are going to be my wife."

"Oh no, no," said Pamela, shrinking from him, growing red and growing pale in the shock of this new suggestion. If this was how it was to be, her frankness, her sad openness, became a kind of crime. She had suffered his embrace before, prayed him to speak to her, thought it right to take full advantage of the last indulgence accorded to them; and now the tables were turned upon her. She shrank away from him, and stood apart in the obscure twilight. There had not been a blush on her cheek while she opened her innocent young heart to him in the solemnity of the supposed farewell, but now she was overwhelmed with sudden shame.

"I say yes, yes, yes," said Jack, vehemently, and he seized upon the hands that she had clasped together by way of safeguard. He seized upon them with a kind of violence appropriating what was his own. His mind had been made up and his fate decided in that half-hour. He had been full of doubts up to this moment; but now he had found out that without Pamela it was not worth while to live—that Pamela was slipping through

his fingers, ready to escape out of his reach; and after that there was no longer any possibility of a compromise. He had become utterly indifferent to what was going on around as he came to this point. He had turned his back on the road, and could not tell who was coming or going. And thus it was that the sudden intrusion which occurred to them was entirely unexpected, and took them both by surprise. All of a sudden, while neither was looking, a substantial figure was suddenly thrust in between them. It was Mrs Swayne, who had been at Dewsbury and was going home. She did not put them aside with her hands, but she pushed her large person completely between the lovers, thrusting one to one side and the other to the other. With one of her arms she caught Pamela's dress, holding her fast, and with the other she pushed Jack away. She was flushed with walking and haste, for she had seen the two figures a long way off, and had divined what sort of meeting it was; and the sight of her fiery countenance between them startled the two so completely that they fell back on either side and gazed at her aghast, without saying a word. Pamela, startled and overcome, hid her face in her hands, while Jack made a sudden step back, and got very hot and furious, but for the moment found himself incapable of speech.

"For shame of yourself!" said Mrs Swayne, panting for breath; "I've a'most killed myself running, but I've come in time. What are you a persuadin' of her to do, Mr John? Oh for shame of yourself! Don't tell me! I know what young gentlemen like you is. A-enticin' her, and persuadin' her, and leading her away, to bring her poor mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Oh for shame of yourself! And her mother just as simple and innocent, as would believe anything you liked to tell her; and nobody as can keep this poor

thing straight and keep her out o' trouble but me!"

While she panted out this address, and thrust him away with her extended hand, Jack stood by in consternation, furious but speechless. What could he do? He might order her away, but she would not obey him. He might make his declaration over again in her presence, but she would not believe him, and he did not much relish the idea; he could not struggle with this woman for the possession of his love, and at the same time his blood boiled at her suggestions. If she had been a man he might have knocked her down quietly, and been free of the obstruction, but women take a shabby advantage of the fact that they cannot be knocked down. As he stood thus with all his eloquence stopped on his lips, Pamela, from across the bulky person of her champion, stretched out her little hand to him and interposed.

"Hush," she said; "we were saying good-bye to each other, Mrs Swayne. I told mamma we should say good-bye. Hush, oh hush, she doesn't understand; but what does that matter? we must say good-bye all the same."

"I shall never say good-bye," said Jack; "you ought to know me better than that. If you must go home with this woman, go—I am not going to fight with her. It matters nothing about her understanding; but, Pamela, remember it is not good-bye. It shall never be good-bye——"

"Understand!" said Mrs Swayne, whose indignation was furious, "and why shouldn't I understand? Thank providence I'm one as knows what temptation is. Go

along with you home, Mr John; and she'll just go with this woman, she shall. Woman, indeed! And I don't deny as I'm a woman—and so was your own mother for all so fine as you are. Don't you think as you'll lay your clutches on this poor lamb, as long as Swayne and me's to the fore. I mayn't understand, and I may be a woman, but—— Miss Pamela, you'll just come along home."

"Yes, yes," said Pamela; and then she held up her hand to him entreatingly. "Don't mind what she says—don't be angry with me; and I will never, never forget what you have said—and—good-bye," said the girl, steadily, holding out her hand to him with a wonderful glistening smile that shone through two big tears.

As for Jack, he took her hand and gave it an angry loving grasp which hurt 'it, and then threw it away. "I am going to see your mother," he said, deigning no other reply. And then he turned his back on her without another word, and left her standing in the twilight in the middle of the dusty road, and went away. He left the two women standing amazed, and went off with quick determined steps that far outstripped their capabilities. It was the road to the cottage—the road to Brownlows—the road anywhere or everywhere. "He's a-going home, and a blessed riddance," said Mrs Swayne, though her spirit quaked within her. But Pamela said nothing; he was not going home. The girl stood and watched his quick firm steps and worshipped him in her heart. To her mother! And was there anything but one thing that her mother could say?

THE AMERICAN DEBT, AND THE FINANCIAL PROSPECTS OF THE UNION.

"WHAT a mean, contemptible, little, one-horse country England is," said a Western orator in the height of the American Civil War. "It took her nigh upon two hundred years to run up a debt of 800 millions sterling, and she is always groaning and sweating under the load, as if it were more than enough to break her back. But our great country has run up nearly as big a debt in three years, and thinks nothing of it—ay, and will run up twice as big a debt, if necessary, to restore our glorious Union. We are a great people, that's a fact; and the stupid old monarchies of Europe shall one day feel it." "A debt of 2500 millions of dollars," said another American, a very distinguished citizen of the State of New York, "will be a great calamity. It will depress our energies, tax our resources, superabundant as they are, produce among us the pauperism that is the curse of the Old World, raise up a banking and moneyed aristocracy, the worst possible kind of aristocracy that can afflict any country, and produce evils worse than the disruption of the Union which it is incurred to prevent. And it is because I think we shall pay a debt of 2500 millions, or the annual interest of it—which is the same thing—that I consider the debt so enormous an evil. If we could but double it, and make the debt 5000 millions, I should not care: for, finding the weight intolerable, we should simply get a big sponge and rub it off the slate. When the multitude feels the pressure severely, good-bye to our liabilities. Repudiation will come to our relief. We shall all be ruined on Monday, and start fair again on Tuesday. I am for the 5000 millions' debt for this reason." On another occasion an eminent judge was asked to "run" for the Presidency in opposition to Mr Lincoln,

and presented with a platform of "war" principles. "I don't want to be President," said the judge, "and don't approve of your war platform; but if I *did* want to be President, I should wait for four years after the conclusion of peace." "Well, and what then?" inquired the spokesman of the deputation. "Well, we shall all be ready for repudiation by that time; and I should run on the repudiation ticket, and carry all before me."

It was in a style similar to this that, during the climax of the great struggle between North and South, when men's passions were inflamed, the subject of the debt was treated in America. The Government was printing paper-money as fast as thirty steam-presses, in full blast at Washington, could throw off the daily millions of dollars required to feed the army and the navy, and keep the war machine going by sea and land. The tax-gatherer, though constantly spoken of as the man of the future, was never seen in the present, so that nobody was much afraid of him; or if the idea of such an uncomfortable person came into the mind of any one, it was relegated to that unseen-to-morrow which never comes, or consigned to oblivion with the *poco-curante* apophthegm—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

A great war always creates more scoundrels than it kills; and it must be said of the American Civil War that the best people connected with it were the native-born soldiers and sailors on both sides. Of the mercenary Irish and Germans who fought for the bounty money, and did not care a straw for the principles at issue, we shall speak hereafter. Such a terrific debt was never rolled up with such reckless rapidity and such shameless robbery since the world began. As soon as it was found that no money could

be borrowed in Europe for the purposes of the strife, and that European capitalists, chary of American ventures at the best, positively refused to advance a sixpence in support of the contest—neither party to which enlisted much of their sympathy, and the North least of all—the Federal Government saw that there was nothing to be done but to borrow as much as it could of the Northern people, and to issue inconvertible paper-money to supply all possible deficiencies. When the war first broke out, the Northern people and their Government had but little idea of the magnitude of the task they had undertaken. Mr Lincoln, a modest and timid man, was loath or afraid to call for so many as 75,000 men for the castigation of the rebels; and Mr Seward, as all the world knows, thought ninety days sufficient time in which to “whip the South”—using the vulgar Yankee phrase which both Northern and Southern Americans employ, where an Englishman would say to “conquer.” General Winfield Scott, who, being a Virginian, better knew the temper of his people than Mr Lincoln of Ohio, or Mr Seward of New York, considered that three years, three hundred thousand men, and two hundred and fifty millions of dollars (fifty millions sterling), would be none too much for so great a work, and that even all these might be unavailing if a young, an able, and more especially a fortunate general were not discovered to lead his countrymen to victory. The estimate was considered at the time to be highly extravagant. Experience, however, soon proved its moderation in every element except that of time. The three years stretched into four. The killed, the wounded, and the disabled alone amounted, before all was over, to the full three hundred thousand that General Scott considered ample for victory; and the modest two hundred and fifty millions of dollars ran

up in one short year to more than double the sum; and before the war was ended, in the early spring of 1865, had reached the ascertained amount of 3000 millions of dollars, or just twelve times as much as General Scott had anticipated.

Towards the middle of the year 1861, up to which time the Government had not resorted to the expedient of printing inconvertible greenbacks, and when it relied solely upon the produce of loans for carrying on the war, the vultures, who sniff carnage from afar off, and delight in the odour of blood—the knavish contractors and jobbers, who are, unfortunately, to be found in all countries, and who think it no sin to rob a nation, however great may be its distress and peril—were busily engaged in the work of plunder. The Government was greatly in want of steamships for the transport of troops, and it was in the matter of steamships that the first organised villainies of the “patriots,” who thirsted to grow suddenly rich at the expense of a nation battling for its life, were displayed. The sale to the Government of two steamers, the *Cataline* and the *Kill van Kull*, excited at this time particular remark. The *Cataline*, an unseaworthy boat, it appears, with which the insurance offices would have nothing to do except at a very exceptional premium, was purchased of her owners for 18,000 dollars, though not worth 12,000, and transferred to the service of the Government for 10,000 dollars per month, for the conveyance of troops between New York and Annapolis. At the end of two months and a half, after making these handsome earnings, she was accidentally destroyed by fire. As she was not insured against this risk, the Government, that had undertaken to pay 50,000 dollars for her in the event of her destruction or loss by any peril not covered by her insurance, had to

provide this handsome sum ; and the speculators—leading patriots all of them—went on their way rejoicing, willing, no doubt, to supply the Government with as many more steamships as it might desire, on equally favourable terms. This was but one specimen out of scores, and by no means the worst. The brood of contractors and speculators did not, however, confine themselves to this particular mode of plunder. Army stores, horses, mules, fodder, and firearms, were all in hot request, and all these articles were supplied by greedy patriots, desirous of growing rich by a single operation. Shoes that wore out in a three-days' march were supplied at a price three or four hundred per cent above the market value of the best article that could be manufactured ; thousands of stands of old-fashioned and useless firearms were foisted upon the War Office ; and spavined old mules, fit for nothing but the knacker, were disposed of at princely prices. So great was the scandal created—for naturally every needy scoundrel who could not get his finger into this beautiful pie was indignant at, as well as envious of, those who did, and made a great clamour, through the press and otherwise, about the manner in which the country was being robbed—that Congress was alarmed. The result was, that in the summer of 1861 a special committee of seven members of the House of Representatives was appointed, under the presidency of Mr Van Wyck of New York, to "inquire into all the facts and circumstances connected with contracts and agreements by or with the Government, growing out of its efforts in suppressing the rebellion." On the 17th of December the Committee presented its report, in which they stated that, instead of summoning witnesses from all parts of the country to Washington, they had deemed it to be their duty to take upon

themselves the task of visiting the various localities where it was supposed that examinations would be necessary. They had held sittings, and examined witnesses, in Washington, New York, Boston, New Bedford, St Louis, Cairo, Chicago, and Harrisburg, and in all travelled between six thousand and seven thousand miles. They examined no less than two hundred and sixty-five witnesses, whose testimony in the Report covered 1109 closely-printed octavo pages. Disgraceful as the facts were supposed to be before the inquiry was instituted, the Report and evidence proved that for once Rumour had been less of a liar than usual, and that she had under rather than over-stated the swindling, the speculation, the fraud, and the robbery perpetrated upon the Government. It was not merely the sellers of ships, of stores, of guns, and all such as had anything to dispose of at as high a price as they could get, but the confidential agents of the Government itself, who scented the plunder with keen factories, and grabbed it without remorse.

A few of the many exposures made in this Report, sample bricks of the whole edifice of fraud, will serve to show the mingled audacity and cunning, and the entire success of the "smart" men who aided the United States in getting rid of the money which it had borrowed of the people, and enabled the enthusiastic Yankees, who considered England "slow," to boast of their own surprising "fastness." In May 1861, when people unwilling to believe in unpleasant facts had at last begun to open their eyes and their minds to the magnitude of the war in which the two sections of the country were arrayed against each other, the Federal Government, being in want of two or three sailing-ships for coaling purposes, and thinking that whaling-vessels then out of employment, and lying idle at the wharves of New Bedford, could be

advantageously purchased for that purpose, authorised the naval officer in command at Brooklyn to employ such competent shipbroker as he might select to proceed to New Bedford to make purchases. The broker was found ; and purchased a ship called the *Roman*, for 4000 dollars, and another ship called the *William Badger*, for 2500 dollars. By a little manœuvring, all of which is fully explained in the Report, this agent of the Government managed to charge his employers 14,500 dollars for these two vessels ; and had the coolness, moreover, to demand five per cent on this sum for his personal services. The Secretary of the Navy, anxious to do a good turn to his friends, appointed his brother-in-law, a wholesale grocer in New York, to act as agent for the purchase of ships generally for the needs of the Government, although he knew nothing whatever of their build, their quality, or their value. In four months and a half the favoured grocer made no less a sum than 91,000 dollars, or £18,000 sterling, as his commission upon the purchases he effected. The Committee reported also the very notorious case of what were called "The Hall Carbines." It appeared that in the month of June, a Mr Eastman, a very sharp "Yankee," from Manchester, in the State of New Hampshire, had purchased of the Ordnance Bureau 5400 of a useless arm called Hall's Carbines, at the price of three and a half dollars each. He slightly altered and improved them at a cost of less than three-quarters of a dollar, and found a customer for them in the person of a Mr Simon Stevens, who gave him twelve dollars and a half for each carbine. Stevens, hearing that General Fremont, then in command at St Louis, Missouri, was greatly in want of arms, telegraphed to him to the effect that he had 5000 rifled cast-steel carbines, breech-loading, *new*, at twenty-two dollars, and asking whether he would purchase. The

General telegraphed back immediately to say that he would "take the lot," and they were forwarded accordingly. By this little operation, allowing for the seventy-five cents for each carbine expended on the alterations, whatever they were, the Government lost, or was defrauded of, 89,750 dollars, or close upon £18,000. This was not, however, the worst part of the business. The Committee reported that "General Fremont manifestly understood from Mr Stevens's telegraphic despatch that the arms were *new*, and ready for delivery, *when in truth, and at the time Stevens made the purchase, a part of these arms were still in the possession of the Government, and unpaid for*—a fact of which he was necessarily informed, for he advanced the money to enable Eastman to obtain them." In other words, the Government was made to sell its useless carbines for three dollars and a half, and buy them back again immediately for twenty-two ! Bad as was this case, it did not stand alone. Some time before the outbreak of the war, a firm of foreign merchants and general dealers in Broadway had received from Vienna a consignment of 25,000 muskets, which had been rejected as unserviceable by the Austrian Government. These muskets were invoiced at two dollars each. General Fremont was shown a specimen, when in New York, on his way to take command in the West, and on the advice of an Austrian officer, then in the Federal service, who explained the uselessness of the arm, declined to purchase, though greatly in need of arms for his men. On reaching St Louis he telegraphed back to New York, for "arms ! arms ! arms ! send us arms ! anything !" And this lot, by some means or other, was sent on to him, at six dollars and a half each, in all 162,500 dollars, or £32,500 sterling. These arms were never used. The Committee reported that they found a large number of them at Cairo, on

the Mississippi, and that notwithstanding the urgent necessity for arms at that point, whole regiments being destitute, these muskets were left in the boxes in which they were shipped from the arsenal at St Louis.

These specimens of the recklessness with which arms were bought, and of the rapacity of those who sold them, may suffice. Turning to the contracts for the supply of cattle, we find the same carelessness on the one hand, and roguery on the other. "In this matter," said the Committee, "there is much evidence of gross mismanagement, culpable carelessness, and reckless improvidence. Evidence exists of large contracts for cattle having been made without any advertisements for bids, or any effort on the part of the agents of the Government to satisfy themselves whether the prices to be paid were exorbitant, or even extortionate. Cattle were furnished at prices, per live weight, very little, if any, below the *retail* prices of the meat in any of the markets of the country; and the contractors, without themselves furnishing a single hoof to the Government, made large sums of money by subletting the contracts to other parties, who assumed all the responsibilities and all the risks, and still made in profits sums nearly as large as the original contractors." "There is every reason to believe," added the Committee, "that there was collusion on the part of the employés of the Government to assist in robbing the Treasury; for when a conscientious officer refused to pass cattle not in accordance with the contract, he was superseded by one who had no conscientious scruples in the matter; and cattle that were rejected by his predecessor were at once accepted. With such a state of things existing, if officers of the Government, who should be imbued with patriotism and integrity enough to have a care of the means of the Treasury, are ready to assist speculating contrac-

tors to extort from and defraud the Government, where is this system of speculation to end, and how soon may not the finances of the Government be reduced to woeful bankruptcy?" This was a pregnant question, which there was none to answer. Perhaps the most monstrous job of all was the fortification of the city of St Louis, when General Fremont was in command—a fortification that, after it had made considerable progress, was declared by competent military authority to be wholly unnecessary, and ordered to be discontinued by the War Office. Five forts were built in a few days, under the direction of a Hungarian engineer officer on Fremont's staff, at a cost of 60,000 dollars. Other five forts smaller than these were intrusted to a Mr Beard, one of the General's Californian friends, who speedily ran up a bill for 246,000 dollars, and received 171,000 dollars of the money. After the War Department had ordered the cessation of the works, Beard claimed 60,000 dollars more, and the sum was ordered to be paid by General Fremont. Major Allen, the Quartermaster to whom the order was sent, refused to obey; "and thus," reported the Committee, after a compliment to the Quartermaster for his vigilance and firmness, "this last sum of 60,000 dollars was saved from going into the capacious and already gorged pockets of Beard." In concluding this part of their subject, the Committee, after stigmatising Beard as "a cormorant," expressed a hope that means might be found to make the parties to the "atrocious contract" disgorge the sums out of which they had defrauded the Government. Who the parties were, besides Beard himself, the Committee did not state; and whether they did or did not disgorge, the muse of history has omitted to record.

It will serve no useful purpose to enter into further details of these and other frauds quite as gigantic

and heartless. Any one who is curious on the subject may refer to the Report presented in the second session of the thirty-seventh Congress by Mr Washbourne, and ordered to be printed for the use of members. It may be sufficient to add, however, that no action was taken on the document, unless it were in the case of Mr Simon Cameron, Secretary at War, who was not accused of any personal corruption, but was pointed at by public opinion as being a little too easy, too good-natured, and too anxious to serve his personal friends at the expense of the public Treasury. This gentleman found it necessary, or expedient, or comfortable—it is difficult to decide upon the exact word to apply—to resign the portfolio of the War Office, and was forthwith appointed, as a solatium to his wounded feelings, to the post of Ambassador at the Court of St Petersburg.

At this time the war was but young, and all the plunder possible to contractors was but little compared with the chances that afterwards presented themselves, when Mr Lincoln found it necessary to call for levies of men, 300,000 at a time, and to order the construction of monitors and ironclads as rapidly as all the available hands, energy, and science in the country could produce them. As yet, also, the dollar was a dollar, and gold was at par; no immense issues of paper-money having been made to inflate prices, and puff up the country with ideas of immense wealth consequent upon immense expenditure. "Greenbacks"—so called from being printed on the back with a green colour which those who forged bank-notes by means of photography could not reproduce—were not issued until 1862, and proved a great success. At the very first outbreak of the war, all the banks throughout the Union, with the exception of two small but highly esteemed and respectable concerns in New York, had sus-

pending specie payments, and thereby forfeited their charters of incorporation. Before the war, the bank-note system of the States was a crying evil. There was no national currency except gold and silver, and gold disappeared at the first cannon-shot, while silver, and even copper, followed the example after a short interval. The notes of one State did not circulate in any other, except at a discount; and a man who travelled a couple of thousand miles, and traversed five or six States, had to lose a very considerable percentage on his notes in every one of them. But the greenback, based upon the credit of the United States, and equally good in all the States, recommended itself as a great convenience, and found universal acceptance. It did not displace the notes of the various State and City banks, but did service as a supplement and addendum, and, being sown broadcast over the land in payment of the army and navy, and of army and navy stores, and all the accoutrements and paraphernalia of war, had the temporary effect of real wealth in stimulating every kind of trade and enterprise. The Northern people, having no hostile armies tramping over their soil, no squadrons and armadas of the enemy blockading their ports, and throwing red-hot shot and fiery shell into their maritime cities, saw nothing but the bright side of war—the side of its profuse expenditure. Everything went merrily when the greenbacks made their appearance—everything except the price of gold, that soon began to lift its back against its unwelcome rival, and persisted in reaching a premium that the loyal people of the North took pleasure in stigmatising as in the highest degree disloyal and rebellious. When 900 millions of inconvertible paper-money had been thrust into circulation, gold, that up to May 1862 had been at par, advanced by rapid steps to a premium of 2½, 5, 10, 20, and 30, and reached, at the commencement

of 1863, as high as 35 per cent. In January of that year, the rapid increase of the public debt and the premium on gold had begun to very seriously alarm the professional statesmen and ablest financiers of the country. Mr Robert J. Walker, a gentleman who had been Secretary of the Treasury in the halcyon days of President Polk, when there was no debt worth speaking of, and when the Federal treasury suffered under an overflow of cash, was one of the first to sound the warning voice against the dangers which he saw in the future.

"Our national finances," said he, are involved in extreme peril. Our public debt exceeds 720,000,000 dollars, and is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury, on the 1st of July next, at 1,122,291,403 dollars, and on the 1st of July 1864 at 1,744,685,586 dollars. When we reflect that this is nearly one-half the debt of England, and bearing almost double the rate of interest, it is clear that we are approaching a fatal catastrophe. Nor is this the most alarming symptom. Gold now commands a premium of 32 per cent as compared with legal-tender Treasury notes, and with largely augmented issues must rise much higher, with a corresponding increase of our debt and expenditure. Indeed, should the war continue, and there be no other alternative than additional Treasury notes, they will, before the close of the next fiscal year, fail to command 40 cents on the dollar in gold, and our debt will exceed several billions of dollars. This would result from an immense redundancy and depreciation of currency, and from the alarm created here and in Europe as to the maintenance of the Union and the ultimate solvency of the Government. Indeed, our enemies at home and abroad, the rebels and their allies in the North and in Europe, already announce impending national bankruptcy and *repudiation*, and there are many devoted patriots who fear such a catastrophe. That the danger is imminent is a truth which must not be disguised. Here lies the great peril of the Government. It is not the rebel armies that can ever overthrow the Union. *It is the alarming increase of the public debt and expenditure, and the still more appalling depreciation of the national currency, that most imperil the great Republic.*

. . . *We are upon the verge of ruin.* We are hanging over the gulf of an irredeemable paper system, and its spectral shade, *repudiation*, is seen dimly in the dark abyss. The present congress may save us, but what of the next? Would they if they could? Who can answer? Can they if they would? No, no; it will then be too late."

Mr Walker was not at fault in his predictions; for within three months after he had warned his countrymen of what was coming, gold had gone up to 85 per cent premium, and for a long time afterwards oscillated between that high figure and 65. But the war went on as joyously as ever for the contractors; the debt increased daily; and fresh issues of greenbacks afforded scope for the wildest speculation and the most reckless extravagance. Towards the end of the year, Governor Seymour, the then newly-elected Democratic Governor of New York, harped vigorously on the string on which Mr Walker had sounded the first note; but the Governor, like many others who had less courage than himself, was opposed to the war—thought it both a mistake and a crime, and augured no good of it, whether it should reward the North with victory or punish it with defeat. Consequently his words, if they did not fall unheeded, were received with angry denunciation by the war zealots as the treason of a "Copperhead."

"The weight of annual taxation," he said, "will severely test the loyalty of the people. Repudiation of our financial obligations would cause disorder and endless moral evils; but pecuniary rights will never be held more sacred than personal rights. *Repudiation of the Constitution involves the repudiation of national debts, and of the guarantees of rights of property of person and of conscience.* . . . If we begin a war upon the compromises of the Constitution, we must go through with it. It contains many restraints upon our natural rights. It may be asked by what right do the six small New England States, with a population less than that of New York, enjoy six times its power

in the Senate, which has become the controlling branch of the Government? By what natural right do these six States, with their small population and limited territories, balance the power of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan? *The vast debt growing out of this war will give rise to new and angry discussions.* It will be held almost exclusively in a few Atlantic States. Look upon the map of the Union, and see how small is the territory in which it will be owned. We are to be divided into debtor and creditor States, and the last will have a vast preponderance of power and strength. Unfortunately there is no taxation upon this national debt, and its share is thrown off upon other property. It is held where many of the Government contracts have been executed, and where, in some instances, gross frauds have been practised. It is held largely where the Constitution gives a disproportionate share of political power. With all these elements of discord, is it wise to assail Constitutional laws, or bring authority into contempt?"

To keep down the debt, and provide at least a portion of the ways and means necessary for carrying on the war out of the annual produce of the people's trade and industry, the Government introduced a system of taxation—new to America—exceedingly oppressive in its incidence, and labouring under the flagrant demerit of a productiveness utterly incommensurate with the extent and cost of the machinery employed to collect it. In order that the masses of the people—the adult males in possession of votes—might not complain, an income and property tax of five per cent was imposed upon all incomes above six hundred dollars per annum; of seven per cent upon all incomes between five and ten thousand dollars, and of ten per cent on those above ten thousand. Every person liable to the tax was allowed to deduct six hundred dol-

lars, and the price he actually paid for his house-rent, out of his total income, and was only chargeable on the remainder; so that if the average amount of house-rent paid by the working classes and the great bulk of the people was one hundred dollars per annum, nobody with an income of less than seven hundred dollars, £140 per annum, was liable to the impost. The duty of 33 per cent *ad valorem* upon foreign manufactured goods—a duty levied not so much for revenue as for supposed "protection to native industry," was increased to 49½ per cent, payable in gold; a tax upon alcoholic liquor of 60 cents per gallon, which it was anticipated would prove highly productive; was also imposed for the first time; while everybody engaged in any trade, occupation, or pursuit, except that of the day-labourer, was compelled, under a heavy penalty for neglect or disobedience, to take out an annual licence at a cost of ten dollars, and in some businesses, such as that of the hotel-keeper, of a hundred dollars. The tailor, the shoemaker, the hatter, the milliner, the hosier, the baker, the butcher, the fishmonger, the grocer, the greengrocer, and the buttermilk man; the merchant, the trader, and the manufacturer; even the merchants', the manufacturers', and the bankers' clerks, all had to take out licences to pursue their several callings, so that the Americans enjoyed a luxury of taxation which even our old and experienced England had never tasted. There was a talk of taxing servant girls*—"helps," as they are called—and negro waiters; but the idea was abandoned. A very elaborate system of stamp-duties upon bills of exchange, bankers' cheques, receipts, trade-circulars, and even upon photographic or album por-

* When William Pitt, in England, imposed a tax on maid-servants, a bookseller in Fleet Street shut up his premises in disgust, and emigrated to the United States, after affixing the following distich to his shutters. He *must* have been an Irishman!

"These are those dreadful taxing times of yore,
Which our forefathers never saw before!"

traits (stupidly called *cartes-de-visite* in England, but not in America), was devised; and all sorts of imposts, which Great Britain had for thirty years been busily engaged in getting rid of, were revived in America. The people, however, were new to taxation; the tax-gatherers, of whom about fifty thousand were appointed, did not understand their business; and after an experiment of eighteen months, it was found necessary to devise other and better means for raising a revenue. Mr Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, had estimated that he would receive, during the financial year, 150,000,000 dollars from the Internal Revenue alone, exclusive of the Income and Property Tax and the Customs Duties. But from the 1st of July 1862 to the close of 1863, the actual receipts amounted to no more than 47,641,000 dollars, or at the annual rate of 31,740,000 dollars—little more than one-fifth of the sum expected. The Income and Property Tax was largely evaded; and the Customs Duties brought less into the coffers of the State than they put indirectly into the pockets of the native manufacturers, by affording them a pretext to put up the price of their untaxed commodities to that of the foreign article which had paid duty. A revision of the whole scheme of taxation was ordered, the chief results of which were that the duty upon whisky and other alcoholic liquors was raised to two dollars per gallon, and that the Income and Property Tax was ordered to be more stringently collected. The estimate for the year 1864 from the three great sources of revenue, the Income and Property Tax, the Customs Duties, and the Internal Revenue, was no more than 285,000,000 dollars—a sum which, as the war expenses of the Government were upwards of three millions of dollars per diem, was barely sufficient to carry on affairs for three months, even if the money could have been

at once collected. Under the circumstances, there was nothing for it but loans in the shape of “five twenties,” “ten thirties,” “seven forties;” and “greenbacks”—continuous, never-ceasing greenbacks—some bearing interest and some not, but none of them convertible into gold on demand, or into gold at all, except at such a premium on the real article as made the paper dollar worth, upon the average, about 2s. 3d. sterling instead of 4s. 2d. As the working classes, taxed heavily upon their favourite whisky, though untaxed upon their incomes, found that their six or seven hundred dollars per annum of wages represented a purchasing power of little more than half its amount in the blessed days of peace, they too, for the first time in American history, began to strike for higher wages.

Their demands were very generally complied with—for there was not only a plethora of paper-money, but a scarcity of labourers in every department of industry, in consequence of the drain made upon the youth of the country by the inexorable demands of war. Thus the working classes were kept in good humour on all questions except that of the whisky bottle. To pay twenty cents for a drink that had formerly cost but five was not satisfactory; but even on this sore point there was relief in store for them. The illicit distiller came to the rescue, and smuggling over the long Canadian frontier of fifteen hundred miles developed itself so rapidly into a regular, a safe, and a highly profitable business, that the intemperates who could not refrain from their usual alcohol, were enabled to indulge themselves almost as freely, and at little more cost than in the bygone days, when the hand of brother was not raised against brother in mortal strife, and Government, throughout the length and breadth of more than thirty prosperous States, rested upon the consent of the governed.

Though victory did not reward the efforts of the Northern people at this time, and seemed as if it never would, there was very little real discontent with the state of public affairs among the Northern people. The profuse expenditure of the Government kept trade busy in every department. Never were there such luxury and extravagance in any country in the world as in the Northern States during the years 1863 and 1864. The "shoddy" aristocracy, the knavish contractors, the speculators in gold and stocks—everybody was, or seemed to be, growing rich; and Mr Seward—the amiable and impulsive, but not very wise, Secretary of State—took it upon himself to assert publicly that not only had the war not impoverished anybody, but "that it had largely augmented the national resources." But all the statesmen of America were not so foolish. Mr Chase knew better; and a gentleman of the name of M'Culloch, then unknown to European fame, whom Mr Chase appointed to the office of "Comptroller of the Currency," took it upon himself, at the very outset of his official career, to address a circular to the directors and managers of the new National Banks, which, to the number of more than two hundred, had been instituted to carry on business, not on the basis of gold or real property, but solely on that of Government paper-money and indebtedness, in which he warned them against such absurdities as Mr Seward had uttered. "You should bear constantly in mind," he wrote to these gentlemen, "although the loyal States appear superficially to be in a prosperous condition, that such is not the fact; that while the Government is engaged in the suppression of a rebellion of unexampled fierceness and magnitude, and is constantly draining the country of its labouring and producing population, and diverting its mechanical industry from works of permanent value to the construction of implements of war-

fare; while cities are crowded, and the country is to the same extent depleted, and waste and extravagance prevail as they never before prevailed in the United States, the nation, whatever may be the external indications, is not prospering. The war in which we are involved is a stern necessity, and must be prosecuted for the preservation of the Government, no matter what may be its cost; but the country will unquestionably be the poorer every day it is continued. This seeming prosperity of the loyal States is owing merely to the large expenditure of the Government and the redundant currency which these expenditures seem to render necessary." He wound up this sound doctrine by declaring broadly that "splendid financiering was not legitimate banking," and that, in his opinion, "*splendid financiers were either humbugs or rascals.*" When Mr Chase was appointed to the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court, this gentleman succeeded him in the Treasury department, where he still remains, the right man in the right place, though powerless to undo the mischief done by his predecessor—mischief which was forced upon that eminent functionary by the necessities of a false position and the passions of his countrymen.

At this time it was not so much the increase of the debt as the deficiency of men to supply the waste of war that alarmed everybody in the North. Mr Lincoln was continually calling for men; but the men did not appear. He was told, if he would but issue a proclamation for the abolition of slavery, that the highways and byways of the North and West would swarm with enthusiastic volunteers—that the ploughman would leave the plough, the weaver the loom, the smith the forge, the clerk the desk, and the clergyman the pulpit, to take up arms in this new crusade, this holy war, this sacred battle for the rights of man; that America would pre-

sent a spectacle the like of which was never seen since the world began, and which, recorded in the page of history, would render him, his age, and his country, illustrious for evermore. Mr Lincoln was no enthusiast; he was not even a philosopher, but a politician in the American sense of the word. As a politician, and to some small extent as a philanthropist, he had his doubts. He did not in his heart believe the negro to be the equal of the white man, unless his spoken and published words belie his convictions; and his opinion of slavery was, that bad as it might be for the blacks, it was still worse for the whites. But he was open to persuasion and to influence. He was no bigot to his own views; and ultimately, after much oscillation and misgiving, he yielded up his judgment to that of others, and launched his proclamation. The pulpits, and a portion of the press, called upon God to bless Abraham Lincoln for the great work he had undertaken; but the volunteers did not rush to battle as was predicted. It is doubtful whether one hundred men, or even half the number, were moved by the proclamation to shoulder the musket in "the holy cause." Volunteers, it is true, did at this time and afterwards swarm in the highways and byways of New York, New England, and Ohio; but they were the volunteers of an earlier day, who had served out their year, or their two years, and were hastening home, disheartened with the incompetency and unsuccess of their generals, and resolved to turn their swords into pruning-hooks and to study war no more.

At this time, although there were scarcely 500,000 men in the roll of the army, pay and rations were issued for upwards of 700,000. Who received the difference was never stated, and how long the overplus was paid was never ascertained. Somebody, or several somebodies, must, however, have grown rich

upon the plunder. Men were urgently required; and the bounty of one hundred dollars, paid by the Government to each recruit who would undertake to serve for the whole duration of the war, however long that period might be, failed to keep up the ranks to the full complement required for such stupendous operations as were in progress before Richmond and in the valley of the Mississippi. Persuasion, even though backed by twenty pounds' worth of greenbacks, not being adequate, it was resolved, at first timidly, but afterwards more boldly, to try what compulsion would effect; and a conscription was ordered. The attempt to carry out this plan, new to a free country, and utterly antagonistic to every democratic principle which for three generations had been instilled into the heart of the youth of America, speedily led to the riots of New York;—riots that, if there had been a man at their head capable of a great deed and of a great purpose, might well have proved the commencement of a counter-revolution; but which, being without plan or leader, remained riots and nothing more, and were chiefly remarkable for the cruel and almost insane hatred which the rioters, for the most part Irishmen of the lowest and most savage class, exhibited towards the in-offensive negroes, whom they believed to be the sole cause of the war, and consequently of the conscription. These riots, however, had their effect upon the Government. Without abandoning in plain terms its intention to force men into the army against their will, the Government postponed the conscription; and the owners of house property, and other wealthy persons in the great cities and towns of the Union, alarmed at the but too probable consequences of popular insurrections, resolved with remarkable unanimity to double, to treble, and to quadruple the bounty offered by the Government.

The several States voted large sums of money for this purpose; the counties, the cities, and even the small towns imitated the example; and it actually happened in some places, so great was the terror of the conscription, that as much as 3000 dollars (£600) was paid for a single recruit for the Federal army. Men but newly landed in the streets of New York from Bremen or Cork, clutched greedily at the bounty-money; and, after providing themselves with patent-leather boots, a breast-pin, a silver watch and chain, and devoting a few score of dollars to a drunken bout in the gay capital, marched off to the reinforcement of the besiegers of Richmond, and did as well as they could the duty they had undertaken to perform—not for love of the American Union, not for hatred of slavery, not for glory, not for fame, but solely for love of money. A very large percentage of these men—how large never was, and perhaps never can be known—were false to their bond, and deserted at the first favourable opportunity, to enlist again in some new town which they had not previously visited, and where their antecedents were unknown, to receive the bounty a second time. “Bounty-jumping,” as it was called, became a regular trade among these mercenary and heartless scoundrels. One fellow, who was afterwards shot for desertion, confessed that he had received the bounty-money in no less than seventeen places, and died in possession of between two and three thousand pounds sterling, with which he had hoped to get safely back to his native Tipperary.

Thus while the Federal or national debt was steadily augmenting, and had risen from the 700,000,000 dollars which Mr R. J. Walker thought so alarming to at least four times that amount, another debt, not quite so large, but nevertheless very formidable, was rolling and gathering in the

several States of the Union. At the close of the war, the Federal debt was estimated by some to amount to 4,000,000,000 dollars—by none at less than 2,500,000,000 dollars. It is admitted by Mr M'Culloch at the present day to stand at the lower sum; but whether this amount be or be not exclusive of at least 900,000,000 dollars of greenbacks and other forms of Federal paper in circulation, unrepresented by gold and silver, has never been clearly explained. American Finance is not the clear balance-sheet to which the British and even the French people are accustomed. The Secretary of the Treasury, unlike our Chancellor of the Exchequer, has no seat in the Legislature, and makes his annual statement in writing, with none to ask him questions on doubtful points, as occurs in the House of Commons. The debt, whatever its actual amount may be, bears interest at rates varying between five and seven per cent, so that even if it amount to no more than 2,500,000,000 dollars, the annual charge upon the industry, trade, and resources of the Union is fully equal to that borne by the inhabitants of the British Isles. From time to time statements are put forward with more or less show of authority that the debt has been sensibly reduced since the conclusion of the war, and the world was told only a few weeks since that no less a sum than forty millions sterling had been paid off within the last sixteen months. But the *modus operandi* was not stated, nor has any proof of the fact been afforded either by the American Government, or by its admirers in England, who never tire of boasting of the wealth, energy, power, and glory of the Great Republic. To pay off liabilities to the extent of forty millions sterling by an issue of greenbacks to that amount, supposing that to be the means adopted, is a mere juggle and hocus-pocus; though it may be a tempo-

rary advantage to effect such an operation, inasmuch as the debt, properly so called, bears interest, and greenbacks bear none. If the debt were really in process of diminution to anything like the extent indicated, there would scarcely be such complaints throughout the Union as daily cross the Atlantic on the wings of the press, and in the private correspondence of merchants. The Customs duties are notoriously falling off, as may be judged from the case of one great dry-goods house in New York, the greatest in the world, which during the last year of the war paid duties to the amount of 4,000,000 dollars on the manufactured fabrics of Great Britain and France, but which in the first year of peace paid but 800,000 dollars, or one-fifth of its former contribution. Gold continues to average a premium of 37 per cent. The enthusiasm of speculation that ran riot during the war has cooled down; the little business that is done is transacted entirely for ready money; credit is defunct; and men, ill at ease already, dread the return to specie payments, which some statesmen consider the true panacea for all the evils that seem to be in store for the country, as the one thing that, above all others, would bring down the whole financial fabric with a crash that would astonish the nations.

But the Federal debt, great as it is, is not the only debt that is working evil throughout the Northern and Western States. The local, or State and Municipal debts, incurred during the progress of the war for the payment of bounties to volunteers, are found to be of gigantic proportions. As the States and Municipalities have no means of raising a revenue like those at the command of the National Government, acting by authority of Congress, they are compelled to throw the burthen entirely upon the rates to be assessed upon lands and tenements. These local taxes, even

prior to the war, were found sufficiently heavy in such great cities as New York, where the Municipal Government is flagrantly dishonest and corrupt; but the addition of bounty burdens to all the previous liabilities which were thrust upon property, has almost proved too much for property to bear. House-building, except for a few millionaires who grew rich by the war, has almost entirely ceased; and cities that were yearly expanding into the green fields, and stretching their suburbs to every side, have become frozen, as it were, in their ancient limits. House-rent has enormously increased; and the labouring classes in New York and some other cities are quite as unwholesomely packed as the poor weavers are in Spitalfields, or the tramps and beggars in the most feculent back-slums of London. The exact amount of the State debts for the whole Union is not known; but, before the war, they were no great burden, inasmuch as they were mostly incurred for public works of a remunerative nature—such as canals, water-supply, railroads, and other useful undertakings. But the new debts are in a different category, and represent nothing but slain, wounded, or returned soldiers, and the subjugation and ruin of the richest half of the country. The debts of the New England States, of which an authentic statement has been published, may be taken as a sample of the rest. In 1860, before the election of Mr Lincoln, and the blowing of the first blast on the great war-trumpet, the debt of Massachusetts was about 12,000,000 dollars; of Rhode Island, *nil*; of Vermont, *nil*; of Connecticut, 50,000 dollars; and of New Hampshire, 82,000 dollars. The debt of Massachusetts amounted, at the end of the year 1866, to 55,000,000 dollars; of Rhode Island, to 3,626,500 dollars; of Vermont, to 1,567,500 dollars; and of New Hampshire, to 4,169,818 dollars. The differ-

ence between the State liabilities of 1860 and 1867 represents bounty-money to soldiers who, without bounty-money, would not have pulled a trigger or risked a limb for the conquest of the South. These figures, however, are merely the debts of these several States, and do not include the County and City debts incurred for the same purpose under the terror and pressure of the conscription. It is possible that, with the sole exception of the State of New York, the war debts of the remaining States of the Union have not increased so greatly as those of the States of New England; for New England paid for a greater number of soldiers, but sent fewer of her own sons, out of pure love and patriotism, to the war, than any other portion of the Union. The State debt of New York increased, during the period, from upwards of 34 millions of dollars to nearly 52 millions; while the debts of some of the counties and cities, whatever their previous amount may have been, increased in some instances tenfold. The county of Richmond, closely contiguous to New York, may be cited as one instance. Its debts rose from 80,000 dollars in 1860, to upwards of 800,000 dollars in 1866—the whole of the increase being for bounty-money, to prevent the classes that would otherwise have been conscripted from rising into rebellion, and burning down the towns and villages, and murdering the negroes. Various estimates upon data more or less authentic and trustworthy have been made of the total amount of State indebtedness, as distinguished from the indebtedness of the Union. The lowest estimate, based upon anything like competent authority, places these debts—those of States, Counties, and Municipalities all included—at 1,500,000,000 dollars—a sum, if gold were at par, representing £300,000,000, and that, in the present depreciated currency, repre-

sents about £100,000,000 less. The owners of real estate, finding themselves wellnigh ruined by the double burden of Federal and local taxation, are endeavouring, not unnaturally, to shift their liabilities upon the National Government. "The debts," they say, "were incurred for the support and restoration of the Union, and the restored Union ought to be responsible for them." It remains to be seen whether the arguments of the owners of land and houses will prevail, and whether, by the action of the various State legislatures, such a pressure may not be brought to bear upon Congress as shall induce that body to accede to a demand not in itself unreasonable, and thus diffuse over the whole tax-paying community a liability that falls much too heavily upon a single class to be accepted as equitable, or consistent with sound public policy. Adding this 1,500,000,000 dollars to the admitted 2,500,000,000 dollars of the National Debt, there would arise the too-magnificent total of 4,000,000,000 of dollars, or £800,000,000 sterling, incurred in little more than four years, and of which an annual interest, much in excess of that contracted for by the British Government for a debt of the same amount, which it took forty or fifty times as long to incur, will have, now and hereafter, to be provided for by the American people, if they keep faith with one another, and the foreign purchasers of their bonds.

But this sum, large as it is, does not represent the whole indebtedness of the Americans. It represents merely the amount which the North expended in the conquest of the South, and which that very conquest prevented the South from contributing to in any appreciable proportion. The amount of debt which the South incurred in resisting the invading armies and fleets of the North is not known even to the Southern people. There has been

no one to "take stock" of it. There has been no responsible minister either acquainted with the details or authorised to make them known. The Southern people feel and know that they and their children are ruined; that the wealth of a whole generation, in one of the most fertile portions of the habitable globe, has been expended in a gallant but useless struggle; and that if they were to estimate their debt as fully equal to that of the North, they might possibly underrate it. In the North, it was true, there was all but limitless waste, but in the South there was all but limitless destruction. The South owes nothing beyond the limits of its own impoverished and devastated States, except the cotton loan effected in England, which some day or other, if it have the power, it may possibly recognise as a debt of honour, more sacred than if it were a debt recoverable by process of law. That debt is but a poor two millions and a half sterling or thereabouts; but the debt which it incurred to its own people is probably not far short in amount of the Federal debt of the North. Putting it at only half of the Federal debt, and adding the two debts together, we arrive at the stupendous sum of 6000 million dollars, or 1200 millions of pounds sterling!

When the war was brought to so unexpected a conclusion in April 1865, the North was as much surprised as it was delighted; yet it laboured under the fear that if the Union was to be restored in fact as well as in theory, and more especially if the Southern States were to be treated as Mr Johnson and others declared they ought to be treated—viz., as if they had never been out of the Union—and if in consequence they were to be allowed to send representatives and senators to Congress as freely as if the war had not occurred, the Southern representatives, acting in accord and perfect amity with the Northern Democratic party, strong everywhere

except in New England, and not utterly powerless even there, would endeavour to legalise the Southern debt, and make it as binding upon the whole people as the debt of the North. It is impossible to say whether this fear were well or ill founded, or whether the Southern States would not have divided among themselves their war debt, according to population, and made it a State instead of a National responsibility. However this may be, the victorious Republican party, acting through Mr Johnson, elected by them, but not their man—and having few if any sentiments or principles in common with them, except the one great principle that the Union must be preserved at any cost, at the cost even of liberty and solvency—imposed upon the prostrate South the condition, the *sine qua non*, that it should, in its several States, utterly repudiate the Southern debt. Repudiation was a word and an idea with which it was in the highest degree unwise and impolitic to familiarise the mind of either the Northern or the Southern people. The word should never have been uttered; much less should its acceptance as a rule of conduct have been imposed at the point of the bayonet upon a people who never dreamed of such dishonesty, and who would have been contented to pay their war debt, as a debt of honour due among themselves, if time had been allowed, and fate in future years had been propitious. Whatever comes of it, the North must bear the blame of the forcible application of the legal sponge to a liability which one-half of the country then considered, and still considers, to be sacred. Unfortunately the idea of repudiation, like that of vice, of which the poet sings, is one which a nation perhaps

"May first endure, then pity, then embrace;"

and if we may judge from the tone of the Northern press, it is one which a considerable section of the Northern people do not regard with

any particular horror. The wealthy trading and commercial classes, the members of the learned professions, the cultivated people who have studied history, and generally the natural aristocracy of the country, the educated and the refined, whether rich or in humble circumstances, look upon any possible repudiation of the debt as the greatest possible calamity and disgrace that could befall the nation. But these are not the majority. These are not the people who are all-powerful to elect members to Congress, or whose opinions shape the policy of the Union. They are not the people to whom a vulgar press appeals for support and popularity. They are not even the people on whom the burthen of taxation falls with the severest weight, and who would doubtless bear the load were it doubled or trebled in oppressiveness, rather than sanction any resort to an act of national bankruptcy. Herein lies the greatest future danger of the Union. The reaction against the financial excesses of the war has but just begun. The tide of factitious prosperity, after it ceased to flow, remained for a little while quiescent at its fullest height, and then began to ebb. The ebb continues, and is exposing evils, and laying bare ghastly sights upon the shore, which few imagined, and which still fewer care to behold. The working classes are suffering and discontented, and every man has a vote. If these classes once become thoroughly imbued with and reconciled to the idea of repudiation—if they teach themselves or are taught by others that it will be better to make a clean sweep of all past liabilities, and start afresh—and if the wire-pullers and organisers of party, and the people who hunger and thirst for office, and the emoluments and distinctions which accompany it, make this an election cry and the main plank of a political platform on which a President is to be elected,—who shall

say that the learned judge mentioned at the opening of our article, though he spoke in jest, did not utter as much truth and wisdom as if he had spoken in earnest?

Per contra, it is possible that the United States will pay their "liabilities," even though one-half of the debt be a swindle, and though but one-half the country is left unruined to undertake the burden. But leaving the Southern debt out of the question, and treating it as wholly repudiated, and out of the domain of fact, it is difficult—notwithstanding the immense and undeniable resources of a country that is yearly reclaiming thousands upon thousands of square miles of wilderness, and taking from Europe an emigration of the youngest, strongest, and most adventurous of the European people, every man of whom, landed upon American soil, is calculated to be worth a thousand dollars to the community amongst whom he casts his lot—to believe that means can be found to provide for the annual interest accruing both at home and abroad, without a total revolution of American opinion and statesmanship on the philosophy of taxation, finance, and trade, accompanied by an equally thorough revolution in the morality of the tax-payers and the tax-collectors before it can be possible for the Federal Government to make both ends meet. An income and property tax is the present main reliance of the Government. That impost, however severely it may press upon the earners of income and the owners of property, will be paid; for these, the industrious and trading classes, earning more than 700 dollars per annum, are in a minority, and must do as the majority may be pleased to command. But with all their will, the earners of upwards of 700 dollars per annum and the owners of real estate, cannot provide means for the payment of even so little as a third of the public debt, and will

not be able to contribute any such proportion to the necessities of the State, until the population amounts to three or four times its present numbers. The Internal Revenue ought to be a prolific source of wealth to the Federal Government, and might be made so, if the people thought it a shame and a sin to cheat the State; and if the revenue officers were appointed for life, or during good behaviour, and were not nominated, as they are, according to the present system, for political services, for the most part corrupt, liable to removal at any time, and certain of removal four years after appointment, unless the re-election of an actual President in the meanwhile should renew their lease of their ill-paid offices, and leave them free to make their "pile"—*i.e.*, their fortunes—by speculation and the receipt of bribes from evildoers. The whisky question is one in point. A large revenue ought to be, but is not, derived from this source, not because less whisky is distilled or drunk than there was before the article was taxed, but because there is an organised system at which the excise officers shut their eyes, or wink, for a consideration to defraud the Government. There remains only the Customs duties as a really prolific source of revenue. Were the Federal Government bold enough to reform this branch of its fiscal system, to cease listening to the clamour of the native manufacturers and coal-owners for protection against Europe, and more especially against Great Britain, and were it to impose a reasonably low scale of duties upon iron and steel goods, upon textile fabrics, and all the ingenious art and manufactures of Europe, not for the sake of protection, but solely and wholly for revenue—there can be little doubt that the people of a country naturally so rich as the United States, and with such expensive and luxurious tastes in the matter of personal

apparel and adornment, would provide its Government with a large portion of the means necessary to preserve its financial credit. But unluckily the public mind of America knows little of economic science. To the mass of Americans, well educated as they are supposed to be, Adam Smith and his philosophy are as unfamiliar as the Koran. The people believe in what they call the American system, and they are robbed to their hearts' content by the "shoddy aristocrats," who manufacture bad cutlery, bad crockery, bad glass, bad cotton goods, bad silks, bad woollen cloths, bad everything, and charge the full price of the good European articles, duty paid in gold included.

Perhaps a "heaven-born financier" may yet appear in America—perhaps if the great man come he may be powerful enough to elbow his way through the dense obstructions that will be certain to impede his progress to the supreme place—perhaps the corrupt knaves and scheming scoundrels raised into political importance and position by the operation of manhood suffrage will stand out of the way to let him pass—perhaps the light of his genius will irradiate the dark places of Congress and the local legislatures—perhaps experience and heavy suffering will prepare the people to receive him and listen to his teachings—perhaps he will have courage to tell the whole truth—perhaps his truth, if told, will convince the people to whom it is addressed—perhaps the politicians of the South, accustomed to rule, and more skilful in diplomatic and personal intrigue than the Northerners, will not for many years to come be enabled to take that part in the Government to which their talents entitle them—and, last possibility of all, perhaps this supposed and greatly-to-be-desired financier, who shall have the knowledge and the will to educe order out of chaos, may be as fortunate as he ought to be.

These perhaps are perhaps a little too numerous ; but unless they all happen to realise themselves and come true in the person of one man, having power and authority to do as he wills, it is difficult to see how the American Union is to pay its debt if the present anti-Southern and violent faction that paralyses the constitutional action of the President retain its ascendancy in Congress. Mr M'Culloch, the present Secretary of the Treasury, knows his business ; but there is not a people, high or low, to second his enlightened efforts for the preservation of the national credit. The high are powerless and few, and the low are prejudiced, ignorant, and powerful ; and the most fertile part of the country that could pay its full, or more than its full share of the public burdens, is almost as waste as a wilderness—its cotton, its rice, its sugar, and its tobacco, that added so largely to its own wealth and that of the world, are scarcely produced in exportable quantities. The curse of black pauperism and proletairism lies upon the land ; and the North has to pay for the luxury of conquest after the luxury has been enjoyed and found to be worthless.

The test, however, of the great question of the debt will be the Presidential election of November 1868. If by that time the animosities engendered by the war shall have cooled down or been obliterated ; if the Conservative feeling of the Northern people shall have found full play ; if they shall resolve to hold out the right hand of good-fellowship to the South, and accept, as readily as the South has accepted defeat, the fact that the Union cannot be restored unless the rights of the Southern people are restored along with it ; and if a popular candidate, strong in his adherence to the form and spirit of the constitution, and with no ill-will to vent against "rebels"—such a man, for instance, as General Sherman, or, after him, General Grant—shall be

elected to the Presidency, and with him a Congress that shares his opinions and will give him a strong working majority ;—the debt of the whole American Union, whether of the Federal Government, or the several States that compose it, may be rendered as secure as the debt of Great Britain. Even at the present time, if the dominant faction would cease its threats of confiscation of Southern estates, and its suggestions for parcelling them out among the negroes, the finances of the Union would immediately assume a more favourable aspect. Were the Southern planters and others but certain that they might call their lands their own, and were the capitalists of the Northern States and of Europe satisfied that no act of confiscation would be attempted, the planters might with little difficulty borrow the necessary money to recommence the cultivation of their lands ; and in two years the cotton alone, which with a little judicious aid they might produce, would enable them to lighten the burdens of the North as well as their own, and silence, perhaps for ever, the ominous whispers of repudiation which are now heard on every side. But if Northern fear of Southern supremacy in the councils of the restored Union should adjourn indefinitely that real union of interest and feeling without which a merely political union maintained by the bayonet is worse than useless, the debt will continue to be a debatable question, until the very discussions for and against its repudiation will demoralise the whole country. The prospect at present is not as bright as it might be ; but in a young country, and among a hopeful people, a year may make a wondrous difference. In any case, the moral of the great story of the American Civil War will remain palpable to all understandings both in the Old World and in the New—that neither kings nor multitudes can engage in the bloody sport of war without taking the consequences and paying the piper.

THE EASTER TRIP OF TWO OCHLOPHOBISTS.*

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

PREFACE.

I HAVE read so many books of travels lately, and have found them so amusing and instructive, that I cannot resist the temptation of endeavouring to sketch the fortnight which I spent under very peculiar circumstances last month. The course of reading through which I have been has, I am afraid, a little affected my style, which naturally is a simple, unaffected, and pleasing one.

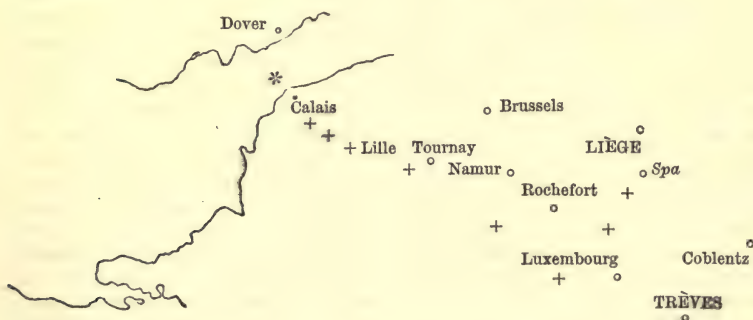
I must not forget to own the obligations I am under to Granville, who was good enough to write the greater part of this account.

HENRY STUART.

LONDON, 14th May.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE OCHLOPHOBISTS' EASTER TRIP.

London °



+ Indicates the buffets where the ochlophobists **refreshed themselves**.

* The place where the ochlophobists **recognised one another**.

Towns in capital letters, "**LIEGE**," denote the places where the ochlophobists stayed to have their **clothes washed**.

Towns printed in **italics**, "*Spa*," indicate that the ochlophobists changed **circular notes** there.

CHAPTER I.—THE RAILWAY.

Dedicated to H. E. L. J——M.

ANY observant person who took the train which left Charing Cross the trouble to look, on the eleventh at — A.M., might have seen me. I day of April, into the fifth carriage of was sitting with my feet upon the

* Not a fossil, but belonging to the recent period—"a hater of drums, squashes, or parties"—*ὕχλος, φοβὸς*.

opposite seat, and a newspaper half cut was resting upon my knees. I am very fond of reflection, and on that particular occasion I was reflecting—firstly, why the—I had left London; and secondly, why I was going abroad; and thirdly, whether I had taken a sufficient number of pairs of boots with me. I enjoyed my attitude. I know very few so pleasant—that perfect ease which is the concomitant of such a horizontal position as I have tried to describe—that disregard of things sublunary, and that subjective selfishness which is so often to be found in our characters; for selfishness is certainly a by no means rare condition—*mais revenons à nos moutons*. There were others in the same carriage, and I felt painfully certain that sooner or later I should be obliged to answer something to them. An oldish man of between sixty and seventy was engaged in tearing to pieces some tough ham-sandwiches, which were being produced by his daughter from a dirty basket.

“Will you have another?”

“Thanks,” was the answer, and I shuddered. I am naturally shy, and I could not conceive how anybody could eat in a railway carriage, so I shuddered.

“You are cold, sir.”

It had come at last, and I was obliged to make an observation.

“I am,” I answered; and thrusting the newspaper over my head, I feigned sleep to avoid conversation. What a strange love, it appears to me, to be perpetually wishing to make new acquaintances, as if one’s present ones did not bore one sufficiently! I felt I agreed with the man who, on being asked by his host whether he would go and see Stonehenge, replied, “Thanks, but I don’t wish to know any more new people.” The man who wishes to be remembered after the cessation of an acquaintance for a year is a bore—the man who introduces himself after he has grown a beard, and when really there is no con-

ceivable reason for remembering him, is a bore. I think the reason I left London was that there were so many bores, and perhaps I hoped after a fortnight some of them might have forgotten me.

“Will you lend me the ‘Times,’ sir?” and I discovered a foolish-looking young man asking me for my means of salvation—*i. e.*, the newspaper. He had a white hat on—nobody but a thoroughly impudent man can wear a white hat in April—a muddy complexion, and a vacillating grin. I gave him the paper, although I felt that by doing so I was opening out an indefinite field for his remarks. As I looked at his self-contented features, I began to have horrible misgivings as to having seen him only a few days before at Lady A.’s—he was just the sort of man to remember having met me there—probably bumped me, or upset my plate at supper; and what if he intended to take precisely the same direction as myself, and I should find him every morning and every evening at the *table-d’hôte*? Yes, when he had finished the account of the last steeple-chase, he would introduce himself. I once knew a woman who, wanting to get people to go to her ball, went up to somebody in the street, and said, “I think I have met you in church.” I recollected, too, I had been at my dentist’s lately, and that I was kept waiting with another man for a quarter of an hour—was it he? My reflections were disturbed by an old woman who put the point of her umbrella upon my neighbour’s foot, and said, “Dear me, how awkward these carriages are! there’s no room for anything. I tell my husband every day to write to the ‘Times’ to have them made bigger—it’s very odd—they don’t care.”

This was no relief; I was evidently next to some great statesman’s wife. Would she be next to me at the *table-d’hôte* every day also? The first time I went abroad, being, as I have said before, very

shy, I dined in my bedroom; but as it was *au cinquième*, I outraged my feelings in a few days, and came down-stairs.

"I beg your pardon," said the old lady, as her dressing-box fell upon my hat. "It's very odd, I thought it was safe. You see, some people go abroad with really so little luggage; but my husband likes to see me *bien mise*, and I am always very careful in consulting his tastes."

"Does he like you to travel?" I said.

"Oh, yes, very much, and always alone—in these days one need not be afraid."

"You never need be," I replied, and tried to go to sleep, but I could not, and I spent my time vainly conjecturing how I could avoid my present companions. At any rate, I would find out where they were going, and at least take a different route. "He of the muddy complexion," as I called him, had just finished my paper. I seized the opportunity and said, "The hotels will be very full in Paris, I am afraid."

"Yes, indeed; but then I know Paris well—an old friend of mine. I know all the hotel-keepers well."

"I should think so," I inwardly said.

"You are going there too? I think I remember your face." (The brute would have recognised his *bisaïeul* in a swimming-bath.) "I hope we shall meet."

"Yes, indeed." That was settled. I certainly should not go to Paris. The next thing to do was to find out where she of the dressing-case, as I called her, was going, and this I determined to do indirectly.

"I hear that there is a good deal of small-pox at Calais."

"Ah, I'm glad we go to Boulogne—there is only half an hour more sea; and it don't much matter when one's very sick."

I felt keenly for the statesman, and hoped that he was sick for his own sake. The question, however, was settled. I could go to Calais in peace, and, after all, it was not likely that I should have such fellow-travellers again. It just occurred to me that the safest plan to have adopted would have been to go to some quiet hotel in London, near Regent's Park. I should have seen nobody, but then I should not have gone abroad. I think a great deal besides reflecting, and I think that a shy man has no *carrière* south of Regent's Park. Perhaps Tyburnia might support one or two. There don't seem to be many knockers (no shy man could or ever will be able to knock at a door), but then it looks hopelessly dull, and I know one or two extraordinary bores who live there; besides which, country people come up to the Paddington Hotel.

"Here you are, sir."

I was at Dover. The sea has a great charm about it—that is to say, regarded from the Lucretian point of view. It is pleasant to see passengers emerge on a stormy day—to see them staggering with difficulty into the station, and turn a deaf ear to the solicitations of the waiters, who would fain have them believe that roast beef and pale ale will restore them to that equanimity which they have lost; then I amuse myself by reflecting upon the origin of sea-sickness, its powers, its——; but I do not reflect in the same way, nor am I equally amused, as a passenger.

CHAPTER II.—THE STEAMER.

"Your luggage is registered, sir?"

"No, certainly it is not."

Registered luggage conforms to Mrs Bennet's definition of entailed property—once registered,

you never know what becomes of it again.

"You have a ticket, sir?"

"No, I have not."

"There's the steamer," he said, as if I could have mistaken it for an omnibus, and he (that is, a porter) proceeded to carry my luggage, dropping very impartially first one package and then another, thinking, I suppose, that, like the fox, the goose, and the grain, they would eat one another if not separated.

If there is anything I dislike, it is getting into a steamer. The steps are so slippery, moving with seaweed, and the boat bumps against the side-beams so disagreeably, and the bridge looks so rickety, and somebody always puts out a very dirty hand and insists upon one's taking hold of it. The first thing I do on getting into a steamer is to ask what kind of a passage we shall have, although I know perfectly well what the answer will be, having as usual been told that it was nice and fresh. (If there is a word I hate, it is fresh; it is, as in drunkenness, a euphemism, and means filthy weather—*un temps de chien*.) I next proceeded to find the most comfortable place on board; and having found it, I had just got into the warmest corner and wrapped myself up with more than ordinary care, when somebody came up to me and said, "Would you mind giving up this place to a lady?" I conceive that the expression of my face must have given him to understand that I did mind. I only groaned, however, and hopped to the side and saw a large woman, with a maid, a nurse, and three children take my place. I dislike particularly giving up my place to anybody. Under very peculiar circumstances—when, for instance, I see a better one, or if I am tired of it—I sometimes offer it; but to be asked for it when one can make no merit of the sacrifice! "The lady," however, had one good point—I had never seen

her before. What a disagreeable word "lady" is! It is a conspicuous feature of the middle class—a never-failing criterion. The real position of a "lady" is behind the bar at a refreshment-room, and when she marries she always comes into the room on her husband's arm. These were my reflections, but they were soon disturbed by a violent lurch on the part of the steamer. How tired the sea must be of always moving! I had to move again—they wanted to hang some little boats out just over my seat. These little boats always remind me of the possible use to which they might be put, and I wondered whether, in the event of the boat foundering, I should give up my place again, if by chance I could get one in a little boat, to somebody else. We rolled off at last, and two Frenchmen sat down on my bench and began to talk across me. One had a beard of seven days' growth, and a black cloth cap with strings, which caused him to look uglier even than nature had made him. The other had a protuberant stomach (it must have been lined with folds of lace, and I felt convinced that he was a smuggler), eyes like a pig's, and a large gold-headed cane.

"Monsieur voyage un peu?" I shirked answering this, but my right-hand neighbour, who appeared talkative, continued—

"Monsieur souffre apparemment?"

"Oui," I answered.

"Ah! Monsieur est Anglais?"

I could not stand this, so I replied, "Vous êtes connoisseur donc!"

"Est-ce que je m'en douterais?—Monsieur a la prononciation diablement Anglaise—c'est à n'y pas se méprendre."

I do dislike little words—they never mean anything, and always puzzle me. At this moment a seventh wave—I wish there were no seventh waves—caused a general undermining sensation to be felt,

and I saw the pig-eyes shut, followed by a groan.

"Monsieur souffre évidemment," I said; "c'est à n'y pas se méprendre;" and thinking that perhaps they might like that bench to themselves, I hopped to another. At the end of this seat was a bundle which contained a human being; as I came near, it uncoiled itself a little and said, "I'm asleep, Harley; go away, that's a good fellow." I recognised the voice; it was Granville's, one of my greatest friends, though what he was doing here I could not conceive. "My dear fellow, I am not Harley; God forbid." We each undid a hand, and gave each other what Alfred de Musset calls "*le brutal shakehand d'un Anglais*." My first question was, "What do you mean by 'Harley'?" I saw him in London a short time ago."

"Alas! he is here. I never knew him so lively; he has been talking to me for half an hour; and I dare not produce my ticket, for fear of his really finding out where I am going."

"Has he not asked you?"

"Yes, but I told him I was so uncertain that I might take the first boat back again to Dover."

I sympathised cordially, and we discovered that we had left London for the same reason. "Good God, there he is!" cried Granville, and tumbled into his cloak, *et me sub cultrum liquit*.

It was Harley, alas! "Who would have thought of seeing you here?" he began (a valuable precedent for fools!) "Poor Granville's not well, I think."

"No more am I."

"Ah, you are looking well enough."

"No, I am very sick—infernally sick. I never felt so ill in my life."

He would talk; it was no use.

"I really did not like leaving London so soon, and yet half the world is gone. One stayed for Lady Blackwood's ball, but then

there was a clearance. I said, however, to Lady B., 'You'll give another, won't you? this is such a good one'—and indeed it was, although there was not quite enough supper, and another time it might be better to ask fifty less people—and so she is going to give another, a little one; I think, upon my suggestion, about the ninth. Shall you go to it?"

"No, damn her."

"Ah, you never liked her; that's just what her husband said of her. You know Sir Lionel?"

"Yes, for a fool."

"Ha, ha! Is there any news?"

"The only thing I heard was, that somebody had dropped down dead in St James's Street, and, they say, from being bored, the day before yesterday; perhaps, however, you were there!"

I was getting very savage, while Granville was groaning—my impression is, with suppressed pleasure.

"That's odd; I was about there most of the day, but I did not see it. Lots of people abroad, and it will be very cheery. The Death-heads went yesterday, and the Crossbones go to-morrow. I always travel to see my countrymen. Where are you going, by the by?"

"I really don't know!"

"Why, you'd better go with Granville; he doesn't know either. If I could only meet the Starlings later I think I might——" But here Apollo came to my assistance in the shape of a long coil of rope, which, most unskilfully launched from one sailor to another, embraced, in its career, Harley's hat, and finally deposited it in the sea, to serve as an object of wonder to Lilliputian fishes. Granville's head re-appeared.

"That idiot made one sensible remark. Why should we not go together? At any rate, we shall give less excuse to our 'friends' to interrupt us."

"I shall be delighted," I replied; and so I was. Granville was a man

eminently pleasant to travel with ; *insouciant*, well-informed, and very good-humoured.

"Me torret face mutuâ Calais. Let us stay there to-night and escape these people," I added. Another reason which induced me to assent to Granville's proposition

was, that our religious opinions were almost the same. Nothing strikes me so much as the importance of this condition being fulfilled ; for if men differ upon this point, there is no object in nature which will not affect them differently !

CHAPTER III.—CALAIS.

I like Calais, dreary as it is ; it is so essentially foreign, and yet so near ; besides which it always recalls the "bound of pleasure" with which I saw it for the first time. It is certainly another sense, that of being in another country—I had written so much of this Chapter, when Granville came into my room and said,

"What are you writing ?"

"A little account of my journey."

"Journey ! why, you have hardly left England. Unless you have devoted some pages to the Kentish hop-fields, you can have found nothing to say. Let me see it."

I passively gave it up to him.

"My dear Stuart [by the by, I forgot to say that my name is Stuart], this won't do. Nobody wants to know what sort of position you took up in the railway carriage, and what all your fellow-travellers said."

"Well, but Montaigne tells one he liked white wine, and disliked that and this, and goes into a hundred peculiarities."

"Yes, but you are not Montaigne."

"No, I am not, that's true ; but how ought one to write ? I have no style."

"Well, anything but essence of egotism ; you must change that ; and I can't help thinking that you have plagiarised a little, for it seems to me I have seen something very like this before."

This was rather too hard, as originality was the one thing I did pique myself upon. I shut up my writing in despair, and we went from our room into the coffee-room,

which, as everybody who has been at Calais knows, is the refreshment-room to the station. There were a great many people, all under the impression that they must eat a definite number of things in the shortest possible time, looking dirty and uncomfortable ; and I was reflecting upon the stupid way in which people generally travel, when I was disturbed by a voice from behind me, "Who would have thought of seeing you ?"

Alas, our fate had not enabled us to see Lady Deathshead with her daughters eating *demi-poulets* behind the door. She had seen both Granville and me.

"What are you going to do, Mr Stuart ?"

"What are we going to do ?" I whispered *sotto voce* to Granville.

"Oh, to see Sterne's room at the Hotel Dessein," he suggested, and I repeated his suggestion. I could not help thinking, however, that in that case it might have been more natural to have gone to the Hotel Dessein.

"Ah, I wish I could go, but we are off by this train. I think I like Clarissa Harlowe the best, but mind you give me an account of it ;" and the daughter added, "Remember me to him," as she went away.

"Quite mad !" said Granville ; "or did she think we were going to pay a visit to that hopeless ass Sir John Sterne, whom one always takes for a groom out of place ?"

"You ought to apologise to the groom. I wonder what Lady Deathshead is doing ?"

"How can you wonder at any-

thing she does? Yet I rather like her. I admire her courage at plunging into any subject from literature to cookery, ignorant as she is of all; altogether I should not have anything to say against her, if she was not so fond of having Harley to dinner."

"He is a sort of cross between a linkman and a court-guide."

"Yes," said Granville; "I have often wished to try experiments upon him—to shut him up for a week, and feed him alternate days with a list from the 'Morning Post,' and if he was getting too thin throw in a whole 'Court Journal.'"

"He'd either die from over-eating or starve away at not seeing his own name."

"Well, in either case, we should see no more of him."

"I think Morris, however, a greater bore upon the whole."

"Non ragioniam di lui," said Granville; and we proceeded to explore Calais.

The only unpleasant sensations abroad that I have, arise from a too careful study of the early pages in Murray. I am never tired of reading them. How I must not lose my temper; what sort of boots are the best, and to be always careful in hanging up the key of my room by the *concierge*. I like reading about the money of the country, its weights and its measures, and the way to hire a servant. I never had a servant in my life abroad, but still it is very useful to know the necessary preliminaries. Still all this information oppresses me when I have an opportunity of putting it into practice, and I find myself continually reflecting upon the little essay concerning the advantage of knowing the language of the country. As it was, I came in sooner than I otherwise should have done, from a conviction that my door had been left open, and that my boot-trees would infallibly lead the staff of waiters into temptation, and I was

much surprised to find that they were left untouched. I reflected for a long time whether it would be better French to tell the waiter to put the trees into the boots or the boots upon the trees. The consideration of matters like these to a shy nature like mine is no trifle. (I have spent agonised half-hours perplexing myself whether the cabman would ask for more than 1s. 6d., and in that case whether I should pay him, and suchlike subtleties.) I said, "Garçon, mettez mes bottes sur les formes."

"Ah, oui, monsieur, bien, bien; on vous mettra les formes dans les bottes," was his answer, and I felt crushed and annihilated for several minutes.

My equanimity was restored at last by a *bouillon* to which Granville and I devoted ourselves, and the servant's triumphant ejaculation of "Voilà le bouillon des bouillons; mais, messieurs en seront contents." It was a wonder, and I thought how few inns in England could produce so satisfactory a result; then a salmi, too good for us, "cui non si convenien si dolci salmi;" besides "lo dolce ber che mai non m'avria sazio."

"My dear fellow," said Granville, looking over my shoulder in a most unjustifiable way while I was writing down this remark, "what does anybody care about your boot-trees and bouillon and salmi? you might as well describe the colour of your trousers, and calculate the chances of their wearing through the fortnight."

I felt that it was true—that my simple nature betrayed me occasionally into egotism or egoism (De Tocqueville has defined the difference). I determined to mend my style—that the morrow should see me at least changed in that respect.

I own that it was not without experiencing considerable regret that I resolved to adopt this course, for although I consider talking about myself to be by far the pleasantest thing I know, I think that only

second to that is the pleasure of writing about myself. Perhaps one of the most curious points about me, however, is that this characteristic has as its correlative a profound distaste and dislike to hearing other people discuss their own habits and feelings. I am never so much bored as when my neighbour at dinner (at the St James's) pours into my ear an account of the house he is building, of the run he has had, or the woodcock he has shot, as if it could possibly interest me to know what he has done with his stupid self during the preceding four-and-twenty hours. I never could listen—and I think the duller place in the world is, after a church (that is to say, a church during the sermon!), the House of Commons.

With a sigh I rose, walked across the room, opened the window, and *m'appuyai sur les coudes*. It was a bright night, and the shipping stood out against the sky. To a shy disposition like mine, nothing has the same charm that the night has—the freedom from interruption

which it brings with it, and the certainty of being able to look forward to at least eight hours spent in annihilation or talking to one's self. (I am not married.) I called out nevertheless, "Aura veni." It did not come, for there was none; and the *fille-de-chambre* was not a second Procris, but she perhaps was asleep. I remained a long time in this position, until at last I thought it would be better to exchange it for a recumbent one. I should not, however, have exchanged it so soon had I not known that, owing to my remonstrances, the feather-bed had been put under the mattress. I hate a feather-bed, and particularly a French feather-bed; one might just as well jump into a baked batter-pudding. Of course the princess felt the pea through a hundred of them. I put out the light and got into bed. I always feel, under these circumstances, like Bessy, and am much tempted to roll a ball of worsted under the bed. By the by, that is another objection to a feather-bed, that you cannot jump into it from a distance.

CHAPTER IV.—MARIE DE ST CROIX.

Dedicated to L. S—E.

I have always been of opinion that the man who gets up early in the morning has not a sufficient amount of sleep, and I demonstrated the truth of this proposition most painfully in my own case. It was early, that is to say, relatively early, that Granville and I took our places in the train to go to Lille, and we had taken them in diagonal corners, as far as possible from one another, for Granville smokes like a chimney, and I hate smoking as much as I detest its smell. I was congratulating myself—foolish being! for every pleasant thing comes to us unexpectedly—we exhaust in anticipation every expected pleasure, and in whatever shape it comes to us, it falls short of our conceptions—I say I was congratulating myself

that our journey was to be a solitary one—Addison says that the only possible conversation is that of a *tête-à-tête*—when the door opened and a middle-aged man stepped in, followed by his daughter. "Marie," said he, "sit there," pointing to the place opposite to me. Marie sat down. Ye heavens! can any position equal that of being *vis-à-vis* to one whose—

Marie was slight, and plainly dressed—*blonde comme les blés*—and her face wore that expression of half-coquettish repose which, to my mind, is the highest attribute of the French nation—

"Bien juger sans beaucoup savoir,
Et bien parler sans le vouloir,
N'être haute ni familière,
N'avoir point d'inégalité."

I will not quote—I detest quotations—it is, however, the fault of people like Voltaire, who will anticipate me in my best thoughts. Like mice, her feet peeped in and out; but my words can but faintly give any adequate idea of—

“Don’t go to sleep,” cried Granville. My God!—sleep while my senses were boiling over in a wild turmoil of unwonted excitement!

We had not started yet, and a porter was passing by, when Marie beckoned to him—so did I. “A foot-warmer,” we both exclaimed, synchronously, simultaneously, contemporaneously. Marie half laughed, half blushed. I did not dare to do the former; the latter I effected. Nothing affects me so much as the coincidence of expression in opinions or tastes, however trivial the subject may be. I feel convinced that I should propose on the spot to any woman who admitted that she disliked caviare.

The foot-warmer came, and Marie placed her feet upon it. The situation, however, was one of extreme embarrassment. I had no conception where Marie’s feet were. If I came into contact with them, great God! it might have the effect of—inducing her to withdraw her feet. And during these reflections I felt that Marie knew what was passing through my mind—that she knew I was calling her Marie; yet I could not call her by her other name for an obvious reason—I did not know it.

I declare I didn’t move my foot. It was quite at the edge, and yet I

felt a little furry thing near it. Oh heavens! why did not Providence create me a centipede, that so I might have experienced a hundred such sensations—“doux transports ou s’égarent les pieds.”

I took away my foot. Marie, actuated by the same instinct, did the same; and backwards and forwards three separate times we deposited them again together. Alas! that this combination of moral restraint and gratification should have an end.

“Pardon me,” I said at last.

“It is my fault,” exclaimed Marie.

I know not to what lengths my disclaimer of this solution might have carried me, had not Marie at this juncture got out with her father at St Omer.

“Rather a nice-looking girl,” said Granville.

I rushed into the buffet.

“A nice-looking girl!” My impression is that Granville would call Venus a fine-looking woman, and add that she would look well in a charade.

It is a strange thing that none of the solecisms of which I have been a witness during my travels, so often repeated, have had any effect in shaking my prejudices. It is strange, for I have been in countries where the women ate asparagus with their knives and forks, and had never read Miss Austen. I have been at dinners where there were fish-knives, and men with black-lace ties; and I have seen Miss — drink alternate draughts of brandy with her groom!

CHAPTER V.—THE COUNTRY NEIGHBOUR.

The buffet was excellent. Oh, England! why do you not manage things better? Why am I obliged to blush at my country’s failings? Is this as it should be? How easy ’twere—“Monsieur, navous-vous vu-s que le bonté——” I turned round. It was one of my nearest

neighbours in the country—he had on a grey shooting-coat, a grey waist-coat, and grey trousers—an odd leather strap went round him in an odd direction, with a large black case labelled “passport” at the end of it. It was a dark corner, and he did not recognise me.

"Disgraziatamente," I began—but that long word had put him to flight. I had no need to continue, and I went back to the carriage.

I had not been a moment there, however, before I felt misgivings as to what I had done. Perhaps the poor man really was in need of some information—perhaps had lost something—had got into some difficulty. I had lost an opportunity, it might be, of conferring a real benefit, without any discomfort to myself. I never feel so charitable as when I have just missed

being so. I had behaved like a brute. Then, too, could he believe that an Italian did not know French, and would he not—on second thoughts I settled this question to my satisfaction, on considering my country neighbour's powers of information.

"Did you see a man," said Granville, "in a wild state of excitement, who had lost his child?"

My anxiety was relieved by this, for my country neighbour had had twelve children all born alive.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MUFF.

"Will monsieur have one?"

"Not for the world, Monsieur ——" ("De St Croix" was supplied) "would I deprive you."

It was a paper containing three brioches. Marie ate one—(what were the sensations of that brioche?). Monsieur de St Croix offered the other two to Granville and me. I own I envied him his feelings. Should I in that position have been willing, not to share, but to give up my all to two strangers whom possibly I should never see again? That possibility I shuddered at. Was I not looking forward to the glance of recognition I hoped to gain from Marie? I declare, I understood for the first time Dante's faintness when Beatrice did not bow to him. I understood the whole possible charm of a *salutazione*.

"How stupid I am!" exclaimed Marie.

Her muff had dropped, and had fallen in a horizontal position. I stooped to pick it up—so did Marie. I put my hand into one side—into

the other Marie put hers. *J'effleurai les bouts de ses doigts*. Great heavens! why was I not a centidigit? Marie blushed, and I felt convinced I had the appearance of a piece of red baize. We both lifted it up together. Thank God, Granville was not looking; his odious realism would have construed my simple action into——

Well, never mind. Milton was sadly wrong when he said that love was judicious, and had its seat in reason. It is totally without judgment very often, and not unfrequently has its seat in a muff. Love was once defined to be—no—it is an improper definition, I think; not that I ever know, however, what is improper and what is not. I am the most unfortunate person in the world, the originator of half the current *bêtises*.^{*} I am like Eliza in the 'Plain Dealer,' and cannot see the indecency of "china"—in fact, like Agnes, "*d'une innocence pareille, que je crois que les enfants qu'on fait se font par l'oreille.*"

* I am sometimes asked to recommend some novels, and it always happens that if I lend them they are sent back to me next day, and if they come from the library, the same fate awaits them. It was but the other day I sent 'Gustave,' 'Fanny,' 'Zelie,' and an unobjectionable example of Pigault Lebrun.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAS DE CONSCIENCE.

I was in bed. I had not been in bed long, when I got up to—put my boots, which I had forgotten, outside my door. To what great things do the most trivial actions lead—how frequently the whole career of a life is changed by a remark!

I had opened the door, and was placing my boots in a position such as I conceived could not escape the attention of the individual whose duty it was to—, when suddenly a waiter rushed past me in great precipitation, crying out, “The fire, monsieur, the fire!” and was gone before I could ejaculate more than “Where? how?”

My first thought was to save Marie. I had seen her go into her room, No. 98, just across the corridor. I rushed across the corridor, and had put my hand upon the door-handle, when it flashed across me that my dress did not quite fulfil all those *convenances* which might be necessary. Gracious heavens! had not Virginie refused to be saved, and had not she jumped into the watery abyss sooner than consent to owe her life to a man, the remembrance of whom would for ever afterwards have shocked her inherent modesty? and in this case I should have less excuse than the sailor, for I could not contemplate the chance of being obliged to swim. Did I not know another case where a husband refused to allow his wife to step into a basket two feet below the edge of the steamer, even when the boat was sinking, for fear of her—; and was not a bystander forced to do injustice to his gentle nature, and

whilst he said to the husband, “You be damned,” push his wife over? Could I, with these recollections fresh in my mind, doubt for an instant that Marie would be acted upon by the same considerations? I hurried back to my room, put on what I conceived to be sufficient, a second time rushed across the corridor and entered Marie’s room. She was sitting by the fire reading, in a light-blue dressing-gown, and her hair— “Mais, monsieur,” she not unnaturally exclaimed, “what is it?” I was so bewildered that I declare positively I quite forgot what on earth it was that was the cause of my being there. Marie’s bare feet were resting upon the fender—I should add in slippers—*mules si mignonnes*—and I saw about two inches of them. I would willingly have given all I have in possession or in reversion (I am a younger son), to have seen one inch more.

“Mais, monsieur, you are quite pale—tell me then why?”

I recollected myself and said, “You must come away directly, there is a fire—we have not a moment to lose.”

Marie snatched up a shawl, and we went to the door. “It won’t open,” said Marie. It was too true: in my excitement I had closed the door so violently that the china handle had dropped upon the ground and broken sufficiently to prevent its being of any use. It was hopeless. Marie tried, and I tried. What a situation for a shy man! I turned round, and going down upon my knees—

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CAS DE CONSCIENCE.

I looked carefully at the lock. I had hardly completed my investigations when I heard a voice. “Mon Dieu, it is my father,” said Marie.

“Mon enfant, come and look at

the fire from my window. It is superb, magnificent, well worth looking at.”

“That is fortunate,” said she; “you can go away quietly now:

thanks, notwithstanding, for the intention," and she went out, leaving me *blotti* behind the door.

"Marie," said her father, "you should not leave your door open," and he banged it! I never felt so humiliated in the whole course of my life. I who knew Boccaccio by heart, had studied every "*beffa*" in Baudello, remembered every situation from Brantôme to Prévost and to Crébillon *fils*, kept a prisoner by the want of a—door-handle. What on earth was I to do? There was no tree outside the window to enable me to descend like Maxime Odier—then, too, it was hard courtyard below—there was no remedy, I must remain quiet. I have always been very unwilling to scrutinise a bedroom at all carefully. Pelham in Madame de Persigny's boudoir perhaps first impressed me with the notion—and Swift disgusted me completely; here, however, how different: "*toutes les parties de ton habillement éparées présentent à mon imagination celles de toi-même, qu'elles recèlent.*" Here there was nothing—nothing which—

"Bon soir, Marie," and she came back again into the room holding the outer handle in her hand. How I hated that bit of china—I should have liked to jump upon it.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "pardon, at least."

"Mais, comment? qu'y a-t'il à pardonner?" I went up to her and—made her a profound bow, and went back to my own room.

Next morning Granville came to my room after breakfast, and I showed him what I had written, hoping that my deference to his opinion would please him. What then was my surprise to hear him say, "Worse and worse; my dear Stuart, this will never do—you have positively stolen the heading for your last chapter."

"But the world does not remember—," I retorted—"witness Lady Deathshead."

"No," said Granville, "but it hates to be told so."

I own I was not the better pleased because I felt that Granville was right, and yet I foresaw that I never should be able to tell my story properly. I really believe that I am the most sentimental person in the world. I am a martyr to associations. There is a particular kind of white petticoat which, after the lapse of—years, makes me *frissonner* whenever I see it. I am always in love. I began when I was only six, and from that time to the present I have always adored somebody. True, I am often disappointed, but still I am grateful that I have not Granville's fossilised heart. He must be the descendant of the man who in the beginning of the last century valued a woman at fourpence in hard cash and two pair of worsted stockings! Great heavens! worsted stockings.

"Remember, too," said Granville, "'que nous avons changé tout cela.' A hundred years ago, perhaps, people might have made love to one another like that; but now it is, '*Je vous adore, moi aussi;*' and then, '*Bien, marions nous,*' or '*adorons nous,*' as the case may be and the circumstances allow. There is not the smallest necessity for these '*delicatesses de cœur.*' Maintenant on serre la main, on ne l'effleure point, et va pour les pieds, on les presse sans que ça ne tirât à conséquence." [I have not the smallest conception why Granville would talk in French, for he knows English a great deal better.] "By the by, did you dream this last episode?"

A dream, indeed! I had hardly recovered from the reality.

"You should have said," continued Granville, "it was far from being '*mensonge*' (*mon songe*)."

I groaned: (Granville's puns are occasionally hideous beyond all conception.) "Well, at any rate, if it is true, you will have the pleasure of talking it over."

"I should never think of alluding to such an occurrence."

"Why, that is the only advantage of a *contretemps*—the necessary embarrassment of the conversation afterwards—the feeling that it must be talked about, and yet a determination on each side not to *aborder* the subject—and then, last of all, the second *contretemps* which it produces. Now, I will tell you what happened to me once. I was in a cathedral town, and——"

"Your materialism is dreadful, Granville; I really would rather not hear the story."

"Materialism is an excellent thing, and saves about twenty-five minutes in every half-hour. Why, don't you remember what your favourite poet said?—

'C'est mon avis qu'en somme un bas blanc
bien tiré,
Sur une robe blanche un beau ruban moiré,
Et des ongles bien nets, sont le bonheur
suprême.
Un point, à ce sujet, m'étonne seulement :
C'est qu'on n'a pas le temps d'y penser
quand on aime.'"

I shuddered.

CHAPTER IX.

Dedicated to VISCOUNT P——N.

Saturday, April 13.—Lille is not a very interesting town; its chief associations are Vauban* and some very good confectioner's shops. G. and I (G. stands for Granville *bien entendu*) went a long ramble all about, but we did not find much to see. The cathedral is a fineish building, perpendicular (?) style—looks outside like a larded guineafowl, and inside it has a very disagreeable smell—I suppose the joint production of human beings and incense. The religion is Roman Catholic, something not very different from ritualism—High Church, &c. &c.

These explorations, at least part of them, were made in a *fiacre*—a remarkably broken-down affair, on a par with the horse; and as we were going through one of the by-streets, off came one of the wheels, and we were deposited on the pavement, which, I should say, was uncommonly hard—about the hardest thing in pavements I ever met with. G. don't often swear, but on this particular occasion he electrified a *fille-de-chambre* and five gamins. It was not "*peste*," it was not "*diable*;" it was a worse word still. I thought we were going to have a row, but we didn't, which was

satisfactory. From Lille we went on to Namur, as dull a journey as could be taken. The engine was a remarkable one, like an inverted extinguisher, and made a prodigious noise—the country flat as a pancake, except here and there a few rocks jutting out, which appear to be oolite. Granville says they are not. When we got to Namur, we went to see the citadel, which I believe is the only thing thought much of there; and I didn't think much of that. The governor showed us over, and was very civil; he asked me how far it was from London. I hadn't an idea, so I told him 3000 miles! He bowed, and looked as pleased as Punch! By the by, talking of Punch, we saw the most eccentric representation of that worthy in the streets. There was no Judy, and Punch seemed to be delivering an oration about the merits of Belgium in general, to the accompaniment of a cracked flute! After we had finished the citadel, there was a church to be seen, so we went after that. There was an altar-piece by Berghem, and a sort of fresco by Both, and an old and very dirty sacristan with about a hundred keys.

After this, having had enough

* Not the horse.

sight-seeing, I went to bathe in the Meuse—(I think that is the name of the river; not that it matters—its water would smell as sweet by any other name!) I had considerable difficulty at first in getting a boat; however, at last I managed it, and was conveyed to an island, on which island I undressed myself. Having ascertained from my boatman that the water was very deep on the other side, in I jumped, nearly killing myself, and abrading myself terribly. It was about nine inches deep! I was in despair, and to add to it a number of women and small boys congregated on the shore and jeered at me, eventually throwing stones. I did not know what to do—it was no use lying down and trying to burrow a retreat in the bed of the river. On the whole, it was not a satisfactory bathe; and the Meuse don't taste nice.

I didn't see much on my road back to the hotel (I forget its name!) and I was not at all sorry to find myself at the *table-d'hôte*, not that the *table-d'hôte* was good—far from it. We had first soup, then a greasy kind of fish, rather like Mediterranean "loup," greasy *entrées*, &c., and an uncommonly bad *vin ordinaire*, which I never wish to taste again. And as if the dinner was not a sufficient trial, I was set down next a young Miss with reddish arms and hands, who appeared to be finishing her education previous to appearing at country balls! I remember a Canadian friend of mine at Dieppe who used to bribe the waiter to give him a place next the best-looking individual in the room, which this one wasn't. Granville was worse off. He was opposite to me, next to a governess—a tall gaunt woman, with a long neck. I read somewhere the other day that giraffes got their long necks from browsing where the trees were uncommonly tall. I wonder whether that governess got hers from browsing (her trees must have been very

high), and whether she would transmit the neck or not.

"Jeune mees," said I, "vous connaissez Namur?"

She reddened, dropped a mouthful of chicken, and replied, "Monsieur, je vous remercie, c'est bien la première fois que je me trouve à Namur."

Chère enfant! I recognised the influence of the tall neck opposite.

"Et ça vous interesse."

"Oh, oui, monsieur."

"Change places with me, my dear," said her mother, who was becoming alarmed at the degree of intimacy which appeared to be beginning to exist between us. I believe that I bear unmistakable signs about the face of being a French younger son—that is to say, if there are any. They changed places, and I found myself next to the mother. The mother was a marvellous production—a brown silk dress which creaked like my boots, a long gold chain, and a brooch with a picture of a "relative" in it. It was a wonderful profile. A dog might have been made to bite it easily out of a biscuit. (I wonder whether that dog really did bite Voltaire's face out of biscuits.) She looked me all over, as if I had been a piece of china, with a crack somewhere about me, which would lower my price. At last she said, "You are English?"

"Yes," I said, "I am. I find I am mistaken. I thought you were Parisienne."

"You know Mr Smith?"

"Ah, yes."

"You have heard of him? He is my husband, and was mayor of Birmingham last year."

"Everybody knows the name," I said.

She looked much pleased, and continued, "We come over every year to see after orders. My husband is the greatest manufacturer of manure in the country, and I am sure he would be very happy to take you over the works."

This was an opportunity not to

be lost! Unfortunately, however, at that moment I tumbled a glass of *vin ordinaire* over her dress. It had the oddest effect, and I laughed for a quarter of an hour!

The governess had been confiding in G.; and he told me that he had been obliged to tell her that he had a wife and five little children, to stop the confidences.

"At any rate," I said to Granville, as I read this over to him in the evening, "you will allow that I have changed my style."

"There is no doubt about it," he answered; "but it won't do."

"Why not? It is very natural and free."

"Very much so; and if you were in the Rocky Mountains or Himalayas, there could be no objection to it. The smallest details might interest people. Besides that, it gives a completely wrong notion of your character. This looks as if it was written by somebody who was very energetic and lively, and going to be married; not by a man with a shy and sensitive character like yours."

I began to despair. "I am going into the Ardennes to-morrow," I said. "Will you come?"

"Thanks!" said Granville. "I think I shall stay quiet, and trust to your account for information."

"All right!" said I, as he left

the room, which room I proceeded to investigate before going to bed. Fleas don't bite Granville. I can't tell why; for I should certainly bite him if I was a flea. I am a connoisseur in fleas, and can easily tell from a glance the country, previous habits, and course of feeding of a specimen. It would be a great thing if fleas walked. Then one might meet forty of them walking upstairs, as Professor Tiffin did the bugs. I wonder whether Lord — has seen a bug yet. If he hasn't seen a flea, I should like him to come to Namur. I never saw a larger one than the one who was kind enough to give me his company that evening. It was a most exciting chase—five times round the room; and I broke my legs perpetually over the things I had knocked over in my excitement. At last I took to throwing my boots at it; but somehow or other I never could manage to hit it. Then I threw my jug of water at it, but that only brought out an old German next door, who, when he learnt the cause of the disturbance, said to me, "Bah, monsieur! j'en ai vingt mille, et je ne m'en soucie guère." It was all right; for he had *vingt mille et un* when he left my room; and I danced an *Io triumphe* till sleep overtook me!!!

CHAPTER X.

Dedicated to Miss E—E.

I started very early in the morning, and put into my bag two flannel petticoats, three pairs of stockings, and a few other necessities. I should recommend the traveller who might have any wish to travel in this part of the country to do the same. Flannel is perhaps the best thing that can be worn, especially in case of violent perspiration. I first went up the Meuse in a very small steamer. It was smaller than any I had ever been

in, and ran into the bank several times, owing to its inability to cope with the strength of the stream, which is very considerable in parts. The banks of the Meuse are not remarkable as far as Dinan; and I should not advise any one to go up the Meuse, as the mode of travelling is a very slow one.

On arriving at Dinan, I ordered some luncheon, telling them that I was an Englishman, and was not going to be cheated. I had a very

bad luncheon, and was naturally a good deal surprised and annoyed at the following bill :—

	<i>fr.</i>	<i>cts.</i>
Potage,	1	0
Chambre,	1	0
Dîner,	1	0
Service,	1	0
Dégradation du tapis,	0	50

I sent immediately for the landlord, and asked him to explain this. I had had but a demi-portion of soup. I had occupied the room in question for only half-an-hour; and what could be the meaning of the last item? The landlord said I had spilt the vin ordinaire over the carpet. I was quite certain that what he complained of was caused by a large dog which I had seen wandering about. In consequence I refused to pay, and tendered him four francs, protesting that that was an overcharge. I added that I should write to the 'Times' and to the editor of 'Murray,' and that the consequences would probably give him a lesson he would not forget. I ultimately paid 3 francs 75 centimes, and set off for Ciney in a fiacre with one horse. They told me that one horse could not drag it up the hills; but being well accustomed to the impositions practised upon travellers, I insisted upon having only one. I had been previously all over Dinan, in order to find a donkey to carry me, but apparently there was none. The fiacre was very hard, but by putting one of my flannel petticoats underneath the seat, it became a little more comfortable, although the jolting was somewhat painful. I think they must have put the worst horse they had in the stables into harness, for we could hardly get up the hills. I was at last obliged to get out and walk up the last one; and as I had outstripped the carriage by some distance, I felt somewhat lonely and unprotected on reaching the top of the hill. To add to my fears, a heavily-built peasant appeared, and, coming up to

me, would no doubt have attacked me, unless I had had the presence of mind to run my parasol into his face with all my force. This fortunately disconcerted him to such an extent that he ran into a neighbouring wood, and I did not see him again. I should recommend this course to any one under similar circumstances.

I reached Ciney at last, where I had to wait some time for the train. I heard, however, a very interesting account of "our Lady of Ciney," who a short time before had appeared to three boys and four little girls while wandering in the neighbouring woods, and, having warned them against the approach of a wolf, vanished. Having taken my ticket to Jemelles, the station for Rochefort, I got into the train, and, by mistake, into a first-class carriage, which I had not intended to do. I generally travel second-class, and, if possible, third-class, as fortunately on the Continent no such prejudice exists as in England. On my arrival at Jemelles the conductor at first insisted on my paying the difference, but upon my refusing, finally let the matter alone, relieving his mind apparently by a volley of abuse, which fell harmlessly enough on me, as I am well accustomed to it. I asked how far Rochefort was, and on learning it was only three miles, I set off to walk. The road was very pretty through an avenue of elms, and I did not at all regret my decision, especially as I should have had to pay at least half a franc for the omnibus; and I say it without any shame, to one who is as poor as myself, that sum is quite enough to determine the course to be pursued. Alas, poverty! how great are thy crimes, especially in England, where £2000 a-year seems to be the smallest sum upon which human beings can exist. Rochefort was a bright little village, with the remains of a castle upon a hillock, near the main street; and I was fortunate enough to find

a clean-looking inn, whose pretensions seemed, however, humble. Madame Souza was my hostess, and I am glad to be able to publish the name of one who treated me with such civility (and it will not be in vain that I have mentioned her, if the public looks upon my efforts with indulgence).

"Monsieur mangera quelque chose ? un poulet, n'est-ce pas—"

"Ah," said I, "mais je suis pauvre, et ça me coûtera chère."

"Ah, c'est une bagatelle," and I heard the last flappings of the chicken in a moment. After I had ordered dinner, I bargained for a guide to go with me to the cavern of Hans-sur-Lesse, which had really attracted me to this part of the country. I soon got one for five sous, and we set off upon our walk. I had not gone far before I saw an interesting specimen of the convolulus muddiensis, and I immediately scrambled after it. Unfortunately, however, I tumbled in trying to cross the stream, and came out very wet and dirty. The guide began to laugh, so I said to him, "*Voyez-vous c'est la science—si j'étais riche je m'en ferais aux autres ; mais vu que je suis au contraire pauvre, que voulez-vous, faut que je fasse moi-même ce que je souhaite.*" He did not seem to understand me at all, and he only winked at some other boys who were passing. I cannot help remarking here upon the rudeness of the Belgians. No doubt there are some amongst them who are very different, but still the majority seem to think that respect is to be paid according to the amount of outward respectability. We soon reached the entrance to the cavern of Hans-sur-Lesse, where I had to wait for some time before the requisite number of people could be got together to form a party. As it was, we had only three peasants with us. I never saw anything so picturesque. The entrance was very narrow—a mere hole in the rock, where the stream had forced

its way, reminding me of the end of the 'Inferno' (in fact the whole grotto recalled scene after scene from it to me)—

"Un ruscelletto, che quivi scende
Per la buca d'un sasso, ch'egli ha roso
Col corso ch'egli avvolge."

For some time we wound along its banks, sometimes crossing it by a little bridge, and getting deeper and deeper into the heart of the hill. The different caverns into which we came were called by separate names, generally the result of some peculiar formation in the stalagmites around us. The great drawback was the difficulty of lighting it up at all adequately. In the largest cavern, where the river is finest, a few wisps of straw gave us a momentary impression of its grandeur; but the air was so close by this time, as we had been an hour walking, that my chief object was to get out again. In this cavern there was an array of champagne bottles, and it was with some difficulty that I prevented any from being opened: by, however, stating several times, "*Moi je ne paye point,*" I succeeded. Half an hour's more walking brought us to the exit, which was even more striking than the entrance. We came to a place where the stream widened into a sort of deep pond, not unlike the inside of the blue grotto at Capri, and here a boat was waiting for us. It was quite dark, with the exception of the flickering torches we held in our hands, and I felt completely in the hands of some Charon, to whom I owed passive obedience. We glided noiselessly along, until at last we emerged into the daylight upon the other side of the hill; and I felt very glad that I had not believed the statement in Bradshaw, and been deterred, consequently, from paying a visit to Hans-sur-Lesse. When we landed, the man who had been with us said to me,

"Cinq francs, monsieur."

I answered, "Impossible! deux francs;" and I asked my compan-

ions how much they were going to pay, as I suspected that it was intended I should pay for all four of us.

"Ah, monsieur, nous sommes pauvres—nous n'avons de quoi."

"Et moi aussi," I replied. "Je vais écrire un livre, et si vous ne voulez pas marchander, vous y verrez comment je me vengerai des Belges."

"Ah, je ne m'en soucie de votre livre; donnez-moi mes cinq francs, et vous pourriez en médire à votre gré."

I was finally obliged to give him what he asked, as there was nobody to whom I could appeal, so my only means of redress consists in performing my promise to him. We walked back again to Rochefort, where I found my dinner awaiting my arrival, and Madame Souza's efforts, I must own, had been attended with complete success. I was not overcharged, a circumstance which I feel bound to narrate, having only to pay a franc and a half for my dinner. Afterwards I walked back to Jemelles, catching the afternoon train to Namur, and returned very well satisfied with my day's excursion. I found Granville smoking. He, of course, had

been nowhere, and had seen nothing, having even dined apart to escape our *table-d'hôte* friends of the preceding day. He endeavoured, nevertheless, to take some interest in my proceedings, and I read my account to him in the evening, with the view of impressing upon his mind the beauties of the Ardennes. He interrupted me at the beginning, saying, "Why, you are not an old woman; what do you mean by flannel petticoats?" I said I meant flannel shirts. Granville justly remarked that they were not the same things; but he recommended me to leave it as it was, as I seemed to have metamorphosed myself into a fussy woman for the occasion, and that it was quite in keeping with the rest. I regret to be obliged to add that Granville gave me no opportunity of cavilling at his criticism, for before I had finished I found that he was fast asleep.

This was my fourth failure, which I could only ascribe to the superficial manner in which I had treated my subject, so I resolved that my next attempt, at any rate, should give Granville no cause of complaint in this respect.

(To be continued.)

A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON I.

THE appearance of a new History of Napoleon the First would deserve little attention in the presence of so many already existing, unless it could lay claim either to extraordinary literary merit or to decided originality in the treatment of so trite a subject. While the first volume of M. Lanfrey's history is quite up to the mark in a literary point of view—being written in unpretentious yet clear and forcible style—it is something entirely new to read a life of the first Emperor, written by a Frenchman, which is not only hostile to his memory, but the hostility of which is not illustrated by ebullitions of passion or prejudice, and justifies itself by adducing the clear testimony of historical facts and correspondence, supported by the great man's own memoirs. It is indeed a sign of the intellectual convalescence of the thinking part of the nation when a Frenchman is able, without raising a storm of obloquy, to apply the crowbar of logic with such fatal effect to the national idol, that Dagon tumbles from his pedestal, and only the stump of Dagon is left to him; that mutilated remainder consisting in an admirable calculating machine, galvanised into life and action by the solitary human passion of ambition. With regard to ourselves, it may be said that after sixteen years of alliance and friendly relations with the present French Emperor, we are at length able to regard the image of his famous predecessor with perfectly dispassionate eyes, inclined, if anything, to put the greater weight into the favourable scale in the estimation of his character. The time is past when he appeared as a mere fiend to the mass of Englishmen, and at worst a kind of fallen angel to a few eccentric Ishmaelites,

like Lord Byron; and we may generally be presumed to look upon him now as a potential senior wrangler who turned his mathematical talents to the subjugation of mankind, and perhaps reconciled his supposed mission to any conscience that he had, by imagining, from what he had seen of them, that such subjugation would be for their good. That a genius with a peculiar bent in the direction of order and subordination, whose youth was nursed in the chaos of the French Revolution, should have sincerely taken up with a cynical and pessimist view of human nature, is intelligible and excusable; and on this point, led astray by his republican sympathies, we do not think that M. Lanfrey is quite just to the memory of Napoleon I. He appears to have taken it too much for granted that the constitution which Buonaparte destroyed in the *coup-d'état* of the 18th Brumaire was capable of standing on its own legs, and represented a stable Government, forgetting that up to that date there had been a perpetual see-saw of parties since the Reign of Terror, and that a recurrence of the Reign of Terror itself at any moment was by no means improbable. The great French Revolution, it must always be remembered, was much more than a revolution in the commonly accepted sense of the term. It was a deluge which entirely submerged, or swept away, all the old landmarks of society. As the waters subsided some of these had reappeared, but, as it were, polluted with diluvial slime, with all their beauty and prestige gone for ever. A government of centralised force, capable of keeping up dykes to prevent the return of the flood, seemed thus the only one possible for France—indeed, even now it may

be doubted whether any other is possible, since the French have not, with all their political experience, learned the lesson that it matters little under what form of government they live, so that it be righteously administered, and still refuse to understand opposition in any other sense than subversion of the existing authority. Under the present regime the English word "self-government," though still printed in italics as foreign, has passed into a sort of Shibboleth among liberal French writers as an expression of national aspiration, they being unable to see the deductions from its excellences which most sensible Englishmen would readily allow; and also that, as a condition of its successful realisation, the individuals who compose a nation must first practise it in their own proper persons in the sense of self-restraint and self-respect—such feelings being intimately bound up with a fear of the consequences of untried theories, a certain love of anomalous institutions which have, on the whole, worked well, and deep regard for the vested rights and liberties of other people. It may, perhaps, be sadly questioned, taking into consideration all the elements of human nature, whether any people is capable of entirely realising self-government. The mass of the nation is governed well or ill by one man, or well or ill by a number of men: in the one case the Government taking the shape of a beneficent despotism, a constitutional monarchy, or a more or less aristocratic republic, as in Switzerland still, or in America before the Civil War—in the other case, of a tyranny, an oligarchy, or a democracy, which being the tyranny of the worse many over the better few, is the worst shape in which government can exist at all. In short, in spite of our affection for the term, it would perhaps be best to discard it as illogical, and to pronounce the thing itself as quite impracticable in its application to a nation. We may still allow with

M. Lanfrey, setting aside the question as to whether the Republican Government of France had established its right to exist, that there may be reason to doubt whether General Buonaparte was the very best man who could have been found to supersede the Directory, and agree with him that the means he took to possess himself of the Dictatorship were utterly unjustifiable. With the circumstances of the 18th Brumaire (9th November 1799), which placed General Buonaparte firmly in the saddle in that position of absolute power which, under the names of First Consul and Emperor, he was destined to hold for fifteen years, M. Lanfrey's first volume concludes. As a political study, this is doubtless the most interesting part of the *Life of Napoleon I.* At the end of the first thirty years of his life he had achieved the work of Philip of Macedon, to prepare himself henceforth to play the part of Alexander. In spite of the proverb, his was certainly an old head placed on young shoulders. M. Lanfrey dismisses the anecdotes of his childhood and youth as more or less apocryphal, merely stating some facts which show that Nature virtually dispensed in his case with childhood and youth altogether. No little Arab of London streets could have developed a more precocious manhood. At school he was one of those quiet boys who give no trouble to masters, but are unpopular with their comrades through not caring about play. At the military school at Paris, to which he passed from Brienne, we find him making the strange complaint in a boy of the laxity of the discipline. At sixteen he passed into the army, where he at once distinguished himself by his studious and ascetic character. Among his papers was found a dialogue on love, in which he says, "Love does more harm than good; and it would be a blessing if some protecting divinity could relieve us of

it, and thus effect the deliverance of mankind." In the 'History of Corsica,' which employed his leisure at this period, he delighted to contrast the pure manners of his native isle with the dissoluteness of French society. His affections clove to the Corsican patriot Paoli, but his ambition soon corrected them when he found that patriotism would not pay. His sentimental sympathies were rather the reflection of his studies of Rousseau than the promptings of his own heart. He soon outgrew any youthful weaknesses, and then the politics of his native island gave him an opportunity of trying his hand at a *coup-d'état* on a small scale. He was a candidate for the post of "chef de bataillon" of the National Guard of Ajaccio (Corsica having now been united to France) against several influential competitors, the chief of whom were Marius Peraldi and Pozzo di Borgo. The energy of his canvass against what seemed overwhelming odds was perfectly astonishing; and by dint of flattery, bribery, and intimidation, he soon succeeded in forming a party which was nearly equal to that of his antagonists. But the more important business was to gain the Commissaires of the Constituent Assembly. As soon as these arrived, Murati, the principal man amongst them, became the guest of Peraldi, Buonaparte's most formidable competitor. This clearly-pronounced partisanship stung Buonaparte to the quick. To let things take their course was certain defeat, to resist was decidedly dangerous. After many close conferences with his friends, in which he tried to make inuendoes serve for explicit words, he resolved on action. Towards evening, as the Peraldi family were at table, there was a sudden knocking at the outer door. The instant the door was opened a body of armed men rushed into the presence of the dismayed dinner-party. Murati, however, had flown, but was

easily caught again, and dragged to the house of his daring kidnapper. Buonaparte, mastering his emotion, and composing his countenance to affability, said to him, "I only wished you to be free, entirely free; you were not so at the house of Peraldi." The Commissary was so astounded by this audacious conduct that he did not even protest or attempt to return to the place whence he had been brought. The next day the poll took place, and Buonaparte was elected "chef de bataillon." Pozzo di Borgo, having raised some objection to the illegality of the proceeding, was seized by his legs from below, thrown down, hustled and trampled, and had to thank Buonaparte himself for interfering to save his life. In the storms of the period the affair blew over, and Buonaparte was allowed to retain his command; but if this episode in his early life had been known to the Five Hundred the day before the 18th Brumaire, the results of that day might have been different. When the Girondins came to power, Buonaparte was found again at Paris in military command. The scenes of the Revolution had by this time thoroughly disgusted him with its spirit, but he was too politic to throw himself at once into the ranks of its adversaries, and still continued to parade the Jacobinical principles that he had learned to detest, because no other party presented a similar opening for his future rise. The siege of Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, first drew upon him the eyes of mankind. He had displayed in that siege, when only twenty-four, all the best qualities of a veteran captain. During the Reign of Terror he was operating with the French army in northern Italy, and his reputation was every day increasing; but he had soon to bear the consequences of acting with the Robespierres, and, when they fell, found himself under arrest, and

cited to appear before the Committee of Public Safety—a summons which in those days was considered equivalent to a sentence of death. The charge brought against him was one resulting from his mission to Genoa, which, it was contended, was made with treasonable intentions. After ten days of terrible anxiety, during which he used every effort to destroy all evidence of his undeniable relations with the Robespierres, he was acquitted on the ground of the utility of his talents to the Republic, rather than because his judges were persuaded of his innocence. He was still under a sort of suspicion, and was removed from the Italian army to take a command in the army of the West, which disgusted him to that degree, that he lingered in Paris, and was suspended from his command for neglecting to go to the post assigned him, so that he had to pass through a period of enforced idleness, the spell of which he attempted to break by negotiating to be employed on a mission in Turkey; but when his mind was set on this scheme, the army of Italy having sustained some reverses, he was refused leave to go, for the honourable reason that his presence was required in Paris, that he might assist in forming plans for the campaign, but really because the Committee of Public Safety wished to keep him in their power. It was thus that, in an evil hour for the English monarchy, Cromwell was prevented from sailing for America. The plan which he drew up for Kellermann, the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, was most admirable in a scientific point of view, and superior to that which was carried out subsequently, in that it contained no scheme for conquests and annexations under the pretence of the emancipation of oppressed nationalities. But the principle of drawing up at home schemes of action for a distant theatre, was one which he was the

first to repudiate, as soon as he was able to do so. He was under the eclipse of a temporary disgrace when fortune offered him an opportunity of re-establishing his position in a most signal manner by the events of the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October 1795), when the existence of the Convention was threatened by an insurrection of the reactionary sections. An officer named Menou, sent to disperse the meeting of one of the most powerful of these sections, having compromised the position of his troops, parleyed instead of acting, and withdrew the Government force, while the insurgents omitted to fulfil their part of the agreement by separating. At this crisis of danger, Buonaparte, who happened to be in the theatre, hastened to the Assembly to observe what would take place. Menou was voted under arrest, and then the question was raised as to who should be appointed in his place. Buonaparte, still among the audience, heard his own name mentioned, and deliberated, in consequence, for a full half-hour as to what line of conduct he should pursue. Barras was the favourite, and on his recommendation, which Buonaparte appears to have conveniently suppressed in his Memoirs, the latter was joined to him as his lieutenant. The result of Buonaparte's deliberation had been, that the chances of success were chiefly on the side of the Convention, and that, on the whole, it would be politic to do his best to make those chances a certainty. Forty pieces of artillery conveniently disposed about the Louvre and the Tuileries, and, when the time came, vigorously served, enabled the 8000 troops of the Convention to disperse the 40,000 national guards and others of whom the insurgent army was composed, and who thought to carry all before them by numbers and dead weight. A vote of thanks was passed to Barras and Buonaparte, as having de-

served well of their country ; and the resignation of the latter soon left the field open for the appointment of his colleague as General of the Interior.

The prestige which the 13th Vendémiaire conferred on the name of Buonaparte enabled him to turn his success to good account by enriching himself and his family. The Directory began to wish, finding how indispensable he had become, that he had not been detained at Paris ; and his nomination to the command of the army of Italy was partly owing to the general distrust he inspired. It was indeed the most brilliant form of ostracism. Still it is doubted whether such good fortune, so fatal to the State, would have fallen to his lot, had he not been assisted by his marriage with Josephine Beauharnais. The way in which he first became acquainted with this lady was romantic. Some days after the disarmament of the Sections, a child of ten or twelve years old called at the General's quarters, and begged for the sword of his father, a former general of the Republic, who had died on the scaffold. The child was Eugene de Beauharnais. The General acceded to his prayer, and the next day was thanked in person by his charming mother, whom Buonaparte as yet only knew by name, though she was the intimate friend of Barras. M. Lanfrey says, "The silence kept by Buonaparte on the subject of this *liaison* and of the part which Barras had in the determinations of Madame de Beauharnais, is more easily explained than his forgetfulness of the service rendered him on the eve of the 13th Vendémiaire." But the fact is none the less patent, being established by all the evidence of the time, attested by Josephine herself, who, in her Creole nonchalance, would perhaps have never decided on that marriage, unless Barras had added to the trousseau the command of the army of Italy.

She wrote a short time before her marriage, "Barras assures me that if I marry the General he will obtain him the command in chief of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Buonaparte, in speaking to me of this favour, which already causes murmurs among his brothers in arms, although it is not yet granted, said, 'Do they believe, then, that I have need of protection to get on? The day will come when they will be only too glad if I am willing to give them mine. My sword is at my side, and with it I shall go far.'" M. Lanfrey seems to insinuate that there was something more than intimate friendship in the relations between Josephine and Barras. If such was the case, considering the whole character of Buonaparte, and especially his manifest desire to cut a figure in a world that he affected to despise, to suppose that he was in the full confidence of the parties is scarcely conceivable. Having been a student, and being an imitator of Cæsar, he can hardly have forgotten the legend about Cæsar's wife. It is quite certain that he never let pride or self-respect stand in the way of any object he wished to gain, but the meanness of marrying another man's mistress would have been fatal to the ends of his ambition. Besides, as she was an independent widow moving in high society, it is hard to conceive what object Barras could have had in wishing to pass her over to his friend.

Friendship seems to explain the matter better than anything else ; but yet there seems to have been a certain levity in Josephine's conduct, especially during the subsequent absence of her husband in Italy, which might have induced him to wish as little as possible said about a transaction which might bear an ugly construction. It is possible that there were other reasons besides her childlessness which prompted the Emperor's final determination to divorce Josephine, but

if so, his delicacy in sparing her character, as well as his policy in sparing his own, is to be commended, and seems to furnish an indication that, at the time of his marriage, he at all events believed in her innocence. On the whole we do not think M. Lanfrey's proofs quite justify the insinuation conveyed against the memory of a lady who, commonplace enough in herself, has become through circumstances a national heroine. And, after all, his words are not so explicit, but that they leave the denial of the insinuation itself possible. Whether Buonaparte was much in love with Madame de Beauharnais is another question. He appeared to be so, but he was a consummate actor, while she at first seems to have made no secret of her indifference; the social *éclat* which both would derive from the marriage, sufficiently accounting for their having ultimately come together. It is remarkable that, in the marriage contract, Buonaparte seems to have added a year to his age, and Josephine to have subtracted four from hers, so as to make their ages correspond, and that Paul Barras's name was in the list of witnesses—a fact rather in favour than otherwise of the honourable nature of his former relations with Josephine. The marriage took place on the 9th March 1796, and a few days afterwards Buonaparte left to take the command, and was fairly launched on the career of his wonderful successes. It was perfectly well understood by the Directory and their General, that the war now entered upon was to be of a different character from those that had preceded it. The "idea" was to be a secondary consideration. It had been found that a propaganda for the Rights of Man and universal emancipation did not pay its way; and the main object was now to fill the empty coffers of the State. The army that the General had to lead into Italy was a pack of famished wolves, and, with a cynicism which

almost overacted its part, he addressed them accordingly. "Soldiers," he said, "you are badly fed, and hardly clad at all. The Government is much in your debt, but can do nothing for you. Your patience and courage do you honour, but get you neither profit nor glory. I am going to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world: you will find there large towns and wealthy provinces. You will find there honour, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, under such circumstances, will you be lacking in courage?" This new form of address was the beginning of the transformation of the soldiers of the Republic into the soldiers of the Empire, and its effect on the ragamuffin bands may easily be imagined. As a consequence, they took to indiscriminate pillage on their private account, which was not part of the General's programme, and he expressed his moral reprobation of such acts in no measured terms, and affected to punish them with the greatest severity. But he was the first to excuse those he was obliged to punish. "These poor creatures," he said, "after having sighed for it for three years from the summit of the Alps, arrived at the promised land, and they will have a taste of it." In his proclamations to his soldiers he called Italy a conquest; while in those addressed to the Italians themselves, he told them that he was come to break their chains. The orders sent from the Directory to Buonaparte from home, showed how thoroughly the spirit of rapine had taken possession of the Government, so that, if he had wished, he had no more the power of restraining the movement than his keeper has in controlling a tiger that has tasted blood. Even the states which had not been subdued by arms, but only by the terror inspired by the victories over Piedmont and Austria, and which hoped for better terms by appearing to court the alliance of France, were to

be treated no better than her open enemies. Those who pretended to deliver the Milanese from the yoke of Austria wrote : " It is especially the Milanese territory which must not be spared. Raise contributions there in ready money, and during the first terror that the approach of our arms will inspire, let the eye of economy watch over the employment of them." And no less explicit were the directions to be observed with respect to Rome : " If Rome makes advances, the first thing to require is that the Pope should immediately order public prayers for the prosperity of the French arms. Some of his fine monuments, his statues, his pictures, his medallions, his libraries, his silver Madonnas, and even his bells, will indemnify us for the expenses of the visit we may find necessary to make him." This kind of spoliation was entirely new; for all the conquerors of Italy had respected her monuments, the alienation of which was equivalent to the destruction of her past history. The only question with regard to it is whether it was suggested by Buonaparte himself in the first place, or whether he was only carrying into effect a scheme which had originated with others, but with a zeal as to details which left them nothing to desire. Another scheme of the Directory—the division of the command of the army of Italy—did not please him so well. It was four days after his brilliant success at Lodi that he received the letter announcing that he had for the future to share his position with Kellermann. His resolution was taken in a moment. He tendered his resignation, in a letter which began by announcing the conquest of Lombardy, and ended by remarking that one bad general was better than two good ones, and that he could not consent to share his command. It was rather inconsistent with an opinion he had expressed, to the effect that too much power ought not to be given

to one general, when there was a question of uniting the commands of the armies on the eastern frontier. The Directory did not send an answer to his communication for a fortnight ; but in the interval the news they received of new and yet more signal successes forced their hand, and he was requested to continue in that sole command which had proved so profitable to the Republic. Though a purist himself, he willingly connived at the peculations of his generals and others who served under him, since the knowledge that he had the power to ruin them made them more convenient instruments of his will. When the exactions of the French had driven the people in Milan and Pavia to revolt against their liberators, the insurrection was repressed with the utmost severity, and made the excuse for fresh exactions. The deliberate violation of the territory of Venice, which had refused to join the coalition against France, and the subsequent annexation of the republic on the pretext of acts of hostility, which the intrusion of French arms had studiously fomented, was the most glaring of all the acts of perfidy and injustice perpetrated during the Italian campaigns. M. Lanfrey lays great stress on the treatment of Venice, as more calculated than any other series of events to dissipate the halo of romance which still surrounds Buonaparte's victories as a republican general, not only in the eyes of France, but of Europe. He clearly shows by facts that it was not only

" When tortured by ambition's sting,
The hero sunk into the king ; "

but from the commencement of his command, that Buonaparte, though a consummate captain, was never to be looked upon as a hero in the just sense of the word. " Our relations at that time with Venice were such as serve best to characterise the spirit of this war, and it is to the purpose to carefully follow the incidents of them if we

wish to form an impartial judgment on the final result. It is not less indispensable to consider under what conditions that offer of alliance was made with which our historians have so often armed themselves against that republic. We had at first violated the neutrality of Venice in occupying Brescia—an act which led the Austrians to violate it in their turn by occupying Peschiera for the purpose of defending the passage of the Mincio. Then, under the pretext of punishing Venice for having suffered this second violation, which was the consequence of the former, and which in any case she had no power to prevent, we took possession of most of her strong places on the continent. We partly drove her garrisons away from them that we might make ourselves more at home in them—we plundered her arsenals and her magazines, we required her to feed and supply the wants of our troops. That was not all: as a reparation for the evil we had done her, we now gave her to understand that she would have to pay an indemnity of several millions. All this was done under pretexts which Buonaparte in his correspondence admits to be entirely without foundation, after he had invented them and appealed to them so loudly. It was at this stage that the unhappy republic, crushed by our exactions, compromised with Austria, driven to despair, had recourse somewhat late to an expedient which might have saved her at first—that of arming, no less for the purpose of causing her neutrality to be respected, than of defending herself against insurrectionary tendencies which began to reveal themselves obscurely in her continental provinces. This measure had only the effect of eliciting fresh reproaches on our part. From the 12th July (1796) Buonaparte denounced these armaments. He seized with eagerness this new text of recrimination; he warned the Directory not

to let slip so precious an opportunity of accusation and complaint. 'Perhaps,' he wrote to them on this subject, 'you will think it advisable to begin at once a little quarrel with the Venetian Minister at Paris, that, after I have driven away the Austrians from the Brenta, it may be more easy for me to enforce the demand of a few millions which you wish me to make from them.' It is not difficult to realise the sentiments which such a policy was calculated to inspire in those who were its victims—a policy by no means calculated to pave the way to an alliance. Nevertheless, such was the terror inspired by our arms, that the Senate of Venice bore it all, if not without complaint, at least without attempting resistance. To these measures the iniquity was soon added of not paying the Venetians for the stores which they had advanced to the army. By the 20th of July they had already furnished to the amount of three millions, and had only received in payment, by dint of importunity, a letter of exchange for 300,000 francs. But the very wrongs which we did them were imputed to them as a crime, and became the occasion of new machinations against the republic. Thus this payment of 300,000 francs, inadequate and illusory as it was, was in Buonaparte's eyes a real fault, and became the source of such vexations that the Venetians had, as it were, an interest in never being paid. This payment was, he said, a fault, because it let them see that by importunity and neglecting of services they had the power to get money out of us. 'So that,' he continued, 'I am obliged to put myself in a passion with the purveyor, to exaggerate the assassinations they commit against our troops, to complain bitterly of the armament which they did not resort to at the time that the Imperialists were the stronger party, and by these means I shall oblige them to furnish all I want, in order to ap-

pease my wrath. That is the way to manage these people. They will continue to supply me, partly by fair means, partly by foul, until I have taken Mantua, and then I will declare to them openly that they must pay me the sum mentioned in your instructions, a measure which will be easily carried into execution.” It is not surprising after this that the Venetians elected to remain neutral, in a case, however, where neutrality was impossible. The assassinations mentioned by Buonaparte referred to some disturbances raised by the exactions of the French soldiers, in which a few of the latter had been slain, the outraged peasants having taken the law into their own hands. If the Venetians had accepted the French alliance, it might have saved them from being handed over to Austria by the Treaty of Campo Formio, but they would only have exchanged the Austrian yoke for the French. As it was, their refusal of the alliance of France sealed the doom of their republic. Buonaparte finding, notwithstanding that he had carried all before him in Italy, and beaten one Austrian army after another, until that most long-suffering of states was almost reduced to despair, that the army of the Rhine, which ought to have fought its way to a junction with him in the Tyrol, made little progress, and fearing to compromise his position by involving himself further in the mountains without support, wrote to the Archduke Charles, on the 31st of March 1797, making propositions of peace. He invited that Prince to deserve ‘the title of the benefactor of humanity,’ declaring that, as far as he was concerned, ‘if the proposition which he had the honour of making him would have the effect of saving the life of a single man, he should feel prouder of the civic crown that would be his due in such a case than of any melancholy glory which could result from military successes.’” What his humanity was

worth M. Lanfrey shows from a quotation from the words of Napoleon himself, in Las Casas’s *Memoirs*, in which, during his early campaigns in Italy, he caused a position to be uselessly attacked near the Col di Tenda, sacrificing the lives of a number of men for the sake of showing a favourite lady what war was like. He admitted, however, that his conscience had always reproached him for the act. In the negotiations which followed this letter, Buonaparte soon showed that he intended the republic of Venice to be the scapegoat which should bear the sins of France. Under various pretexts, the French army took possession of the town, and superseded the government. Venice was condemned to pay several millions, to cede to France three ships of the line, two frigates, provisions of all kinds, and, in accordance with the rule now established in Italian spoliation, twenty pictures and five hundred manuscripts, at the discretion of the conqueror, as the price of the friendship of France. Painful as this treaty was, it was a relief to the Venetians to have their independent political existence still recognised, since it was possible that all they had suffered might be repaired by time. But they were not allowed to remain long under the influence of any such illusion. Buonaparte, in a letter to the Directory, explained his reasons for sparing Venice for the present, but added that it would be soon desirable to annex it to the newly-formed Cispadane Republic, which was a mere dependency of France. In the mean time, he took every advantage of the helpless situation of the republic. He sent a commissioner to Corfu and the other Venetian dependencies, with full instructions as to the means of keeping the authorities of the republic faithful to the French connection, in which this very characteristic passage occurs—“If the inhabitants of the country should

be inclined to independence, you will flatter their taste, and not fail, in the different proclamations which you address to them, to speak of Greece, of Sparta, and of Athens." In accordance with these instructions, the French envoy, Gentili, presented himself at Corfu as the agent of the new government, and, introducing himself into the fortress, assumed the tone of a master, took possession of the whole navy, five hundred guns, and immense stores. Nevertheless, Buonaparte continued to lull the suspicions of the Venetians with fine speeches and promises of liberty and future greatness, for whose performance he made himself personally responsible, at the precise time when, in his letters to the Directory, he was proposing to hand them over body and soul to Austria, to indemnify her for the loss of the rest of Italy.

Notwithstanding that the struggles of parties in Paris at this time drew off the attention of the Government from foreign affairs, the conduct of Buonaparte with regard to Venice and the other Italian states was questioned in the Legislative Body, to his extreme indignation. He wrote letters to the Directory fulminating against his accusers, and accusing them of being in the pay of England, and of favouring the emigration; and threw himself into the arms of the army, who promised devotion without limits to his person and to the Executive, and destruction to the enemies of the State, by which he understood those who called his acts in question. He was ably seconded by the Directory at home, who wished to make the pure and patriotic Hoche the instrument of their will, by ordering him to direct a body of troops on Paris, under the pretext of marching them to the ocean for an attempt on Ireland. This did not, however, quite suit Buonaparte, who was jealous of Hoche, and sent Augereau to Paris as a better instrument for carrying

out the contemplated *coup-d'état*, and Augereau was supported by Bernadotte and Lavalette. On the 18th Fructidor (4th September 1797), Augereau with 12,000 men invested the Tuileries, where the Legislative Body was sitting, and, securing all the avenues that led to it, took possession of the palace in the middle of the night with little resistance from the guard, most of whom had been previously gained over. The bolder deputies still tried to enter, but were received with fixed bayonets, and had to return; and those devoted to the triumvirate met at the Odéon and School of Medicine to ratify their acts, and proscribed a large number of their former colleagues. This *coup-d'état* changed the government into a tyrannical oligarchy, and paved the way for the more decisive one of the 18th Brumaire, which was destined to further change it into a dictatorship. Though licence reigned as before, it was the end of liberty. Though Augereau boasted that there had been no blood shed, the transportations to Cayenne that followed his success were equally calculated to strike terror into the vanquished party. By the death of Hoche, which followed soon after, Buonaparte was deprived of a dangerous rival—the more dangerous because above corruption, although he suffered himself to be made for a time the tool of a corrupt party, "The 18th Fructidor," says M. Lanfrey, "was, in fact, the almost immediate *contre-coup* of the violations of right which we had committed at Venice. The protests of the Legislature brought about the threatening manifestations of Buonaparte and his soldiers; the irritation of the army furnished the Directory with a weapon without which it would never have been able to triumph over the Councils; and by a just expiation France saw her own liberty struck by the same death-blow which had destroyed the independence of Venice." Up to this time the Republican *régime*

had been sincere in its fanaticism : it now became hypocritical, and swayed entirely by interested motives. Henceforth the army was everything, the bourgeoisie next to nothing, in the State ; and without Buonaparte's presence, a vast step had been made in his progress to power by the agents who served him so well. He did not, however, show any indecent joy, but rather, with profound dissimulation, affected indifference to the constitutional change, talked of being disgusted with power and responsibility, and of his wish to retire into private life, where he might take his chance with other citizens. Above all, he warned the Directory of the evils of establishing a military government, and acted his part so successfully that his repeatedly proffered resignation was earnestly deprecated, and he was requested to continue in his command as the only safety to the State.

Such was the state of affairs immediately before the peace of Campo Formio. Buonaparte was anxious to conclude it that his hands might be free to carry out his vaster projects ; the Directory was equally anxious to defer it for the opposite reason. In his letters to the Directory he kept up a running fire of arguments why peace should be immediately concluded, even at the sacrifice of Venice, which the Directory were rather ashamed of entertaining. He urged especially the necessity of an invasion of England, since "the English people was worth more than the Venetian people, and its *liberation* would consolidate for ever the happiness and the liberty of France !" It is doubtful if Buonaparte ever was serious about invading England, for none knew better that without the command of the sea England was impregnable, and at this very time his mind was full of the scheme for the invasion of Egypt, for which he was even beginning to make active preparations. The peace of Campo Formio was signed 17th October 1797, just

in time ; for immediately after the signatures were affixed a courier of the Directory arrived, forbidding him to assign to Austria the line of the Adige, and announcing that he himself was soon to be superseded as a negotiator. The Directory was furious, but such was the explosion of joy in France at the conclusion of the peace, that they did not dare to refuse their ratification. The free republic of Venice was sold into Austrian slavery by the emancipator of Italy, who was thus left free to enslave his own country at the first convenient season. In 1859 there was an opportunity for France to repair the wrong she then did to Venetia, but she mainly owes the tardy reparation to the arms of Prussia. Still it must be allowed that when the Emperor of Austria, after Königgrätz, ceded Venetia to France, France had the power to have retained it, and would probably have done so, had the spirit of the second Empire been similar to that of the first. When Buonaparte arrived in Paris on the 5th of December 1797, after a delay which was studiously imposed on himself to show that he was indifferent to popular ovations, he was the object of universal attention ; but he conducted himself in such a way that the people had no time to get tired of their idol, and he was anxious to be off again as soon as possible, that the enthusiasm should not be in danger of cooling. The time was not yet come for his making himself master of the State ; but his modest and thoroughly civic demeanour in Paris, as a foundation on which to build still more dazzling exploits, was a step in the right direction. Having won golden opinions while at home, he would be more easily able to silence the calumnies of the envious in his absence. He now let it be known that he had come to the conclusion that the preparations intended for the invasion of England herself ought to be destined for the East, where she might

be struck in a more vulnerable part. The expedition to Egypt certainly promised brilliant results, but little solid advantage. The conquest of the country was easy, but what to do with it when conquered was another matter; and as long as the English possessed the sea as a road to India, the shutting up of the overland route would only produce a temporary inconvenience. Buonaparte was certainly too wise a man to think that he could bring troops by the path of Alexander into India, in a state fit to encounter the forces that the English would bring against them. M. Lanfrey is here somewhat severe on the prudence of the great captain. "The idea of dragging out of France into a distant and little known country, with which our communications were sure to be cut off within a given time, the *élite* of our soldiers, generals, and savans, at a moment when peace was not yet signed, when Europe was still in arms against us, when such a conquest could not fail to aggravate discontent and rekindle discouraged but not extinguished enmity, was one almost as impolitic as that which, at a later date, gave birth to the Russian war, although not of a nature to bring in its train such great disasters." But Buonaparte was a daring gamester, and not afraid to stake high on occasion. He had apparently calculated, that while he was winning laurels in Egypt, the other French generals would be losing them elsewhere, and by the time it became a question of how to get the army home again, public opinion would have sealed him as the indispensable man. Of course there was a very strong chance of Nelson catching him on the high seas, but he trusted in his star, and in this instance his star did not forsake him. M. Lanfrey quotes the '*Mémoires de Napoléon*,' in support of the reality of this Machiavellian policy: "In order that he should be master of France it was necessary that

the Directory should experience reverses in his absence, and that his return should recall victory to our standards." He was also doubtless instigated by his natural restlessness, and more than repose itself "he feared that inevitable analysis to which he was sure to be submitted by the clever and penetrating scepticism of the salons of Paris, a sort of intellectual laboratory which decomposes everything. He knew that fickle and satirical public which avenges itself for its infatuations by its indifference, and so soon acquires a familiarity with the idols to which it has offered most incense. "At Paris," said he to his confidants, "nothing is remembered; if I stay long without doing anything, I am lost. If they see me three times at the theatre, they will not look at me any longer." And in the East a sufficiently large field of action opened itself to an ambition as vast as that of Alexander, who at the same early age found Europe too small to hold him. Such trifles as the unjust occupation of Malta, against whose knights France had no complaint, and the seizure of a province belonging to Turkey, which had proved herself the faithful ally of France, were light as air, when projects so vast weighed down the other scale of the balance. The only preliminary difficulty was one very common in all enterprises, but very prosaic,—the want of money. To provide this it was necessary to occupy Rome, and to invade and pillage Switzerland. So the cradle of European freedom was sacked, and the metropolis of the fine arts denuded of its treasures, to supply the greed of the model Republic, whose inhabitants plumed themselves on being the most refined of European nations. Notwithstanding Buonaparte's exquisite policy, the Directory *were* so afraid of him that they were glad to get rid of him at any price, and this only can account for their falling into his trap, and allowing him to drag into exile

the flower of their armies and the best of their generals. They may possibly have seen that the danger resulting from his presence was only deferred, and would increase with his successes; but they doubtless thought it very likely that some accident might happen to him. Thus it was with the Athenians when they sent Cleon to Pylos. They reckoned that either their army would be successful, in which case they would be consoled for the safety of Cleon, or that, if unsuccessful, its failure would involve a riddance from the troublesome demagogue. So the expedition to Egypt sailed, after a harangue to the soldiers, in which, with his usual *naïveté*, Buonaparte chiefly dwelt on the booty to be got—an argument the efficacy of which he had fully proved by past experience. We all know how narrowly it missed being caught by Nelson in the Mediterranean, who said with reference to its escape, that when he died, “want of frigates” would be found engraven on his heart; and how, after it had safely disembarked, the fleet which had carried it was caught in Aboukir Bay by our immortal sailor, and blown to pieces. Sea-battles were not decided in those days by collisions between huge tea-kettles on wheels, but fought ship to ship, and gun to gun, and man to man, and the gallant landsmen with which the French navy was manned had from the first no chance with the hardened tars of England, and Buonaparte knew this, and knew that the fleet, if seen, was destroyed; but he did not hesitate to lay the blame of the disaster on poor Admiral Brueys, who was unable to answer him, for the very good reason that he had died the death of a hero in that magnificent action. Europe would have been saved a good deal of trouble if General Buonaparte had been on board the *Orient* on that memorable occasion. But his star was true to him, and he had an additional rea-

son to believe in his star. The hardships with which the French army had to contend after the disembarkation were very considerable; and the spirit of mutiny was aggravated by the soldiers seeing as yet no way to the realisation of the splendid promises of their commander. Buonaparte bore it all with a patience and resignation worthy of a better cause, for he trusted in the tide soon turning; and in fact the battle of the Pyramids, in which the French lost a very few men, but killed some two thousand Mamelukes, had a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of the army, especially as these strange cavaliers were in the habit of carrying all their property on their persons, in the shape of costly arms or specie. When this first became known, however, a howl of disappointment arose from the French finding that they had driven so many of their valuable enemies into the Nile. But a remedy was soon found. They bent their bayonets into hooks, and attached them to ropes, and for many days the army had all its time employed in fishing up dead Mamelukes; on which Napoleon's *Memoirs* quietly observe, that “the army began from henceforth to get reconciled to Egypt.” The conquest of Egypt was followed by the campaign of Syria, which ended in what was represented by Buonaparte as a “strategical movement,” but was really a retreat occasioned by that wonderful and signally successful defence of Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, which, after a long eclipse, was the first gleam of glory that shone on British arms engaged on dry land. Two incidents which occurred during this campaign have contributed as much to blacken the memory of Napoleon as any others in his short but tumultuous life. These were the killing of his Turkish prisoners at Jaffa, and the reputed poisoning of his own plague-stricken soldiers. The first is indisputable as a fact, and

M. Lanfrey considers that it was justified by no military necessity. The second he looks upon as apocryphal, since some of the men alleged to have been poisoned were afterwards found alive by Sir Sidney Smith; but it seems that Buonaparte suggested the advisability of poisoning them to the army-surgeons, who at once, to their honour, refused to entertain the idea. It was not unnatural that the report arose, since at St Helena Napoleon himself argued that the measure would have been justifiable under the circumstances.

After a brilliant land victory at the same Aboukir where the fleet had been lost, Buonaparte thought that he could afford to return to France, and he accordingly stole away from Egypt, leaving his army without a head, to shift for itself as it best could. His star was still in the ascendant, and he ran the gauntlet of the English cruisers successfully. As he had reckoned, things had gone badly during his absence, and even worse than he had hoped. But all was well as long as public opinion only laid the blame on the Directory. To this weight of unpopularity the Directory was forced to bow its head, and the party beaten on the 18th Fructidor began to get the upper hand again, and the 13th Prairial was a sort of *coup-d'état*, in which the Legislative Body took its revenge on the Directory, and new men came to the helm. The fermentation and confusion of parties at this time was extreme, and those who had no convictions at all but such as corresponded with their interests would manifestly be in a position of great advantage. This was the case with Buonaparte, who was seconded by friends of the same principles, and by members of his own family, who supported him, as he had always fraternally supported them. His arrival in France, while looked upon with suspicion by a few reflecting persons, was regarded by the mass of the people, and by all those who

were wearied with the storms of State, as the advent of a new era of confidence and prosperity. He was as careful of his conduct as before the Egyptian expedition, allowed himself to be seen little in public, declined being exhibited as a lion, affected a republican austerity and simplicity in his ways, and quietly surrounded himself with men on whom he could depend, listening much and talking little, but encouraging others to talk, that he might sound their views, and know to what extent they would be likely to support him. As was natural, he could count most on the chiefs of the army which had served under him. There was a difficulty about Lefebvre, an excellent soldier, with a weak head, who commanded the division of Paris, and swore if necessary to die for the Republic, or exterminate its enemies. Buonaparte thought it unnecessary to open his views to him, calculating that in the surprise of the moment he would be carried away by example. As for the inferior officers, they were taken care of by their chiefs. Murat undertook to deal with the cavalry, Lannes with the infantry, and Marmont with the artillery. Siéyès, who was fully in Buonaparte's confidence, now undertook to get the Councils transferred to St Cloud under the pretext of a Jacobine conspiracy. The Red Spectre was especially formidable so soon after the Reign of Terror, and even yet its influence has not quite worn out. As Buonaparte was to be invested with the command of all the forces, he anticipated his appointment a little, and ordered the generals and superior officers to meet on the 9th November 1799 (the 18th Brumaire) at six o'clock in the morning at his hotel in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all there, and Lefebvre, as was anticipated, was there also, but in no very pliant humour. "Well, Lefebvre," said Buonaparte, "you who are one of the props of the Republic, will you let it perish in the hands of these lawyers?"

Come, here is the sabre I carried at the Pyramids; I give it you as a pledge of my esteem and confidence." "Let us throw the lawyers into the river," answered Lefebvre. Paris seemed spell-bound by the audacity of these manœuvres, though all was known and foreseen. The Directory was like a man who had fallen into a trance, having his eyes open. In a short time it found itself in a state of paralysis by the secession of two important members, Siéyès and Ducos. By way of throwing off the mask, Buonaparte now began to hurl reproaches in simulated passion at the head of the helpless Directory, as the cause of all the evil that had come upon France. Some stern Republicans were still incorruptible, but Buonaparte was so little afraid of them, that he refused to fall in with the proposition of Siéyès, who advised him to arrest in the night the more independent members of the two Councils. That so little resistance was encountered was indeed extraordinary, but resistance had literally lost its head. All the men of mark who might have stood in Napoleon's way had been eliminated by repeated proscriptions. The conspiracy appeared likely to be attended with the most signal success, when it was threatened with failure from a most unexpected source, a want of nerve in Buonaparte himself. The great majority of the Council of Five Hundred were Republicans, and now fully alive to the imminence of a Dictatorship. In the afternoon General Buonaparte appeared amongst them, but in a state of agitation which promised ill for the effect of his presence. The speeches which he made were strangely wild and incoherent, and he seemed completely awed by finding himself alone in the midst of hostile faces. He could make out no plausible case for himself, no valid excuse for overthrowing the Constitution. He at last turned on the Assembly with a sort of impotent violence, giving vent to

the wildest reproaches. He then retired, to return again at the head of a party of grenadiers. The Assembly was furious at this infringement of civil rights, and a general cry arose, the cry which had cost Robespierre his supremacy and his life, of "*Hors la loi le dictateur!*" At this crisis the courage of the intending usurper completely forsook him, and he fell fainting into the arms of his grenadiers, as the indignant members pressed on him and hustled him. A story was afterwards got up that poniards were pointed at him, and a grenadier named Thomas Thomé was rewarded with a kiss and a valuable diamond by la Citoyenne Buonaparte, for saving the life of her husband at the risk of his own. At all events his clothes had been torn in the scuffle. It was fortunate for Buonaparte that the nerves of Siéyès were stronger than those of his principal; he fought his battle stoutly, and said that instead of the General the members themselves ought to be placed out of the pale of the law. But it was to the cool assurance of Lucien Buonaparte that the success of this *coup-d'état* was mainly due. As president of the Assembly he harangued the hesitating soldiers, and exhorted them to deliver the Five Hundred from a band of assassins in the pay of England. Murat then, profiting by the impression he had produced, led his troops to the charge. They stooped a moment at the door, overawed by the conscious illegality of their proceedings; but the drums drowned the protesting voices of the members, and the hall was cleared. In the evening Lucien admitted thirty of the members whom he had gained, got them to vote themselves the majority, and then to pass a resolution that Buonaparte and his lieutenants had deserved well of their country. A provisional consulship, or triumvirate, was appointed, consisting of Buonaparte, Siéyès, and Roger Ducos, who appear to have

taken the most unnecessary oaths of fidelity to the constitution and the cause of liberty ; and the great Revolution was accomplished, in which the wild but free Republic breathed its last, and the Prætorian bands, as in ancient Rome, became the sole arbiters of the destinies of France. With this important event the first volume of M. Lanfrey's History concludes. The wonder is that the French censorship should have ever allowed it to see the light. But this may possibly have been owing to the influence of some sagacious friends of the present Emperor, who think that when all the facts are placed in the full light of day, the fame of the nephew will suffer no diminution by being measured with that of the uncle, and that it would be politic to allow public opinion to put them on a footing of equality as far as possible. The bitterest enemies of Louis Napoleon speak still with the greatest respect of the founder of his dynasty, and endeavour to disparage him by the comparison. Men like Victor Hugo, who in their indomitable independence would have been the first to hate the living tyrant, are ready enough to consecrate his memory at the expense of his sage and moderate successor. An Englishman may now form a cooler and juster estimate than of yore. If Napoleon I. hated England, it was only a natural return for the implacable animosity of the English nation to him. He would have been willing enough, as he said at St Helena, to have let the English alone in their dominion of the sea, if they had let him alone to work his will on the Continent. We strove in our wars with him to make ourselves the champions of the quarrels of others, as well as of abstract principles, and reaped so little gratitude thereby, and found our glory so expensive, that we seem now inclined to surrender entirely our position as a European power. If we are still interested in European questions, it is mainly

because the present ruler of France, the corner-stone of whose policy has always been the English alliance, keeps us up to the mark. Of course, if we have to choose between the greatness of the two men, we should naturally prefer one who has been for sixteen years our consistent friend, to one who during the same period was our most dangerous enemy. And he has been our friend through evil report and good report, though we have often, in our insular pride, slighted his advances, and on one occasion refused to take measures to prevent a recurrence of a desperate conspiracy against his life, which was unfortunately hatched on our soil. The most valuable legacy which Lord Palmerston left his country was his statesmanlike conviction that a firm alliance with France was her true policy, and this conviction has always coincided with that of the Emperor.

The temporary weakening of that alliance has been attended already with the most momentous consequences. Had it been more strongly cemented, we might have stopped at its beginning the frightful Civil War in America ; and instead of allowing a monster Democracy to form itself, which threatens the rights and liberties of the whole world, have secured the division of North America into two great Republics, to the inestimable advantage of each of them, and with an incalculable saving of blood and treasure,—we might have insisted on Russia performing her engagements with respect to Poland, instead of absorbing that unhappy country,—we might have prevented the spoliation of Denmark, which brought on so deadly a quarrel between the two robbers that one was laid prostrate at the feet of the other,—we might have favoured a peaceful consolidation of Germany, instead of looking on while her smaller States were overturned by violence, and her free but patriarchal governments forced to bow

their necks under the iron yoke of Prussia,—we might, if we pleased, have shared the gratitude of the Italians, as the joint-founders of their nationality, instead of their owing it half to France and half to Prussia,—and lastly, in concert with France, we might have prevented the formation of another great military empire on the French frontier, the equality of whose resources, and the similarity of whose institutions as now altered, is likely to lead ere long to a gigantic fight for the championship of Europe, even if the little affair of Luxemburg be safely settled. Some, however, consider this no affair of ours, and see a safeguard to England in the rivalry of Prussia to France, and this from a distrust of the French character which history undoubtedly justifies. The opportunity for all this has passed by; but the alliance of England and France, which might have secured the supremacy of those two States in the world, and bound over all other nations to keep the peace, is still a matter of the utmost importance, for powers have been allowed to lift their heads, against whose possible aggressions such an alliance is the only pledge of comparative security. England and France, in consequence of their mutual coolnesses, must now be content to abdicate their position as the world's police, happy if only by a close union they can preserve their own persons and properties from pillage, assault, and battery. A few years ago, by keeping up their absolute and relative positions, they might have disarmed themselves, and effected the disarmament of the world, inaugurating by mere preponderance of protecting force a millennium of peace; now nothing is to be seen before us but a vista of chaos and confusion, and a great gulf of military expenditure, both in men and money, which will make life a burden to the citizens of great nations, while those of small ones tremble for the remnant of their liberties

and the shadow of a national existence. It is not our good friend Napoleon III., but the American Federals and Count Bismark and his master, who have acted on the traditions of the First Empire in our generation, which were, after all, but a plagiarism from the times of Frederick the Great of Prussia. That great captain acted on the simple principle of unscrupulous aggrandisement; a principle by no means new, but generally restrained in ancient times by some moral or religious weakness in kings and conquerors, which the disciple of Voltaire despised, and by despising gained a vast accession of power. It was reserved for the grandson of the great Frederick to improve on his atheistic principles by investing brigandage with the odour of sanctity, and enlisting the sympathies of Exeter Hall as the champion of Protestant ascendancy in the North of Europe, while his acts display a heart as rugged as the nether millstone in his dealings with his fellow-men. Taught by historical lessons, the day has perhaps arrived when France is able to contemplate the character of Napoleon I. without prejudice or partiality. Such a contemplation cannot fail to place her present ruler in a much more advantageous light. As far as mere military glory is concerned, the Second Empire may well bear a comparison with the First. Every victory of Napoleon I. had to be paid for by disastrous defeat, and the final national humiliation surpassed in its bathos the utmost "pride of place" attained by the eagle of his reign; whereas Napoleon III., by slightly modifying his uncle's maxim of "impossible n'est pas Français," and confining himself to the limits of the attainable, has secured for France during his tenure of power an uninterrupted series of victories, unchecked by a single important reverse—has raised his country to a pre-eminence in the arts of peace which she had never

known before—has made her rich and respected in the commercial world, by boldly adopting free-trade principles in spite of the prejudices of his subjects, and the opposition of narrow-minded self-interest—has made Paris the wonder of the world in beauty and convenience for residence—and, although despotic in his rule, has done more to advance real substantial freedom than all the Governments preceding him, even including the Republic. Though the Press may have been more free under Louis Philippe, it must be remembered that the restrictions on trade in his reign were founded on the narrowest principles of exclusion, and that, while the passport system was applied with its utmost rigour to foreigners, no born Frenchman even could pass from one town to another without leave. If the right of meeting existed, it was violated at the pleasure of the Government, since it was such a violation that produced the Revolution of 1848. In asking for more extended liberties, the French forget what they have gained under the present reign. There is no doubt which way the personal sympathies of the Emperor lean; and if the Opposition would clearly show that they only mean friendly criticism of, and not hostile action against, the existing power, there is every probability that he would give the country all it sighs for, or at least all that is good for it, and all that is advisable in a regime behind which is Universal Suffrage. It must not be forgotten that Louis Napoleon was carried into power on the prestige of the First Empire; that the *coup-d'état* was in a manner forced upon him, with the alternative of abdicating his position altogether; that it was not open to him to remain President of the Republic if he had wished it, because France insisted on having an Emperor, under whom she hoped to revive her former military glories.

He has so steered his course for sixteen years, that he has managed to satisfy the vanity of France, and to do her more good than evil at the same time, which was far from being the case with his famous predecessor, who left her in the most miserable state in which it was possible for a ruler to leave a nation; he has on the whole behaved well and justly towards other nations, and the two political blunders that he has made are pardonable errors in judgment: one being a well-meant attempt to restore good government to a distracted country; the other resulting from too close an imitation of the non-intervention policy of England. The present state of Mexico is a justification of the French expedition, which would doubtless have been a success if the American Confederates had been successful in asserting their independence, and if England had properly supported France in recognising the South; and the aggression on Denmark and the war which laid Germany at the feet of Prussia, were allowed to take place, partly because the Emperor had had too much experience of the untrustworthy policy of our Foreign Office, partly because it was generally believed that the war between Austria and Prussia would be long and indecisive. It is easy to say after the event that the Emperor ought never to have allowed it to take place at all. Many patriotic Germans believed, that nothing better could happen than that their two bullies should give each other a thorough pommelling, and allow the spirit of the small States, which excelled as much in liberty and intellectual life as they did in brute force, to assert itself for the regeneration of the country. Certainly, whatever it may be for us, the revolution which has converted Germany into a vast Prussian barrack, is a great calamity both for herself and for France. Instead of disarmament being

thought of, the French army must now be increased and brought to its highest perfection, to meet any possible aggressions from such a formidable neighbour; peasants must be torn from the fields more pitilessly than ever, and the commercial prosperity of the country checked in its growth, for how long a period it is impossible to say. Many intelligent Frenchmen think that a short and sharp struggle for the mastery would, with any result, be less calamitous than such an armed and threatening peace as is likely to ensue now. Certain it is that the French alliance is more necessary to us than ever, and the closer it is made, and the more of the small States it can be made to include, the better it will be for all the parties interested. The alliance of America, Russia, and Prussia, would be quite a match for that of England and France; and it would be as well to take every possible precaution, for if not quite probable as yet, it is always possible. When Russia makes her next attack on the Ottoman Empire, we shall know whether or not she has really ceded all that large territory in North America to the United States for little more than an old

song. It is sad that the present combination of affairs threatens to dissolve our old family connection with Germany, a country with which we have never yet been in a position of hostile collision, which will infallibly ensue if the Germans try to emulate our naval supremacy, as well as the military supremacy of the French. It has been said with a degree of satire, that Nature, in dividing her empire, gave England the sea, France the land, and Germany the air. Taken seriously, this might mean that while her sisters excelled her in arms and commerce, Germany excelled them in the fields of science and art, and that her standard of general education was higher than that of either. Why could she not be satisfied with this gentle supremacy? In coveting new realms which do not naturally belong to her, she imperils that which is peculiarly her own. In future European complications, however much sympathies of race may draw us towards Germany, our interests will probably be found to coincide with those of our next-door neighbours, and when a choice is forced upon us, we shall, in all likelihood, be found at their side.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

THE Academy, by common consent, reaches an excellence not known for many a day. Yet the losses sustained through death have, within the last few years, been so fearful, that to recount them would seem to show that a good Academy, measured at least by our old standards, were henceforth all but impossible. Still, happily, such is the vitality within our English school that the gaps made by the dead are filled by the living, so that while we mourn over our losses, we may be permitted to rejoice in our great possessions. The Academy, indeed, has been singularly fortunate in the recent acquisitions she has made through new elections; and, as usual, she owes much to the recurrent aid of the whole army of outsiders, whom no injury or insult can discourage or drive away. Some dozen works may be enumerated which of themselves would suffice to render the Exhibition illustrious. The post of honour has been assigned to Mr Frith's painful but powerful picture, 'Charles the Second's Last Sunday.' Pictures too of singular beauty and interest by Mr Millais have been the talk of the season: the two charming children, taken it is said from the artist's own nursery, the one 'Asleep' in bed, the other 'Awake' at morning's dawn, have been the delight of all Exhibition-goers. Mr Elmore, it is evident, has gained something more than health by his recent sojourn in Algiers: seldom has a work more artistic in treatment, more lovely in colour, been brought from climes long the paradise of painters. Mr Goodall, also in colours glowing, and forms noble, recalls scenes from Holy Writ. The Academy, we have said, has gathered strength by recent elections. Mr Pettie is no sooner an Associate than he puts forth powers beyond the expecta-

tion even of his friends. 'Treason' is indeed a desperate conspiracy. The composition tells its story unmistakably. Mr Yeames, another young Associate, justifies his election by a sober, serious-minded picture taken from Wycliffe's Reformation. Mr Watts gave promise of an 'Eve,' whereof the tentative studies had gained admiration in the artist's studio. He favours the Academy with portraits rare in excellence. The expectant 'Eve,' who did not present herself, it has been supposed would be shy of companionship with the 'Venus disrobed,' by the delicate hands of Mr Leighton. Certainly Mr Leighton is at his very best: he has been under the inspiration of ancient Greeks. We must not forget, in recounting the services of young Associates, a skilful composition by Mr Calderon, 'Home after Victory.' And then, lastly, to the preceding enumeration of *chef-d'œuvres* may be added contributions from clever outsiders who make good their claims to admission within the pale. Sir Noel Paton presents a bewitching reverie in fairyland, which we shall descant upon hereafter. Mr Poynter paints Israel's bondage in Egypt with the circumstantial detail of a contemporary chronicler. Lastly, in landscape, Mr Graham for a second time makes his power felt as he tramps with heavy footfall 'O'er Moor and Moss.' Such is a rapid sketch of salient points the Academy presents. We shall now proceed to fill in the details.

Of High Art, in the old sense of the term, there is next to none. The change that has come over the English in common with Continental schools is remarkable. Heroic noses, Jupiter brows, Herculean muscles, Roman togas, and other paraphernalia of high historic schools, are out of fashion and obsolete. A

plain coat and breeches, even by sculptors, are now accepted as garbs worthy of demigods. Indeed we not unfrequently hear the assertion that historic pictures are mistakes altogether, and that the true mission of the artist is to paint the life which passes before his very eyes. It is to be feared that thus imagination has wellnigh been driven away from her favourite haunts, and that the domain of art is now delivered over to the dominion of the senses. Nevertheless the Muse of history is sometimes allowed entrance within our picture-galleries, provided she conduct herself soberly, adhere to simple truth, and do not insist on wearing the thin attire of Grecian Olympus. But an English historic painter, to be fairly appreciated, must discard Muses and Graces and such genera altogether. He will do well to go first to his tailor to determine the costume: he must ascertain what coat, waistcoat, stockings, shoes and buckles were in a given year worn by a king, his ministers and courtiers. For all this painters are not so much to blame as the public, taught by critics and antiquaries to measure art by tailors' tape. Judged by standards of costume, there are not a few pictures entitled to high position.

'Charles the Second's Last Sunday,' by Mr Frith, is a vivid chronicle of the times. That it is not over nice in its morals may easily be imagined. Charles, seated on a sofa, is "toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine." For the King's entertainment, a French youth sings love-songs. In the background are desperate gamblers, with "a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them;" a bishop standing at the table turns a deaf ear to the call of the neighbouring church-bell to Sunday evening service. The foreground is supported by six King Charles's dogs, five puppies, and a pan of milk. The picture on the left receives decoration and allure-

ment from a bright bevy of brilliant girls lavish of their charms. The situation is turned to best account by the gay rakes who hang about the licentious court. On the right the composition has been rounded handsomely by a buxom dame and a fellow of ardent suit. The whole picture abounds in like suggestive by-play. The painter has managed to point a moral and imply reproof by the presence of Evelyn and two friends. "I can never forget," writes Evelyn, "the inexpressible luxury and profanenesses, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'enight I was witness of." "Six days after was all in the dust." That the painter joins Evelyn on the side of virtue it were too much to assert; that he manages, however, to redeem the scene from absolute coarseness, it is but fair to admit. For artistic management, and brilliancy of handling, the picture can scarcely receive too high praise. It is probably Mr Frith's master-work.

We may be sure that Mr Herbert will paint history in a more solemn spirit. But it does not therefore follow that 'St Edmund, King of East Anglia,' at prayer, makes a better picture than Charles the Second and his mistresses. Indeed, as it was once feared that the devil would take to himself the best tunes, so it may now be apprehended that in the art of modern Europe, as distinguished from that of the middle ages, he will appropriate the most pleasing and popular of pictures. Indeed, works which appeal to sinners are in danger of gaining the greatest numbers on their side, simply because sinners, it is to be feared, are more numerous on earth than saints. The high tone which Mr Herbert habitually assumes is the more to be commended from its rareness. It is to be regretted, however, that he should clothe the spirit of religion in lineaments so hard and severe—that he should, after the practice of austere schools,

be so abstemious of colour. This objection, which may be taken to Mr Herbert's works generally, was never more strongly felt than in the presence of good King Edmund. The day dawns which is to close with capture and martyrdom. The plain is covered with armed Danes, and battle is imminent. The King kneeling by his tent, with outstretched hands and upgazing eyes, makes earnest appeal to the God of battles. It is a pity that the painter's brush and palette have cast over the scene a cold chill. It is impossible for the spectator to be moved to ardour under this penury of colour, this lack of impulse and fire. Mr Herbert's son exhibits a commendable picture, 'St Martin of Tours dividing his cloak with a poor man.' The young artist begins well; he follows in the footsteps of his father, and gives promise that to the English school will yet be preserved disciples of high art.

It is always a matter of curiosity what Mr Millais will do next. His transitions have been many, and often violent. Criticism on his varied styles would fill a chapter. His first or Preraphaelite manner, represented by the drowning 'Ophelia,' he has fortunately got the better of. An intermediate style, when the painter was uncertain of his footing, while as yet he scarcely knew whether to rely on his own genius or confide in the inconstant criticism of Mr Ruskin, has also happily passed away. Thus the world is delivered from the rude and raw handicraft of 'Sir Isumbras' and the wooden horse, from the 'Vale of Rest,' and its monstrous nuns for gravediggers. Let these pictures be committed to the forgotten past; and instead thereof we are bidden to remember 'The Order of Release,' as the first approach to the artist's present style. The manner of which Mr Millais is now master is of its kind matchless. The pictures which he exhibits this year are the glory of the Academy. Nevertheless, we

cannot accept the painter's chief composition, 'Jephthah,' as an absolute success. This picture was much talked of long before it reached the Academy. People knew that Mr Millais was in the agony of a complex composition which presented no ordinary difficulties. The painter had hitherto relied on a single figure or on a simple group. He had never committed himself to the intricacies of an involved composition. He had never essayed to master a grand dramatic theme of action and episode. His habit rather had been to force an episode into a picture. Neither can it be said that the illustrations to the parables and other designs made for books prove that the painter was all the time in possession of a latent power which had, as it were, by mere accident never been put forth in his Academy pictures. On the contrary, these well-known illustrations were manifestly executed under the dicta of that Preraphaelite school which from the first has deliberately set at naught the grand principle of pictorial composition. Thus much it may have been worth while to recount in order to understand why the noble picture of 'Jephthah' falls short of a success. We need scarcely add that a treatment which may suffice for a slight woodcut is not sufficient to sustain a large Academy picture. Furthermore, it is manifest that a painter who takes for his subject the story of Jephthah, will be measured not by contemporary standards only; he challenges comparison with the whole array of historic and sacred art. The difficulty by which the artist was beset is plainly seen on the face of his picture. In the very first conception was involved a breakdown in composition. In other words, the figures are disposed on no definite principle. The colour, too, though of wondrous power, aids but little the concentration of effect. It may be said,

then, that the work is a success in its details, and a failure in its consummation. Individual figures possess amazing force, some have exquisite beauty, and Jephthah himself forms a magnificent study: the head of the old man bowed in sorrow is a marvellous piece of modelling and painting. Throughout, the drawing and handling show rare knowledge and mastery. Altogether, there are few more noble pictures in the English school. The work, too, independent of its individual merit, is important as a manifesto; it sets forth, as we have said, the painter's last manner, it declares what are his highest aims, it gauges his power when put forth to the uttermost.

Mr Millais has sported lovingly with four minor themes. The portrait of 'Master Cayley' is eminently artistic; it recalls the refined delicacy of Reynolds. As a mere study of colour it is exquisite. In another charming picture, 'The Minuet,' a little girl goes through her steps with a pride, importance, and prim precision that it is delightful to behold. Here, again, the painter is intent to prove himself a colourist, which, indeed, he has been from his first beginnings. Two remaining works, 'Sleeping' and 'Waking,' bid fair to be the most popular pictures Mr Millais has yet painted, and that is saying a great deal in the remembrance of 'My First Sermon.' The innocent child awakes at morning's dawn to the singing of the bird, and gazes upwards with the wondering eye of the infant Samuel. Perhaps, indeed, since the days of Reynolds, children have not thus lived upon canvass in the charm of childlike nature.

The Academy as usual contains some few noteworthy works taken from Scripture history. We have described at large the picture of Jephthah; there remain to be added besides one or two remarkable compositions. Mr Goodall now, as heretofore, does real service in

bringing vividly before the mind scenes in sacred story on which imagination dwells fondly. It was in olden times Art's chief mission to call the senses to the aid of faith; and pictures which do this without taint of superstition should be hailed by Protestants as wholesome aliment to the mind. Mr Goodall's 'Rebekah' carries imagination across the vast plains of Mesopotamia. Eleazar has been sent by Abraham to seek a wife for Isaac. To a well comes "a damsel very fair to look upon." The servant of the patriarch falls on his knees, and presents to the wondering Rebekah the bracelets and jewels sent as an offering. Mr Goodall has delineated in lines of beauty another favourite character in the Old Testament. 'Rachel' is comely to the eye; the painter has dowered her in grace, and cast around her the glory of colour. Mr Goodall's pictures are real, yet imaginative; they appeal to the outer sense and satisfy the inward eye; they kindle, too, within the mind ardour in response to forms of beauty. Very different feelings does Mr Thorburn awaken by his narrative of the oft-told story of 'The Two Marys at the Sepulchre.' This painter remains almost the last remnant of the old school, and as an ancient landmark serves to show how Art has of late been drifting. The former traditions concerning high historic styles have become throughout Europe almost obsolete. Even in Dusseldorf and Munich they are fast dying out. And now, since the days of Delacroix, naturalism has extended its sway even over the supernaturalism of sacred art. Mr Thorburn's picture is a curiosity, an anachronism; within the confines of the Academy we shall not soon look upon its like again.

To prevailing naturalism and positivism does a very remarkable composition, 'Israel in Egypt,' owe its power. By this picture a young and comparatively unknown

painter, Mr Poynter, has taken the world by surprise. The artist for his crowded and animated panorama takes as his text a passage in Exodus thus paraphrased—"Now there rose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph. And he set over Israel taskmasters to afflict them with burdens. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour: all their service wherein they made them to serve was with rigour." Mr Poynter has rendered the narrative with inexorable fidelity and force. The children of Israel, who we are told multiplied and grew the more they were afflicted, are harnessed as a herd of brute beasts to a colossal granite lion, which they drag to its destination in front of a Nile temple that occupies the background of the picture. This lion—which, by the way, looks less of granite than of the buckram whereof pantomime lions and tigers are made—is now safely housed in the British Museum. The painter has also been in some measure indebted for his composition to a well-known mural picture in the same collection. Yet it is evident that, while attentive to archæological accuracy, he has violated the known topography of Egypt. The lion in the foreground of the picture was found four hundred miles from the pyramids in the background. The painter's pictorial ends may possibly justify his means. At any rate he secures his first object—a good picture. The applause he gains is worth the more, inasmuch as he contends with a revolting theme. The thankless character of his task may deny him a purchaser, but cannot withhold a reputation. The singular command shown by the artist over the human figure, the facility of action and force of dramatic expression, the readiness of hand, and sketchy dexterity of touch, have been recognised from the first opening of the Exhibition, not only by artists, but by general connoisseurs. There are few

things more interesting than to mark the rise of talent; to note how a young and comparatively untried man comports himself on his entrance upon fame. It is evident that Mr Poynter has not to make a beginning in that severe training which is too often lacking where cleverness abounds. It is possible, however, that he may yet have to conciliate popular taste, which in fact represents wealth and patronage. Indeed, this present picture, as some minor efforts by which it has been preceded, is absolutely defiant of prejudice. Mr Poynter, we believe, has been occupied in mural decorations, after the manner practised by the great Italian painters. For this noble but sadly-neglected sphere, his powers are expressly fitted. His off-hand facility of drawing and readiness of touch indicate the faculty of extemporisation common to the Renaissance, and even to styles called Gothic, but now, to our loss, all but unknown. Improvisation, a special gift to Italians, has been rightly accepted as a pledge of genius. To an artist himself there is no greater delight than to write off his ideas as they flow rapidly from the point of his brush. It is said the 'Israel in Egypt' has been three years painting, but we know that the artist has at the same time been busy on works which have tried his rapid hand.

The extinction of the old schools of historic art has been followed by the rise and extension of novel styles. Painters now, instead of grappling with a whole nation, are content to deal with its individual units. Artists forsake the broad road of history, and betake themselves to pleasant by-ways. They are content to enjoy distant views or side-glances from the loopholes of retreat of the big and busy world. Thus pictures semi-historic are on the decided increase. Incident is preferred to main action—a sparkling anecdote to a ponderous chronicle. There are indeed few themes

more profitable in every sense for a picture than the biography of a great and a good man. Human sympathies, which our English artists know so well how to awaken, for the most part lie closer to the life of an individual than to the destiny of a nation. Our painters are generally at home in all that concerns the emotions of the human heart.

The story of Lady Jane Grey and Roger Ascham it is always pleasant to recount. Mr Horsley's picture will perhaps be not the less acceptable to general Exhibition-goers, because it gives a superficial reading of a character usually deemed profound. We certainly here are not asked to revere the royal student of Plato's 'Phædo,' but rather to admire a pretty young lady seated at a window with the last new novel in hand. That the face of Lady Jane is one bit like any of the reputed portraits which have descended to our times no person will believe. But everybody will take it for granted that Mr Horsley makes of the incident an agreeable picture. The composition has been nicely distributed and balanced, and the handling is smooth, clean, and neat.

Mr Yeames generally contrives to give to historic incidents the persuasion of truth. His narrative is never coloured by passion or even decorated by fancy. It preserves the even tenor of its way, and refuses to be allured either to the right or to the left of a straight plain path. This literal mode of painting has become a confirmed habit with young artists of a certain school. Of this manner 'The Dawn of the Reformation' in the time of Wycliffe is a characteristic example. The incident chosen by Mr Yeames is in every way worthy of his conscientious solicitude. We are told that Wycliffe, having completed his translation of the Bible, assembled the "poor priests," his disciples, and gave to each a copy, with the command to go forth and

preach the gospel throughout the land. The eagle-eyed reformer stands as if conscious of a good cause, and the "poor priests," robed as monks, are delineated to the very life; they appear earnest missionaries ready to labour and suffer for the truth. Mr Boughton, in the same truthful spirit, has represented a company of 'Early Puritans of New England' on their way to worship, armed for protection against the attacks of wild beasts and savage Indians. "Pray to God and keep the powder dry," were an apt motto for the picture. These Christian pioneers of civilisation—men, women, and children—trudge their way through the snow to a distant church, the Bible in the girdle and the musket in the hand. It will be wise to take pictures of this school for what they are worth. And we are disposed indeed to prize them highly. But yet it may not be uncharitable to remark that imagination seems by these painters to be deliberately extinguished, the sparks of genius absolutely trodden out, as if the artist feared that from light must come wildfire. Mr O'Neil has made a careful picture of a telling incident in the life of Luther at Erfurt. The monk's head is a capital study; the choristers, too, are nicely painted. We may always calculate on some play of fancy in Mr Marcus Stone. The artist has gone to the early fortunes of Nell Gwynne for a subject. The pretty girl, with winning grace and generous impulse, hands from her street stall an orange to poor decrepid soldiers, who, on the close of the civil wars, were cast adrift upon the world ragged, penniless, and homeless. In after years, on the intercession of Nelly, Chelsea Hospital was founded. The painter has treated this telling incident with his usual clever address. Marcus Stone sometimes fails through carelessness. Of his ability when he chooses to be at his best nobody entertains a doubt. The childhood

of Joan of Arc has given to Mrs E. M. Ward the subject for a pretty picture. The heart of the young girl, we are told, beat high with enthusiasm for her native country beset and beleaguered by the island strangers. News is brought from the changeful scene of war by an armour-clad warrior, who reposes for an instant within the hostelry. The picture is thoroughly well painted.

Subjects of fancy, works fashioned after the spirit and type of ideal beauty, we would fain hope are on the increase. Something above the level of common daily experience has indeed been long wanted as a relief to the dull level of prosaic facts which artists have for some years past been accumulating on canvass, as if a picture were a table of statistics, or a ledger in a merchant's counting-house. Happily, imagination is not a faculty easily put down or extinguished. Ever and anon she rises afresh, renewed in youth, and asserts her power and spell. The world gladly responds to rapture, and is grateful to the poet or the painter who shall kindle a fire or invoke a reverie. Sir Noel Paton has placed the public under obligation by his very lovely romance, 'The Fairy's Raid.' The scene is laid in a wood on a midsummer eve. The incident has been taken from the popular superstition that fairies change and carry away children. The little changeling is hurried off on horseback. The earth and the air indeed are rife with mischief. The merry wanderers of the night tread their little ringlet on the dewy grass, and dance among flowers like fireflies. In every nook and corner the emissaries of Queen Mab play maddest pranks. The gnarled trunks of venerable oaks serve as hiding-places to flocks of spirits that float as light spray or fleecy clouds upon the twilight air. Fungi, foxglove, woodbine, the yellow iris, and the dogrose, keep company

with genii, who by day nestle in flowery petals. Druids of old have here held dominion in the place now the sport of Dryads; shadowy temple stones stand as sentinels in the pale moonlight; and the star of evening looks down from the cold clear sky as an eye that keeps watch over the spirits' revelry. It will be seen the picture is a page snatched from dreamland, or rather the composition consists of pictures within pictures, just indeed so many visions of delight as might be woven out of dreams in a night's slumber. In fact, a certain other poet's *Dream* on a *Midsummer's Night* must have taken possession of the artist's fancy, so much akin are the world-renowned drama and this picture reverie. Sir Noel Paton's *Preraphaelitism* does him good service in the elaboration of a theme suggestive of infinite detail. The whole picture has been wrought up to the high pitch of a miniature. It is marvellous to see with what precision, not to say anatomical accuracy, each little creature in this crowd of spirits has been drawn and painted. In his present composition Sir Noel reverts to an early love. I thought I remembered such a picture in Edinburgh: a picture long prized in our Scottish Academy glories in like imaginings: the painter must by this time be well known in fairyland.

Mr Leighton makes a bold venture; he paints a *Venus*—an ambition common among artists in ancient times. The example of *Apelles* may have inspired him; the *Venus Anadyomene* may have haunted his imagination. It is said that *Apelles* brought to the execution of that renowned work refined taste, grace in composition, and delicacy of handling. Certain it is that Mr Leighton has given himself over less to the corrupt Roman worship of *Venus*, less to the practice of *Rubens*, *Titian*, and modern French artists, than to the ideal of perfect female beauty which

the Greeks revered under the name of Aphrodite. It is only, indeed, by means of supersensuous and ideal treatment that a figure of Venus can be permitted to enter our Academy at all. The style of Mr Leighton, it will be readily confessed, has a refinement and subtle delicacy well calculated to redeem his daring innovation from taint of grossness. His forms, if sometimes of voluptuous softness, are always removed from common nature. His colour, though far from perfect, judged at least by Venetian standards, is suggestive of purity. Indeed his figures tend to the statuesque, his pictures are painted under classic predilections, his compositions are idyls such as might have been sketched of old under the shadow of Hymettus. We are then inclined to look leniently on this nude Venus. The difficulties challenged by such a work are necessarily so great, that there cannot be much danger that our Academy will be over-stocked. Drapery is so much more easy to paint than anatomy and flesh, our English artists are so faulty in the study of the nude, that want of knowledge will be only too gladly disguised by decently made clothes. Few of our painters would find themselves at home in the Garden of Eden, and pictures which might be in keeping with paradise were certainly out of place in Trafalgar Square. The English too are apt to be intolerant of the company of strange intruders from Olympus. Hence a Venus, an Apollo, a Juno, or a Jupiter, seldom enter the precincts of our Academy. We incline to think, however, that the English are a little over-prudish. Art certainly suffers at the hands of tailors: the human form, which, by common consent, is the most perfect and lovely thing in creation, has too long been disguised and disfigured by Bond Street milliners. The walls of the Academy are apt to wear the aspect of so many pages from the book of fashions. The re-

version then in some sort to simple nature, is a change in the right direction. At all events persons who have acquired a taste for classic art will sympathise with the manner and line of subject to which Mr Leighton has for some time been tending. In a refined and altogether lovely composition, 'The Pastoral,' the painter, according to his wont, softens classic severity by romantic suavity. Here is such an idyl as might have been sketched in the fields of ancient Greece when shepherds and shepherdesses wiled away the day with sylvan pipe. That Mr Leighton's style is somewhat artificial and mannered, few will care to deny. But his mannerism has at all events the merit of taking us out of the range of common nature: his pictures may serve, indeed, as a wholesome protest against the inveterate naturalism which has of late usurped possession of the English school. As a matter of mere costume, what a deliverance it is to get rid of fustian and corduroy! Coat, boots, and black hat are the bane of modern art. The symmetry and rhythm of classic drapery come as music after discord.

Subjects not directly imaginative may be decorated or ennobled by imaginative treatment. Mr G. D. Leslie, son of the late Academician, is invested with a delicate and dreamy fancy, which floats him gently into the land of poetry. 'Willow Willow' is painted in the mood and monotone of melancholy. Upon a river's bank sits a forlorn maiden, sorrow-laden, meditating suicide. A oneness of concerted grief is sustained between the lady and her surrounding landscape. A hazy atmosphere has kindly come to the painter's aid. A semi-mist, lighted by half sunshine, is suggestive of sentiment, at least to dreamy minds. A like impressive monotone the painter sustains in two other compositions, 'Ten minutes to decide,' and 'The Cousins.' Certainly grey-green grass is pas-

sionless, and a soft silvery atmosphere is balm to senses jaded by the London season. Mr Leslie surely has found his vocation. He will minister peace to minds sighing for solitude or seeking tranquillity.

For subtle art-treatment there is not a more exquisite picture than Mr Elmore's 'Housetop, Algiers.' The subject goes for little or nothing; indeed it not unfrequently happens that the best pictures are without subject. In the work before us it would appear that there has been some scandal in the house, whereupon a woman, a marvel for beauty, evidently interested or aggrieved, steps out upon the flat roof and calls the neighbours together by the beating of her hands. So true is it that "that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." The whole town is quickly astir at the cry of mischief; people hurry to the top of every roof—even the pigeons take alarm. The main action of the piece, however, is centred in the group directly concerned. Here the artist has been studious of form, lavish of colour. The principal figure is a grand realisation of Eastern female beauty. Her robes, which fall in graceful curves, bring the high-pitched colour to a climax. The whole city beyond dies away into distance under delicate tones of silver-grey. The painter, with admirable tact, leads the eye pleasantly from point to point, till at length is reached the range of blue mountains which bound the horizon, and clench the composition. The picture, in short, may be quoted in proof of the success which attends express art-treatment. Forms of beauty, colours of brilliancy, lights and shades of delicacy, and a composition to its last and minutest member carefully considered, have made this work of art, as art, one of the choicest gems of the Exhibition. Somewhat on the same ground may be commended a very different picture,

Calderon's 'Home after Victory.' The artist creates for himself the situation, and combines his materials under the dictate of fancy. Not, indeed, that the picture is in the usual sense of the term imaginative, for the incidents and figures tell on canvass as literal facts. Yet, on the other hand, it is perhaps the last triumph of imagination to make her creations stand for positive truths. Certain it is that this "home after victory" might be a page snatched from history. An artist in thus making a subject for himself gains advantages—he has, as it were, all his own way. He has simply to consider the exigencies of his picture; facts do not put him out; he can give free rein to fancy. The incident chosen is the return of a fine, manly fellow from the wars. The young hero comes back again to the home of his father, his wife, and his family. They are, of course, filled with pride and joy, and give him a hearty welcome. His wife hangs on his arm and dances for delight. The old father stretches forth his hands eager for embrace. The faithful servants of the house stand by dutifully, as decorous spectators. Mr Calderon is always happy in the telling of a story: he seizes action at the right turn; he gives to his figures motion, to incidents progress. By these qualities, indeed, he substantiates his foreign descent: he has, in fact, much in common with artists of the Continent, who proverbially outvie the painters of our own land in clever-honesty is the prevailing complexion of our pictures, as it is the distinguishing character of our people. ness and address. Plain, plodding

The Scotch school has seldom been in greater strength. The Academy, indeed, owes no little of its attraction to the admirable pictures of Sir Noel Paton, Mr Thomas Faed, Mr John Faed, Mr Nicol, Mr Pettie, Mr Archer, Mr Orchardson, and Mr Herdman. These artists, in number and for power,

are in themselves a host. They are young and in the prime of life, and some among them are but on the threshold of success. Strong they are in nature, solid in well-grounded study, sober and altogether truthful; so that the promise given will not fail of fulfilment, and the good beginning made will have worthy ending. Several of these painters, however, have long since passed their probation. Of Sir Noel Paton's picture we have already spoken in befitting praise. Of Thomas Faed little can be added to what is already known. He still continues to paint with sober truth and moving pathos the annals of the poor. He produces only one picture, but that in his best manner—'The Poor, the Poor Man's Friend.' A blind beggar approaches the door of a cottage, round which the inmates are seated. The children of this poor family are eager to offer a mite to the blind poverty-stricken wanderer. The artist paints in a key, and clothes his work in a colour, well befitting humble life in a cottage. Gay pigments were out of place. The half shade of sorrow, with a bright gleam of light, comport with hardship encountered by content. It is not a little interesting to mark how the nations of northern Europe have fallen, perhaps unconsciously, into this tone of colour, this complexion of sentiment. The painters of Scandinavia, Tidemand and others, paint in broken, checkered, shadowed hues: the characters they depict often carry marks of suffering, the cheek is careworn, poverty looks out from the eye, the brow is storm-beaten. Paintings have nationalities as well as peoples.

The manner of Mr John Faed is akin to that of his brother. Since the days of Wilkie the prevailing style of the school north of the Tweed has been sufficiently pronounced. Still between the brothers Faed there is a difference which it is not easy to overlook. John

paints with painstaking care; he polishes his figures till they reach a smooth surface; his detail is frequently pushed to the finish of miniature. His pictures have a refinement, his characters a delicacy of skin, which scarcely comports with humble life. Hence the artist sometimes takes to polite society, as did certain of the more refined painters of Holland. Thomas Faed, on the contrary, sticks with constancy to the rugged nature of a rural peasantry. Whatever questions may be raised as to the comparative merit of the two styles, it is at all events certain that Mr John Faed has of late made advance upon his chosen manner. 'The Ballad' and 'Old Age' are capital pictures. The artist this year has forgotten his conventional black-blue background. His tones are tender and relatively true. Mr Pettie, since last we met in these pages, has won his associateship in the Academy—a reward which every one says he was worthy of, on the strength of his present picture dedicated to 'Treason.' The composition tells its tale without possibility of mistake. The heads conspire together: they are intent in the brewing of a plot. The colour, as it were, smoulders in fire. Guy Fawkes might have lit his lantern in the midst, for light burns and colour kindles. The picture indeed, though sombre, is a triumph of harmony. Mr Orchardson can scarcely have to wait long for his associateship if he will but paint with deliberation and study. 'Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne,' by this artist, from the play of 'Henry the Sixth,' is clever, though eccentric. It may be objected, perhaps, that character has been sought at the expense of comeliness, that angularity is courted to the neglect of grace. On the other hand, it will be answered that the occasion was not one which called for suavities. Talbot, not to be caught in the trap set for him, summons to the rescue his troop of

armed men. The Countess, upon whom the tables are thus turned, meets the intruders with what grace she may. The situation is not particularly agreeable on either side. The painter proves his power in repulsion. He is too clever by half to soften a composition by sentiment. Rather does he choose to spice his subject by satire. Few, indeed, are the painters who in this special line can succeed so well. Mr John Archer is another artist who makes steady advance according to his deliberate and quiet manner. Of his three pictures, 'Portraits in the time of Charles I.' is specially fortunate. The composition and treatment recall Vandyke's well-known portraits of King Charles's children. The picture, even to its accessories, is carried out to well-balanced completeness. The works of Mr Nicol are gradually growing more civilised: his characters are no longer grim with dirt, and better manners are maintained within the precincts of his compositions. This is a change in the right direction. Yet were it too much to expect that the artist should leave off his old ways entirely. 'Kiss, an' make it up' is a situation in which he is quite at home. He works out his subject with enviable power. The rude naturalism of the scene at once pronounces the painter's true position in the history of art. Mr Nicol certainly does not do a thing by halves. His manner is always hearty and downright.

How great are the changes which a few years bring about. Our old friend Preraphaelitism is dead and buried, and there is not even one survivor to mourn over the grave. Mr H. Wallis, who some ten years ago painted 'The Dead Stone-breaker,' a work which Mr Ruskin pronounced the picture of the year, has forsworn his faith. Surely if the holy brotherhood were not scattered to the winds, an edict of excommunication would be passed on this recusant disciple. Mr Wallis

is now suffering under symptoms of severe reaction. Not only has he for "a stone-breaker" substituted 'Luther and Melancthon,' but instead of a style vigorous in naturalism he betakes himself to an execution of nicest delicacy. His colour is studious of refined harmonies. In short, the painter who once trudged along as a wayfarer on a rough stony road, has now become the carpet-knight. We fear that Arthur Hughes also is losing robustness in gaining delicacy, is forgetting nature while courting poesy. We have already recounted the change that has overtaken Mr Millais; the painter may be congratulated on his happy deliverance. Not so, however, his old friend, Mr Holman Hunt, who ever and anon exhibits anomalous works which the few applaud and the many ridicule. We could scarcely believe our own eyes when we came upon the artist's last performance, a lady—or rather, a woman, not a lady—who goes in the catalogue under the title 'Il Dolce far Niente.' The work, to say the least, is a mistake. There is surely cause for regret that the painter of 'The Light of the World,' 'Christ in the Temple,' 'The Scapegoat,' and 'The Awakened Conscience,' should dissipate his talents on a composition of common costume. An artist endowed with undoubted though eccentric genius, is scarcely justified in expending no inconsiderable time and strength on frivolous themes. What good end does such a picture as this answer, what does it teach, what pleasure even can it give? Mr Holman Hunt has in times past aimed at moral and religious teaching, and therefore he himself indicates the standards whereby he would be judged by posterity. That his name will live hereafter no one will question. And the fame he has worthily won it will be hard for him to subvert, even by works which perhaps it were kind to pass lightly over as the mere by-play of talent. We trust that ere long the

artist will produce a picture honourable for high intent.

In a chapter devoted to eccentricities might be comprised 'Bathers,' by Mr Frederick Walker, the artist to whom the French have awarded the only medal they could spare for "water-colours." There is certainly nothing watery or washy in these opaque 'Bathers.' The mud on their skins undoubtedly suggests the propriety of ablution. That figures so ungainly should be seen in the nude is surely a misfortune. They evidently have been modelled by Walker, not Apelles. Mr Whistler makes himself truly useful in Exhibitions. His pictures do to be gaped at by the groundlings. Critics also, ever thankful for some diversion from hackneyed commonplace, see in waywardness the promise of genius. 'Symphony in White, No. 3,' is clever as a conceit; it is suggestive, as a subject is apt to be when daubed in indefinitely. 'Sea and Rain' is also what critics call "suggestive" and "promising"—suggestive of the pump and promising a deluge. If the painter could have pushed his peculiar treatment a little further, he would have succeeded in washing out his subject altogether. It will be well for Mr Whistler to remember that talent cannot dispense with industry. Mr A. Moore is another young artist still afloat in limbo; a course of severe purgatory may in the end put him right. Last year the hangers suspended the painter for his presumption at the ceiling, and so perhaps the sins now committed are smaller, and indeed venial. It must be confessed Mr Moore has an express vocation; he seeks to rehabilitate domestic life in classic times; he composes pictures in the spirit of Pompeian art; he throws himself into the mental attitude of the painters of ancient Rome. In France, and other Continental countries, the same line has been taken with marked advantage. In England we have been too busied with contemporary topics to turn the

eye back along vistas of remote antiquity. The great French painter, Ingres, was accustomed to throw the domestic incidents of classic times into interesting and instructive cabinet compositions. Gerome has followed the initiative thus well taken. Coomans, in the same versatile country, treats Pompeian interiors decoratively. Cupid-like children who go about naked, are with him a favourite resource. Alma-Tadema in Holland, working the same vein, paints manfully as an old Roman. Mr Moore then need not feel discouraged; good men keep him company. His picture, 'The Musicians,' is more careful and thorough than heretofore. He will do wisely, in common with other revivalists, not to exaggerate the failings of the originals he seeks to emulate. It will be well for him to remember that beauty, symmetry, and subtle *finesse* in execution, are the qualities we have learnt to esteem in classic art. In this chapter of anomalies must be mentioned 'The Portrait of Rembrandt,' by Mr John Gilbert. In the painting of *pasticci*, otherwise pictures which assume the style of some well-known artist, Mr Gilbert has already proved himself adept. This portrait of Rembrandt affects intentionally the manner of Rembrandt, consequently it becomes an anomaly in an English Exhibition. Rembrandt himself would scarcely obtain a place on the line in our Royal Academy. His pictures might be voted a bore, and pronounced coarse. Yet next door—that is, in the National Gallery—several thousand pounds have been afforded for a work by the vulgar Fleming.

Dutch styles and cabinet pictures are once more in the ascendant. T. Webster has not for a long time exhibited so profusely or well. 'Practising for a Village Concert' is in the artist's happiest mood. For delineation of character, for readiness in seizing salient traits, for raciness in sly satire, for neatness in turning a subject out of hand, Web-

ster indeed is not surpassed. In the painting of Dutch interiors, F. D. Hardy, J. Hardy, and G. Smith, display accustomed adroitness. Still we incline to think that small cabinet or miniature works are not quite so plenteous as in former days. Artists, in fact, are now ambitious of greater things; a painter scarcely cares to execute a small work when he can compass a large one. It is often, indeed, your self-formed men who take to the Dutch department. An Academy education generally inspires ideas which soar above Teniers and his bright brass kettle. Yet our painters, as we have seen, commonly stop short of high art. It is in the intermediate walks, the happy mean, that English art is most at home.

In portraits there is not much to record. *Toujours la même chose* is the common cry. Still a few works call for comment. The picture of 'Her Majesty at Osborne in 1866,' by Sir Edwin Landseer, cannot be criticised. It is painful, and we pass it by. The President paints 'Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland' as a duchess should be painted, handsomely and with state. This full-length figure has beauty and ladylike bearing. Sir Francis Grant is in a different way equally successful with Lord Stanley. The able Minister of Foreign Affairs looks the astute and firm statesman from top to toe. The artist seldom turns out of hand a more thorough and solid picture. Mr Weigall has rarely displayed such artistic skill as in the portrait of his bride, Lady Rose Weigall. F. Winterhalter, like H. Weigall, is best when simplest. It has been Winterhalter's misfortune to make reputation by meretricious performances. Yet it is difficult to conceive of a head in better taste than that of 'Mrs Vanderbyl.' The flesh is delicate, the gauze dress is gossamer, and the grey background, which Winterhalter seldom fails to manage nicely, is in exquisite tone and keeping.

The best portraits of the year purely in point of art are by Wells, Watts, and Herdman. Mr Wells last season fairly won his associate-ship on the strength of that manly picture, 'Volunteers at a Firing Point.' He now sustains his honours by a very different, but in its way an equally excellent picture, 'Helen, Daughter of Mr Charles Magniac.' The style of Mr Wells is somewhat a novelty in the English school. It is a departure from the prescriptive Vandyke manner transmitted through Lely and Reynolds down to the present day. Rather may it be taken as a recurrence to the firm and solid school of Van Helst; only, however, with this important distinction, that a suspicion of Venetian colour, sombre, half shadow, half light, generally enters the pictures of Mr Wells. There is certainly no better portrait style going, scarcely excepting that of Mr Watts, whose works we must by no means forget to mention. This wonderful colourist has certainly been too lavish of warm pigments in the painting of the pale student head of the Dean of Westminster. Mr Watts, in this as in some other of his works, emulates the Venetians even to excess, and so the portrait of the Dean has the doubtful merit of being less like the living man than an old Italian picture. The artist, however, has made ample amends in that lovely portrait of the Hon. Mrs Seymour Egerton. The picture is perfect as a study of colour: it is glowing, liquid, and translucent as a Venetian canvass. 'Herr Joachim,' a lamplight study by the same artist, is a masterly achievement, grand and suggestive. The picture may be taken in evidence of a cherished theory which teaches the essential oneness of colour and sound: it were at all events a pretty fancy that the melody awakened by the musician's touch brings the picture into chromatic harmonies. We congratulate Mr Herdman on the advance he has

made. His work last year was commendable: the portrait he now sends of 'Mrs Shand,' by its rare artistic qualities takes the Academy by surprise. The painting of the flesh and the drapery, and especially the skill and taste displayed in the treatment of light and colour, are worthy of all praise. The picture has a silvery delicacy, a sunny cheerfulness, which are peculiarly pleasing. Altogether the Academy displays a creditable array of portraits, and it is evident that no lady or gentleman need find much difficulty in the transmission of cherished features to posterity.

Landscapes have, in our Academy, in common with the other academies of Europe, to give way to figure subjects. Landscapes, indeed, are not academic, neither do they impart to an exhibition the attraction and popularity which attach to historic compositions. The world has, however, generally supposed that the strength of the English school lies in its transcripts from nature. Yet certainly no such strength is manifest on the face of the Academy. Landscapes, in fact, such as there are, have been treated badly. They have almost, in fact, been altogether driven from the Exhibition by the hangers. It is no uncommon thing to see a foreground of flowers and valley-loving ferns growing at the ceiling; coast scenes are not unfrequently, to use a geological term, turned into raised beaches; the tops of doors are washed by the waves of the sea; Swiss mountains and rock-climbing pines have long felt themselves quite at home in the upper regions of the Exhibition. This, we trust, will be all changed for the better, in the course of two years, when the Academy may hope to get into more commodious quarters at Burlington House. The French have long managed things more wisely in their annual *salon*. In Paris a picture found worthy to be hung at all, obtains a place where it can at any

rate be seen. The grievance of which we complain is so old that Academicians, who are safe of "the line" themselves, begin to look upon it as time-honoured. No one, however, will begrudge Mr Creswick the space he is accustomed to occupy to his own credit and the advantage of the Academy. 'A Beck in the North Country' is among the painter's happiest efforts. Specially to be enjoyed in this simple sylvan scene is the sight of that graceful ash-tree growing in the corner. To an observant student of nature, who in his walks among woodlands has oft and again stopped, arrested by the beauty of the feathery foliage of the ash as it floats and quivers in the breeze, a tender green softened by quiet greys seen against the deep blue sky of summer—to the lover of nature, we say, it is a great treat to come upon this ash-tree as painted by Mr Creswick. The graceful bend of the trunk and curve of the stems, the painter has drawn to the very life. The cool and modest colour of Mr Creswick finds violent contrast in the fiery sunsets of Mr Linnel. It is extraordinary that artists will not learn that nature has no mannerism; that she cannot be induced to repeat herself; that since the day God created and clothed the earth, the sun has not risen or set upon the face thereof twice alike. Certain artists, however, make themselves celebrated for given sunsets, just as great actors become identified with notorious characters. We can imagine a painter before his canvass, as a player before footlights, enacting for the thousandth time his well-matured sunset. Much to his own satisfaction, he floats across the sky a time-honoured cloud with its golden edge, remembering how oft that cloud has gained him applause and a purchaser. In one corner of the studio are valuable properties, such as studies of sheep settling down at sunset for repose; on the opposite wall hang a shepherd and shep-

herdess. Thus have our artists during the course of long and prosperous careers gone on persistently multiplying some favourite effect. Hence the Academy cherishes glowing memories of the Danby sunset, the Turnersunset, the Linnelsunset, &c. And the worst of the matter is, that effects which flashed swiftly across the heavens, which fired the imagination of the painter as with the light of inspiration, become stereotyped by tradition, descend lifeless through successive generations from father to son, and are dispensed collaterally, as goods and chattels, among a circle of numerous friends and acquaintance. And so certain sunsets or twilights, storms, shipwrecks, and other commotions in earth and heaven, become the property of given families; they are heirlooms and artistic hereditaments of positive moneyed value, even as the furniture of a house. Thus the younger Linnels enter on a goodly estate; thus the two Danbys reign as by right in heaven's serenity; thus in divers exhibitions, Pyne in Turner-esque furor blazes fireworks into the sky, and the numerous family of Williamsses, under varied pseudonyms, rear ghostly mountains as presiding genii over shadowy silent lakes. Now, we think it can scarcely be cause for wonder that people grow a little weary of this eternal reiteration. The Academy would indeed do a good service could it suppress pilfering and bring thieves to justice. The paucity of new ideas is as incredible as it is inexcusable. Nature is constantly enacting something new, while our painters are copying things old. Preraphaelitism, as it was called, was seized upon as an escape from effete methods. But a manner essentially weak, small, and drivelling, of course, was not long in becoming stale and unprofitable, and so it lived its short day and then died out. The Academy, we rejoice to say, scarcely contains a single Preraphaelite

landscape. The last thing new, and good too, is the style which Mr P. Graham has imported into London. His 'Spate in the Highlands' of last season is followed by 'Moor and Moss,' pitched in the same key, painted in like monotone. The world was taken by surprise; nature promised the Exhibition-going public a new sensation. The 'Spate' was the talk of the season; the artist obtained worshippers; and, of course, disciples and imitators. Painters who had been long in search of an idea, at once put together campstool, colours, and folio, and started for Betwys y Coed. By the autumn several small "spates" had found their way to London Exhibitions. And this, it will be seen, is but the old story over again. Originality was the distinguishing merit of Mr Graham's first landscape; even his own replica of a grand effect over sky, moor, and mountain, loses interest by repetition. Still there can be no objection that this the last idea out should be worked a little hard. Mr Graham comes as a wholesome reaction. The public could no longer endure the childish trifling and the pernicious nonsense of Pre-Raphaelism, and so something directly Post-Raphaelite is hailed as a happy deliverance. We may now hope that the great Italian landscape school slandered by Mr Ruskin, will be once more restored to its legitimate influence. The great and immutable principles of landscape composition, as distinguished from mere topographic mapping, will, we trust, restore grandeur and noble intention to landscape art. Mr Graham paints up to the pitch of an idea, as all true landscape artists before him. Thus is gained expression, force, and dramatic character.

With more than ordinary pleasure do we now bid adieu to Pre-Raphaelitism, as it makes its exit from the Academy. "The Sketcher" in these pages was among the first to laugh at the folly of a

coterie of young artists who presumed to tell the world how to paint from nature. He boldly declared that the practice and principles of the young men were delusions—that English art was about to lose her strength and dignity—that she would descend from a mental creation to a mere handicraft. The prophecy proved true. The works elaborated at infinite cost of time and patience were wretched as pictures. At last nature herself disowned these her would-be disciples. And so the school is at length dissolved and dispersed, and no one can tell of its doings and its whereabouts. All that can be said with certainty is, that now and then a painter given up for lost rises again to the surface, expressly to exhibit a picture in refutation of his once cherished creed.

Sir Edwin Landseer has driven into the Academy a herd of 'Wild Cattle from Chillingham.' It was a bold venture to paint, close upon life size, these "beasts of the chase that roam in woody Caledon." Should, however, the race become extinct, the Earl of Tankerville will retain the next best thing to nature herself—a picture by Landseer. From the same estate in Northumberland the same artist has taken a flock of deer. Sir Edwin Landseer departs from his usual drawing-room style in the treatment of these immense canvasses, painted, no doubt, for an entrance-hall or a hunting-box. The world contains but few animal pictures which approach life size. The French have seldom painted a horse, or even a dog, to the scale of nature. Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair' would have been double its present dimensions had the horses been as many hands high as the living originals. Paul Potter's Bull at the Haghe, and James Ward's rival Bull at Kensington, were the largest animals known on canvass till these last bold attempts by Sir Edwin. The painter will not have

many imitators: the result is far from pleasing. The scene-paintings of Mr Ansdell constitute what may be called "the menagery school." His Spanish subjects have truth and beauty. Human nature life-size may be esteemed high art: the brute creation life-size usually degenerates into low art. Into a picture of animals there can seldom be thrown sufficient thought or mental expression to fill a large canvass, save when sky, field, or forest brings to the composition a wide-stretching panorama. Mr Davis, in a very remarkable work, follows the usual practice of Rosa Bonheur, in bringing a landscape in itself beautiful to the aid of his composition. Mr Davis has studied in France, and his picture, strange to say, manages to reconcile the largeness of the French manner with the smallness inseparable from Preraphaelite practices. The hybrid compounds of foreign and domestic schools, now brought within the circuit of our modern art, are anomalous as they are infinite. The tendency of international picture-galleries, and French and Flemish Exhibitions in Pall Mall, undoubtedly is to mingle and amalgamate styles formerly distinct. Art becomes each year more cosmopolitan.

Sea, coast, shipping, and fishing craft furnish our artists with usual material. Hook is not at his best: he presents us with nothing new, save a wave as large as a whale, which wellnigh swamps some brave little fellows in a boat. Cooke is uncommonly good—'The Giudecca, Venice,' has more than his usual colour, and is, of course, accurate as a photograph. The artist has been addicted to science as well as to the painting of pictures, and so, from time to time, he gives the world works dedicated to science and art conjointly. 'Her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror, ice-bound in the Arctic Seas,' was a contribution to science. So, too, is the picture now exhibited—the skele-

ton of "a large fin-whale," measuring sixty-seven feet in length—a creature which, two years ago, was cast ashore in Pevensy Bay. It might have been judged impossible to bring a bony structure so intractable under pictorial treatment. Mr Cooke, however, seems to have thought that, after all, there could not, in point of art, be much difference between the ribs of a ship and the ribs of a whale—and so went to work accordingly. The composition is saved by a poetic sky: the skeleton may feast the hungry intellect of science; the glory of the heavens is the delight of imagination. Recurring to sea-pieces, it will be found that storms, as usual, are brewing in the rooms of the Academy. It is, indeed, quite fearful to see how tempests rage, especially above the horizon of the line. Vicat Cole has evidently encountered rough weather since he left Wales and put to sea. The painter's art-faculties certainly preserve better equilibrium beside a quiet trout-stream than when in danger of shipwreck in a tempest. Mr Gill is another artist who lashes Neptune to fury. Nothing will satisfy some painters short of a tempest so terrible that not a survivor would be left to tell the tale, much less to paint the picture. Mr Brett depicts a storm very differently—that is, he paints with knowledge, and is content to set down facts simply as he saw them. This young artist has long been recognised as a trustworthy student. With enterprise he pushes his way through nature, and brings home, if not always a good or agreeable picture, at any rate a transcript valuable because faithful. It seems that when sailing in lat. 53° 15' N., long 5° 10' W., Mr Brett witnessed an effect on sea and in sky well worthy of record. The dark shadow of the storm passes grandly across ocean, heaving in crested waves. A silver tracery of foam is cast, as a delicately woven net, on the surface of the wavelets.

The distressed ship, which we suppose contains the artist himself, had better have been sunk. It breaks the grand solitude of waters. The portentous sweep of the storm-driven sea, the balanced curve of the waves, the sharp crisp ripple of the wavelets, the tempest-black sky illumined by rainbow gleam, have been delineated with a truth wholly beautiful. Long will the little picture dwell in the memory. It is yet one more proof that nature never repeats herself; that she never pauses in the work of making new pictures; that she never forsakes the mind that loves her truly and serves her faithfully.

While we write, the sad news of the death of England's greatest marine painter reaches us. Clarkson Stanfield had long been in suffering health, and his pictures of late gave signs of coming dissolution. Yet 'The Skirmish off Heligoland,' now in the Academy, has the dash, the spirit, the windy sky, and the rolling wave, which we have so long learnt to prize in the pictures of Stanfield. The history of the painter is not a little remarkable. He followed the calling of his father, that of a sailor; he served in the same ship with Douglas Jerrold, and was promoted by Captain Marryat; while yet at sea he taught himself painting; an accident to his foot made him a landsman, and an artist by profession. As a scene-painter he became famous; we remember well the lovely pictures with which he illustrated Handel's 'Acis and Galatea,' produced at Drury Lane while under the management of Macready. Stanfield's friendship for David Roberts, which dated from an early period in their London career, was intimate and warm to the last. The lives of the two artists ran in parallel lines. Both were equally busy in the painting of scenes which became the talk of the town; both left the service of the stage, entered the Academy, and were from first to last seldom absent from its Exhibitions, to the

success of which, in fact, they materially contributed. Both, too, often met at the Garrick Club; the smoking-room in the old house was decorated by the hands of the brother artists. The two painters were equally self-made; by native talent they reached the summit of their profession; the gap they leave on the walls of the Academy cannot be filled. Of David Roberts a pleasing and characteristic memorial has lately been published in a handsome volume by his friend Ballantine.*

It is also our painful duty to record the death of another distinguished Academician. John Phillip, like Clarkson Stanfield, appears for the last time in the Exhibition: he died, as it were, brush in hand: he was seized by paralysis in the full vigour of life. John Phillip is one of the many artists of whom Scotland may be justly proud. He was born in Aberdeen, and, like many other sons of genius, especially in the north country, his parentage had been humble. In common with the two painters of whom we have just spoken, he was a self-made man. Indeed, it is not a little singular that David Roberts and John Phillip in boyhood alike served under house-painters. It is related that the talent of young Phillip first obtained recognition when, as an apprentice to a painter and glazier in Aberdeen, he was sent to the house of Major Gordon to put in a pane of glass. From that moment the future artist received kind patronage; he visited London, and became a student in the Royal Academy; but no great success attended his early efforts. Happily he went to Spain, partly in search of health; and the glorious works he painted under the influence of Velasquez and Murillo, gained for him the soubriquet of "Spanish Phillip." Seldom, in fact, has our Academy shown a more noble pic-

ture than that of 'Murillo in the Market-place, Seville.' 'La Gloria,' now in Paris, has also amazing brilliancy and power. John Phillip was snatched away just as he had entered on new fields: in a recent tour to Italy he had collected rich materials for many works. The career of Phillip was brilliant, but comparatively short. At an age not quite fifty, it might have been hoped that many of the pictures for which he had already made preliminary sketches and studies, would have yet adorned the Academy. The artist's closing contributions, now in the Exhibition, display his usual truth, breadth, and vigour.

A rapid glance at the French Gallery and the Water-Colour Exhibitions must close our review. As small space remains, it is fortunate that little need be said. It may, however, be worthy of record that "the Institute" has adopted a course often urged on the Academy. This, the younger of the two old societies of water-colour painters, initiates honorary membership in favour of distinguished foreign artists. The scheme could scarcely have had a better beginning than in the election of Rosa Bonheur, Henriette Browne, and L. Gallait. The gem of the whole gallery is indeed the exquisite drawing by Rosa Bonheur, a remembrance of Scotland. This 'Highland Lake' bears on its translucent waves a boat-load of sheep. The same scene painted in oils makes one of ten pictures contributed by the artist to the Paris Exhibition. The water-colour drawing is the better work. It is indeed interesting to see how perfect a mastery the painter has obtained over a material which we had almost supposed was a specialty of the English school. The best qualities of water-colour art are gained: the colour is pure, liquid, transparent, brilliant. Gallait, who produced a sensation in

* 'The Life of David Roberts, R.A.' Compiled from his Journals and other sources. By James Ballantine. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1866.

1862, we are glad to welcome again to London. He manages to preserve a certain historic largeness in two small water-colour replicas of well-known works. Henriette Browne, who in Paris is extending a reputation hitherto grounded chiefly on an oft-seen work, makes her presence pleasantly known in Pall Mall. The recognised position of foreign artists in London exhibitions, for which we have more than once contended, cannot fail of benefit to our English school. Our native art has hitherto been insular, not to say exclusive. The idea that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen enters even into our picture-galleries.

Of the Old Water-Colour Society we have space only to say that it is at its very best; so strong, perhaps, that it scorns to seek foreign aid. On more than one occasion, indeed, it has succeeded in gaining over oil painters, who might with advantage have been numbered in the ranks of the Royal Academy. J. D. Harding in the later years of his life was driven from Trafalgar Square; and now likewise Tom Danby, under hope deferred, has taken quiet refuge in Pall Mall. This gallery, all but perfect after its kind, may be counted the distinguishing glory of the English school. The world cannot see its like elsewhere. What a pity that at this moment the building with its contents cannot be carried across Channel and pitched in the Champ de Mars! The project, indeed, as regards the drawings, is not unworthy of consideration, when in the course of three weeks the gallery will close. English art has been so shamefully snubbed and ill-treated in Paris that some effort should be made to redeem our national honour. Foreigners would certainly open their eyes for admiration, could they but see what the island barbarians yearly produce in the Old Water-Colour Gallery.

The prolific power of production in water-colour art is attested by the establishment of a third exhibition, which has attained in the Dudley Gallery a third year of success. The need for this further addition to the already numerous collections which scarcely leave the critic a week's rest throughout the year, is indicated by the high excellence of works which otherwise could hardly have made their merits known. Within the walls of the Dudley, young artists may practise rehearsals, and the wings of half-fledged genius can there take experimental flight. Altogether the enterprise is praiseworthy, and the quality of the works, moreover, is found to improve from year to year, so that the trial and discipline implied in a public appeal are evidently salutary to the artists concerned. By happy chance, too, a really mature work may seek in this general and tolerant gallery the fair-play not so readily accorded where old vested interests preside. Such a work is Mr Madox Brown's remarkable and disagreeable drawing, 'Cordelia's Portion.' The year has not yielded a more astounding production. The picture is strangely original, and strongly mannered; it is loud in stage rant, after the Kean school. Its merits lie in its intense realism: properties were never painted with greater force; characters not often clenched with so firm a hand, or wrested from tranquillity and beauty by the fury of so much passion. It may be well imagined that the result is rather peculiar than pleasing. As a bold manifesto of the much-esteemed mannerism of Mr Madox Brown, the achievement deserves to be marvelled at.

We cannot close without paying once more tribute to the excellent service done by the French Gallery in London. This choice collection contains as usual an epitome of French and Flemish schools. A replica of Gerome's well-known 'Louis XIV. and Molière,' gives to the most popular artist of the

moment the place of honour. Landell's "Fellah" is also a work which has already made a reputation in Paris. The quietism of Frère—not, by the way, a state of mind much affected in France—is always congenial to our people, who in art love quietude and gentleness. Plas-san, too, is another artist who has become equally a favourite in London as in Paris. His brilliant little pictures sparkle like gems. Du-verger exhibits his masterpiece, 'The First Communion;' De Jonghe was never seen to greater advantage than in an eminently artistic picture, 'Antecedent to Confession;' Alma Tadema of the Dutch school, and Coomans and Bouguereau of the French, are known for a novel class of subjects, to which we have already referred in our criticism on Mr Moore. These painters reanimate the life of the old Romans. 'Tibullus's Visit to Delia,' by Tadema, is a restoration such as might be made by an antiquary among the ruins and spoils of Pompeii. Coomans and Bouguereau, true to the proclivities of Frenchmen, tend to decoration, romance, and voluptuousness. 'The Morning Kiss,' and 'The Signal' are sportive in fancy; such pretty conceits are feasts to a beauty-loving eye. The Dutch side of the Flemish school is represented by characteristic works of Alfred Stevens, Baugniet, Madou, and Ten Kate; its Van Eyck revival may be witnessed in pictures by Leys and Koller; its French or Delaroche phase makes but a poor appearance in a minor work by Gallait. Among the illustrious dead, Troyon, the famous cattle-painter of France, is seen by his last work—a little feeble; and the eccentric Decamps, by one of his clever eccentricities. Of the charms of Rosa Bonheur it were superfluous to speak. Of Lambinet's grey, cool, and showery skies,

it is impossible to have too much, especially under the hot sun of summer. Rousseau's landscape will be looked upon with curiosity, not to say envy and jealousy. It is, of course, powerful; yet will English painters scarcely recognise that rare genius which has gained from an International Jury the highest honour the assembled world of art could award. Surely Rousseau is not, as pronounced in Paris, the first landscape painter in Europe. England and Germany produce greater.

Vast changes are impending over the future of British art. At length it is finally decided that the National Gallery shall retain possession of Trafalgar Square, and the Royal Academy betake itself to Burlington House. Many are the mutations consequent upon these altered conditions. The Academy, it is to be hoped, will be able, among other things, to extend and improve its annual Exhibition; and with the promised augmentation of area, there can be no longer excuse for injustice to outsiders. Much of the obloquy attaching to the Academy would at once be removed could a fairly good place be found for every picture accepted on its merits. But reform must not stop with half measures. The vested rights, too long usurped by genius in decay, should be surrendered. The dead may be safely left to bury their dead, and the living must be allowed to live and reap just reward. The Academy, we are glad to say, under the spirited leadership of Sir Francis Grant, has shown laudable desire to move onwards with the times. Much remains yet to be done. We must, however, be content to wait for the new building in Burlington Gardens, which, whether Gothic or Italian, will, we trust, contain space enough for the developing of whatever liberal views the Academy may entertain.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

A HANDFUL OF SOVEREIGNS.

THE Emperor of the French is giving at this moment to Europe what Victor Hugo, when speaking of the first Napoleon, called the "sublime spectacle of a *parterre des rois*." Now, whether it be that my monarchical instincts have latterly received some cruel shocks, or that the occasion which has brought these exalted personages together would appear ludicrously unworthy of their dignity; but I own to feel less impressed by the "sublime spectacle" than I had anticipated, and am free even to confess that in the monster show itself there are many things, I think, as well worth seeing as the monarchs themselves.

That they will "draw," however—that they are now "drawing" largely—there is no doubt, and no visitor can be said to have conscientiously "done" the Exhibition who has not scored off his Czar and his King of Prussia, as well as his monster mortar, his steel hammer, and his Chinese kitchen.

If there was a grim drollery in assembling these royalties as national products, and showing the world what Japan, what Spain, what Turkey, and what Dahomey accepts as the "culminating unit," so that in examining the exhibit one might arrive at some sure guess of the nature of the people which had thus, as it were, sent us its most finished article—if, I say, this was the spirit that suggested the gathering, I must admit it was a wonderful concession to the genius of our age; and though, perhaps, it would be asking too much, one would have liked to have seen the machinery of monarchy at work, just as we see the die-foundry, the loom, and the printing-press; and it

would have added unspeakably to the realistic charm of this mighty show if the Emperor of Russia would have knouted a real Pole, and the Japanese Ambassador have finished the ceremony of presenting his credentials by the "happy despatch."

As we see the whizzing wheels and the heaving cylinders in the machinery department, we ought to see how his African Majesty does his "sword trick." If practice, as our old copy-books taught us, make perfect, there must be an amount of dexterity in his performance quite remarkable.

If, however, it be that these Royalties have not come as exhibits, but as mere sight-seers, like thousands of meaner mortals, eager to learn the relative advances of different peoples in the various careers of industry, what valuable hints, what store of useful notions, will they be enabled to carry home with them!

It is but a few days back that the newspapers gave us a most graphic and edifying description of a vast establishment—I really believe it was in Ireland—where pigs were slaughtered by steam, and where hundreds of these interesting animals had their throats cut with such rapidity that they were actually on the way to be pickled and packed before they had fully recognised decapitation. Imagine the delight with which his African Majesty must have witnessed the display of this ingenious machine, and the promptitude with which he ordered a supply of them for his national festivals! Who is to tell us, after this, that these Exhibitions do not extend the advantages of modern inventiveness, and

open to remote nations the rare products of human skill and intelligence? Before three years are over, I feel certain the New-Zealanders will be slaughtering our fellow-countrymen with six-shooters from Sheffield, and many a patriot in Siberia will carry on his wrists the "last thing in handcuffs" that Birmingham has turned out.

We have been told, however, that the sovereigns who have assembled at Paris did not resort there for vulgar sight-seeing—that they made the Exhibition a mere pretext, and came there just as an astute diplomatist may occasionally be seen to saunter into an opera-box, little caring, indeed, for the legs of the ballet, but very eager to hunt out the secret of some floating rumour, and the meaning of some cunning move on the part of a colleague; and this explanation is possibly not remote from the truth. Fortunately or unfortunately for the world—I'm not very sure which—these illustrious personages have not many occasions when they can meet each other. Setting aside minor considerations, the world keeps a too jealous watch on all their movements; and the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange reflect too sensitively even their very slightest steps to make such things possible. It is somewhat humiliating to own it, but it is the simple fact, that the Emperor of Russia could not drink the waters of Vichy, nor the King of Prussia correct his acidity with Carlsbad, without inflicting ruin on many a respectable family, and bringing desolation and misery into many a household. We never can bring ourselves to believe that these people are not scheming and plotting. We cannot be brought to admit that these are passing moments in their lives, when they can think of "that poor creature, small beer."

It is true there is something reassuring in the thought that the destinies of the world are not so

entirely in the keeping of these mighty personages as at first blush they might seem to be; and a European sovereign, accompanied by his prime minister, strongly reminds one of those smart four-in-hands which young gentlemen, just come of age, affect to drive—having previously secured a clever coachman, who sits on the near side of the box, and holds himself ready to take the ribbons whenever the nags show signs of being unmanageable. "Touch that wheeler, your honour; make that grey come up to his collar," whispers coachee; and so does your Czar or Kaiser take in his statecraft from Gortschakoff or Beust, well knowing the whole time that all his driving is at best but amateurship, and that if it should come to an ugly bit of road, or a block on the way, the sooner he resigns the reins the better. Louis Napoleon, however, affects to be his own coachman, and that drive to Mexico shows with what success. As for the King of Prussia, he has taken to the ribbons late in life, and never properly understood what good coaching is. All his early experiences were in a one-horse buggy, and it is rather startling to the best of nerves to sit behind four fiery nags, while your coachman is perpetually chirping and gee-hupping to them, as M. Bismark will do, no matter whether there are carts in the way or closed toll-bars right in front of them.

Now if these people really wanted to show us that they could drive, why don't they come out without the coachman? Leave Beust and Bismark at home, and let us see how you'll tool the team. I'd like to have seen how Louis Napoleon himself would have got round that sharp corner at Luxemburg if one of our people hadn't told him to lie by for a moment till that lumbering old Prussian *eilwagen* had passed. It is a simple fact that they all drive precious badly, and the only fellows who make a good figure

on the road are such as have wit enough to keep a clever coachman, and give him a liberal allowance for the stable.

The Press of Europe—for though we in England began the movement all the others are at it now hard and fast—are strenuously advising economy and retrenchment. They say that if one would consent to drive a pair, or even a single horse, the others would soon follow, and thus a considerable saving be effected—no bad thing, when it is remembered that in this passion of rivalry and display we are all living beyond our means. What they say is, These flashy equipages are things of the past; our ancestors affected them, just as they affected a score of other barbarisms that we are intelligent enough to have renounced; the spirit of our age rejects such things; men have grown more moderate in themselves and more considerate towards others; and that vulgar desire for display does not belong to our era. And they add, The first man who takes to the road with a one-horse buggy will be the most popular person in Europe.

Not only do these advocates of retrenchment show the great benefit that will accrue from a diminished expenditure, and the opportunity that such will offer for more profitable employ of money, but they go on to enumerate all the accidents and calamities that have come of reckless driving, and the frequent collisions which we hear of in every part of Europe; and lastly, they advert to a fact which, though apparently a small one, has a wonderful significance and a deep importance, when one comes to think of it. What they say is this, These costly equipages, and these mettlesome teams, require a first-rate hand on the box, or a smash is inevitable. Now, in all Europe you can count these coachees on your fingers. I doubt very much if there are in reality six of them. The conse-

quence is, there is no name for the extravagance of their demands. They insist not only on enormous wages, but all the stable patronage and perquisites. They know their importance, and they take precious care you should know it also; and they are always ready to say, "Suit yourself, sir," to the master; "I'm going to live with the gentleman over the way."

Now there's not a doubt that for one man who can drive four-in-hand well you will find five hundred who can tool a tax-cart, and if you choose to come down to the humble equipage you will not be so cruelly exposed to the insolent demands of a self-important flunkey. These half-dozen fellows—for, as I have said above, there are not more of them—might strike to-morrow, and where should we all be, I ask you, if they were to declare that they'd not drive any more, under heaven knows what conditions?

Seriously, however, this suggestion of economy and reduced expenditure, to have had any chance of success, should not have come from England. The difficulty with which we maintain a very small army at its full complement, and the disfavour with which our people, in their sturdy independence, regard all military service, are facts patent to all. That we grudge the cost of a force which makes the patrol of the globe is but too well known; nor has a minister any so sure and short a road to popularity in England as by cutting down the army estimates. Foreigners seeing this, and reading, as they do, the debates in our House, naturally say, "England feels all the inferiority her diminished military power inflicts upon her, and as she cannot come up to us, pleasantly suggests that we should come down to her." In fact, it is pretty like the proposition of a commercial traveller, that for the future no man should drive anything but a one-horse tax-cart. Continental nations, however, have

other ambitions than trade successes. I am not going to defend or attack them, but I am forced to admit, that the spirit which for some years back has animated our people, is not that of the rest of Europe, and Louis Napoleon—though possibly the utterance was not very discreet—was not wide of the mark when he declared that the greatness of a nation was in the direct ratio of the squares of its standing army. Not only, then, was England wanting in the high authority to speak on such a subject, but her advice, when she gave it, became naturally matter of suspicion. “Cut off your leg,” cries the wooden-legged man, “and I’ll run you for a hundred yards.” But I don’t think the biped is obliged to recognise the challenge. Now, had the notion of disarmament originated with France or Russia, the prospect of its being favourably entertained would have been far greater. These are great military powers, and a reduction of their strength would be something more than a diminished means of offence. It would imply a total change of policy. To send back to the fields and the factories hundreds of thousands of men—to habituate them to the independence of the peasant or the town labourer—to attach them to the soil by the ties of family, and elevate their lives by the hope of betterment—would be to effect a total revolution, and such a revolution as neither Czar nor Emperor has yet dreamed of.

Garrick, the poet tells us,

“Cast off his friends like a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could
whistle them back.”

But is it quite sure, if a general disarmament took place through Europe, and should endure, say for six years, that you could ever whistle back your recruits—or is it not more than likely that the system of the conscription would be doomed for ever? So much the

better, cry the reforming peace party, it is all that we ask for. Ay, but do you expect the Emperor of the French or the Czar to accept these views? Is it likely that these great rulers will see their power depart from them without any equivalent, or at least any equivalent on which they set value? Is not military power the very essence of Continental sovereignty? Do you imagine that these deliberative assemblies they call “Chambers” are anything but fair-weather contrivances, to be stowed away when the gale freshens and the sea runs high? How long do you believe they will be endured after they have dared to offer an opposition to him who has made them?

Let us bear in mind that English greatness is not foreign greatness; our ideas on this score are as unlike those of any Continental opinion as are our notions about food or dress, literature or law; and indeed if we wanted to make converts, we could far more easily induce foreigners to eat underdone beef and read Miss Braddon, than adopt any suggestion we could offer on military matters.

Not only have we relinquished all pretensions to increase of empire, but there would seem a sort of rivalry amongst our statesmen as to how best we could get rid of much that we have; and it would be a kind of success for a Colonial Secretary to be able to tell us that Canada was gone and Australia was going. The smaller our possessions, the easier to watch them; and the theory is, the fewer the sheep, the less need of a herdsman. There is no denying this, although one may not exactly say that he accepts all the consequences with satisfaction. The theory, however, gains advocates every day; and the man who will rise in his place, and declare that we ought to restore Gibraltar to Spain, and give Malta to Italy, will have a more astounding popularity than even he who annihi-

lated the compound householder. These peculiarities of statesmanship are, however, essentially English—they belong to us, and to no one else. They are ours, like Protestantism, and Respectability, and Bitter Beer; all the more ours that no one would rob us of them. The nation which professes that she does not care to keep what she has, can scarcely preach with profit to those whose desire is to have what does not belong to them.

If, in a holy horror at Turf atrocities—to which certain recent scandals have given additional point—Mr Bright should openly declare that he had abandoned all idea of a racing establishment, the announcement would scarcely carry with it the same amount of enforced conviction as if it came from Lord Hastings or Sir Joseph Hawley; and so, when I read that England

counsels a reduction of all military power on the Continent, I am struck as if I heard that Bavaria declared she was ready to diminish her navy! If I were like the correspondent of a certain clever journal that we all know of, I could probably tell how Alexander, or Frederick William, or Franz Joseph, enjoyed the joke of this purely English hint. I might even be able to add what his Majesty or his Imperial Highness observed to me at supper on the subject; but as I have no access to such august company, I can only imagine with what dry humour they must chat over the suggestion, and how sarcastically laugh at the nation of shopkeepers for daring to dictate to the nations of gladiators.

Suum cuique—we make capital cotton stockings and some excellent crockery.

AN ADIEU TO OUR VILLAGE.

There is a well-known story of a poor prisoner for debt, who, having obtained his liberation by some general act of grace, ardently begged he might be permitted to end his days in the durance to which some forty odd years had accustomed him. I never thoroughly understood the force of this poor fellow's logic till a few days ago, when, by the accidents of life, the incident came home to myself.

I, too, am about to be liberated. I am set free to quit the village in which, for nigh twenty years, I have been a sojourner. Not, indeed, essentially a prisoner, in the sense of high walls and strong bolts; but all as much bound by the little ties of life to pass an existence within certain narrow limits, and conform to the ways and habits of a place, which, had I made the attempt, I should have found myself as unable to change or alter, as would the humble debtor afore-

said have been to introduce reforms into the Marshalsea.

I cannot believe that the prisoner really liked his prison—liked its daily discipline, its uniform round of small observances, its dietary, or its company. I cannot imagine that any man could be so constituted that the want of freedom alone would not have weighed heavily on his heart, and impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in comparison with the meanest of those who were free and at large. Nor can I picture to myself a creature whose mind would not stray at times beyond the walls of his cell, and revel in some old remembered spot dear to his boyhood and bright in all the colours of early youth; but I can well conceive how, by the slow march of time, another nature gradually supplanted the old one—how the usages of a life of unbroken uniformity, bit by bit, entered into his very soul, and the outer world,

the world outside the high walls, became to him as mythical as anything that may go on in one of the planets.

In many respects our village was wonderfully like a jail. First of all, the mode of life was singularly regular and monotonous. Every one did exactly like his neighbour—our dress, our diet, our hours of up-rising and down-lying, were all identical; we took pleasure in the same amusements; and had we ever arrived at the sensation of sorrowing for anything or deploring anything, I am sure our griefs would have been as identical as our joys; and lastly, as in a prison, each was there for something he had either done or had omitted to do,—and here was a bond of fellowship stronger and more enduring than any other in all existence.

No one who has not worn the convict's jacket can form the slightest conception of the good-fellowship of the galleys. There is a freemasonry in fetters that passes all the mysteries of Noble Grands and Black Princes. The fact is, that everything in life has a relative significance—we are rich or poor, strong or weak, great or insignificant, according to what immediately surrounds us; and the coat which would pass muster very creditably in St Giles's would be marvellous bad wear in Bond Street or Piccadilly. So is it of morals. Now, in our village, there were possibly some small things that a rigid moralist might have demurred to. I will not say that there might not have been, here and there, passing occasion for censure on this or on that; but one virtue I boldly claim for us, and I challenge Europe to dare a rivalry with it. We were, and we are, eminently tolerant. Whether this great quality came of the largeness of our natures generally, or of that long and intimate study of human frailty which passed under our eyes, or of both combined, I

know not. I but vouch for the fact. I will not go so far as to say we were hopeful of human nature generally; for hope is a prospective quality, and we were all too essentially wrapped up in the present to waste a thought on what was to come: but we had great store of that charity which thinketh well of all things—and what a balm must it have been to many a crushed and wounded spirit to have known that there was one small spot in Europe, a mere village if you will, where no memory of by-gones could reach him! or if they came, could they affect his fame or touch his fortune! Wolves and lambs, we all lay down together, with the tacit understanding that the habits were to be those of a peaceful sheepfold, and that in these pasturages, at least, none was to devour his neighbour. And now I am going to leave all this, and to venture upon a new penitentiary, where I don't even know one of my fellow-prisoners, nor have I as much as seen the turnkey.

No wonder if I grow heavy-hearted if I think of it. I had grown so habituated to all here that life cost me no effort. I went on as a steamer does after the screw has ceased revolving,—smoothly, quietly, wavelessly—getting each moment nearer to the mooring; and now I have to get up steam and be off to a new roadstead.

Has it ever, most bland reader, been your fate, when seated at a very pleasant little dinner with familiar and fond faces around you, to have received a sudden order from His Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke of Kamtschatka, or the Hospadar of Taganraggenoff, to dine with him—an invitation which is a command, and to accept which you have to make a hurried exit from your friends, and hasten off with all speed to invest yourself in gold lace and embroidery, to

qualify you for the supreme blessing of being intolerably bored? Now, I don't say that his Highness has sent for me, or that any such greatness imperils me; but I have received an intimation that my prison has been changed, and that I am now to be the denizen of a larger penitentiary, or—I may go at large if I will.

With half the poor debtor's experience of captivity—for I have been but twenty years—I am reluctant to go. I am used to it now. I can take my little exercise in that short corridor just as well as over the side of a mountain; and the view out of my window, though it be only the common court where the other prisoners are playing, interests and amuses me, to the full, as much as if a whole panorama of the Tyrol lay stretched before me.

Another thing, too: ours was a sort of model penitentiary, and people who were curious on such things came from all parts to look at us. We were not exactly a reformatory—I won't say that—but I believe I may assert, that there was such an instinctive love of order, such a native sense of decorum and discipline amongst us, that the system worked without warders or overseers; none complained of the dietary; and such a thing as a prisoner tearing his clothes, or making a noise in his cell, was a thing positively unknown. I am bound to admit there was no crank-labour, no oakum-picking, no stone-breaking; we did nothing all day long, and it was astonishing how we thrived on it. I don't believe there were five men in the institution who had earned as much as one day's subsistence all the time I knew it, and yet there was no discontent—there was not even ennui. If happiness be the test of a successful system, ours ought to have the gold medal. Scores upon scores of the curious who came to see the place ended

by taking up their abode in it. We had our historical associations too; and a very respectable gallery of all the celebrities who had formerly adorned the establishment graced one of the wings, and strangers took a vast interest in this, particularly young ladies, who often came, accompanied by a convict "detailed" for the purpose, to copy a particular portrait.

Is it wonderful if I am sorry to leave it now? where shall I ever find such felons again? Where shall I ever hear such a kind interpretation of all human motives, so many comforting assurances to those weak of virtue, and so many argumentative reasons for doing whatever one liked? Compared to the smooth path of existence here, all other roads in life are macadamised highways and barefeet. We are constantly told—I read it only last week in the 'Times,' in a leader about Mexico—that in every conflict between Civilisation and Barbarism, it is the savagery gets the worst of it—that the spirit of culture is always the conquering spirit, and that the polished races sweep the uncivilised ones before them, by a law that never varies. Now, is it not strange that the theory is scarcely borne out by what one sees in the world of society? It is not the superior mind, the higher intelligence, or the greater refinement, which, leavening the mass, elevates the whole. It is exactly the reverse; people in the world of life take their tone from the lowest in intelligence, and the meanest in acquirement. We are not here without men and women of a thoughtful turn, some of them gifted with considerable faculties, and some who would make their mark on the society of any European capital; and yet in our village they are totally submerged and lost: swallowed up in the "gurgite vasto" of the universal nothingness that surrounds us; they give

no sign of their existence, so that we are not crushed by mental superiorities, nor do we groan under the remorseless tyranny of that oppressive being—the man of cultivated understanding.

Is there then anything that we could complain of? I verily believe there is not. I never heard of a place so easy to live in, nor of people so easy to live with—where men are so temperate in their tastes, each satisfied with his own, be the fare ever so humble, so that no one sponges on his neighbour. There are no one-ideaed people running about in society, and boring you with some egoistical conception about prophecy, or politics, the age of the world, or the advance of the Russian. We are neither historical nor speculative; the only deluge we take count of was a flood in the Arno; and our notion of original sin is connected with a rise in the price of tobacco!

Sitting here for the last time, “sub tegmine fig-tree,” I am really sorry to think I am going away. Had I indeed had charge of some great “argosy”—had I been in command of some “tall ammiral”—it is not impossible I might have desired more sea-room and a wider ocean; but *my* existence—I own it in all humility—was a mere “canoe voyage;” and where could I have found a pleasanter rivulet to paddle in?

In the great centres of life—in Paris and in London—men’s nerves are so tensely strung by the exciting interests of life, that they come into society weary, jaded, and exhausted. Now, in our village, there are no high themes, no eventful questions. We have no rich people to fret over a fall of the funds; we have no clever people to go mad over the scarifying criticism on their spec’ or their novel; we are neither tormented with celebrities nor bored by ambitions. We are all delightfully dull and charm-

ingly commonplace; and the smallest of stories, or the flattest of jokes, would have a success with us such as the smartest repartee or the best anecdote would not obtain elsewhere; and, let me tell you, there is much in this.

We are all of us eager to know where we can live cheaply—where rent is low, and the markets reasonable—and where our sovereign is worth not twenty, but five-and-twenty, or even thirty shillings; and why not, I ask, seek for the same economy intellectually? Why not inquire where you can exist with a very small patrimony of brains, where you can compete with your neighbour on a very modest fortune of intelligence?

I am not ashamed of my cold mutton and my table-beer when I know that the gentleman next door is not dining on venison and Chambertin; and in the same way it reconciles me marvellously to the significance of my own life—its plodding monotony and its general worthlessness—when I can show every evening in the public garden a score or two of people just as idle, just as stupid, and just as good for nothing as myself.

Am I so certain I shall ever meet the like again? The very thought of going amongst active-minded, busy, bustling people, with interests to enjoy, and ambitions to stimulate them, actually stuns me. I have been chewing the opium of this drowsy Italian life so long that I cannot shake off the pleasant lethargy, and take to “THOUGHT” again.

Our village, too, had another advantage: it lay on a great high-road to many more important places; and tired travellers liked it well as a place to rest in. The inns were good, the landlords civil, and not greater rogues than their colleagues elsewhere; and then, if a stranger fancied to defer his departure, and pass an extra day or two amongst

us, such was our hospitality, such was the unsuspecting courtesy of our habits, he was at once presented with the freedom of the city, and there was not a house, from the Maire's to the Postmestresse's, where he was not an honoured and accepted guest.

More exclusive communities will exclaim against this, and cry out, How dangerous and how rash! Our experiences do not corroborate these fears; or, at all events, we are philosophers enough to balance the good against the evil, and we are content with the result. The luckiest fisherman will now and then find in his net some monstrous creature he is only too glad to return to the waves; and so is it in life. All our "takes" are not John Dorys.

Perhaps of all our characteristics the most striking was the tame indolent way we pursued our pleasures; for though we were essentially a people bent on enjoyment, and, in fact, thinking of no other thing, yet we never, as John Bull does, converted pleasure into a business, and toiled like galley-slaves to amuse ourselves. We knew so well that to-morrow would be pretty much the same as to-day,

that we had none of that exaggerated eagerness for enjoyment—that *carpe diem* zeal to condense our delights—which is so often seen at home. In fact, our object was rather to husband our resources for self-indulgence, than to make much of the occasions themselves; and this sentiment threw a certain graceful languor over intercourse, which coarser natures from the wrong side of the Alps mistook for lassitude!

Just as there are seas so buoyant that the worst swimmers can keep afloat on them, so are there societies where almost without an effort you can sustain yourself. Is it not sad to leave all this? I cannot grow young again, and rally back to hope and spring and ambition. I am somewhat footsore and weary of the road, and would rather see the old familiar street, whose every creaking sign whispers a welcome to me, than all the glories the French Emperor is displaying to his royal guests. I shall never see a sunset so beautiful as that which is now tinging those halls with opal. And there, yonder comes the moon over the top of the Apennines—the last full moon I am to see in Italy.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A THOUSAND silent years ago,
The starlight faint and pale
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil ;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done."

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay ;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what Love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought ! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust ;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust !

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And Love is like a tune that's played,
And Life a tale that's told,

"This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

W. W. S.

THE PROGRESS OF THE QUESTION.

THE session of which the close cannot now be far distant, has been one of the most remarkable in the Parliamentary history of Great Britain. It opened under circumstances which no human being pretended to understand; and has thus far held its course amid a succession of surprises. A Government apparently more powerless than that which met Parliament five months ago, never presided over the destinies of this country. Not that anybody pretended to say of the individuals composing the Administration that they were either weak or uninstructed men. Some of them, on the contrary, stood, and deserved to stand, in the foremost rank of statesmen; nor among them all was there one of whom it could with truth be insinuated that he did not possess more than an average share of ability and knowledge. But they were in a decided minority, so far as their following went, in the House of Commons; and whether they all thought alike upon points of policy at once critical and urgent, was more than the lookers-on could tell. All, indeed, of which the outer world seemed to be confident amounted to this—that Lord Derby and his colleagues had come into office unexpectedly, that they confronted a state of things which it would be impossible to blink, and for them, at least, almost equally impossible to grapple with, and that, whether grappling with their difficulties or trying to evade them, they would be encountered at every turn by an opposition fierce, rancorous, rabid, and most unscrupulous. Few, either of their friends or their enemies, imagined that they would be able, so circumstanced, to keep their places many weeks after Parliament met again; fewer still that it would be possible for them to make their mark upon the legislation of the

country. Yet here they are still in possession of Downing Street—still prescribing to the Houses of Lords and Commons what subjects they are to consider, and how to consider them—still baffling hostile attempts to dislodge them from office—still frustrating tricks cleverly contrived with a view to circumvent them, and enjoying a pretty sure prospect of settling once and for a generation at least to come, the question which, for the last five-and-twenty years, has overtaxed the ingenuity of successive Administrations. Nor is this all. From week to week, and from day to day, the Government gains ground in public opinion—the very eagerness of the leaders of the Opposition to put them in the wrong, contributing only to bring more prominently into view their administrative abilities. It is well worth while to inquire into the cause of a climax which, only half a year ago, probably not a dozen men, in or out of Parliament, thought of counting upon.

The Government is certainly not indebted for the success which has attended it to any perfect congruity of sentiment prevailing on all subjects among its members from the beginning. Its original construction was to Lord Derby as much a necessity as a matter of choice. Of his colleagues a majority had served with him on previous occasions, and the remainder were recognised as men of great ability, who during long years of opposition had well sustained the leading principles of which he is the champion. In proposing to these latter to take office under him, Lord Derby could neither require nor expect that they should on every point, either of foreign or domestic policy, surrender their own honest convictions to his. But he had a perfect right to expect—and they too must

have tacitly admitted the reasonableness of the assumption—that, being of one mind in the main with himself, they would be ready, as often as the details of public business came to be considered, to accept his views and act upon them, provided these were sustained by a majority in the Cabinet. Without an arrangement of this kind no Cabinet could do its work. Indeed we will go farther. The necessity of giving up at least a portion of his own convictions is imposed upon every individual who enters into an arrangement with others for the purpose of achieving a common end. You cannot form a commercial company except by bringing persons together who differ sometimes very seriously in the views which they take of the best means of attaining an accepted purpose; and if this be the case in a matter so comparatively simple as the management of some trading speculation, much more necessarily must it be so when a certain number of noblemen and gentlemen undertake to administer among them the affairs of a great empire. Even in seasons of political quiet, when no heavier burden seems to be laid upon a Government than to keep the vessel of the State in steady motion, a great deal more is exacted in the way of mutual compromise than the uninitiated are apt to imagine. Probably all the members of the Administration equally feel that it is a becoming thing to keep down the public expenditure as far as shall be compatible with the efficiency of the public service; yet when they come to consider the process by which reductions are to be brought about, each particular functionary is unwilling that his own department shall be shorn of any portion of its glory. Without compromise, even in such a case as this, the machine of Government would come at once to a dead-lock; and so the terms of a compromise are settled, not unfrequently at the expense of a good deal of annoyance on all sides.

No Administration was ever formed under circumstances more perplexing than those which beset Lord Derby's Cabinet when first brought together. They found themselves mixed up irretrievably in a controversy, not of their own seeking, which had called into existence the fiercest passions of men, in and out of the Legislature. In that controversy, as it had originally been conducted, their part, though an important, was not by any means a prominent one; yet for the temporary issue to which it had been driven they alone were held to be responsible. The party defeated, in spite of one or two gross mistakes among its leaders, held tenaciously to this doctrine. They had a great end to carry, and except by bringing the Tories into public disrepute they knew that they could not carry it. Stump-orators and stump-writers were accordingly instructed to direct all the artillery of their eloquence against the new Administration; and with what persistency and disregard of truth they obeyed their orders, it is not necessary that we should point out. It was the Tories who had done all the mischief. Theirs were the machinations which had resulted in the defeat of Mr Gladstone's and Mr Bright's Bill. In their hands Lord Grosvenor, Lord Elcho, Mr Lowe, Mr Laing, had all been mere instruments—and through their wiles the working men of England were cheated out of that prospect of escape from political serfdom which a Liberal Government had secured to them. For it was idle to suppose that with a House of Commons so constituted as the present, a Tory Administration would touch the question of Parliamentary Reform at all. No, they had tried their hands at cobbling the Constitution once, and signally failed; and having failed in a House of Commons elected under their own auspices, what was there to encourage them to a renewal of the attempt in a House elected under the auspices of

their rivals? Besides, two obstacles—both of them insurmountable—stood in their way the moment they approached the subject. They could not propose a measure of Reform more liberal than that of last session without breaking up their own party. They could not propose one less liberal which would not be defeated by the Opposition. It was clear, therefore, that their policy would be one of resistance to all change, and that unless the people took the matter into their own hands, their policy might be successful. Hence the processions, the riots, the outrages, which disgraced London during the latter weeks of the late session. Hence the progresses of Mr Bright and Mr Beales and the O'Donoghue during the recess; all of which had at first the one object of bringing back the Whigs to office, though they resulted in the avowed determination of a knot of nameless demagogues to accept neither from Lord Russell nor from Lord Derby any measure which should fall short of manhood suffrage and election by ballot. Observe, we do not say that the country—using that term in its true sense—was ever hostile to the present Administration, or disposed to make common cause with their rivals. The quiet, orderly, law-respecting people might be indifferent between the two parties—perhaps they were. Quiet, orderly, law-loving men and women, who constitute the vast majority in this country, hate agitation so much, that we doubt whether it would be possible to rouse them into active resistance to the most grinding tyranny, so long as it could be borne. But their supineness served only to bring into more prominent notice the vehemence of the minority, who assumed an attitude, offensive, indeed, to good taste, yet a great deal too menacing to be treated with contempt by any, whether members of the Government or private persons, who shrank from the shedding of

blood, except in the last emergency.

The Tory Cabinet thus came together in the presence of an opposition from without more formidable perhaps than had threatened any Government since the days when Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel confronted one another. Formidable as it was, however, this opposition from without presented only the least of the difficulties with which they saw that they must contend. They were by no means sure of their own party. That the more thoughtful among the party were beginning to comprehend the true nature of their own position, as well as the position of the State—of that they could entertain no doubt. But as little was it doubtful that over the minds of many old tradition still cast its shadow, rendering them incapable of perceiving that a policy which might have been judicious a quarter of a century ago, or even less, must, if persevered in now, bring only public misfortune in its train. With reasoners of this class the first point to be considered was, Would it become the great Tory party to take up the question of Parliamentary Reform at all? and the next, assuming that the question must be taken up, Within what limits would it be possible to confine the extension of the franchise? We believe that among the Tories, especially in high quarters, there were some who contended last year, as they contended in 1859, that Parliamentary Reform was not a subject to be touched by them or their leaders under any circumstances. True, this abstention from active interest in a subject more than all others engrossing public attention, must keep the party, so long as they adhered to it, in the cold shade of Opposition. In an age of rapid movement like the present, statesmen who desire only to stand still must inevitably be left to stand by themselves. But the advocates of quiescence affected to hold considerations of this sort very cheap; they persuaded them-

selves that their motives were lofty and pure—that on the altar of the country they were sacrificing their selfish interests—and that it was infinitely better to keep down the ambition of individuals, however honourable, than to jeopardise, in order to give it free scope, the time-honoured institutions of England. They forgot to take into account the fact, that though by acting thus they might restrain the ambition of the ablest men of their party, the great institutions of the country were not one whit the safer for that achievement. Mr Disraeli might be held down for lack of supporters, but Mr Gladstone would, nevertheless, clear away the Church in Ireland, set aside the right of the Church in England to have its fabrics kept up by rates levied in parishes at the will of the parishioners, and throw open the endowments in Oxford and Cambridge to men of all religious opinions, and to men of none. Mr Mill and Mr Bright might be ready first to curtail and by-and-by to abolish the highest privileges of the Peerage; and Mr Bright and Mr Forster between them call in question the wisdom, perhaps the necessity, of keeping up, in an age so advanced as the present, the barbaric pomp which was suitable enough for Royalty five centuries ago.

The section of the Tory party which argued, both in society and through the press, for a policy of absolute abstention, had, however, lost a good deal of its influence even in 1859; and has dwindled down considerably since that date. But the case was believed to be otherwise, and probably was otherwise, twelve months ago. There were then many who, though not opposed to Reform, were Tory Reformers to the least practicable extent. In their minds the connection between rental and the franchise was a sort of stereotyped idea. It had come to them in their youth, when the great Whig measure of 1832 was in the ascend-

ant, and they had never been able to get rid of it since. If we must meddle with the settlement then agreed to, let us do it with as delicate a touch as possible. Rather let us create new qualifications, additional to those recognised in the measure of 1832, than interfere with the old, especially in the boroughs; and if forced to go farther, let us content ourselves with placing town and county, in this respect, on the same footing. It was under the pressure of this special influence, we suspect, that in 1859 Mr Disraeli proposed his uniform rental qualification, and fixed it at ten pounds. Let us not forget, however, that in every proposition of his some reference, more or less distinct, was made to the obligation under which the voter came to contribute to the necessities of the State. Neither in town nor in county was it intended by him that any one should exercise the suffrage who, being a householder or occupier of land, was either incapable of paying his rates or was backward in paying them. And if the connection was not so apparent between this principle and the political status of others, when what were called "the fancy franchises" were about to be bestowed, still the franchises themselves had a good deal to recommend them, if it were only by reintroducing into our electoral system that healthful variety which the Whig measure had taken away from it.

The Tory Reform Bill of 1859 did not command the hearty assent of the party. Even in the Cabinet itself, as our readers cannot have forgotten, there were those who dissented from it; and beyond the Cabinet it was generally received with something more than coldness. The whole of the Liberals, Radicals equally with Whigs, combined to disparage it; and Mr Lowe himself, if he did not propose, certainly supported the resolution which hindered it from getting into Committee. Mr Lowe's opinions in

regard to the fatal consequences of lowering the borough franchise below the ten-pound line had not then matured themselves; they might be floating loosely through his brain, but they had taken no definite shape. At all events, he was willing to accept a six-pound rental qualification in boroughs, with a fourteen-pound rental franchise in counties, rather than have the Tories in office;—even though undertaking to preserve for the ten-pounders that monopoly of political influence which they had heretofore enjoyed. Mr Lowe and his ex-colleagues carried their point, and the Liberals returned to Downing Street. Were the Tories, as a party, satisfied with this arrangement? At first, perhaps, yes; but as time passed on, and the weight of official authority was brought to bear against principles and institutions which they held in respect, the helplessness of their position became gradually manifest to them. It might be satisfactory to be assured that they could render greater service to the State out of office than in it. It was flattering to find the people in power checked, as they said that they were—in reality, weighted in the right direction—by the votes of an independent Opposition. And so long as Lord Palmerston lived, this really was to a certain extent the case. But the advantages gained by these negative tactics even during Lord Palmerston's life amounted to this and no more, that they staved off a Reform measure which he was by no means anxious to pass, and helped him to put a drag upon the wheel of the coach which his more eager colleagues might have upset by driving too fast.

The truth is, that the question of a further reform of Parliament has been palpably used by the Liberals for the last six or eight years as a means of keeping themselves in office, and for no other earthly purpose. If they be the authors of Free-trade, as

they assure us that they are, did they not accomplish that end to the fullest possible extent under a Parliament which had undergone no further reforms since 1832? If to them we owe the flourishing state of the public finances—which we deny as stoutly as we do that they inaugurated Free-trade—are not the finances flourishing already? and have they not been brought to the state in which we find them under that Parliamentary system which was arranged four-and thirty-years ago? If it be part of their policy to repeal Church-rates and to throw open the colleges and universities of Oxford and Cambridge to all unbelievers, has not the House of Commons, unreformed though it be, gone as far as a reformed House could have gone towards the accomplishment of these purposes? Why then should the Whigs have threatened us from year to year with an extension of the franchise, unless it were to coerce us into acquiescence in their monopoly of office, by working upon our fears? Does anybody believe that Lord Palmerston was in earnest when he allowed Lord John Russell to propose one scheme after another for lowering the franchise? Nothing of the sort. Lord Palmerston permitted his coadjutor to act as he did, because no man knew better than he of what stuff the old Tories were made. From the shock sustained by their system in 1832 they had never recovered; and every threat of moving further in the direction of Parliamentary Reform operated upon their nerves very much as a reference to the black bogie operates on the nerves of a child. Of what the black bogie is, or what it can do, or how it shall do it, the child entertains no conception whatever. But the very vagueness of the fear adds to its magnitude, and the little creature cowers and lies silent in bed, while the nurse-maid receives her sweet-heart wherever it may be most

convenient to meet him. So it has been with the Tories heretofore, and the cry of Parliamentary Reform. The bare utterance of the magical phrase filled all who heard it with dismay; and rather than grapple with the danger, they were contented to do whatever the charlatans who abused their credulity thought fit to require of them. How often have we read in newspapers, and listened in private society, to remonstrances like this—"It is useless and worse than useless to plot and scheme for office. We are of far greater use to the country out of office. If we beat the Whigs on any question, and they resign, they will at once get up a cry for further lowering the franchise; and we shall be ousted in order that some sweeping measure may be brought forward and carried, just as much against the convictions of the more moderate of the Liberals as against our own."

This wretched argument prevailed as long as Lord Palmerston sat at the helm. It prevailed because there seemed to be reason in it, though there really was none. But his death entirely changed the condition of affairs. The first act of the new Liberal Minister was to propound a scheme, in comparison with which the most objectionable of all that had preceded it was felt to be both moderate and reasonable. Naturally the first impulse on the Tory side was to resist the Ministerial project face to face; and the resistance which they were enabled to present succeeded. All that followed came as a matter of course. They had no alternative. They were compelled to undertake the responsibilities of Government; and they did undertake them. But on what conditions? Could they hope to retain the Government, keeping the electoral system exactly as the measure of 1832 had settled it? That was out of the question. Public feeling had been expressed too openly and too clear-

ly to admit of the adoption, by any set of Ministers, of a mere doing-nothing policy. Would it be just towards the Sovereign, or fair to the people, at once on the reassembling of Parliament to say, "Our principles will not allow us to touch the Reform question; we must, therefore, make way for Ministers who can deal with it, warning them while we do so, that to the utmost of our power we will oppose their policy, and defeat it, if we can." Just consider the inevitable consequences of child's-play like this! Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone, resuming their old places, would have resumed with them their old schemes; and if again thwarted, they would have done what the Constitution authorises the Crown to do under such circumstances. Parliament would have been dissolved, and a general election, carried on under the bludgeons of the Reform League, would have given us such a House of Commons as has not been seen in England since the time of the great Civil War. No, no: it may be very well in quiet times for Tories to curb their natural ambition, and to content themselves with the *rôle* which their rivals are civil enough to assign to them; but when matters come to such a pass as that honest men must choose between themselves letting out a pent-up flood, and permitting others, whom they cannot trust, to tamper with the sluices, surely common-sense, as well as the principles of honour, direct that honest men should put their own hands to the work, and do it.

To this conclusion the Cabinet arrived, very soon, we believe, after its first formation; but then came the question as to how the work should be done. And on that question, to the great regret of all concerned, the Cabinet fell asunder. Three Ministers, neither the least able nor the least respected of the band, saw the subject in one point of view; all the other members of the Administra-

tion saw it in another. The minority could not bring themselves to surrender their convictions, or to modify them in deference to the opinions of the majority; they, therefore, resigned. Why? Because they belonged to that section of the Tory party, who, though not unprepared to deal with the Reform question, had set their hearts on conceding as little as possible in the way of reduction of the franchise; because they believed that below a certain level—the line of distinction being drawn by rental—Englishmen could not safely be trusted to exercise the rights of freemen; because the prejudices created by the Whig measure of 1832 had so entirely gained the mastery over them that they were incapable of looking at the subject except through one medium. Excellent men they are, and high-minded; but on this one subject entirely in the wrong. And so the great Tory party considered them to be; for almost to a man the party has stood by its chosen leaders, and the country and the House have equally pronounced in favour of the wisdom of their decision.

We cannot sufficiently express our satisfaction that the party has had the manliness, at last, to take its proper place in the management of the affairs of this great country. Slowly and not without pain it has been educated up to the point at which it now stands. By little and little—line upon line, precept upon precept—the truth has made its way into their convictions that there is far more of sympathy between the working men and the aristocracy of England, than between either the aristocracy and what are called the middle classes, or the middle classes and the working men. As we have more than once taken occasion to point out, the great stronghold of Dissent in this country is among the lower shade of shopkeepers and residents in towns occupying ten-pound houses. And nobody who is acquainted with the

condition of English society will contradict us when we say that, with the exception of the Wesleyans—who, by the by, ought not to consider themselves as separated from the Church at all—Dissenters are almost everywhere Radicals. Now, of the working people very few, comparatively speaking, fall into Dissent. They can neither afford to pay for sittings in chapels, nor are the services of chapels at all attractive to them. They are either steady-going Churchmen, or Wesleyans, or else, as in great towns, they have fallen, through the lack of opportunity for better things, into something like indifference to religion in any form and to the lessons which it teaches. That we are not misrepresenting the case, so far as concerns the great body of the working people, every one who is curious in such matters may satisfy himself by ascertaining how the facts stand in special circles. Take, for example, the army, which is recruited mainly from among the working classes, both in town and country. Out of the 200,000 non-commissioned officers and privates who fill the ranks, 100,000 at least belong to the Church of England; 50,000 perhaps are Roman Catholics; and of the remaining 50,000, 20,000 or thereabouts are enrolled as members of the Presbyterian or Established Church of Scotland. Thus a residuum of less than 30,000 remains to be divided among Wesleyans, Baptists, and all the other Nonconformist bodies which England, Scotland, and Ireland produce among them. As to the officers of the army, they are Churchmen in the proportion of ninety to every hundred at the least. Now, here, we conceive, is a fair criterion by which to test the religious opinions of the people in general; and wherever the people are attached to the Established religion, there you may rely upon them as ready to maintain the Constitution in its integrity. Why, then, should the Tories shrink from admitting to the privi-

leges of the Constitution the class which, next to the highest in the social scale, is the most honestly attached to the established institutions of the country? Happily they no longer shrink from this act of prudence as well as justice; and the motives which have guided them to so wise a resolve cannot be better expressed than in the words of their great Parliamentary leader. Mr Disraeli, on a recent occasion, being invited to speak out at a public entertainment in the City, expressed himself thus—

“Hitherto it has been considered that, by raising a certain section of the working classes in a manner which we think was scarcely consistent with national dignity—by declaring a limited portion of them skilled mechanics, and loading them with epithets from which good taste sometimes recoiled—an effort was made to establish a body which should have the command of the constituencies of the country. I think that is a policy the most dangerous and the most disastrous, and to which we have offered an undeviating opposition. Called upon ourselves to deal with the question, we have endeavoured to take a larger view of it. We have endeavoured to consider it as one in the management of which we must not merely look at the means of discountenancing the influence of a rival party, but rather of establishing some system which might conduce to the permanent contentment and greatness of the nation. (Cheers.) We have sometimes been asked why we, who opposed a measure that was brought forward last year, that in some respects was limited in its character, can now conscientiously introduce and uphold a measure much wider in its consequences and in its arrangements. Sir, it appears to me that the answer to that is extremely easy, and one which is perfectly consistent, not only with our sense of duty, but with the nature of the circumstances that surround us. We looked upon the measure of last year as one which, if carried, would have seriously injured, if not destroyed, the Conservative party, and which at the same time would not have satisfied the requirements of the State. We believe that the measure we have brought forward is one which will not injure the Conservative party, but will satisfy the requirements of the State. (Loud cheers.) We have endeavoured

to found our measure upon a broad and deep foundation, and in our opinion we much err in our estimate of the character of the English people if the consequences of the measure we have proposed are such as some think—based upon too limited and contracted a view of the institutions of this country.”

No statement can be clearer than this—none more explicit; and the doctrines laid down in it are accepted in all Tory circles as sound doctrines. It is not so in circles out of the Tory pale, and especially in those of which the semi-aristocratic ‘Pall Mall Gazette’ may be received as the organ. Mark the terms in which a writer in that clever journal prefaces what he intended to be a severe yet just criticism on Mr Disraeli’s speech in Merchant Taylors’ Hall:—

“It is difficult to imagine a more grievous mortification than that which the real Tories must for a considerable length of time have been suffering under their leader. To see themselves gradually forced by Mr Disraeli to pass by far the most democratic measure that has ever been seriously proposed to an English Parliament must be bad enough, but to hear him defend it and expound the principles of the party to the world at large must be positive gall and wormwood. The old Hebrew prophets would have spoken of such a performance as that which took place the other night at Merchant Taylors’ Hall as constituting a day of rebuke and blasphemy. Their modern representative no doubt enjoyed it from his very soul. If ever human vanity was gratified, and had a right to be gratified, it is his. If we think who and what he is, and what his course in life has been, we can understand the intense delight which it must send to his very soul to force the great Tory lords night after night to follow his lead to the destruction of every sentiment by virtue of which they used to be great, and to do so with a smile on their faces, and with a thin pretext of carrying out their own principles. Hardly less flattering to his feelings must be his relation to the Whig nobility. Reform was their property, and he has got it away from them. They were always proud of uniting the caution of an aristocracy with the vigour and love for novelty of a democracy. He has made not only Lord Russell, but Mr Bright, move faster than

they wished, and has conducted the nation by a short cut to the goal which they contemplated as one which was not to be reached at all, or not at all events till they thought fit to reach it. In short, he has subjugated the Tories, has trumped the Whigs, and now has an opportunity of grinning at both as he delivers them florid lectures on the true spirit of the British Constitution, as understood, purified, and brought into its full and natural vigour by the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli. We must consider, too, in order to understand the full measure of his satisfaction, who it is that has done this, and by what means he has effected it. So far from being an aristocrat, he is hardly an Englishman, and began life with no advantages of position, connection, or even of education. He has nothing to boast of even in the article of character or consistency. The happy thought of never even bidding for respect has been one of the most characteristic strokes of his genius. He owes his position exclusively to an intense appetite for power and fame, guiding as much unscrupulous talent as ever was bestowed upon any man. He has got all that he ever tried for. Lord Derby supports him in one direction, Mr Gladstone in another, Lord Russell in a third; and there he stands like an acrobat at the summit of a human pyramid tossing up half-a-dozen balls at a time with an air of composure as serene and self-satisfied as if he was standing on the solid ground instead of being supported by the aching shoulders and straining calves of the three or four unfortunate human beings between whom his weight is distributed. Respect of course is out of the question in talking of Mr Disraeli, but it is impossible to witness his triumph without a certain sympathy with the success of the splendid audacity by which he has made mere footstools of Derby, King of the Tories, and Russell, King of the Whigs, for his impudence endureth for ever.

Let us hasten, before commenting on his sermon, to relieve the mind of the Pall Mall preacher from the anxiety which manifestly oppresses it on account of the outraged feelings of the Tory party. There is not one grain of mortification in their food to poison it. They have watched every movement of their leader since he became a Cabinet Minister, without

as yet discovering the slightest evidence that he has been cajoling or misleading them. Even his efforts to get the famous Resolutions passed, and the subsequent proposal embodied in the Ten Minutes' Bill, troubled them only so far as these things gave indication of some want of harmony in the Government of which he was the spokesman. They entertained no rooted objection to the former course, which, though it led to nothing, was not therefore without its uses; and on the latter they looked as a sacrifice made, though made in vain, to the prejudices of others. But every step taken since has been taken with the hearty approval of the party. The present measure may or may not be "the most democratic that has ever been seriously proposed to an English Parliament." But if it be, it had become a necessity, thanks to the policy pursued for the last twenty years and more by Mr Disraeli's predecessors in office. Can the writer of the article from which we have quoted pretend to believe that the Bill of last year, had it become the law of the land, would have stopped agitation, or satisfied the people? Has he forgotten already the line of argument adopted by Mr Bright in persuading his adherents to give it their support? Is he weak enough to suppose that, after all that had passed, in Parliament and out of Parliament, during the last twelve months, any resting-place for the sole of a statesman's foot could be found except where Mr Disraeli has planted his? If the country is to be ruined by the Reform policy of the present Government, who but the rivals of the present Government—the men whom the Pall Mall Gazette supports—are to blame? But the Tories do not believe that the Bill now before Parliament will ruin the country. It may, and probably will, affect the constitution of the House of Commons so far that we shall doubtless see among

its members, after the Bill becomes law, a few working men, sent thither by their toiling brethren to represent Labour, and probably better qualified to represent it aright than any who now volunteer to take the working classes under their protection. But, so far from objecting to this, we, as Tories, entirely approve of it, being satisfied that neither Tom Hughes nor John Bright know half as much about the wants of labour, and the best means of supplying them, as labouring men themselves. Let the Pall Mall writer husband his sympathies, therefore, for persons who are fitter objects of compassion than the Tories. We are not mortified. We have been forced into nothing. The day is not to us a day of rebuke and blasphemy. It has, on the contrary, replaced us on the ground which, from time immemorial, the Tory party used to occupy. It has made us again what we always were, till Whig cunning cheated us for a season out of our proper position:—the friends of the people, the protectors of the humbler classes, the great connecting link in society which binds the highest and the humblest of its several parts together. Our friends the Whigs have indeed cause enough to mourn in dust and ashes. And mourn we know that they do, as well as “rebuke and blaspheme.” But that is not our fault. They had the game in their hands, and not knowing how to play it, they lost both the game and their own self-respect; and there the matter ends. It is quite true that the Whig nobility considered “Reform” to be their own property, and that Mr Disraeli has got it away from them. It is equally certain that he has made not only Lord Russell, but Mr Bright, move farther than they wished; and has conducted the nation by a short cut to the goal which they contemplated as one not to be reached at all, or not, at all events, till they thought fit to reach it. All this is

indisputably true, and we thank the Pall Mall preacher for stating it; but observe the moral. The Whig nobility and the Radical demagogue had, in all their bluster about the sin of excluding the people from their political rights, no other object in view than to serve their own purposes. The former, desirous of retaining a monopoly of office, and finding that, under the existing system, it was in danger of passing from them, made a calculation of the exact measure of change which would, in their opinion, put the balance back again, for a time at least, in their favour. And the latter—not, it is understood, without the prospect of sharing with his allies the monopoly in question—played their game, contriving all the while to make his followers believe that he was playing it for a purpose. A very pretty arrangement, doubtless; just such as suited the views of writers of the class to which our friend of the ‘Pall Mall Gazette’ belongs. But somehow the plan did not recommend itself to Mr Disraeli and the Tory party; and these, conceiving that it was better to do at once and with a good grace what all professed to believe must be done at last, brought forward a scheme which has received the sanction of a decided majority in Parliament, and is accepted out of doors as in the highest degree satisfactory. If either of the rival parties deserve, under such circumstances, the compassion of the benevolent, it scarcely appears to us that the Tories are that party. At all events, the Tories are the reverse of down-hearted over their own success; and on men jubilant in the present, and full of hope for the future, expressions of pity are worse than thrown away.

But it is not more because he has cut the ground from beneath their feet, than because he ventures to prognosticate that the changes proposed by him will do no damage to the Constitution, that Mr Dis-

raeli has incurred the wrath, and brought down upon himself the vituperation, of the Liberals. In the course of his speech in Merchant Taylors' Hall, he took occasion to notice some of the curious objections raised out of doors to the measure now before Parliament, and thus dealt with them :—

“Can we believe that the great body of the people of this country are hostile to the Monarchy of England? I believe that from those days of splendour, when large bodies of her Majesty's subjects, covered with stars and ribands, assembled around her Majesty, she has not been surrounded by subjects more devoted than those she will find among the toiling millions of this country at the present moment. Is it, then, the Parliament of England that is endangered? Why, what is all this agitation about but a desire on the part of a great portion of the people to become more intimately acquainted with one of the Houses of Parliament—the House of Commons? For let me remind you, and it is important at the present day, although the House of Commons is about to undergo a great change, that change is not occasioned by any feeling of discontent with the constitution of the House of Commons, but, on the contrary, it arises from a certain degree of estimation, even of admiration, of that institution and its effects. So far as the other House of Parliament is concerned, he must indeed have mistaken the character of the English people who supposes that an assembly, consisting of the greatest champions of freedom—connected with the great lineage and influenced so much by the traditions of England—would be injuriously affected by this measure. Why, the only criticism I ever heard with reference to the House of Lords is, that they are not more forward to take part in public affairs. Is it, then, the Church of England that is in danger in consequence of the change we have introduced? It is not for me to criticise the conduct of the House of Commons, but I hope there is no member of that House who will be found to express a belief that in consequence of the measures we have introduced the Church of England will be in more danger than it is at present.”

Now, of all persons whom we should expect to oppose themselves

to teaching like this, the Liberals, who profess at the same time not to be Democrats, are the very last. A stanch old Tory might be excused if he pretended to fear that the power of the House of Lords and of the Church would be endangered by such a measure as that now before Parliament. But that the cry of alarm should be raised in Liberal circles, and find vent—as it does—in Liberal newspapers, that does indeed astound almost as much as it amuses us. Hear again our Pall Mall preacher:

“Having thus justified the consistency of his party, Mr Disraeli proceeded to show how little harm would be done by his Bill. It could not, he says, endanger the institutions of the country. The ‘toiling millions’ are ardently loyal to the Queen. The only fault found with the House of Lords is that it retires too much from public affairs. The House of Commons is so far from being threatened, that a wish for a share in the suffrage is all that is required by the ‘toiling millions;’ and as for the Church, Mr Disraeli observes, with a touch of humour for which we thank him cordially, no member will be found to express a belief ‘that in consequence of the measures we have introduced the Church of England will be in more danger than it is at present.’ As to the fear that the change made will ‘re-enact the old protective system, and at the same time throw the whole burden of taxation on property,’ Mr Disraeli observes that the two things are inconsistent. If the protective system is re-enacted, the whole burden of taxation will not be thrown on property. All this is very pretty to look at, especially the singularly cold crumb of comfort which is afforded to the Church of England, the dangers of which, as Mr Disraeli kindly remarks, will not be increased. The remark about protection, too, would be dexterous if it were possible to cheat one's self into the belief that the form of protection which we have to dread is protection to landholders and to manufacturers. Such protection, no doubt, is incompatible with throwing all burdens upon property; but suppose the ‘toiling millions’ were to try to protect their interests by throwing public burdens into the shape of a graduated income-tax, where would be the inconsistency then? Can any one be the dupe of such language? It is all very

well to talk about the loyalty of the toiling millions, their sincere regret that the House of Lords should not be more active, their wish to take part in electing the members of the House of Commons, and the rest of it; but can any one who looks at facts doubt this broad truth, that the result of the new Reform Bill will be that in fifty different ways England will become, as far as legislation can effect that object, more of a poor man's and less of a rich man's country? Rich people, highly educated people, refined people, will not have so good a bargain of it as they have had hitherto. Gentlemen, in a word, will fall in the market, and will stand, if not at a discount, at all events at a less enormously high premium than they have stood at so far. Who cares really for the institutions of the country in themselves? What people do care for are their effects, and their great effect has been to make England the paradise of rich men and of those who are educated with the views and feelings of rich men. This will now be considerably changed. We do not say that the change is a bad one. Some of its effects we hope will be good. It is one which must be regarded with mixed feelings. At all events it is inevitable, and we have invariably taken the course of admitting this, and of urging those who were principally concerned to accept what they could not help, and make the best of it. They undoubtedly have still excellent cards in their hands. As Mr Disraeli says, England is not America; and riches, education, and refinement must be less valuable things than they are usually supposed to be, if with so many advantages on their side they cannot hold their own. This is one thing, but to deny the nature of the change itself is quite another. We cannot understand how any sincere observer can take that course. The short result of the whole is, that the Tory Reform Bill leads straight to as much democracy as the social state of the country will permit of, and if the leaders of the Conservative party had honestly said so from the first, the whole party would have revolted against them. As it is, having cheated them into passing the Bill, Mr Disraeli tries to hoodwink them as to its effects. He certainly is, as the Marquis of Carabas said of Mr Vivian Grey, 'a clever man, a monstrous clever man.'

Mr Disraeli can well afford to treat lightly such criticism as this.

He believes himself to be justified in all that he gave utterance to, and we entirely agree with him. Certainly no House of Commons likely to be chosen by the constituency which he calls into existence is likely to go farther than the Houses elected under the measure of 1832 have done in reducing the Church to the condition of a sect, and in forcing the House of Lords, *volentes volentes*, to accept and register its own proceedings. And if there were any doubt on our minds in regard to this matter, the reasoning of the 'Times,' most unaccountably inconsistent in writing down one day what it had written up the day before, would remove it. The 'Times' is frightened out of its propriety by a vision of rampant Toryism henceforth prevailing. It sees in the extension of the suffrage to ratepaying householders in boroughs an enormous increase to the Tory constituency throughout England; and is therefore urgent in the demand that in redistributing the seats placed at their disposal by the success of Mr Laing's motion, the Government should throw as much power as possible into the hands of the Whigs. And because the Government has prepared a plan of redistribution which shall as nearly as can be compensate to the counties for the additional loss which they sustain from the suppression of all boroughs not showing a population of 10,000 at the least, the 'Times' is exceedingly indignant.

"It was shown over and over again," says the writer, "that where in consequence of the existence of large numbers of freemen the franchise was within the reach of all householders, the majority of the Members returned were not merely Conservative but Tory. This was especially, we may almost say invariably, the result where the boroughs were of moderate size. The enfranchising clauses of the Bill now before Parliament will render what was the exception the rule, and the consequences which obtained in a few boroughs may

be anticipated in many. We are not objecting to these enfranchising clauses as parts of a proper scheme. On the contrary, when coupled with a fair plan of redistribution, they will place our electoral system on a broad and stable footing. But,"—and so on.

What effect upon the state of parties the redistribution clause in the Reform Bill is to produce, we shall all know by-and-by. Meanwhile, it is in the highest degree satisfactory to find that a handsome majority has supported the Government in their proposition, and that Mr Laing's mad scheme of three-cornered constituencies and cumulative voting found no favour with the House of Commons. But we must not, on that account, withhold the expression of our acknowledgments from the writer who carps at the Ministerial plan, and admits, not without some show of reluctance, that the great bulk of the people were always with the Tories in the boroughs; and that, in bringing the franchise within the reach of ratepaying householders generally, Mr Disraeli is at once acting up to the wishes of the country, and adding to the strength of his own party. After this he and we may equally afford to sit at ease under the obloquy which the angry exponents of Whig sentiment heap upon us. Meanwhile, however, it is not a little diverting to notice how grievously Mr Gladstone and the Opposition have embarrassed themselves by the success which attended one of the latest of the many manœuvres through which they hoped and expected to embarrass the Government. The clause in the Reform Bill which abolished altogether the compound householder, and left him without home or name in the commonwealth, was not ours. Mr Hodgkinson proposed, and Mr Gladstone eagerly supported it; the Government going only so far as to follow in their wake, and to make the best of a difficulty for the creation of which they were not responsible.

Our readers must not forget how this point was laid down in the Bill as first brought forward. Compound householders were not to come upon the roll of voters as such, but every facility was to be afforded them of getting rid of this bar to the exercise of the franchise; and each, in claiming to have his name on the rate-book, was, after a certain date, to become at once a personal ratepayer and a voter. "What an outrage!" exclaimed Mr Gladstone, "what an insult to an honest man! between whom and the ratepayer direct there is only this distinction—that whereas the latter satisfies the demands of the parish-officer as often as called upon, the former saves the officer the trouble of calling by making his landlord his agent, and paying through him." The House of Commons, however, could not quite see the matter through Mr Gladstone's spectacles; and the scheme, as Mr Disraeli laid it down, was on the eve of being accepted, when Mr Hodgkinson suddenly came forward with a proposal to do away with the whole race of compound householders, and to make every man inhabiting a house at once liable in his own person to rates, and eligible as a voter. Nobody who heard the proposal could be blind to the enormous extent of inconvenience which must attend its acceptance. There is scarcely a parish in Great Britain in which householders are not to be found from whom it is impossible to collect the rates; and in the London parishes especially their name is legion. Repeal the laws which now permit landlords to compound with parishes for such rates, and the inconvenience to which parishes will be put can scarcely be overestimated. But what cares Mr Gladstone for that? He saw in Mr Hodgkinson's proposal a good opportunity of embarrassing the Government, possibly of defeating their Bill, and he supported it with all the weight of his eloquence

and influence. He succeeded, and now reaps his reward. The following account of what passed in that drawing-room in Carlton Gardens which has during the last twelve months been the scene of so many curious little dramas, is too good not to be quoted in full. We extract the narrative from the 'Times' of the 12th of last month:—

THE COMPOUND RATING DIFFICULTY.

"A deputation of vestry clerks, representatives of the committee appointed by the various metropolitan parishes to consider and report what means can be adopted to avert the impending loss of parochial rates through the passing of Mr Hodgkinson's amendment to the Reform Bill, had a conference, by previous appointment, with Mr Gladstone, at his private residence in Carlton House Terrace, on Monday afternoon. The members of deputation were—Mr Greenwell (Marylebone), Mr Mitchell (White-chapel), Mr Layton (Islington), Mr Hopwood (Holborn), and Mr Southwell (Mile End Old Town).

"Mr GREENWELL, in addressing Mr Gladstone, stated that the passing of Mr Hodgkinson's amendment would cause the loss of an enormous amount of rates to the parish. That amendment was supported both by Mr Gladstone and the Government, and as the injury which would be inflicted upon the parishes came principally from that side of the House of which he was the leader, they had come to consult him as to what was to be done under the circumstances. As the measure was a Government one, they had consulted the Poor-Law Board, that Board being the guardians of the rates of the metropolis, and unconnected with the political aspect of the matter. The subject had been inquired into at various times by committees of the House and the Poor-Law Commissioners, and they, by their reports, condemned the system of rating the occupier, as leading to great loss of rates, without any counterbalancing advantage being obtained. The Small Tenements Act did not apply to places where there were local Acts, and, therefore, had nothing to do with the metropolis, where local Acts were in force. The object of these Acts was stated in the preambles. Their desire was by some means to continue to rate the owners instead of the occupiers, and they had agreed upon a proposition which would meet their views, but per-

haps it would not meet political exigencies.

"Mr GLADSTONE said, for his own part, he thought it was perfect folly to make this Bill interfere in any way with any arrangements of the parishes about the rates. If Parliament had taken care that the rates were paid he could have understood it, but he could not understand the interference with the convenience of the public. He wished to say that one party in the House had no views on the subject, and was not responsible in any degree for this interference. He had deprecated it all along, and had assented to it, as he would assent to cut off his leg rather than lose his life. The majority of the House had, however, agreed to it, and the question was, Could a proposal be made to meet the views of the majority, and at the same time meet the difficulty?

"Mr GREENWELL said what would suit them was, that the rating of the owner should be extended to cases where houses were let furnished or for a less term than one year, or where the annual rent did not exceed £20. They did not wish to suggest anything which would retard the passing of a Bill, or continue an agitation which inflicted a serious loss upon the trade and commerce of the metropolis.

"Mr GLADSTONE said he had proposed his mode, and it had been rejected. He proposed that a man should have a vote whether his landlord or himself were rated. The House rejected that by a majority of 21. His object was to avoid interfering in any way with the collection of the rates. There was no doubt that a great deal of the composition arose out of the weekly tenancies, and it was perfectly absurd to propose to ask a man who had a seven days' holding under his landlord to pay a six months' rate, so as to place him in relation to the parish for six months, while he only had a holding for a week. He did not think he could postpone the subject, for that would interfere with the political object of the House. There had been a great deal of idle talk and jeering about the compound householder, as if he were a chimpanzee or an ourang-outang; whereas three-fourths of the population were holding houses under £10. Therefore, the legislation upon this point was the Reform Bill. The real Reform Bill was not settled by any measure or motion until the passing of Mr Hodgkinson's amendment. The House meant that the name of the occupier should be on the rate-book, and that he should be under full legal lia-

bility for the payment of the rates. Was it or was it not compatible with these two purposes of the House of Commons that they should make arrangements with the owners, either voluntarily or by enactment, which will enable you practically to collect the rates from the owner? There is no doubt that it is almost a social necessity that they should do so.

"Mr GREENWELL said they might put both the owner and the occupier on the rate-book, making both liable; but the objection to that on the part of the landlord was, that he would have to pay the rate for his tenant when that tenant perhaps ran away without paying his rent.

"Mr GLADSTONE said that what he meant was, that they might make such an arrangement by making an allowance to the landlord as still to collect the rates from him. Without any allowance being made the landlord pays the rates in a large number of parishes, especially in Liverpool. These places are not under the Compounding Act or the Small Tenements Act, and yet the rates are obtained from the owner. Why should they not remunerate the owner and employ him as the collector?

"Mr GREENWELL objected to this suggestion, that if the occupier were legally responsible, the landlord would leave him to the mercy of the bailiff, and not pay the rate.

"Mr SOUTHWELL also objected that if a tenant had paid his rent up, they could only distrain for an amount equal to one week's rent—say 5s.

"Mr GLADSTONE said that under the Small Tenements Act they could distrain for the whole amount. The common sense of the case is in the first place to consider whether you can make some arrangement by law or not, without coming across the arrangement of the House of Commons—the entering of the name on the rate-book. There seems to be a notion in the House that there is some sort of security for a man's virtue in his liability for a rate. The benefit offered to the landlord was what has been very neatly termed a 'profitable contract.' In a large number of instances already the landlord voluntarily undertakes the payment of the rates, as in Liverpool, without any allowance. A man wishing to become a weekly tenant would look out for a place where he had only to pay his week's rent. They wanted to avoid three things—the trouble of obtaining information, the danger of dealing with uncertain tenants, and the trouble of collection. If they gained their object, why should they not pay the landlord for it?

He could collect the rates easily, because he must collect his rent. He was convinced that before five years had passed they would return to the present system. We are not such idiots as to incur inconvenience for nothing at all; at present it would be much better to ask Parliament for power to make a voluntary rather than a compulsory arrangement.

"The conference continued for a considerable period longer, the deputation urging in objection to Mr Gladstone's proposal that great difficulty would arise in settling the rate of remuneration to the landlords, as some would require more than others, and that the question of security where the arrangement was not compulsory would create a difficulty.

"Mr GLADSTONE replied that when once a voluntary arrangement had been made the security would be as good as at present, and in conclusion he said, 'Any proposal for relieving the parishes of this difficulty shall, for my part, have every prejudice in its favour. I cannot speak more strongly than that.'

"The deputation, having promised to seriously entertain Mr Gladstone's proposal, and having thanked him for his kindness, withdrew."

The gist of this long conference is, that Mr Gladstone, feeling acutely the false position in which he has placed himself, is at once unwilling to admit that he has done wrong, and unable to apply a remedy to the wrong which he has committed. He cannot deny that the arrangement which he promoted is both inconvenient and unjust, yet he puts from him the responsibility by urging that nothing of the kind could have taken place had the House of Commons only allowed him to have his own way a year ago. "He wished to say that, in regard to this matter, he had deprecated it all along, and had assented to it only as he would assent to cut off his leg rather than lose his life." This is hardly fair, even in conference with a deputation of vestry clerks. Mr Gladstone never deprecated the repeal of the Rate Composition Acts. On the contrary, he voted and spoke for it as soon as a majority of twenty-one threw out his amendment on Mr Disraeli's first proposal, that the Acts in question should remain in

force, while individuals were allowed, by arrangement among themselves, practically to get rid of its provisions. In other words, Mr Gladstone, indignant that his views would not be adopted by the Legislature, lent all his influence to pass a scheme by which all the London parishes, and very many parishes out of London, will be put to serious inconvenience and loss. Such, however, is the man. He cannot play a losing game. He has no judgment to direct him in the choice of positions to be taken up for purposes rather of demonstration than of defence, and then abandoned. Wherever he halts, there he turns round to fight, and, fighting at a disadvantage, inflicts far more of loss upon his own people than upon the enemy. The House of Commons, we suspect, regrets by this time that it did not accept in its simplicity the proposal which Mr Disraeli made to it. But it will certainly not repair the error then committed by giving up, as Mr Gladstone seems to desire, the principle that the household suffrage in boroughs shall be coincident with the payment of rates in one way or another.

If the House of Commons be disposed to repent of some of the mistakes of which it has been guilty, the people out of doors are day by day receiving a stronger impression that the Tory Ministers are behaving as generously towards them, as they are honestly and fairly redeeming their own pledges. It is seen now, clearly enough, who they really are that fear the people. The Whigs were ready to give the franchise to a class or section which they had made it their business to flatter, and therefore hoped to cajole. The Tories hold, that if the line heretofore drawn is to be removed at all, it must not be replaced by any other. They decline to acknowledge the right of a seven-pound householder to succeed to that monopoly of power which the ten-pounder is losing; and, disap-

proving of monopolies altogether, they take the whole of the borough householders of England into their confidence. In like manner, the lodger, subject to conditions, of the reasonableness of which he is himself fully convinced, is to be admitted within the pale of the Constitution, from which the Whigs would have excluded him. What say Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright to this? That a Government professing Tory principles is revolutionising the country—that it is carrying things far beyond the point at which their greater prudence would have stopped short, and that the country and their party are alike sacrificed to the guilty ambition of one man! Let them rave on. The party has no fault to find with its leader. They suggested the very course on which he has entered, and they will support him to the end with the same fidelity—the same determination—which they exhibited at the outset. And with respect to the country, as it cannot see the danger with which Liberals say that it is threatened, so it extends to the dangerous Minister from day to day an ever-increasing amount of confidence. The Government may yet have a contest or two to maintain, and partial losses to suffer. Such has been the case in the matter of the Durham University—a point of very little moment; and more distressingly so in the refusal of the House to sanction the use of polling-papers at elections. This last failure is a misfortune. But for the game of give-and-take all parties were prepared; and, having succeeded in carrying so much, Ministers need not grudge to their rivals this one partial triumph, more especially as it is hardly possible to believe that the triumph will be a lasting one. We venture to prophesy that, either at this very time or a little later, the use of polling-papers will yet be allowed in other elections than those for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

THE DEATH OF SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

It is the lot of those who conduct periodicals such as ours, to feel, from time to time, more than a common share in the loss of writers whose repute is national, or European, or world-wide. Brought often into intimate relation with celebrated men, we become bound to them by the double tie of literary connection and of personal friendship. Those who, for the public, are but the shadows of great names, may be to us tangible and near realities; we may lose in them, besides the author, the constant correspondent and intimate associate; and their fame is sometimes so entwined with this Magazine, from which their early efforts derived support, and to which their talents lent lustre, "stealing and giving odour," that our brightest pages become the monuments of the great contributors whom we have lost. Less than two years ago Aytoun died in his prime; now, full of years and ripe in fame, Alison has descended to the grave; and, for both, there is added to our part in that general sorrow which is felt when such men leave us, the deeper mourning and sense of bereavement which flow from our more than common calamity.

Nearly fifty years have elapsed since Alison sent his earliest contributions to these pages. In 1819, when in his twenty-eighth year, his first paper, "On the Discovery of the Bones of Robert Bruce," appeared in this Magazine, which he continued, with little intermission, up to seven or eight years ago, to embellish with his powerful and popular pen. It was in the interval between 1836 and 1856 that his articles followed each other most rapidly. Their subjects are widely diversified, though, as might be supposed, politics and modern history are most frequently discussed. Essays on Reform—on the Fall of Charles X., and of Louis Philippe—on Negro Emancipation—on Irish Affairs—on many commercial and financial questions, and on Colonial Government, mark the track of his thoughts in following the great political events of his age. The lives or the works of notable personages called forth reviews of such diversity of subject, as proves that his sympathies and range of thought extended far into the past, including great men of many nations, and great works in many languages. Homer and Virgil among the ancients—Dante and Tasso in a later past—Chateaubriand, Guizot, Sismondi, De Tocqueville, Montesquieu, Mirabeau, and Madame de Staël among the moderns, are some of the subjects of these; while articles on the Greek Drama, the Roman Republic, the Athenian Democracy, and the Crusades, attest the variety of the channels into which his speculations were directed. Written as they were in the intervals of a busy professional career, which is marked too by his standard work on the Criminal Law of Scotland, they would of themselves have borne ample testimony to the culture and industry of their author; but they formed only a small proportion of the offspring of his prolific intellect. Many of these papers were but offshoots from the important work which is, and will long remain, identified with his name, and which occupied so large a space in his life. It was, he tells us, while visiting Paris during its occupation by the Allies after the fall of Napoleon, that the idea of writing the History of Europe from the French Revolution took possession of him. Paris, when he saw it, was still the Paris of the former kings of France; streets and palaces, and parks and public buildings, were still the standing records of the old and picturesque monarchy, suggesting its traditions, its policy, its costume; but the city was thronged

with the alien troops whose vast camps lay all around it. It was the striking contrast between that not remote past and the actual present which led him to picture to himself so vividly the successive and startling changes that had produced it, and inspired him with the desire to record in one narrative the great events of the Revolution and the Empire. The downfall of the monarchy—the crimes and horrors of the Revolution—the victories of the Republican armies—the glories and final overthrow of the Empire,—such was the rapid and extraordinary course of events which, drawing the destinies of other nations into its current, formed, with them, the subject of his brilliant plan. He tells us in his Preface how high was his conception of the capabilities of this theme. “A subject,” he says, “so splendid in itself, so full of political and military instruction, replete with such great and heroic actions, adorned by so many virtues, and darkened by so many crimes, never yet fell to the lot of an historian.” And we learn from his Preface that he approached the great task in a becoming spirit. “Inexorable and unbending in his opposition to false principles, it is the duty of the historian of such times to be lenient and considerate in his judgment of particular men.” To this just and lofty view of the duties of his vocation he was absolutely faithful. Bringing to his task very strong opinions of his own, and, in accordance with them, judging rigorously all great national and political questions, it is only when the actions of the men whom he paints are ignoble or criminal that he visits them with absolute condemnation, extenuating mere errors, and setting down nought in malice. Actuated by this candid and just spirit, he brought also to his work an admiration amounting to enthusiasm for heroic effort, whether exhibited in statesmanship or war; and the battle-pieces which abound in his narrative are touched with a fire and vigour which only a kindred feeling for those whose high achievements he recounts could inspire. The Revolutionary soldiers of France; the great marshals who upheld the despotism of Napoleon; Suwaroff, the faithful servant of the Czar; and the Archduke who covered Austria with his powerful shield, all met with as just, as discriminating, and as warm appreciation as their native historians could bestow, and as our own generals could obtain from Alison. Critics have objected to his style; yet, if the art of engaging the reader’s attention, and sustaining it by the vigour, spirit, and vivacity of the narrative, be a high merit, many popular and many great historians must cede superiority of this kind to Sir Archibald. He wrote, not certainly in the cold judicial style of philosophical history, but with the warmth of one who not only believed but felt all he uttered. And there are long episodes in his work—those, for instance, on the American war of 1812, and on some of our Indian campaigns—which are in themselves complete and elaborate histories of those events, and which give us most useful and interesting information respecting the countries which were the scene of them. It has been the trick of a part of the press, whose cue it is to caricature Conservatism, to disparage his History, questioning its accuracy, and sneering at the principles it upholds. But the best testimony to the candour, fidelity, and ability of his great work is in its enormous popularity. As he says himself of another writer, “No one ever commands, even for a time, the suffrages of the multitude, without the possession, in some respects at least, of remarkable powers.” Those suffrages were largely given to Alison. His work, in its original and larger form, obtaining that wide popularity which is attested by its presence on the shelves of so many public and private libraries, a people’s edition was issued, and met with a reception which proved how ineffectual had been the malignity of his assailants. His popularity, however, seemed only

to exasperate those whose dislike to his steady, consistent, honourable Conservatism had already rendered them hostile, and no great writer of our time has been more consistently and unjustly disparaged by an extreme section of the press than Sir Archibald. But we will dwell no further on this topic in speaking of a man whose character exhibited no more distinctive feature than the large, generous, tolerant spirit in which he viewed adverse opinion.

The same union of lofty principle and kindly feeling which he evinced as an author marked his career as a man. Mildness, firmness, fairness, and dignity, distinguished his long and honoured administration of the duties of Sheriff; and the legal functionaries who lately gave expression, in the Court over which he had presided, to the loss which the tribunal had sustained, bore eloquent testimony to the urbanity, impartiality, and high ability which commanded the respect and confidence alike of suitors and of advocates. Nor was his exhibition of these qualities confined to the judicial bench. As a magistrate it was more than once his lot to exercise his function of assessor of the law in times of popular disturbance; when the same mixture of courage and conciliation enabled him not only to retain, but even to increase, his great popularity in Glasgow, while firmly suppressing riot; and the Tory Sheriff has for at least a whole generation been the most popular citizen, as well as the foremost historian, in Scotland.

Such, for a large part of the present century, has been the useful, industrious, honourable, and honoured public life of Sir Archibald Alison. In the law, as well as in literature, his eminent services were recognised and rewarded, and he was enabled to devote the leisure which remained to him from the duties of his office to the pursuit which he prosecuted with such signal success. Again and again, after completing the portion of his arduous task which he had made his immediate object, he started afresh to continue it; and in the present year he projected an addition which would have included the Crimean War. With this warm and constant interest in public affairs he united the finest domestic tastes; these were shared by a wife whose affectionate devotion always lightened his labours and cheered his home; and we cannot better conclude this memorial than with the following picture of his old age and his end, drawn by one nearest to him in blood, and who was of those who stood round his deathbed:—

“You ask for any of the characteristics of the latter years of my father’s life. The most remarkable of them certainly was the extraordinary development of his love for the beautiful, alike in nature, literature, and art. To walk under the old trees at Possil, or pace up and down the pretty flower-garden there, was to the last one of his greatest enjoyments. Every day he read works in English, French, Italian, and German, generally of imagination,—and to the higher branches of German literature he was perhaps most devoted. His small but very beautiful collection of water-colour drawings used to afford him the greatest pleasure; and he often used to sit and gaze for minutes together at the fine sketch of the ‘Ruins of Pæstum’ by Williams. The loneliness and tranquillity of this picture seemed to exercise a singular fascination over his mind. He used constantly to say that he had found old age the happiest period of life, and those who saw the remarkable and almost unearthly serenity of expression which marked his latter years will have been fully convinced that it was so in his case. He had come to care little for mixing in general or gay society, and his greatest happiness was derived from his books and his own domestic circle.

“Generally, living entirely alone with Lady Alison, the almost only

break in the even tenor of his life was when his children or a few intimate friends gathered round his board. For some weeks before his last illness, my father had been troubled with an occasional cough and breathlessness, but so slight was this that it never interrupted his official business, and on Friday the 10th May he attended as usual in the County Buildings, and appeared in the most perfect health. On the morning of Saturday the 11th, he was seized with a severe attack of spasms in the throat. These recurred again with great severity on the evening of the Monday following, and with such terrible violence on the evening of the ensuing Thursday, that the three medical men who were in attendance on him united in opinion that in all probability he had not half an hour to live. But the great natural strength of his constitution here supervened; he rallied, and the disease changed its type; the throat-spasms entirely ceased, the cough and breathlessness greatly diminished, and he slept much. His strength now gradually and slowly sank, and at half-past eleven o'clock on the evening of Thursday the 23d May, surrounded by every member of his family, he peacefully sank to rest. So calm was his end, that we could not tell the exact moment of his death. During the whole of his illness, when awake, he was perfectly conscious, and the tranquillity and peace of mind which he exhibited was, throughout, of the most striking nature. The good servant had done his work, and was ready and willing to go when his Master called him."*

The concourse of the citizens of Glasgow at his funeral was a great proof of the respect and affection with which he had inspired them. From Possil Gate (his residence, two miles from the town) to the railway station, the whole way was lined with a dense mass of people, estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000. Of these, who numbered half the working population of the city, at least three-fourths were artisans, mill-girls, and iron-foundry workers, swarthy with toil. These were the attendants who, at the sacrifice of some of their means of livelihood, assembled to pay a last respect to the most unbending Conservative in Great Britain. Such obsequies were honourable both to the dead and the living. They were a tribute to qualities the recognition of which is a public virtue; a tribute the more welcome as rendered at a time when courage and consistency seem almost out of date, and when there are many signs that in the public men of the future we are likely to feel more and more the want of the manly and generous spirit which to the last animated Alison.

* In the opinion of Dr Pierce Simpson, his constant medical attendant from the first hour of his illness to the last, and also in that of Professor Gairdner, his death was caused by "spasmodic cough and difficulty of respiration, asthmatic in character, but probably depending upon structural changes at the root of the lungs."

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PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ALL FOR LOVE.

It was almost dark when Jack reached Swayne's Cottages, and there was no light in Mrs Preston's window to indicate her presence. The only bit of illumination there was in the dim dewy twilight road, was a gleam from old Betty's perennial fire, which shone out as she opened the door to watch the passage of the dogcart just then returning from Ridley, where it ought to have carried Mr John to dinner. The dogcart was just returning home, in an innocent, unconscious way; but how much had happened in the interval! the thought made Jack's head whirl a little, and made him half-smile; only half-smile—for such a momentous crisis is not amusing. He had not had time to think whether or not he was rapturously happy, as a young lover ought to be: on the whole, it was a very serious business. There were a thousand things to think of, such as take the laughter out of a man; yet he did smile as it occurred to him in what

an ordinary commonplace sort of way the dogcart and the mare and the groom had been jogging back along the dusty roads, while he had been so weightily engaged; and how all those people had been calmly dining at Ridley—were dining now, no doubt—and mentally criticising the dishes, and making feeble dinner table-talk, while he had been settling his fate; in less time than they could have got half through their dinner—in less time than even the bay mare could devour the way between the two houses! Jack felt slightly giddy as he thought of it, and his face grew serious again under his smile. The cottage door stood innocently open; there was nobody and nothing between him and his business; he had not even to knock, to be opened to by a curious indifferent servant, as would have been the case in another kind of house. The little passage was quite dark, but there was another gleam of firelight from the kitchen,

where Mr Swayne sat patient with his rheumatism, and even Mrs Preston's door was ajar. Out of the soft darkness without, into the closer darkness within, Jack stepped with a beating heart. This was not the pleasant part of it; this was not like the sudden delight of meeting Pamela—the sudden passion of laying hold on her and claiming her as his own. He stopped in the dark passage, where he had scarcely room to turn, and drew breath a little. He felt within himself that if Mrs Preston in her black cap and her black gown fell into his arms and saluted him as her son, that he would not be so deeply gratified as perhaps he ought to have been. Pamela was one thing, but her mother was quite another. If mothers, and fathers too for that matter, could but be done away with when their daughters are old enough to marry, what a great deal of trouble it would spare in this world! But that was not to be thought of. He had come to do it, and it had to be done. While he stood taking breath and collecting himself, Mr Swayne, feeling that the step which had crossed his threshold was not his wife's step, called out to the intruder. "Who are you?" cried the master of the house; "you wait till my missis comes and finds you there; she don't hold with no tramp; and I see her a-coming round the corner," he continued, in tones in which exultation had triumphed over fright. No tramp could have been more moved by the words than was Jack. He resisted the passing impulse he had to stride into the kitchen and strangle Mr Swayne in passing; and then, with one knock by way of preface, he went in without further introduction into the parlour where Mrs Preston was alone.

It was almost quite dark—dark with that bewildering summer darkness which is more confusing than positive night. Something got up hastily from the sofa at the

sight of him, and gave a little suppressed shriek of alarm. "Don't be alarmed—it is only I, Mrs Preston," said Jack. He made a step forward and looked at her, as probably she too was looking at him; but they could not see each other, and it was no comfort to Pamela's mother to be told by Jack Brownlow, that it was only I.

"Has anything happened?" she cried; "what is it? what is it? oh my child!—for God's sake, whoever you are, tell me what it is."

"There is nothing the matter with her," said Jack, steadily. "I am John Brownlow, and I have come to speak to you; that is what it is."

"John Brownlow," said Mrs Preston, in consternation—and then her tone changed. "I am sorry I did not know you," she said; "but if you have any business with me, sir, I can soon get a light."

"Indeed I have the most serious business," said Jack—it was in his mind to say that he would prefer being without a light; but there would have been something too familiar and undignified for the occasion in such a speech as that.

"Wait a moment," said Mrs Preston, and she hastened out, leaving him in the dark parlour by himself. Of course he knew it was only a pretext—he knew as well as if she had told him that she had gone to establish a watch for Pamela to prevent her from coming in while he was there; and this time he laughed outright. She might have done it an hour ago, fast enough; but now to keep Pamela from him was more than all the fathers and mothers in the world could do. He laughed at the vain precaution. It was not that he had lost all sense of prudence, or that he was not aware how foolish a thing in many respects he was doing; but notwithstanding, he laughed at the idea that anything, stone walls and iron bars, or admonitions, or parental orders, could keep her from him. It might be

very idiotic—and no doubt it was; but if anybody dreamt for a moment that he could be made to give her up! or that she could be wrested out of his grasp now that he had possession of her— Any deluded individual who might entertain such a notion could certainly know nothing of Jack.

Mrs Preston was absent for some minutes, and before she came back there had been a soft rustle in the passage, a subdued sound of voices, in one of which, rapidly suppressed and put a stop to, Jack could discern Mrs Swayne's voluble tones. He smiled to himself in the darkness as he stood and waited; he knew what was going on as well as if he had been outside and had seen it all. Pamela was being smuggled into the house, being put somewhere out of his way. Probably her mother was making an attempt to conceal from her even the fact that he was there, and at this purely futile attempt Jack again laughed in his heart; then in his impatience he strode to the window, and looked out at the gates which were indistinctly visible opposite, and the gleam of Betty's fire, which was now apparent only through her window. That was the way it would have been natural for him to go, not this—there lay his home, wealthy, luxurious, pleasant, with freedom in it, and everything that ministered most at once to his comfort and his ambition; and yet it was not there he had gone, but into this shabby little dingy parlour, to put his life and all his pleasure in life, and his prospects, and everything for which he most cared, at the disposal, not of Pamela, but of her mother. He felt that it was hard. As for her, the little darling! to have taken her in his arms and carried her off and built a nest for her would not have been hard—but that it should all rest upon the decision of her mother! Jack felt at the moment that it was a hard thing that there should be mothers

standing thus in the young people's way. It might be very unamiable on his part, but that was unquestionably his feeling; and, indeed, for one second, so terrible did the prospect appear to him, that the idea of taking offence and running away did once cross his mind. If they chose to leave him alone like this, waiting, what could they expect? He put his hand upon the handle of the door, and then withdrew it as if it had burnt him. A minute after Mrs Preston came back. She carried in her hand a candle, which threw a bright light upon her worn face, with the black eyes, black hair, black cap, and black dress close round her throat which so much increased the gauntness of her general appearance. This time her eyes, though they were old, were very bright—bright with anxiety and alarm—so bright that for the moment they were like Pamela's. She came in and set down her candle on the table, where it shed a strange little pale inquisitive light, as if, like Jack, it was looking round, half dazzled by the change out of complete darkness, at the unfamiliar place; and then she drew down the blind. When she had done this she came to the table near which Jack was standing. "Mr Brownlow, you want to speak to me?" she said.

"Yes," said Jack. Though his forefathers had been Brownlows of Masterton for generations, which ought to have given him self-possession if anything could, and though he had been brought up at a public school, which was still more to the purpose, this simple question took away the power of speech from him as completely as if he had been the merest clown. He had not felt the least difficulty about what he was going to say, but all at once to say anything at all seemed impossible.

"Then tell me what it is," said Mrs Preston, sitting down in the black old-fashioned high-backed

easy-chair. Her heart was melting to him more and more every moment, the sight of his confusion being sweet to her eyes; but of course he did not know this—neither, it is to be feared, would Jack have very much cared.

"Yes," he said again; "the fact was—I—wanted to speak to you—about your daughter. I suppose this sort of thing is always an awkward business. I have seen her with—with my sister, you know—we couldn't help seeing each other; and the fact is, we've—*we've* grown fond of each other without knowing it: that is about the state of the case."

"Fond of each other?" said Mrs Preston, faltering. "Mr Brownlow, I don't think that is how you ought to speak. You mean you have grown fond of Pamela. I am very sorry; but Heaven forbid that my poor girl——"

"I mean what I say," said Jack, sturdily—"we've grown fond of each other. If you ask her she will tell you the same. We were not thinking of anything of the kind—it came upon us unawares. I tell you the whole truth, that you may not wonder at me coming so unprepared. I don't come to you as a fellow might that had planned it all out and turned it over in his mind, and could tell you how much he had a-year, and what he could settle on his wife, and all that. I tell you frankly the truth, Mrs Preston. We were not thinking of anything of the kind; but now, you see, we have both of us found it out."

"I don't understand you," said the astonished mother; "what have you found out?"

"We've found out just what I've been telling you," said Jack—"that we're fond of each other. You may say I should have told you first; but the truth was, I never had the opportunity—not that I would have been sure to have taken advantage of it if I had. We went on without knowing what we were

doing, and then it came upon us all at once."

He sat down abruptly as he said this, in an abstracted way; and he sighed. *He* had found it out, there could be no doubt of that; and he did not hide from himself that this discovery was a very serious one. It filled his mind with a great many thoughts. He was no longer in a position to go on amusing himself without any thought of the future. Jack was but mortal, and it is quite possible he might have done so had it been in his power. But it was not in his power, and his aspect, when he dropped into the chair, and looked into the vacant air before him and sighed, was rather that of a man looking anxiously into the future—a future that was certain—than of a lover waiting for the sentence which (metaphorically) is one of life or death; and Mrs Preston, little experienced in such matters, and much agitated by the information so suddenly conveyed to her, did not know what to think. She bent forward and looked at him with an eagerness which he never perceived. She clasped her hands tightly together, and gazed as if she would read his heart; and then what could she say? He was not asking anything from her—he was only intimating to her an unquestionable fact.

"But, Mr Brownlow," she said at last, tremulously, "I think—I hope you may be mistaken. My Pamela is very young—and so are you—*very* young for a man. I hope you have made a mistake. At your age it doesn't matter so much."

"Don't it, though?" said Jack, with a flash in his eyes. "I can't say to you that's our business, for I know, of course, that a girl ought to consult her mother. But don't let us discuss *that*, please. A fact can't be discussed, you know. It's either true or it's false—and *we* certainly are the only ones who can know."

Then there was another pause,

during which Jack strayed off again into calculations about the future—that unforeseen future which had leapt into existence for him only about an hour ago. He had sat down on the other side of the table, and was gazing into the blank hearth as if some enlightenment might have been found there. As for Mrs Preston, her amazement and agitation were such that it cost her a great effort to compose herself and not to give way.

“Is this all you have to say to me?” she said at last, with trembling lips.

Then Jack roused himself up. Suddenly it occurred to him that the poor woman whom he had been so far from admiring was behaving to him with a generosity and delicacy very different from his conduct to her; and the blood rushed to his face at the thought.

“I beg your pardon,” he said. “I have already explained to you why it is that I come in such an unprepared way. I met her to-night. Upon my life I did not lay any trap for her. I was awfully cut up about not seeing her; but we met quite by accident. And the fact was, when we met we couldn’t help showing that we understood each other. After that it was my first duty,” said Jack, with a thrill of conscious grandeur, “to come to you.”

“But do you mean to say,” said Mrs Preston, wringing her hands, “that my Pamela——? Sir, she is only a child. She could not have understood you. She may like you in a way——”

“She likes me as I like her,” said Jack, stoutly. “It’s no use struggling against it. It is no use arguing about it. You may think her a child, but she is not a child; and I can’t do without her, Mrs Preston. I hope you haven’t any dislike to me. If you have,” said Jack, warming up, “I will do anything a man can do to please you; but you couldn’t have the heart to

make her unhappy, and come between her and me.”

“I make her unhappy?” said Mrs Preston, with a gasp. She who had no hope or desire in the world but Pamela’s happiness! “But I don’t even see how it came about. I—I don’t understand you. I don’t even know what you want of me.”

“What I want?” said Jack, turning round upon her with wondering eyes—“what could I want but one thing? I want Pamela—that’s very clear. Good heavens, you are not going to be ill, are you? Shall I call somebody? I know it’s *awfully* sudden,” said the young fellow, ruefully. Nobody could be more sensible of that than he was. He got up in his dismay and went to a side-table where there stood a carafe of water, and brought her some. It was the first act of human fellowship, as it were, that had passed between the two, and somehow it brought them together. Mrs Preston took the water with that strange half-sacramental feeling with which a soul in extremity receives the refreshment which brings it back to life. Was it her friend, her son, or her enemy that thus ministered to her? Oh, if she could only have seen into his heart! She had no interest in the world but Pamela, and now the matter in hand was the decision for good or for evil of Pamela’s fate.

“I am better, thank you,” she said, faintly. “I am not very strong, and it startled me. Sit down, Mr Brownlow, and let us talk it over. I knew this was what it would have come to if it had gone on; but I have been talking a great deal to my child, and keeping her under my eye——”

“Yes,” said Jack, with some indignation, “keeping her out of my way. I knew you were doing that.”

“It was the only thing I could do,” said Mrs Preston. “I did try to find another means, but it

did not succeed. When I asked you what you wanted of me, I was not doubting your honour. But things are not so easy as you young people think. Your father never will consent."

"I don't think things are easy," said Jack. "I see they are as crooked and hard as possible. I don't pretend to think it's all plain sailing. I believe he won't consent. It might have been all very well to consider that three months ago, but you see we never thought of it then. We must just do without his consent now."

"And there is more than that," said Mrs Preston. "It would not be right for him to consent, nor for me either. If you only found it out so suddenly, how can you be sure of your own mind, Mr John—and you so young? I don't say anything of my own child. I don't mean to say in my heart that I think you too grand for her. I know if ever there was a lady born it's—; but that's not the question," she continued, nervously wringing her hands again. "If she was a princess, she's been brought up different from you. I did think once there might have been a way of getting over that; but I know better now; and you're very young; and from what you say," said Pamela's mother, who, after all, was a woman, a little romantic and very proud, "I don't think you're one that would be content to give up everything for love."

Jack had been listening calmly enough, not making much in his own mind of her objections; but the last words did strike home. He started, and he felt in his heart a certain puncture, as if the needle in Mrs Preston's work, which lay on the table, had gone into him. This at least was true. He looked at her with a certain defiance, and yet with respect. "For love—no," said Jack, half fiercely, stirred, like a mere male creature as he was, by the prick of opposition;

and then a softening came over his eyes, and a gleam came into them which, even by the light of the one pale candle, made itself apparent; "but for Pamela—yes. I'll tell you one thing, Mrs Preston," he added, quickly, "I should not call it giving up. I don't mean to give up. As for my father, I don't see what he has to do with it. I can work for my wife as well as any other fellow could. If I were to say it didn't matter, you might mistrust me; but when a man knows it does matter," said Jack, again warming with his subject, "when a man sees it's serious, and not a thing to be done without thinking, you can surely rely upon him more than if he went at it blindly? I think so at least."

So saying, Jack stopped, feeling a little sore and *incompris*. If he had made a fool of himself, no doubt the woman would have believed in him; but because he saw the gravity of what he was about to do, and felt its importance, a kind of doubt was in his hearer's heart. "They not only expect a man to be foolish, but they expect him to forget his own nature," Jack said to himself, which certainly was hard.

"I don't mistrust you," said Mrs Preston, but her voice faltered, and did not quite carry out her words; "only, you know, Mr John, you are very young. Pamela is very young, but you are even younger than she is,—I mean, you know, because you are a man; and how can you tell that you know your own mind? It was only to-day that you found it out, and to-morrow you might find something else out—"

Here she stopped half frightened, for Jack had risen up, and was looking at her over the light of the candle, looking pale and somewhat threatening. He was not in a sentimental attitude, neither was there anything about him that breathed the tender romance for which in her heart Mrs Preston sighed, and

without which it cost her an effort to believe in his sincerity. He was standing with his hands thrust down to the bottom of his pockets, his brows a little knitted, his face pale, his expression worried and impatient. "What is the use of beginning over and over again?" said Jack. "Do you think I could have found out like this a thing that hadn't been in existence for months and months? Why, the first time I saw you in Hobson's cart—the time I carried her in out of the snow——" When he had got this length, he walked away to the window and stood looking out, though the blind was down, with his back turned upon her—"with her little red cloak, and her pretty hair," said Jack, with a curious sound which would not bear classification. It might have been a laugh, or a sob, or a snort—and it was neither; anyhow, it expressed the emotion within him better than half a hundred fine speeches. "And you don't believe in me after all that!" he said, coming back again and looking at her once more over the light of the candle. Perhaps it was something in Jack's eyes, either light or moisture, it would be difficult to tell which, that overpowered Mrs Preston, for the poor woman faltered, and began to cry.

"I do believe in you," she said. "I do—and I love you for saying it; but oh, Mr John, what am I to do? I can't let you ruin yourself with your father. I can't encourage you when I know what it will cost you; and then, my own child——"

"That's it," said Jack, drawing his chair over to her side of the table, with his first attempt at diplomacy—"that's what we've got to think of. It doesn't matter for a fellow like me. If I got disappointed and cut up I should have to bear it; but as for Pamela, you know—dear little soul! You may think it strange, but," said Jack, with a little affected laugh, full of that supreme vanity and self-satisfaction with which a man recognises

such a fact, "she is fond of me; and if she were disappointed and put out, you know—why, it might make her ill—it might do her no end of harm—it might—Seriously, you know," said Jack, looking in Mrs Preston's face, and giving another and another hitch to his chair. Though her sense of humour was not lively, she dried her eyes and looked at him with a little bewilderment, wondering was he really in earnest? did he mean it? or what did he mean?

"She is very young," said Mrs Preston; "no doubt it would do her harm; but I should be there to nurse her—and—and—she is so young."

"It might kill her," said Jack, impressively; "and then whom would you have to blame? Not my father, for he has nothing to do with it; but yourself, Mrs Preston—that's how it would be. Just look at what a little delicate darling she is—a little bit of a thing that one could carry away in one's arms," he went on, growing more and more animated—"a little face like a flower; and after the bad illness she had. I would not take such a responsibility for anything in the world," he added, with severe and indignant virtue. As for poor Mrs Preston, she did not know what to do. She wrung her hands; she looked at him beseechingly, begging him with her eyes to cease. Every feature of the picture came home to her with a much deeper force than it did to her mentor. Jack no more believed in any danger to Pamela than he did in his own ultimate rejection; but the poor mother beheld her daughter pining, dying, breaking her heart, and trembled to her very soul.

"Oh, Mr John," she cried, with tears, "don't break my heart! What am I to do? If I must either ruin you with your father——"

"Or kill your child," said Jack, looking at her solemnly till his victim shuddered. "Your child is more to you than my father; be-

sides," said the young man, unbending a little, "it would not ruin me with my father. He might be angry. He might make himself disagreeable; but he's not a muf to bear malice. My father," continued Jack, with emphasis, feeling that he owed his parent some reparation, and doing it magnificently when he was about it, "is as true a gentleman as I know. He's not the man to ruin a fellow. You think of Pamela, and never mind me."

But it took a long time and much reiteration to convince Mrs Preston. "If I could but see Mr Brownlow I could tell him something that would perhaps soften his heart," she said; but this was far from being a pleasant suggestion to Jack. He put it down summarily, not even asking in his youthful impatience what the something was. He had no desire to know. He did not want his father's heart to be softened. In short, being as yet unaccustomed to the idea, he did not feel any particular delight in the thought of presenting Pamela's mother to the world as belonging to himself. And yet this same talk had made a wonderful difference in his feeling towards Pamela's mother. The thought of the explanation he had to make to her was repugnant to him when he came in. He had all but run away from it when he was left to wait alone. And now, in less than an hour, it seemed so natural to enter into everything. Even if she had bestowed a maternal embrace upon him, Jack did not feel as if he would have resisted; but she gave him no motherly kiss. She was still half frightened at him, half disposed to believe that to get rid of him would be the best thing; and Jack had no mind to be got rid of. Neither of them could have told very exactly what was the understanding upon which they parted. There was an understanding, that was certain—an arrangement, tacit, inexpressible, which, however, was not hostile. He was not permitted in so many words to

come again; but neither was he sent away. When he had the assurance to ask to see Pamela before he left, Mrs Preston went nervously through the passage before him and opened the door, opening up the house and their discussion as she did so, to the big outside world and wakeful sky, with all its stars, which seemed to stoop and look in. Poor little Pamela was in the room up-stairs, speechless, motionless, holding her breath, fixed as it were to the window, from which she must see him go out, hearing the indistinct hum of voices underneath, and wondering what her mother was saying to him. When the parlour door opened, her heart leaped up in her breast. She could hear his voice, and distinguish, as she thought, every tone of it, but she could not hear what he said. For an instant it occurred to her too that she might be called down-stairs. But then the next moment the outer door opened, a breath of fresh air stole into the house, and she knew he was dismissed. How had he been dismissed? For the moment? for the night? or for ever? The window was open to which Pamela clung in the darkness, and she could hear his step going out. And as he went he spoke out loud enough to be heard up-stairs, to be heard by anybody on the road, and almost for that matter to be heard at Betty's cottage. "If I must not see her," he said, "give her my dear love." What did it mean. Was his dear love his last message of farewell? or was it only the first public indication that she belonged to him? Pamela sank down on her knees by the window, noiseless, with her heart beating so in her ears that she felt as if he must hear it outside. The whole room, the whole house, the whole air, seemed to her full of that throbbing. His dear love! It seemed to come in to her with the fresh air—to drop down upon her from the big stars as they leant out of heaven and

looked down; and yet she could not tell if it meant death or life. And Mrs Preston was not young, and could not fly, but came so slowly, so slowly, up the creaking wooden stair!

Poor Mrs Preston went slowly, not only because of her age, but because of her burden of thoughts. She could not have told any one whether she was very happy or deadly sad. Her heart was not fluttering in her ears like Pamela, but beating out hard throbs of excitement. He was good, he was true; her heart accepted him. Perhaps he was the friend she had so much longed for, who would guard Pamela when she was gone. At present, however, she was not gone; and yet her sceptre was passing away out of her hands, and her crown from her head. Anyhow, for good or for evil, this meant change; the sweet sceptre of love, the crown of natural authority and duty, such as are the glory of a woman who is a mother, were passing away from her. She did not grudge it. She would not have grudged life, nor anything dearer than life, for Pamela; but she felt that there was change coming: and it made her sick—sick and cold and shivering, as if she was going to have a fever. She would have been glad to have had wings and flown to carry joy to her child; but she could not go fast for the burden and heaviness of her thoughts.

Meanwhile Jack crossed the road briskly, and went up the avenue under the big soft lambent stars. If it was at him in his character of lover that they were looking, they might have saved themselves the trouble, for he took no notice whatever of these sentimental spectators. He went home, not in a lingering meditative way, but like a man who has made up his mind. He had no sort of doubt or disquietude for his part about the acceptance of his love. He knew that Pamela was his, though her mother would

not let him see her. He knew he should see her, and that she belonged to him, and nobody on earth could come between them. He had known all this from the first moment when the simple little girl had told him that life was hard; and as for her mother or his father, Jack did not in his mind make much account of the opposition of these venerable personages—such being his nature. What remained now was to clear a way into the future, to dig out a passage, and make it as smooth as possible for these tremulous little feet. Such were the thoughts he was busy with as he went home—not even musing about his little love. He had mused about her often enough before. Now his practical nature resumed the sway. How a household could be kept up, when it should be established, by what means it was to be provided, was the subject of Jack's thoughts. He went straight to the point without any circumlocution. As it was to be done, it would be best to be done quickly. And he did not disguise from himself the change it would make. He knew well enough that he could not live as he had lived in his father's house. He would have to go into lodgings, or to a little house; to have one or two indifferent servants—perhaps a "child-wife"—perhaps a resident mother-in-law. All this Jack calmly faced and foresaw. It could not come on him unawares, for he considered the chances, and saw that all these things were possible. There are people who will think the worse of him for this; but it was not Jack's fault—it was his constitution. He might be foolish like his neighbours on one point, but on all other points he was sane. He did not expect that Pamela, if he translated her at once into a house of her own, should be able to govern him and it on the spot by natural intuition. He knew there would be, as he himself expressed it, many "hitches" in the establishment, and he knew

that he would have to give up a great many indulgences. This was why he took no notice of the stars, and even knitted his brows as he

walked on. The romantic part of the matter was over. It was now pure reality, and that of the most serious kind, that he had in hand.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A NEW CONSPIRATOR.

"I don't say as you're to take my advice," said Mrs Swayne. "I'm not one as puts myself forward to give advice where it ain't wanted. Ask any one as knows. You as is Church-folks, if I was you, I'd send for the Rector; or speak to your friends. There ain't one living creature with a morsel of sense as won't say to you just what I'm saying now."

"Oh please go away—please go away," said Pamela, who was standing with crimson cheeks between Mrs Preston and her would-be counsellor; "don't you see mamma is ill?"

"She'll be a deal worse afore all's done, if she don't listen in time; and you too, Miss Pamela, for all so angry as you are," said Mrs Swayne. "It ain't nothing to me. If you like it, it don't do me no harm; contrairaways, it's my interest to keep you quiet here, for you're good lodgers—I don't deny it—and ain't folks as give trouble. But I was once a pretty lass myself," she added, with a sigh; "and I knows what it is."

Pamela turned with unfeigned amazement and gazed upon the big figure that stood in the doorway. Once a pretty lass herself! Was this what pretty lasses came to? Mrs Swayne, however, did not pause to inquire what were the thoughts that were passing through the girl's mind; she took a step or two farther into the room, nearer the sofa on which Mrs Preston lay. She was possessed with that missionary zeal for other people's service, that determination to do as much as lay in her power to keep her neighbours from having their own way, or to make them very uncomfortable in the enjoyment of

the luxury, which is so common a development of virtue. Her conscience was weighted with her responsibility; when she had warned them what they were coming to, then at least she would have delivered her own soul.

"I don't want to make myself disagreeable," said Mrs Swayne; "it ain't my way; but, Mrs Preston, if you go on having folks about, it's right you should hear what them as knows thinks of it. I ain't a-blaming you. You've lived in foreign parts, and you're that silly about your child that you can't a-bear to cross her. I'm one as can make allowance for that. But I just ask you what can the likes of that young fellow want here? He don't come for no good. Poor folks has a deal of things to put up with in this world, and women-folks most of all. I don't make no doubt Miss Pamela is pleased to have a gentleman a-dancing after her. I don't know one on us as wouldn't be pleased; but them as has respect for their character and for their peace o' mind——"

"Mrs Swayne, you must not speak like this to me," said Mrs Preston, feebly, from the sofa. "I have a bad headache, and I can't argue with you; but you may be sure, though I don't say much, that I know how to take care of my own child. No, Pamela dear, don't cry; and you'll please not to say another word to me on this subject—not another word, or I shall have to go away."

"To go away!" said Mrs Swayne, crimson with indignation. But this sudden impulse of self-defence in so mild a creature struck her dumb. "Go away!—and welcome to!" she added; but her consterna-

tion was such that she could say no more. She stood in the middle of the little dark parlour, in a partial trance of astonishment. Public opinion itself had been defied in her person. "When it comes to what it's sure to come to, then you'll remember as I warned you," she said, and rushed forth from the room, closing the door with a clang which made poor Mrs Preston jump on her sofa. Her visit left a sense of trouble and dismay on both their minds, for they were not superior women, nor sufficiently strong-minded to laugh at such a monitor. Pamela threw herself down on her knees by her mother's side and cried—not because of Mrs Swayne, but because the fright and the novelty overwhelmed her, not to speak of the lively anger and disgust and impatience of her youth.

"Oh mamma, if we had only some friends!" said Pamela; "everybody except us seems to have friends. Had I never any uncles nor anything? It is hard to be left just you and me in the world."

"You had brothers once," said Mrs Preston, with a sigh. Then there was a pause, for poor Pamela knew and could not help knowing that her brothers, had they been living, would not have improved her position now. She kept kneeling by her mother's side, but though there was no change in her position, her heart went away from her involuntarily—went away to think that the time perhaps had come when she would never more want a friend,—when somebody would always be at hand to advise her what to do, and when no such complications could arise. She kept the gravity, even sadness of her aspect, with the innocent hypocrisy which is possible at her age; but her little heart went out like a bird into the sunny world outside. A passing tremor might cross her, ghosts might glide for a moment across the way, but it was only for a moment, and she knew they were

only ghosts. Her mother was in a very different case. Mrs Preston had a headache, partly because of the shock of last night, partly because a headache was to her, as to so many women, a kind of little feminine chapel, into which she could retire to gain time when she had anything on her mind. The course of individual history stops when those headaches come on, and the subject of them has a blessed moment to think. Nothing could be done, nothing could be said, till Mrs Preston's head was better. It was but a small matter had it been searched to its depths, but it was enough to arrest the wheels of fate.

"Pamela," she said, after a while, "we must be doubly wise because we have no friends. I can't ask anybody's advice, as Mrs Swayne told me to do. I am not going to open up our private affairs to strangers; but we must be wise. I think we must go away."

"Go away!" said Pamela, looking up with a face of despair—"away! Mamma, you don't think of—of—*him* as she does? You know what he is. Go away! and perhaps never, never see him again. Oh mamma!"

"I did not mean that," said Mrs Preston; "but we can't stop here, and live at his father's very door, and have him coming under their eyes to vex them. No, my darling; that would be cruel, and it would not be wise."

"Do you think they will mind so very much?" said Pamela, looking wistfully in her mother's face. "What should I do if they hated me? Miss Brownlow, you know—Sara—she always wanted me to call her Sara—she would never turn against me. I know her too well for that."

"She has not been here for a long time," said Mrs Preston; "you have not noticed it, but I have, Pamela. She has never come since that day her father spoke to you. There is a great differ-

ence, my darling, between the sister's little friend and the brother's betrothed."

"Mamma, you seem to know all about those wretched things," cried Pamela, impulsively. "Why did you never tell me before? I never, never would have spoken to him—if I had known."

"How was I to know, Pamela?" said Mrs Preston. "It appears you did not know yourselves. And then, when you told me what Mr Brownlow said, I thought I might find you a friend. I think yet, if I could but see him; but when I spoke last night of seeing Mr Brownlow, *he* would not hear of it. It is very hard to know what to do."

Then there ensued another pause—a long pause, during which the mother, engaged with many thoughts, did not look at her child. Pamela, too, was thinking; she had taken her mother's long thin hand into her own, and was smoothing it softly with her soft fingers; her head was bent over it, her eyes cast down; now and then a sudden heaving, as of a sob about to come, moved her pretty shoulders. And her voice was very tuneless and rigid when she spoke. "Mamma," she said, "speak to me honestly, once for all. Ought I to give it all up? I don't mean to say it would be easy. I never knew a—a—any one before—never anybody was like *that* to me. You don't know—oh, you don't know how he can talk, mamma. And then it was not like anything new—it felt natural, as if we had always belonged to each other. I know it's no use talking. Tell me, mamma, once for all, would it really be better for him and—everybody, if I were to give him quite up?"

Pamela held herself upright and rigid as she asked the question. She held her mother's hand fast, and kept stroking it in an intermittent way. When she had finished she gave her an appealing look—a look which did not ask ad-

vice. It was not advice she wanted, poor child: she wanted to be told to do what she longed to do—to be assured that that was the best; therefore she looked not like a creature wavering between two opinions, but like a culprit at the bar, awaiting her sentence. As for Mrs Preston, she only shook her head.

"It would not do any good," she said. "You might give him up over and over, but you would never get him to give you up, Pamela. He is that sort of a young man; he would not have taken a refusal from me. It would be of no use, my dear."

"Are you sure?—are you quite sure?" cried Pamela, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and giving her a shower of kisses. "Oh you dear, dear mamma. Are you sure you are quite sure?"

"You are kissing me for his sake," said Mrs Preston, with a little pang; and then she smiled at herself. "I never was jealous before," she said. "I don't mean to be jealous. No, he will never give in, Pamela; we shall have to make the best of it; and perhaps," she continued, after a pause, "perhaps this was the friend I was always praying for to take care of my child before I die."

"Oh, mamma," said Pamela, "how can you talk of dying at such a time as this? when, perhaps, we're going to have—everything we want in the world; when, perhaps, we are going to be—as happy as the day is long!" she said, once more kissing the worn old face which lay turned towards her, in a kind of sweet enthusiasm. The one looked so young and the other so old; the one so sure of life and happiness, the other so nearly done with both. Mrs Preston took the kiss and the clasp, and smiled at her radiant child; and then she closed her eyes, and retreated into her headache. *She* was not going to have everything she wanted in the world, or to be as happy as the

day was long; so she retreated and took to her handy domestic little malady. The child could not conceive that there were still a thousand things to be thought over, and difficulties without number to be overcome.

As for Pamela, she sprang to her feet lightly, and went off to make the precious cup of tea which is good for every feminine trouble. As she went she fell into song, not knowing it. She was as near dancing as decorum would permit. She went into the kitchen where Mr Swayne was, and cheered him up more effectually than if he had been well for a week. She made him laugh, though he was in low spirits. She promised him that he should be quite well in three months. "Ready to dance if there was anything to dance at," was what Pamela said.

"At your wedding, Miss Pamela," said poor Swayne, with his shrill little chuckle. And Pamela too laughed with a laugh that was like a song. She stood by the fire while the kettle boiled, with the firelight glimmering in her pretty eyes, and reddening her white forehead under the rings of her hair. Should she have to boil the kettle, to spread the homely table for *him*? or would he take her to Brownlows, or some other such house, and make her a great little lady like Sara? On the whole Pamela thought she would like the first best. She made the tea before the bright fire in such perfection as it never was made at Brownlows, and poured it out hot and fragrant, like one who knew what she was about. But the tea was not so great a cordial as the sight of her own face. She had come clear out of all her perplexities. There was no longer even a call upon that anxious faculty for self-sacrifice which belongs to youth. In short, self-sacrifice would do no good—the idol would simply decline to receive the costly offering. It was in his hands, and nothing that she

could do would make any difference. Perhaps, if Pamela had been a self-asserting young woman, her pride would have suffered from this thought; but she was only a little girl of seventeen, and it made her as light as a bird. No dreadful responsibility rested on her soft shoulders—no awful question of what was best remained for her to consider. What use could there be in giving up when he would not be given up? What end would it serve to refuse a man who would not take a refusal? She had made her tragic little effort in all sincerity, and it had come to the sweetest and most complete failure. And now her part had been done, and no further perplexity could overwhelm her. So she thought, flitting out and in upon a hundred errands, and thinking tenderly in her heart that her mother's headache and serious looks and grave way of looking at everything was not so much because there was anything serious in the emergency, as because the dear mother was old—a fault of nature, not of circumstances, to be mended by love and smiles, and all manner of tender services on the part of the happy creature who was young.

When Mrs Swayne left the parlour in the manner which we have already related, she rushed out, partly to be relieved of her wrath, partly to pour her prophecies of evil into the ears of the other Cassandra on the other side of the road, old Betty of the Gates. The old woman was sitting before her fire when her neighbour went in upon her. To be sure it was summer, but Betty's fire was eternal, and burned without intermission on the sacred hearth. She was mending one of her gowns, and had a whole bundle of bits of coloured print—"patches," for which some of the little girls in Miss Brownlow's school would have given their ears—spread out upon the table before her. Bits of all Betty's old gowns were there. It was a

particoloured historical record of her life, from the gay calicoes of her youth down to the sober browns and olives of declining years. With such a gay centre the little room looked very bright. There was a geranium in the window, ruby and emerald. There were all manner of pretty confused cross-lights from the open door and the latticed window in the other corner and the bright fire; and the little old face in its white cap was as brown and as red as a winter apple. Mrs Swayne was a different sort of person. She came in, filling the room with shadows, and put herself away in a big elbow-chair, with blue-and-white cushions, which was Betty's winter throne, but now stood pushed into a corner out of reach of the fire. She uttered a sigh which blew away some of the patches on the table, and swayed the ruby blossoms of the big geranium. "Well," she said, "I've done my best—I can say I've done my best. If the worst comes to the worst, there's none as can blame me."

"What is it?—what is it, Mrs Swayne?" said Betty, eagerly, dropping her work, "though I've something as tells me it's about that poor child and our Mr John."

"I wash my hands of them," said the visitor, doing so in a moist and demonstrative way. "I've done all as an honest woman can do. Speak o' mothers!—mothers is a pack o' fools. I'd think o' that child's interest if it was me. I'd think what was best for her character, and for keeping her out o' mischief. As for cryin', and that sort, they all cry—it don't do them no harm. If you or me had set our hearts on marryin' the first gentleman as ever was civil, what would ha' become of us? Oh the fools as some folks is! It's enough to send a woman with a bit of sense out o' her mind."

"Marryin'?" said Betty, with a little shriek; "you don't mean to say as they've gone as far as that."

"If they don't go further afore

all's done, it'll be a wonder to me," said Mrs Swayne; "things is always like that. I don't mean to take no particular credit to myself; but if she had been mine, I'd have done my best for her—that's one thing as I can say. She'd not have got into no trouble if she had been mine. I'd have watched her night and day. I know what the gentlemen is. But that's allays the way with Providence. A woman like me as has a bit of experience has none to be the better of it; and the likes of an old stupid as don't know her right hand from her left, it's her as has the children. I'd have settled all that different if it had been me. Last night as ever was, I found the two in the open road—in the road, I give you my word. It's over all the parish by this, as sure as sure; and after that what does my gentleman do but come to the house as bold as brass. It turns a body sick—that's what it does; but you might as well preach to a stone wall as make 'em hear reason; and that's what you call a mother! much a poor girl's the better of a mother like that."

"All mothers is not the same," said Betty, who held that rank herself. "For one as don't know her duty, there's dozens and dozens—"

"Don't speak to me," said Mrs Swayne, "I know 'em—as stuck up as if it was any virtue in them, and a shuttin' their ears to every one as gives them good advice. Oh, if that girl was but mine! I'd keep her as snug as if she was in a box, I would. Ne'er a gentleman should get a chance of so much as a look at her. It's ten times worse when a girl is pretty; but, thank heaven, I know what the gentlemen is."

"But if he comed to the house, he must have made some excuse," said Betty. "I see him. He come by himself, as if it was to see your good gentleman, Mrs Swayne. Knowing as Miss Pamela was out,

I don't deny as that was my thought. And he must have made some excuse."

"Oh, they find excuses ready enough—don't you be afeared," said Mrs Swayne; "they're plenty ready with their tongues, and don't stick at what they promise neither. It's all as innocent as innocent if you was to believe them; and them as believes comes to their ruin. I tell you it's their ruin—that and no less; but I may speak till I'm hoarse," said Cassandra, with melancholy emphasis—"nobody pays no attention to me."

"You must have knowed a deal of them to be so earnest," said old Betty, with the deepest interest in her eyes.

"I was a pretty lass mysel'," said Mrs Swayne; and then she paused; "but you're not to think as I ever give in to them. I wasn't that sort; and I had folks as looked after me. I don't say as Swayne is much to look at, after all as was in my power; but if Miss Pamela don't mind, she'll be real thankful afore she's half my age to take up with a deal worse than Swayne; and that's my last word, if I was never to draw a breath more."

"Husht!" said Betty. "Don't take on like that. There's somebody a-coming. Husht! It's just like as if it was a child of your own."

"And so I feel," said Mrs Swayne; "worse luck for her, poor lass. If she was mine——"

"Husht!" said Betty again; and then the approaching steps which they had heard for the last minute reached the threshold, and a woman presented herself at the door. She was not a woman that either of them knew. She was old, very tall, very thin, and very dusty with walking. "I'm most dead with tiredness. May I come in and rest a bit?" she said. She had a pair of keen black eyes, which gleamed out below her poke bonnet, and took in everything, and did not look excessively tired; but

her scanty black gown was white with dust. Old Betty, for her own part, did not admire the stranger's looks, but she consented to let her come in, "manners" forbidding any inhospitality, and placed her a chair as near as possible to the door.

"I come like a stranger," said the woman, "but I'm not to call a stranger neither. I'm Nancy as lives with old Mrs Fennell, them young folks' grandmamma. I had summat to do nigh here, and I thought as I'd like to see the place. It's a fine place for one as was nothing but an attorney once. I allays wonder if they're good folks to live under, such folks as these."

"So you're Nancy!" said the old woman of the lodge. "I've heard tell of you. I heard of you along of Stevens as you recommended here. I haven't got nothing to say against the masters; they're well and well enough; Miss Sara, she's hasty, but she's a good heart."

"She don't show it to her own flesh and blood," said Nancy, significantly. "Is this lady one as lives about here?"

Then it was explained to the stranger who Mrs Swayne was. "Mr Swayne built them cottages," said Betty; "they're his own, and as nice a well-furnished house and as comfortable; and his good lady ain't one of them that wastes or wants. She has a lodger in the front parlour, and keeps 'em as nice as it's a picture to see, and as respected in the whole parish——"

"Don't you go on a-praising me before my face," said Mrs Swayne, modestly; "we're folks as are neither rich nor poor, and can give our neighbours a hand by times and times. You're a stranger as is well seen, or you wouldn't be curious about Swayne and me."

"I'm a stranger sure enough," said Nancy. "We're poor relations, that's what we are; and the likes of us is not wanted here. If I was them I'd take more notice o'

my own flesh and blood, and one as can serve them yet, like *she* can. It ain't what you call a desirable place," said Nancy; "she's awful aggravating sometimes, like the most of old women; but all the same they're her children's children, and I'd allays let that count if it was me."

"That's old Mrs Fennell?" said Betty; "she never was here as I can think on but once. Miss Sara isn't one that can stand being interfered with; but they sends her an immensity of game, and vegetables, and flowers, and such things, and I've always heard as the master gives her an allowance. I don't see as she's any reason to complain."

"A woman as knows as much as she does," said Nancy, solemnly, "she ought to be better looked to;" and then she changed her tone. "I've walked all this long way, and I have got to get back again, and she'll be as cross as cross if I'm long. And I don't suppose there's no omnibus or nothing going my way. If it was but a cart——"

"There's a carrier's cart," said Betty; "but Mrs Sawyne could tell you most about that. Her two lodgers come in it, and Mrs Preston, that time she had something to do in Masterton——"

"Who is Mrs Preston?" said Nancy, quickly. "I've heard o' that name. And I've heard in Masterton of some one as came in the carrier's cart. If I might make so bold, who is she? Is she your lodger? I once knew some folks of that name in my young days, and I'd like to hear."

"Oh yes, she's my lodger," said Mrs Swayne, "and a terrible trouble to me. I'd just been a-grumbling to Betty when you came in. She and that poor thing Pamela, they lay on my mind so heavy, I don't know what to do. You might give old Mrs Fennell a hint to speak to Mr John. He's a-running after that girl, he is, till

it turns one sick; and a poor silly woman of a mother as won't see no harm in it. If the old lady was to hear in a sort of a side way like, she might give Mr John a talking to. Not as I have much confidence in his mending. Gentlemen never does."

"Oh," said Nancy, with a strange gleam of her dark eyes, "so she's got a daughter! and it was her as came into Masterton in the carrier's cart? I just wanted to know. Maybe you could tell me what kind of a looking woman she was. There was one as I knew once in my young days——"

"She ain't unlike yourself," said Mrs Swayne, with greater brevity than usual; and she turned and began to investigate Nancy with a closeness for which she was not prepared. Another gleam shot from the stranger's black eyes as she listened. It even brought a tinge of colour to her grey cheek, and though she restrained herself with the utmost care, there was unquestionably a certain excitement in her. Mrs Swayne's eyes were keen, but they were not used to read mysteries. A certain sense of something to find out oppressed her senses; but, notwithstanding her curiosity, she had not an idea what secret there could be.

"If it's the same person, it's years and years since I saw her last," said Nancy; "and so she's got a daughter! I shouldn't think it could be a very young daughter if it's hers; she should be as old as me. And it was her as came in to Masterton in the carrier's cart! Well, well! what droll things does happen to be sure."

"I don't know what's droll about that," said Mrs Swayne; "but I don't know nought about her. She's always been quiet and genteel as a lodger—always till this business came on about Mr John. But I'd be glad to know where her friends was, if she's got any friends. She's as old as you, or older, and, not to say anything as is unpleas-

ant—it's an awful thing to think of—what if folks should go and die in your house, and you not know their friends?"

"If it's that you're thinking of, she's got no friends," said Nancy, with a vehemence that seemed unnatural and uncalled-for to her companions—"none as I know of nowheres—but maybe me. And it isn't much as I could do. She's a woman as has been awful plundered and wronged in her time. Mr John! oh, I'd just like to hear what it is about Mr John. If that was to come after all, I tell you it would call down fire from heaven."

"Goodness gracious me!" said Mrs Swayne, "what does the woman mean?" And Betty too uttered a quavering exclamation, and they both drew their chairs closer to the separated seat, quite apart from the dais of intimacy and friendship, upon which the dusty stranger had been permitted to rest.

Nancy, however, had recollected herself. "Mean?" she said, with a look of innocence; "oh, I didn't mean nothing; but that I've a kind of spite—I don't deny it—at them grand Brownlows, that don't take no notice to speak of of their own flesh and blood. That's all as I mean. - I ain't got no time to-day, but if you'll say as Nancy Christian sends her compliments and wants badly to see Mrs Preston, and is coming soon again, I'll be as obliged as ever I can be. If it's her, she'll think on who Nancy Christian was; and if it ain't her, it don't make much matter," she continued, with a sigh. She said these last words very slowly, looking at neither of her companions, fixing her eyes upon the door of Swayne's cottage, at which Pamela had appeared. The sun came in at Betty's door and dazzled the stranger's eyes, and it was not easy for her at first to see Pamela, who stood in the shade. The girl had looked out for no particular reason, only because she was passing that way;

and as she stood giving a glance up and a glance down the road—a glance which was not wistful, but full of a sweet confidence—Nancy kept staring at her, blinking her eyes to escape the sunshine. "Is that the girl?" she said, a little hoarsely. And then all the three looked out and gazed at Pamela in her tender beauty. Pamela saw them also. It did not occur to her whose the third head might be, nor did she care very much. She felt sure they were discussing her, shaking their heads over her imprudence; but Pamela at the moment was too happy to be angry. She said, "Poor old things," to herself. They were poor old things; they had not the blood dancing in their veins as she had; they had not light little feet that flew over the paths, nor light hearts that leaped in their breasts, poor old souls. She waved her hand to them half kindly, half saucily, and disappeared again like a living bit of sunshine into the house which lay so obstinately in the shade. As for Nancy, she was moved in some wonderful way by this sight. She trembled when the girl made that half-mocking half-sweet salutation; the tears came to her eyes. "She could never have a child so young," she muttered half to herself, and then gazed and gazed as if she had seen a ghost. When Pamela disappeared she rose up and shook the dust, not from her feet, but from her skirts, outside old Betty's door. "I've only a minute," said Nancy, "but if I could but set eyes on the mother I could tell if it was her I used to know."

"I left her lyin' down wi' a bad headache," said Mrs Swayne. "If you like you can go and take a look through the parlour window; or I'll ask if she's better. Them sort of folks that have little to do gets headaches terrible easy. Of an afternoon when their dinner's over, what has the likes of them to take up their time? They takes a sleep on my sofa, or they takes a walk,

and a headache comes natural-like when folks has all that time on their hands. Come across and look in at the window. It's low, and if your eyes are good you can just see her where she lays."

Nancy followed her new companion across the road. As she went out of the gates she gave a glance up through the avenue, and made as though she would have shaken her fist at the great house. "If you but knew!" Nancy said to herself. But they did not know, and the sunshine lay as peacefully across the pretty stretch of road as if there had been no dangers there. The old woman crossed over to Mrs Swayne's cottage, and went into the little square of garden where Pamela sometimes watered the flowers. Nancy stooped over the one monthly rose and plucked a bit of the homely lads'-love in the corner which flourished best of all, and then she drew very close to the window and looked in. It was an alarming sight to the people within. Mrs Preston had got a second cup of tea, and raised herself up on her pillow to swallow it, when all at once this grey visage, not unlike her own, surrounded with black much like her own dress, looked in upon her, a stranger, and yet somehow wearing a half-familiar aspect. As for Pamela, there was something awful to her in the vision. She turned round to her mother in a fright to compare the two faces. She was not consciously superstitious, but yet dim thoughts of a wraith, a double, a solemn messenger of doom, were in her mind. She had heard of such things. "Go and see who it is," said Mrs Preston; and Pamela rushed out, not feeling sure that the strange apparition might not have vanished. But it had not vanished. Nancy stood at the door, and when she was looked into in the open daylight she was not so dreadfully like Mrs Preston's wraith.

"Good day, Miss," said Nancy;

"I thought as maybe I might have had a few words with your mother. If she's the person I take her for, I used to know her long long ago; and I've a deal that's very serious to say."

"You frightened us dreadfully looking in at the window," said Pamela. "And mamma has such a bad headache; she has been a good deal—worried. Would you mind coming back another time?—or is it anything I can say?"

"There's something coming down the road," said Nancy; "and I am tired and can't walk back. If it's the carrier I'll have to go, Miss. And I can't say the half nor the quarter to you. Is it the carrier? Then I'll have to go. Tell her it was one as knew her when we was both young—knew her right well, and all her ways—knew her mother. And I've a deal to say; and my name's Nancy Christian, if she should ask. If she's the woman I take her for, she'll know my name."

"And you'll come back?—will you be sure to come back?" asked Pamela, carelessly, yet with a girl's eagerness for everything like change and news. The cart had stopped by this time, and Mrs Swayne had brought forth a chair to aid the stranger in her ascent. The place was roused by the event. Old Betty stood at her cottage, and Swayne had hobbled out from the kitchen, and even Mrs Preston, forgetting the headache, had stolen to the window, and peeped out through the small venetian blind which covered the lower part of it to look at and wonder who the figure belonged to which had so strange a likeness to herself. Amid all these spectators Nancy mounted, slowly shaking out once more the dust from her skirts.

"I'll be late, and she'll give me an awful talking to," she said. "No; I can't stop to-day. But I'll come again—oh yes, I'll come again." She kept looking back as long as she was in sight, peeping round the hood of the waggon,

searching them through and through with her anxious gaze ; whilst all the bystanders looked on surprised. What had she to do with them ? And then her looks, and her dress, and her black eager eyes, were so like Mrs Preston's. Her face bore a very doubtful, uncertain look as she was thus borne solemnly away. "I couldn't know her after such a long time ; and I don't see as she could have had a child so young," was what Nancy was saying to herself, shaking her head, and then reassuring herself. This visit made a sensation which al-

most diverted public attention from Mr John ; and when Nancy's message was repeated to Mrs Preston, it was received with an immediate recognition which increased the excitement. "Nancy Christian !" Mrs Preston repeated all the evening long. She could think of nothing else. It made her head so much worse that she had to go to bed, where Pamela watched her to the exclusion of every other interest. This was Nancy's first visit. She did not mean, even had she had time, to proceed to anything more important that day.

CHAPTER XXV.—HOW SARA REGARDED THE MOTE IN HER BROTHER'S EYE.

A few days after these events, caprice or curiosity led Sara to Swayne's cottage. She had very much given up going there—why, she could scarcely have explained. In reality she knew nothing about the relationship between her brother and her friend ; but either that, unknown to herself, had exercised some kind of magnetic repulsion upon her, or her own preoccupation had withdrawn Sara from any special approach to her little favourite. She would have said she was as fond of her as ever ; but in fact she did not want Pamela as she had wanted her. And the consequence was that they had been much longer apart than either of them, occupied with their own concerns, had been aware. The motive which drew Sara thither after so long an interval was about as mysterious as that which kept her away. She went, but did not know why ; perhaps from some impulse of those secret threads of fate which are ever being drawn unconsciously to us into another and another combination ; perhaps simply from a girlish yearning towards the pleasant companion of whom for a time she had made so much. Mrs Preston had not recovered when Sara went to see her daughter—she was still lying on the sofa with one of

her nervous attacks, Pamela said—though the fact was that neither mother nor daughter understood what kind of attack it was. Anxiety and excitement and uncertainty had worn poor Mrs Preston out ; and then her headache was so handy—it saved her from making any decision—it excused her to herself for not settling immediately what she ought to do. She was not able to move, and she was thankful for it. She could not undergo the fatigue of finding some other place to live in, of giving Mr John his final answer. To be sure he knew and she knew that his final answer had been given—that there could be no doubt about it ; but still every practical conclusion was postponed by the attack, and in this point of view it was the most fortunate thing which could have occurred.

Things were thus with them when Sara, after a long absence, one day suddenly lighted down upon the shady house in the glory of her summer attire, like a white dove lying into the bosom of the clouds. Perhaps it would be wrong to say that Pamela in her black frock stood no chance in the presence of her visitor ; but it is certain that when Miss Brownlow came floating in with her light dress, and her bright ribbons and her shining hair, every-

thing about her gleaming with a certain reflection from the sunshine, Pamela and her mother could neither of them look at anything else. She dazzled them, and yet drew their eyes to her, as light itself draws everybody's eyes. Pamela shrank a little from her friend's side with a painful humility, asking herself whether it was possible that this bright creature should ever be her sister; while even Mrs Preston, though she had all a mother's admiration for her own child, could not but feel her heart sink as she thought how this splendid princess would ever tolerate so inferior an alliance. This consciousness in their minds made an immediate estrangement between them. Sara was condescending, and she felt she was condescending, and hated herself; and as for the mother and daughter, they were constrained and stricken dumb by the secret in their hearts. And thus there rose a silent offence on both sides. On hers, because they were so cold and distant; on theirs, because it seemed to them that she had come with the intention of being affable and kind to them, they who could no longer accept patronage. The mother lay on the sofa in the dark corner, and Sara sat on the chair in the window, and between the two points Pamela went straying, ashamed of herself, trying to smooth over her own secret irritation and discontent, trying to keep the peace between the others, and yet at the same time wishing and longing that her once welcome friend would leave them to themselves. The circumstances of their intercourse were changed, and the intercourse itself had to be organised anew. Thus the visit might have passed over, leaving only an impression of pain on their minds, but for an accident which set the matter in a clearer light. Pamela had been seated at the window with her work before Sara entered, and underneath the linen she had been stitching lay an envelope directed to her by Jack Brownlow. Jack had

not seen his little love for one entire day, and naturally he had written her a little letter, which was as foolish as if he had not been so sensible a young man. It was only the envelope which lay thus on the table under Pamela's work. Its enclosure was laid up in quite another sanctuary, but the address was there, unquestionably in Jack's hand. It lay the other way from Sara's eyes, tantalising her with the well-known writing. She tried hard—without betraying herself, in the intervals of the conversation—to read the name on it upside down, and her suspicion had not, as may be supposed, an enlivening effect upon the conversation. Then she stooped and pretended to look at Pamela's work; then she gave the provoking envelope a little stealthy touch with the end of her parasol. Perhaps scrupulous honour would have forbidden these little attempts to discover the secret; but when a sister perceives her brother's handwriting on the work-table of her friend, it is hard to resist the inclination to make sure in the first place that it *is* his, in the second place to whom it is addressed. This was all that Sara was guilty of. She would not have peeped into the note for a kingdom, but she did want to know whom it was written to. Perhaps it was only some old scrap of paper, some passing word about mendings or fittings to Mr Swayne. Perhaps—and then Sara gave the envelope stealthily that little poke with her parasol.

A few minutes after she got up to go: her complexion had heightened suddenly in the strangest way, her eyes had taken a certain rigid look, which meant excitement and wrath. "Will you come out with me a little way? I want to speak to you," she said, as Pamela went with her to the door. It was very different from those old beseeching, tender, undeniable invitations which the one had been in the habit of giving to the other; but

there was something in it which constrained Pamela, though she trembled to her very heart, to obey. She did not know anything about the envelope; she had forgotten it—forgotten that she had left it there, and had not perceived Sara's stealthy exertions to secure a sight of it. But nevertheless she knew there was something coming. She took down her little black hat, trembling, and stole out, a dark little figure, beside Sara, stately in her light flowing draperies. They did not say a word to each other as they crossed the road and entered at the gates and passed Betty's cottage. Betty came to the door and looked after them with a curiosity so great that she was tempted to follow and creep under the bushes, and listen; but Sara said nothing to betray herself as long as they were within the range of old Betty's eye. When they had got to the chestnut-trees, to that spot where Mr Brownlow had come upon his son and his son's love, and where there was a possibility of escaping from the observation of spectators at the gate, Sara's composure gave way. All at once she seized Pamela's arm, who turned round to her with her lips apart and her heart struggling up into her mouth with terror. "Jack has been writing to you," said Sara; "tell me what it has been about."

"What it has been about!" said Pamela, with a cry. The poor little girl was so taken by surprise that all her self-possession forsook her. Her knees trembled, her heart beat, fluttering wildly in her ears; she sank down on the grass in her confusion, and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Miss Brownlow!" was all that she was able to say.

"That is no answer," said Sara, with all her natural vehemence. "Pamela, get up, and answer me like a sensible creature. I don't mean to say it is your fault. A man might write to you and you

might not be to blame. Tell me only what it means. What did he write to you about?"

Then Pamela bethought herself that she too had a certain dignity to preserve; not her own so much as that which belonged to her in right of her betrothed. She got up hastily, blushing scarlet, and though she did not meet Sara's angry questioning eyes, she turned her downcast face towards her with a certain steadfastness. "It is not any harm," she said, softly, "and, Miss Brownlow, you are no—no—older than me."

"I am two years older than you," said Sara, "and I know the world, and you don't; and I am his sister. Oh, you foolish little thing! don't you know it is wicked? If you had told me, I never never would have let him trouble you. I never thought Jack would have done anything so dreadful. It's because you don't know."

"Mamma knows," said Pamela, with a certain self-assertion; and then her courage once more failed her. "I tried to stop him," she said, with the tears coming to her eyes, "and so did mamma. But I could not force him; not when he—he—would not. What I think of," cried Pamela, "is him, not myself; but if he won't, what *can* I do?"

"If he won't what?" said Sara, in her amazement and wrath.

But Pamela could make no answer; half with the bitterness of it, half with the sweetness of it, her heart was full. It was hard to be questioned and taken to task thus by her own friend; but it was sweet to know that what she could do was nothing, that her efforts had been vain, that *he* would not give up. All this produced such a confusion in her that she could not say another word. She turned away, and once more covered her face with her hand; not that she was at all miserable—or if indeed it was a kind of misery, misery itself is sometimes sweet.

As for Sara, she blazed upon her

little companion with an indignation which was splendid to behold. "Your mamma knows," she said, "and permits it! Oh, Pamela! that I should have been so fond of you, and that you should treat me like this!"

"I am not treating you badly—it is you," said Pamela, with a sob which she could not restrain, "who are cruel to me."

"If you think so, we had better part," said Sara, with tragic grandeur. "We had better part, and forget that we ever knew each other. I could have borne anything from you but being false. Oh, Pamela! how could you do it? To be treacherous to me who have always loved you, and to correspond with Jack!"

"I—don't—correspond—with Jack," cried Pamela, the words being wrung out of her; and then she stopped short, and dried her eyes, and grew red, and looked Sara in the face. It was true, and yet it was false; and the consciousness of this falsehood in the spirit made her cheeks burn, and yet startled her into composure. She stood upright for the first time, and eyed her questioner, but it was with the self-possession not of innocence but of guilt.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Sara—"very glad; but you let him write to you. And when I see his handwriting on your table what am I to think? I will speak to him about it to-night; I will not have him tease you. Pamela, if you will trust in me, I will bring you through it safe. Surely it would be better for you to have me for a friend than Jack?"

Poor Pamela's eyes sank to the ground as this question was addressed to her. Her blush, which had begun to fade, returned with double violence. Such a torrent of crimson rushed to her face and throat that even Sara took note of it. Pamela could not tell a lie—not another lie, as she said to herself in her heart; for the fact

was she did prefer Jack—preferred him infinitely and beyond all question; and such being the case, could not so much as look at her questioner, much less breathe a word of assent. Sara marked the silence, the overwhelming blush, the look which suddenly fell beneath her own, with the consternation of utter astonishment. In that moment a renewed storm of indignation swept over her. She stamped her foot upon the grass in the impatience of her thoughts.

"You prefer Jack," she cried, in horror—"you prefer Jack! Oh, heaven! but in that case," she added, gathering up her long dress in her arms, and turning away with a grandeur of disdain which made an end of Pamela, "it is evident that we had better part. I do not know that there is anything more I can say. I have thought more of you than I ought to have done," said Sara, making a few steps forward and then turning half round with the air of an injured princess, "but now it is better that we should part."

With this she waved her hand and turned away. It was in her heart to have turned and gone back five-and-twenty times before she reached the straight line of the avenue from which they had strayed. Before she got to the first laurel in the shrubberies her heart had given her fifty pricks on the subject of her cruelty; but Sara was not actually so moved by these admonitions as to go back. As for Pamela, she stood for a long time where her friend had left her, motionless under the chestnut-trees, with tears dropping slowly from her downcast eyes, and a speechless yet sweet anguish in her heart. Her mother had been right. The sister's little friend, and the brother's betrothed were two different things. This was how she was to be received by those who were nearest in the world to him; and yet he was a man, and his own master; all she could do was in

vain, and he could not be forced to give up. Pamela stood still until his sister's light steps began to sound on the gravel; and when it was evident the parting had been final, and that Sara did not mean to come back, the poor child relieved her bosom by a long sob, and then went home very humbly by the broad sunny avenue. She went and poured her troubles into her mother's bosom, which naturally was so much the worse for Mrs Preston's headache. It was very hard to bear, and yet there was one thing which gave a little comfort; Jack was his own master, and giving him up, as everybody else adjured her to do, would be a thing entirely without effect.

The dinner-table at Brownlows was very grave that night. Mr Brownlow, it is true, was much as usual, and so was Jack; they were very much as they always were, notwithstanding that very grave complications surrounded the footsteps of both. But as for Sara, her aspect was solemnity itself; she spoke in monosyllables only; she ate little, and that little in a pathetic way; when her father or her brother addressed her she took out her finest manners and extinguished them. Altogether she was a very imposing and majestic sight; and after a few attempts at ordinary conversation, the two gentlemen, feeling themselves very trifling and insignificant personages indeed, gave in, and struggled no longer against an influence which was too much for them. There was something, too, in her manner—something imperceptible to Mr Brownlow, perceptible only to Jack—which made it clear to the latter that it was on his account his sister was so profoundly disturbed. He said "Pshaw!" to himself at first, and tried to think himself quite indifferent; but the fact was he was not indifferent. When she left the room at last, Jack had no heart for a chat with his father over the claret. He too felt

his secret on his mind, and became uncomfortable when he was drawn at all into a confidential attitude; and to-day, in addition to this, there was in his heart a prick of alarm. Did Sara know? was that what she meant? Jack knew very well that sooner or later everybody must know; but at the present moment a mingled sense of shame and pride and independence kept him silent. Even supposing it was the most prudent marriage he could make, why should a fellow go and tell everybody like a girl? It might be well enough for a girl to do it—a girl had to get everybody's consent, and ask everybody's advice, whereas he required neither advice nor consent. And so he had not felt himself called upon to say anything about it; but it is nervous work, when you have a secret on your mind, to be left alone with your nearest relative, the person who has the best right to know, and who in a way possesses your natural confidence, and has done nothing to forfeit it. So Jack escaped five minutes after Sara, and hastened to the drawing-room, looking for her. Perhaps she had expected it—at all events she was there waiting for him still as solemn, pathetic, and important as it is possible to conceive. She had some work in her hands, which of itself was highly significant. Jack went up to her, and she looked at him, but took no further notice. After that one glance she looked down again, and went on with her work—things were too serious for speech.

"What's the matter?" said Jack. "Why are you making such a tragedy-queen of yourself? What has everybody done? My opinion is you have frightened my father to death."

"I should be very sorry if I had frightened papa," said Sara, meekly; and then she broke forth with vehemence, "Oh, how can you, Jack? Don't you feel ashamed to look me in the face?"

"I ashamed to look you in the face?" cried Jack, in utter bewilderment; and he retired a step, but yet stared at her with the most straightforward stare. His eyes did not fall under the scrutiny of hers, but gradually as he looked there began to steal up among his whiskers an increasing heat. He grew red though there was no visible cause for it. "I should like to know what I have done," he said, with an affected laugh. "Anyhow, you take high ground."

"I couldn't take too high ground," said Sara, solemnly. "Oh, Jack! how could you think of meddling with that innocent little thing? To see her about so pretty and sweet as she was, and then to go and worry her and tease her to death!"

"Worry and tease—whom?" cried Jack, in amaze. This was certainly not the accusation he expected to hear.

"As if you did not know whom I mean!" said his sister. "Wasn't it throwing themselves on our kindness when they came here? And to make her that she dares not walk about or come out anywhere—to tease her with letters even! I think you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected that."

Jack had taken to bite his nails, not well knowing what else to do. But he made no direct reply even to the solemnity of this appeal. A flush of anger sprang up over his face, and yet he was amused. "Has she been complaining to you?" he said.

"Complaining," said Sara. "Poor little thing! No, indeed. She never said a word. I found it out all by myself."

"Then I advise you to keep it all to yourself," said her brother, "She don't want you to interfere, nor I either. We can manage our own affairs; and I think, Sara," he added, with an almost equal grandeur, "if I were you I would not notice the mote in my brother's

eye till I had looked after the beam in my own."

The beam in her own! what did he mean? But Jack went off in a lofty way, contenting himself with this Parthian arrow, and declining to explain. The insinuation, however, disturbed Sara. What was the beam in her own? Somehow, while she was puzzling about it, a vision of young Powys crossed her mind, papa's friend, who began to come so often. When she thought of that, she smiled at her brother's delusion. Poor Jack! he did not know that it was in discharge of her most sacred duty that she was civil to Powys. She had been very civil to him. She had taken his part against Jack's own refined rudeness, and delivered him even from the perplexed affabilities of her father, though he was her father's friend. Both Mr Brownlow and Jack were preoccupied, and Sara had been the only one to entertain the stranger. And she had done it so as to make the entertainment very amusing and pleasant to herself. But what had that to do with a beam in her eye? She had made a vow, and she was performing her vow. And he was her father's friend; and if all other arguments should be exhausted, still the case was no parallel to that of Pamela. He was not a poor man dwelling at the gate. He was a fairy prince, whom some enchantment had transformed into his present shape. The case was utterly different. Thus it was with a certain magnificent superiority over her brother's weakness that Sara smiled to herself at his delusion. And yet she was grieved to think that he should take refuge in such a delusion, and did not show any symptom of real sorrow for his own sin.

Jack had hardly gone when Mr Brownlow came up-stairs. And he too asked Sara why it was that she sat apart in such melancholy majesty. When he had heard the cause, he was more disturbed than

either of his children had been. Sara had supposed that Jack might be trifling with her poor little friend—she thought that he might carry the flirtation so far as to break poor Pamela's heart, perhaps. But Mr Brownlow knew that there were sometimes consequences more serious than even the breaking of hearts. To be sure he judged, not with the awful severity of a woman, but with the leniency of a man of the world; but yet it seemed to him that worse things might happen to poor Pamela than an innocent heartbreak, and his soul was disturbed within him by the thought. He had warned his son, with all the gravity which the occasion required; but Jack was young, and no doubt the warning had been ineffectual. Mr Brownlow was grieved to his soul; and, what was strange enough, it never occurred to him that his son could have behaved as he had done, like a Paladin. Jack's philosophy, which had so little effect upon himself, had deceived his father. Mr Brownlow felt that Jack was not the man to sacrifice his position and prospects and ambitions to an early marriage, and the only alternative was one at which he shuddered. For the truth was, his eye had been much attracted by the bright little face at the gate. It recalled some other face to him—he could not recall whose face. He had thought

she was like Sara at first, but it was not Sara. And to think of that fresh sweet blossoming creature all trodden down into dust and ruin! The thought made Mr Brownlow's heart contract with positive pain. He went down into the avenue, and walked about there for hours waiting for his son. It must not be, he said to himself—it must not be! And all this time Jack, not knowing what was in store for him, was hearing over and over again, with much repetition, the story of the envelope and Sara's visit, and was drying Pamela's tears, and laughing at her fright, and asking her gloriously what anybody could do to separate them?—what could anybody do? A girl might be subject to her parents; but who was there who could take away his free-will from a Man? This was the scope of Jack's conversation, and it was very charming to his hearer. What could any one do against that magnificent force of resolution? Of course, his allowance might be taken from him; but he could work. They had it all their own way in Mrs Swayne's parlour, though Mrs Swayne herself did not hesitate to express her disapproval; but as yet Mr John knew nothing about the anxious parent who walked up and down waiting for him on the other side of the gate.

THE SOCIAL ERA OF GEORGE III.

THE reign of George III., as usually described in history, presents us with little else than a continuous narrative of fierce party struggles at home, and of long and sanguinary foreign wars in all parts of the world. Two historians indeed, both of them painstaking writers, have, within the last few years, stepped in this respect slightly out of the beaten track. Lord Stanhope first, and after him Mr Massey, saw the importance of at least touching on the inner life of the nation, and each has, in consequence, devoted a separate chapter to the discussion of other points than those of foreign and domestic policy. Even they, however, treat this portion of their subject with less breadth of detail than its importance seems to deserve. They describe some of the customs of a bygone age, and describe them well; but the picture which they paint is far from complete; and they fail to show by what process it assumed by degrees, like a dissolving view at a theatre, a new aspect. Even Mr Jesse, whom the greater freedom afforded to a biographer might have tempted to take a course of his own, has not, according to our judgment in the matter, quite come up to the point which was accessible to him. He gives us, it is true, pleasant glimpses of the domestic habits of the royal household, and exposes, without circumlocution, the low state of morals which prevailed a hundred years ago among the aristocracy. But of the marvellous changes which were going on under the hero of his tale in the constitution of English society at large, and of the causes to which they are attributable, even he takes little or no notice. We propose in the following pages to supply in some degree what we do not find in his pleasant pages, not because we desire to censure

him for turning aside from investigations the pursuit of which might have carried him outside the plan on which he proposed to construct his work, but because the student of his agreeable volumes will scarcely derive from them all the instruction with which they are fraught, unless he know something more than Mr Jesse tells him of what England was, while those sixty years were running their course during which the Government of this country was carried on in the name and under the authority of George III.

We must begin by reminding our readers that the incidents which mainly determine whether nations are to be accounted civilised or the reverse are the condition of their roads, the state of their agriculture, and the means of transport available, at all times, and under everyday contingencies, for the conveyance of goods and of persons from one point within the country to another. Wherever you find these three conditions of social existence in good order, there you may be sure that you are not sojourning with barbarians. There may be no high standard of art and literature among them; their manners, in the common intercourse of life, may be rough; and even in the views which they entertain of moral and religious requirements, you may encounter a good deal which offends your more just perception of what is right. But the people as a people are lifted above the line which divides civilisation from barbarism; they have made the first and certainly the most important advances towards national refinement. On the other hand, wherever these three conditions of social existence are in bad order, there, you may depend upon it, you have fallen among a rude people. Their country may have

produced great writers, great artists, learned divines, philosophers, and scholars; and luxury may abound in their capital as it abounded long ago in Rome. But the people, as a people, are essentially rude; they have yet the first and most important steps to take in the direction of national refinement.

When George III. mounted the throne, England, so far as regarded the state of its roads, its agriculture, and means of internal transport, was, if not the most backward, certainly one of the most backward of European countries. In respect to roads it had decidedly fallen far behind the condition in which the Romans left it. The long straight causeways of that marvellous people, taking no account of levels, but passing sheer from point to point, were all but obliterated, and nothing hard, solid, or fit to bear the pressure of travel, had then, or for centuries before, taken their place. Here and there, indeed, as on the Wiltshire downs, the moors of Devonshire, and the Yorkshire wolds, stone blocks, laid down irregularly on the surface of the ground, enabled men and horses to pick their way, even in winter, from one town or village to another. But wherever the old Roman roads were lost in other parts of the country, nothing was brought in to supply their place, and travelling became, in consequence, not only difficult and dangerous, but wellnigh impossible.

It is not our business to describe in detail how feeble were the attempts made long ago by legislation and royal authority to correct this evil. As early as 1285, a law was passed directing the bushes and trees to be cleared away from either side of the highways, to a distance of two hundred feet, for the avowed purpose of preventing robbers from lying in ambush. But for the construction of roads themselves no orders were given, and these be-

came in consequence, wherever they existed at all, exactly what the amount of traffic upon each happened to make it. Hence, two centuries later, the footway at the entrance of Temple Bar was become so choked by thickets and bushes as to be all but impassable; indeed it was not till the accession of William and Mary that anything whatever was done to enforce the establishment of means of intercommunication between either the capital and the provinces, or one provincial town and another. Then the Statute of Labour, as it is called, was first passed. This threw upon parishes the burden of maintaining such roads as were already marked out. But besides that the law made no requisition for new roads, so little was it regarded in its effect upon the old roads that in Queen Anne's reign, and down to the demise of George II., the traveller who in winter approached London from the west, was in danger of sinking, even when he got to Knightsbridge, up to his saddle-girths in mud. Nor, as may be supposed, were the facilities of travel greater in the provinces than near the capital. In the neighbourhood of Birmingham, where the soil is sandy, successive generations of men and horses cut down the paths here and there to a depth of many feet below the surface—one of which, by the by, still existing, and known as Holloway Head, tells its own story, even though in part the hollow has been filled in. In like manner Holloway parish in London speaks of the condition in which the way or road used to be, from which the parish takes its name. As to Sussex, Fuller tells us that in his day the roads were such that an old lady, a friend of his, used to be dragged in her coach to church by six oxen. So also Cowley, the poet, encourages his friend Spratt to visit him in Chertsey, by showing that he might sleep the first night in Hampton town, and reach him in time for

supper the day following. And thus things continued with very little improvement down to the middle of the eighteenth century. Lord Hervey, writing from Kensington in 1736, complains that "the road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad, that we are here in the same solitude as we would be if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us that there is between them and us an impassable gulf of mud." And that Lord Hervey scarcely overcoloured his picture, is shown by the fact that when Queen Caroline passed from St James's Palace to Kensington, she spent two hours on the journey in bad weather, and that over and over again the royal carriage stuck fast, or was upset by the wheel getting into a rut. Nor were the streets of London themselves in a much better plight. Open kennels ran in the middle of them, which, when the rain came down, flooded them altogether, leaving, on the subsidence of the waters, a sea of mud, through which (for there were no sideways or flagstones), passengers on foot had to pick their way, and to pick it after nightfall in the dark, for street-lamps there were none.

Over roads of this description, the only practicable mode of travelling was on foot or on horseback. The poor walked, the rich rode. The judges rode the circuits, and the bar walked or rode, according as their circumstances authorised. Ladies sat on pillions, with their arms round the gentlemen or serving-men who rode before them. Queen Elizabeth made most of her journeys in this fashion, and entered the city in state sitting on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor. She was provided, indeed, in the course of her reign with a coach, which, like the Roman carriages, was destitute of springs, the body resting upon solid axles. But so severe was the jolting that, except on state occasions, the coach never came

with her into use, nor was it for many years after her reign adopted even by the great nobility. The horse-litter conveyed ladies who were too delicate to go through a journey on horseback, and the pillion did service with the more robust.

Meanwhile, what little traffic in goods was carried on between one part of the realm and another was carried on entirely by packhorses. Corn and wool went to market in creels. Manure was carried to the fields in the same way; and in the same way from moss or forest fuel was conveyed to towns, villages, and private houses. Even the little coal which was used in the southern counties could only be transported in panniers from the seashore or navigable rivers inland. In a country so circumstanced it was out of the question that manufactures of any kind could flourish. It was cheaper to import foreign wares into London by sea than to bring them on horses' backs from the interior. And elsewhere than in London people were content to do without articles which are now regarded as indispensable, even to the poorest. For example, a hundred and fifty years ago vessels of wood, pewter, and even of leather, formed the chief part of the household and table utensils in opulent families. Clothing, glass, "delft," cutlery, paper, even hats, all came from France, Germany, and Holland; and most of these, like plate in silver and gold, were in common use only among the titled and untitled nobility.

Commercial intercourse there was, however, of a certain kind even then between the capital and the provinces, and between one provincial town and another. At the time when Smollett made his famous journey from Glasgow to London, this was carried on partly in waggons, more frequently by packhorses. The latter were used principally for purposes of trade—the former had begun to carry pas-

sengers likewise ; and of both modes of conveyance Smollett, like the Roderick Random of his story, made trial. The packhorses went in long strings, one following the other, pretty much as in the present day mules traverse Spain ; and in England in 1753, as in Spain in 1867, the leading beast, because he was remarkable for his sagacity, bore a bell, or a collar of bells, wherewith to guide aright those that followed. We find, in that amusing work 'The Original,' a passage which explains so accurately the circumstances under which this species of internal trade was carried on, that we cannot do better than transfer it to our own pages :—

“ I have, by tradition, the mode of carrying on the home-trade by one of the principal merchants of Manchester, who was born at the commencement of the last century, and who realised a sufficient fortune to keep a carriage, when not half-a-dozen were kept in the town by persons connected with business. He sent the manufactures of the place into Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and the intervening counties, and principally took in exchange feathers from Lincolnshire, and malt from Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire. All his commodities were conveyed on packhorses, and he was from home the greater part of every year, performing his journeys entirely on horseback. His balances were received in guineas, and were carried with him in his saddle-bags. He was exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to great labour and fatigue, and to constant danger. In Lincolnshire he travelled chiefly along bridleways, through fields where frequent gibbets warned him of his perils, and where flocks of wild-fowl continually darkened the air. Business carried on in this manner required a combination of personal attention, courage, and physical strength not to be looked for in a deputy ; and a merchant then led a much more severe and irksome life than a bagman afterwards, still more than a 'traveller' of the present day. In the earlier days of the merchant above mentioned, the wine-merchant who supplied Manchester resided at Preston, then always called Proud Preston, because exclusively inhabited by gentry. The wine was carried on horses, and a gallon was considered a large order.”

Allusion has been made in this extract to the perils of the road, and to the frequent gibbets which warned the travelling merchants, in the midland and northern counties, to keep constantly upon their guard. It was not, however, in the midland and northern districts of England exclusively that the practice of highway robbery was of frequent occurrence. While Turpin and Bradshaw made the Great North Road the scene of their operations, Duval, Macheath, Macbain, and many more infested Hounslow Heath, Finchley Common, Shooters Hill, and other approaches to the capital. Many bodies of highwaymen, hung in chains, ornamented most of these approaches ; yet the example failed to deter from constant repetitions of the offence which had cost these men their lives. Nobody thought, indeed, a hundred years ago, of setting out upon a journey, whether he travelled by coach or on horseback, without getting his firearms ready ; and the circumstance of having used them effectively, and beaten off or killed a robber, gained for a gentleman almost as proud a name as the soldier acquires now by winning the Victoria Cross. The following story of John, Earl Berkeley, is not new, but we give it as well illustrating the manners of the times of which we are writing.

Lord Berkeley, it appears, had often expressed his surprise at the success with which the noted highwaymen of the day carried on their operations. He especially blamed gentlemen who gave up their purses, except when attacked by superior numbers, and said that he should be ashamed to appear in public if ever he allowed himself to be robbed by a single highwayman. The knights of the road, as they called themselves, and were called by others, appear to have possessed one of the qualities which are essential to make up the character of a great commander. Their intelligence was excellent, and the speeches of

Lord Berkeley soon got abroad among them. These touched their honour, and it was determined that the earliest possible opportunity should be taken of compelling the boastful Peer to eat his words. Accordingly, when he was crossing Hounslow Heath one night in his carriage, he was suddenly roused from a slumber into which he had fallen by finding that the carriage was stopped, and that a strange face looked in upon him through the window, while a pistol was presented at his breast. "So, my lord," said the face, "I have you now. You have often boasted that you would not be robbed. Deliver, or take this." "No more I would," replied Lord Berkeley, coolly, at the same time putting his hand into his pocket as if to find his purse, "if it were not for that fellow peeping over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round to look; it was a false move; Lord Berkeley drew out, not his purse, but a pistol, and shot the man dead on the spot.

It was not, however, by mounted cavaliers exclusively, and in the open country, that in the early days of George III. deeds of violence were done upon the road. Foot-passengers, proceeding after dark towards Kensington and Paddington, would wait till they mustered in sufficient strength to set robbers at defiance; and the proprietors of Belsize House and Gardens, of Sadlers Wells, Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, encouraged Londoners to come to those places of amusement by advertising that "during the season the roads would be patrolled by twelve lusty fellows."

It was, we believe, the astounding success, both of the advance and the retreat of the Highland army in 1745, which first drew the serious attention of the English Government to the condition of the roads. The Highlanders, active, lithe, and little encumbered with baggage, made their way to Derby and back again with ease,

while the armies opposed to them, with their cavalry and guns, moved both slowly and painfully, as well in manœuvre as in pursuit. It was determined to make an effort towards correcting the evil, and a beginning was effected in the north. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1765, authorised a road to be constructed between Harrowgate and Boroughbridge, and turnpike gates to be set up for levying tolls on horses, cattle, and wheel-carriages. John Metcalfe of Knaresborough, a man self-educated and blind, undertook and executed this work with an amount of skill which astonished the world. He showed his countrymen also how to bridge over torrents; how to construct upon bogs and marshy places excellent highways; how to bring one town in the north into direct communication with another, provided there was enterprise enough in individuals to act on his suggestions, and perseverance to go on with them. It is curious to see how, both then and now, the people of the north of England took and kept the lead of those in the south in every matter demanding these qualities. When as yet the intercourse was but indifferent between London and the coast of Kent, and London and the counties to the south and west of it, Yorkshire had its stages running from town to town, and passing with considerable regularity north as far as the English border, and south into Lancashire. It may be well to notice this incident in the history of the times of which we are writing a little more in detail.

Stage-coaches appear to have been introduced into England as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. They were mere waggons, which made their way chiefly for a short distance out of London and back again. The pace never exceeded four miles an hour, and their jolting was frightful. Dugdale in his 'Diary' speaks, however, of a Coventry coach in

1659, and Thorsley of one which ran in summer between York and Hull. But with the roads in the state to which we have just adverted, and in a country where drainage was unknown, travelling to any distance in wheel-carriages of any kind was both uncertain and tedious. In 1700 the journey by coach from London to York occupied a week. Tunbridge Wells, Salisbury, and Oxford, were two days' distance from the metropolis. The adventurous traveller might hope to reach Exeter in five days; and, sixty years later, a full fortnight was required to make good the distance between London and Edinburgh. Even at this latter period the coach started only once a-month from each extremity of its line of route, and always went forth equipped with a store of hatchets wherewith to cut down branches, and even trees, which blocked the way, and a box of carpenter's tools in order that the means might be at hand of repairing damages incident upon upsets and general breakages.

With roads in this state, and the means of intercommunication so scanty, the inhabitants of one town and one district in England knew next to nothing of the inhabitants of another, though separated from them, it might be, by only twenty or thirty miles. Whatever people learned respecting their neighbours was learned from the pedlars or packmen, who were the merchants of the day, and conveyed from place to place news as well as goods; for shops were rare even in towns of considerable size, and had no existence at all in smaller towns and villages. From these hawkers the mistress of the house was accustomed to provide herself with finery—ribbons, lace, and suchlike. All the necessities for home usage were provided at home. The wool clipped from the master's sheep was carded by the master's servants. The flax, steeped and worked up, was, as well as the worsted, spun;

and the thread, taken charge of by a handloom-weaver on the estate, or perhaps sent to some neighbouring town or village, came back in due time fit to pass through the hands of the thrifty domestic seamstress or the travelling tailor. In like manner, English house-keepers were accustomed, less than a century ago, to lay up in the autumn such a stock of provisions as would suffice for the winter's consumption. Sheep and oxen slaughtered and salted down, with stores of wheat, barley, malt, spices, salt, honey, and savoury herbs, stocked the larder and the store-room of the rich. The poor were content if, in addition to their meal, they could lay in a supply of salted herrings. Those were the days of fairs, great and small; some chartered, some held by custom only, to which people of all ranks and conditions repaired, in order to provide themselves from time to time with such articles of luxury as neither the travelling merchant nor the neighbouring market town could supply. At these fairs the squires and yeomen bought and sold the produce of their farms. There, too, the hiring of servants took place; and side by side with traffic went on sports of all kinds—merryandrews, jugglers, quack doctors, and what not, keeping the country people in a roar, and gathering in their small coin. Of the greater fairs, not a few were given up to special business. Between Huddersfield and Leeds there was a cloth fair; a leather fair was held near Northampton; and cattle fairs, bonnet fairs, and even fruit fairs, abounded in all the counties of England. They were to England in the seventeenth, and even late in the eighteenth century, very much what the great fair of Novgorod is to Russia at this day.

The first serious innovation upon this primitive condition of things occurred in 1760, the same year in which George III. came to the throne; and to Sheffield belongs

the honour of achieving it. There was set up in that year, and in that town, "a flying machine on steel springs," which the inventors undertook should "sleep the first night at the Black-man's Head in Nottingham, the second at the Angel in Northampton, arriving at the Swan-with-two-necks, in Ladd Lane, on the evening of the third day." No doubt the Manchester men have some right to enter in this respect into competition with the men of Sheffield. They had their "flying coach" for the conveyance of passengers from their town to London as early as 1754; and they gave out, by public advertisement, before the enterprise began, that "however incredible it may appear, this coach will actually (barring accidents) arrive in London in four days and a half after leaving Manchester." In the matter of steel springs, however, they appear to have fallen short of the Sheffield men; and it does not quite appear that their promise of completing the journey in four days and a half was ever fulfilled. Still the impulse was given from both quarters, and its rebound extended to many others. Thus we find that, in 1766, John Scott, afterwards Earl of Eldon, made his way from Newcastle to London in a fly, having spent only four days and four nights on the road. From Bath and Birmingham London was reached, a year or two later, in two days; and one day (a long one to be sure, for it began at four in the morning and ended at nine at night) sufficed, in 1770, to convey the traveller from Dover to London.

Such was the state of England when George III. came to the throne, as regards two of those three conditions of social life which enable us to judge, at first sight, respecting the comparative barbarism of nations. The roads were of the worst possible description. The means of conveyance between place and place were defective in the extreme. With respect to the third—

the state of English agriculture, and the condition of the classes by which it was practised,—in these points the picture which meets our gaze is scarcely more cheering. Drainage, in 1760, may be said to have been a thing unknown. The courage and skill of our remote ancestors had, indeed, at periods too far removed from us to come within the province of history, constructed here and there vast mounds for damming out the sea and keeping rivers and even estuaries within certain circumscribed limits. Such a work is the great sea-dyke which interposes between the Channel and Romney Marsh, an extensive tract of country, containing about 60,000 acres, and which lies chiefly under low-water mark, along the south coast of Kent. Such also are the embankments which exclude the Thames from its old bed on either side of the present river, including the whole of the district now known as Plumstead and Erith Marshes, Plaistow, East Haven, and the Barking Level. Such, too, are the bulwarks and causeways—the construction as is believed of the Romans—which in the fen countries of Lincoln, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, protect the land from coming again under the dominion of the ocean. But on these triumphs of old engineering skill scarcely any improvements were engrafted till the reign of Charles II. Then further attempts were made, and made successfully, to shut out the sea in other quarters, but nothing or next to nothing was done to dry the soil, or to evaporate the stagnant waters from the redeemed regions. Romney Marsh well deserved its name a hundred years ago. It was a region of swamp in winter—of hard dry baked grass-land in summer. So did all the fen regions in Lincoln and Norfolk; so did Sedge Moor in Somersetshire; so did Thorne Mere in Yorkshire, with endless districts besides, of which the main produce was wild-fowl and eels. And where this waste of waters happened not to be, lack

of skill prevented the English husbandmen from applying the lands which they owned or occupied to tillage. Hence Warburton, the author of the 'Vallum Romanum,' giving the impression which was made upon him by the condition of Northumberland at a period not more remote than 1783, describes a tract of country fit only for pasturage, and that, too, of the most primitive description. "Such was the wild and barren state of the country," he says, "at the time I made my survey, that in those parts now called the wastes, and heretofore the debatable ground, I have frequently discovered the vestiges of towns and camps that seemed never to have been trod upon by any human creature than myself since the Romans abandoned them; the traces of streets and the foundations of the buildings being still visible, only grown over with grass." So also, in the middle of one of the best cultivated and richest districts of England—Lincoln Heath—there still, we believe, may be seen,—there certainly could be seen not many years ago,—a column seventy feet high, which, when George III. ascended the throne, did duty as a beacon by day and as a land lighthouse by night, to guide the wayfarer in his progress over what was then a dreary waste.

While drainage was so little practised, and roads all but impassable, the produce of the fields of England could not be other than scanty. Wheat, barley, and oats were raised in small quantities. Turnips, though sown and reared in gardens, never became a crop in any sense of the term till some time between 1760 and 1770, and even at the latter period only the most scientific of agriculturists grew them. As to artificial grasses—such as sainfoin, vetches; and even clover—these, with the exception of the latter, had never been heard of. In Scotland matters were still worse. Miss Catherine Sinclair, in the Life of her father, tells us

"that in 1772 the whole country round the Baronet's residence was barren moor; that scarcely one of his tenants owned a wheel-cart; and that all the burdens, whether of wool or manure, were carried in wicker creels upon the backs of women." Neither were the Lothians themselves at that time much further advanced. The region between Berwick and Edinburgh, which now waves with yellow corn, lay then comparatively waste, a patch of oats intervening here and there amid the heather, and scanty flocks picking up what fodder they could among knolls and lowlands overgrown with broom.

The people who thus practised the art of agriculture were, as might be expected, rude in the extreme. Schools there were none in the rural parishes; and even in small towns, except where King Edward's foundations happened to be, such schools as existed taught but little, and few came to profit by that little. The clergy did not appear to consider that upon them the people had any further claim than for the hasty and slovenly performance of the public services of the Church. Of the bishops appointed since the Revolution of 1688 several were indeed learned men; but their learning, and the exercise of it through the press, engrossed all their attention. The great majority could not even claim to be scholars; and whether scholars or not, they all alike lived and died profoundly indifferent, or apparently so, to their proper duties. From 1688 till George III. came to the throne, the qualifications mainly looked for in the aspirant for a mitre were, that in politics he should be a Whig—in Church matters easy-going and careless—one who was likely to give as little trouble as possible either to the Government or to the not very moral society by which he was surrounded. This baneful influence made itself felt among the higher classes, and in towns,

as we shall presently show. In the rural districts it kept farmers and labourers alike steeped in the very depths of ignorance. Mrs Hannah More, describing a visit which she paid to the village of Cheddar, within hearing, so to speak, of the organ in Wells Cathedral, says—"We found more than 200 people in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry; a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. . . . We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop up a flower-pot." Another witness, William Huntington, the well-known "sinner saved," thus delivers himself in his 'Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer,' concerning the profound ignorance which prevailed in the Weald of Kent when he was a boy. His book appeared in 1793, and he was then a man advanced beyond middle life:—"There was in the village (where he lived) an exciseman of a stern and hard-favoured countenance, whom I took notice of for having a stick covered with figures, and an ink-bottle hanging at his button-hole. This man I imagined to be employed by God 'Almighty to take an account of children's sins. I thought he must have a great deal to do to find out the sins of children; and I eyed him as a formidable being, and the greatest enemy I had in the world." The Weald of Kent is scarcely, we suspect, now—it certainly was not in 1820—the most enlightened portion of England; but we doubt whether there could be found in it at this day, or even forty years ago, a child, far less a grown lad, so besotted as to take Mr Huntington's view of an exciseman and his ink-bottle.

It was while George III. filled the throne that the first beginnings were made to break in upon this state of pitiable darkness. To Mr Raikes, the son of the printer and proprietor of the 'Gloucester Journal,' himself a Dissenter, and therefore by the entire Dissenting inte-

rests put forward for canonisation, the merit is very generally attributed of making this beginning. With Sunday-schools his name is popularly associated; and it is perfectly true that he established and promoted in his native city and elsewhere institutions of the kind which were of great value. But Mr Raikes only followed in the track of another, and that other was a woman. Miss Hannah Bell of High Wycombe first thought of gathering together and instructing the children of the poor, whom she saw, Sunday after Sunday, driven by the beadle out of the churchyard. Her benevolent efforts were attended with marked success, and the fame of them reaching Gloucester, stirred up Mr Raikes to do likewise. Then came into the same field Bishop Porteous, and after him many. Such was the little fountain-head whence, in due time, broke out those waters which are now fertilising, under the superintendence of the National Society, the length and breadth of England. Nor would it be just to the memory of the good old King were we, in observing upon these matters, to leave unnoticed the part which he personally took in promoting this righteous end. George III. was the friend of Bishop Porteous, and of every good work which Bishop Porteous took up. He rejoiced in the spread of Sunday-schools, and desired that every one of his subjects might possess, and be able to read, a Bible. He was a zealous promoter, also, of improvements in agriculture. Besides experimenting on his own lands, he corresponded, under the signature of "Ralph the Farmer," with Arthur Young, the well-known traveller and editor of the 'Agricultural Journal.' He was an admirer, also, of Adam Smith's great work, and did much to promote the study of the subject of which it treats. How well directed the King's energies were it is hardly necessary to point out. Scientific agriculture became

a fashion, and that race of improvement began, both in England and in Scotland, which has ever since been going on. The results are before us.

Meanwhile the mineral wealth of England, which had lain hid, or been but partially brought to light, for centuries, began to make itself felt. That coal was abundant there were probably few intelligent Englishmen who were not aware, yet the expense of removing it even a few miles from the pit's mouth rendered it, for all the practical purposes of life, up to the year 1760, comparatively worthless. There was then only one canal in the country, if the deepening of the Sanky Brook can be spoken of as a canal. It passed through a district where no obstructions presented themselves, and as far as it went—only a few miles—conferred vast benefits on the district. But everywhere else, roads impassable except to pack-horses in winter, or in the height of summer to heavy waggons, put quite beyond the reach of the seats of England's infant industry the means of going forward in the way of improvement. In this year the idea presented itself to Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, of attempting to do on a large scale what the deepeners of Sanky Brook had done on a small. He proposed, if possible, to connect his coalfields at Worsley with the town of Manchester by a canal constructed on a scale so vast that the most accomplished engineers of the day pronounced the scheme to be absolutely utopian. Worsley was separated from Manchester by nine miles of broken country,—a broad river intersecting the line by which the canal was to be carried forward; and how to overcome the obstacles presented first by a succession of hills, and next by the bed of the Irwell—that was a point which no reasonable man would undertake to grapple with. How it was grappled with, and to what purpose, Mr Smiles, in his interesting *Life*

of Brindley, has well told. Before the daring of that self-taught genius, all difficulties melted away. Hills were tunnelled; over the Irwell an aqueduct was thrown, of sufficient height to admit of the passage beneath of masted vessels: and Manchester, with its 40,000 inhabitants, was enabled, in 1761, to supply itself with fuel at less than half the cost which had been incurred the year before.

To extend the canal to Liverpool, and thereby connect that seaport with Manchester, was the next great scheme taken up and executed. Others followed which it is not necessary to particularise here, till by-and-by between each populous English town, and almost all the rest, whether inland or on the seaboard, easy and inexpensive means of communication by water were provided. Forthwith the riches which had heretofore lain in the bowels of the earth were exhumed. Not coal only, but iron and lead, and whatever else could be applied to the convenience of human life, became as accessible to the dwellers in every wayside village as to occupants of large towns; and the impulse thereby given to other industries than that of the loom began to make itself felt. A word or two will suffice to show how this came about.

The cotton trade is now, and has long been, the great staple of this country. In 1760—the year of the King's accession—the profits on the cost of the raw material, and of the labour bestowed upon it, were calculated to amount to £200,000 for the whole of the United Kingdom. And poor as the recompense was, and easy to be accounted for, we may reasonably doubt whether increased facilities of turning out the goods would have benefited the producers, who, in the absence of other means than the pack-horse of conveying them from place to place, must have locked them up and left them to rot in cellars and warehouses. No sooner, however were facilities afforded of throwing

in upon large towns, at a comparatively cheap rate, the products of their looms, than manufacturers began to study how they might render their looms more productive, and merchants cast about for opening with foreign nations an export trade which as yet had, in cotton goods at least, no existence. The same year in which the King came to the throne, and the original Bridgewater Canal was mapped out, John Kay of Bury invented the fly-shuttle, by means of which the hand-loom weaver was able to make in a day twice as much cloth out of thread as he had made before. John Kay's immediate reward was much the same as attends on every inventor. He interfered with the established routine of labour. He made the loom so productive that thread could not be supplied fast enough to keep it busy, and the weavers, irritated by intervals of compulsory idleness, and blaming Kay's invention, fell upon Kay himself and drove him out of the country. Then help came to trade in the shape of improvements in the process of spinning, of which Lewis Paul, James Hargreaves, Thomas Hughes, and the ill-fated and wayward Samuel Crompton, were consecutively the authors. By-and-by arose Richard Arkwright, just as much as Brindley a self-taught man, who, beginning life as a barber in Bolton, died one of the richest men in England. Contemporary with him was Robert Peel, the father of the late Prime Minister, and, far more original than either, Edward Cartwright, a clergyman and a poet. Each of these added his share to the common stock of mechanical invention, the last especially giving to his country the most important of the whole, the power-loom. It is worthy of note that these great things were begun, improved, and perfected within the limits of the era of which we are writing, and that in sixty years more a country which had heretofore depended on foreign nations for the supply of almost all its artificial

wants became mistress of an export trade larger and more remunerative than ever before was heard of since the world began.

About the same time, or a little later, were introduced those improvements in making porcelain or china which have advanced from year to year ever since, till they place the England of the present day quite upon a footing of equality with Holland and France. In 1763 Josiah Wedgwood turned his attention to this matter, and in due time produced a cream-coloured earthenware very different from any which had previously been seen in this country. Not that in the qualities of smoothness and beauty it surpassed, or even came up to, the older productions of Bow, Worcester, and Chelsea. But the porcelains of Bow, Worcester, and Chelsea contributed only to increase the luxuries of the rich, whereas the Wedgwood ware made its way into the dwellings of the poor. From these it expelled by degrees the wooden platters and brown dishes which had been in universal use prior to Mr Wedgwood's success. Nor has the art stood still. When Mr Wedgwood began his labours, the estimated profits upon the whole porcelain industry of England, after providing machinery and paying workmen's wages, amounted to not more than £5000 a-year, and the number of people employed upon it were very few. Ten years later the profits had risen to £100,000, and the workpeople could be numbered by hundreds. Now many thousands earn their bread in the Potteries, and the whole civilised world—the east, the west, the north, and the south—is stocked with the works of their hands.

Simultaneously, or nearly so, with these inventions came Dr Roebuck's important discovery, that, in the smelting of iron, pit-coal is as efficacious as charcoal; and that to the iron-industry of this country, heretofore cramped by the danger of exhausting the

forests, no limits could be placed. Confident in the soundness of his own principles, Dr Roebuck looked out for a convenient site on which to apply them, and finding it at Carron, a place within easy reach both of coal and iron, he there set up that great foundry which soon became, and long continued to be, the main source whence England derived the principal supply of cannon for her fleets and fortresses. Meanwhile James Watt was working out those improvements in the steam-engine which others took up and carried continually further, till it became what we of the present generation find it to be. The progress which he made, in conjunction with partners less scientific but bolder than himself, was indeed quite astounding. Within a few years of 1763 steam had to an enormous extent superseded the water-power, as water-power had previously set aside the power of hand, in all our principal manufactories. How it has gone on since, leading up, step by step, to the steam-ship, the steam-carriage, and, though indirectly, still decidedly, to the electric wire, we may not stop to show. But this great truth we must ask our readers to observe and ponder upon. To whatever point of excellence the arts which civilise life have attained, the hardest portion of the battle was fought, and fought out, in the reign of George III. When he came to the throne England was destitute of roads, and could boast of only one canal, scarce three miles in extent, and navigable for the lightest possible craft. Without means of intercommunication between the interior and the coast, and between one town and another, she could command neither foreign commerce nor domestic trade. The population was sparse and little employed in manufactures. The manners of her humbler classes were rude, and they fared indifferently. Where the richest crops of corn are now reared, enormous swamps spread themselves out; and for lack of

bridges, rivers were impassable, or passable only by fords and ferries. The Rev. James Brown, rector of Cheriton in Kent, published, in 1726, 'Three Years' Travel in England, Scotland, and Wales.' We read the work at this day as we would the details of a journey into the heart of Africa, or across the continent of America, so perilous are the adventures which the brave ecclesiastic encountered, and so determined the energy which carried him through them all. He could not move from place to place except under the care of trustworthy guides; and as soon as the winter set in, and occasionally when heavy rains fell in summer, he suspended his operations, and established himself wherever he might be, till better times came. In 1820, when the old King died, the roads of England were the best in the world. Coaches, beautifully horsed, and well appointed in every respect, ran over them, summer and winter, at an average rate of ten miles in the hour. The whole island was intersected with canals. Not a river or small stream, except in remote and out-of-the-way districts, lacked its bridges; and fens were drained and heaths cleared away. As to the trade of the country, foreign and domestic, it had become a marvel in men's eyes, as it might well be.

We turn next to the condition of society as we find it in its upper ranks; and there, too, the change wrought for the better during the interval over which Mr Jesse's narrative extends presents itself as perfectly amazing. Of the undisguised venality of members of Parliament in the earlier part of the old King's reign we need not say one word. Then, as in the days of Walpole, every public man had his price, not in places for himself or his friends or his constituents only, but in notes of the Bank of England, which he accepted in return for support rendered to Whig Government. Meanwhile the habits of fashionable ladies and gentlemen

in private life were such as now surprise, almost as much as they offend, our better tastes. Education in the softer sex was sadly neglected, and before marriage girls learned little except to embroider, to cook, and to dress. They usually married—we speak of the upper ten thousand—for rank or wealth, and thenceforth gave up their time to intrigue. They played high even at Court, George II. promoting the amusement. They could not always spell or write correctly a common note. Sunday was the great day for their entertainments. Their religion consisted in occasionally showing themselves at church; and their wit found vent in indelicate inuendoes. Honourable exceptions to this rule there doubtless were; but the rule was general, wellnigh to universality.

Among men, and especially men of fashion, to be profligate, drunken, given to play, and profane, was not only not discreditable but quite correct. The club-houses, and especially Brookes's, were the scenes night after night of orgies which would not now be tolerated in the worst conducted gin-shop in London. Duels were events of constant occurrence, to which, no doubt, the barbarous custom of wearing swords greatly contributed. And he who could boast of having betrayed the largest number of women was received with the greatest favour in all circles. The extent to which the more daring among the wits carried their profligacy is well illustrated by the usages of the order of the Franciscans—a knot of men eminent in their day, and advanced, many of them, to high place in the counsels of the Sovereign. Mr Jesse has well epitomised the story, and we therefore give it in his words. Speaking of Wilkes he says:—

“He was one of that debauched fraternity, consisting of men of wit and fashion, who, having restored and fitted up the ruins of Midmenham Abbey, near Marlow, adopted the monastic garb at their convivial meetings, and instituted the most immodest rites and

ribald mysteries within its sacred walls. The ruins of the old abbey, formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, still stand surrounded by rich meadows, by hanging woods and venerable elms, on a beautiful and secluded spot on the banks of the Thames. Over the principal entrance was the inscription from Rabelais's Abbey of Theleme, ‘*Pay ce que voudras.*’ In the pleasure-grounds the temples, statues, and inscriptions all savoured of the impure tastes and irreverent wit of the modern denizens of the abbey. The members of the new order styled themselves Franciscans, in honour of their father abbot Sir Francis Dashwood.

‘Dashwood shall pour from a communion-cup
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And hob and nob in cider and excise.’

—CHURCHILL'S *Candidate*.

Each monk had his cell and appropriate name. In the chapel—the embellishments of which were of so immodest a character that none but the initiated were permitted access to it, the monks not only adapted the sacred rites of the Roman Catholic Church to the profane worship of Bacchus and Venus, but are said to have carried their blasphemy to such a pitch as to administer the eucharist to an ape. The members of the Midmenham Club whose names have been handed down to us were, besides Sir Francis Dashwood and Wilkes, Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe; Sir Thomas Stapleton, father of the twenty-second Lord Le Despencer; Paul Whitehead, the poet, who was secretary to the brotherhood; and Thomas Potter, son of the then late Archbishop of Canterbury, one whose rare and promising abilities as an orator and man of letters, unhappily succumbed to habits of debauchery and an early grave. Laurence Sterne has been named as one of the fraternity, though apparently on no very sufficient grounds. Lord Sandwich's connection with the club is more than once referred to in a clever poem of the time, entitled ‘Ode to the Earl of Sandwich’:—

‘The midnight orgies you reveal,
Nor Dashwood's cloistered rites conceal.’

And again—

‘In vain you tempt Jack Wilkes to dine
By copious drafts from chalice wine,
And anthems to Moll's nose.”

At Midmenham Abbey vice and profanity were indeed carried to their utmost limits; but they largely prevailed elsewhere. The public amusements of the age, the gatherings at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and

suchlike places, tended much to encourage them. There, under cover of her mask, the wife, disgusted with her husband's intemperance, found frequent opportunities of taking her revenge. Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' tells a tale which, in all except its finale, had more of historical truth than of fiction in it a century ago. Nor were the manners and morals of the squirearchy and even the clergy much more elevated. Drunkenness was regarded as a necessary incident on hospitality. The country gentleman who allowed his guests to leave the dinner-table except in a state of elevation would have been despised as a screw—he was the best fellow who saw them all first gorged with meat and wine and then put to bed. As to the clergy, their habits continued to be pretty much what they learned to make them when students at Oxford or Cambridge. Even the fellows' common room, and not unfrequently the masters' lodge, taught them anything rather than the graces of sobriety. In a word, the age was a drunken age, a profligate age, an age either of daring profanity or indifference to religion—of coarse talk, coarse manners, and the worst possible morals. Exceptions there doubtless were both in town and country to the general rule. The much-abused Lord Bute, for example, though a courtier, was a man of correct morals and refined tastes, just as among the country gentlemen some Squire Allworthys were to be found, and among the country clergy not a few Parson Adamases. But for one Lord Bute in the higher circles a score at least of Lord Sandwiches defied God and man; and Sir Timothy Fletchers and Parson Trullebars, and worse than he, outnumbered by ten to one their more respectable neighbours, both lay and clerical.

It would carry us far beyond the purpose of the present essay were we to speak at any length respecting the condition in this country of literature and the arts in the age of

which we are now writing. As was said a few pages back, it is not from the state of its literature that we can determine the comparative civilisation or barbarism of a nation. Rome was never more depraved, the Empire was never more essentially brutal, than when Horace struck his lyre, and Cicero philosophised; and of the ages of Homer and of the authors of the sublime poetry of the Old Testament, nothing more can be said than that they were utterly barbarous. In like manner, the works of Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele—of Young, Thomson, Akenside, Collins, Gray—all these show that, neither through neglect of public patronage, nor by the inability of the masses to recognise its claim to distinction, can genius, whatever path it chalk out for itself, be held back. Yet the tone of the most successful works of the last century, as it reflects the tone of society itself, so it leaves upon the minds of the men of the present generation a not very comfortable impression. Not to mention the translations and imitations of depraved French stories, which women, virtuous as the fashion of virtue then was, devoured with avidity, we need only turn over the pages of Roderick Random and Count Fathom to see what the public taste then was, and how clever men pandered to it. Observe that we do not pretend to squeamishness ourselves, nor desire to find it in others, touching such matters. The works of Smollett, Fielding, Richardson, and Churchill must always command readers so long as in England the power of appreciating high genius remains; but no gentleman could now venture to read even the best of them aloud to an audience of ladies. The author who should describe as broadly as they do the darker shades in human life, would find some difficulty in getting a respectable publisher to father his work, and would certainly be greeted in these days with universal

condemnation by his critics. But though we may not judge from their standard literature of the advance which nations have made at different periods in general refinement, a fair criterion is afforded of the degree of influence which literature exercised over them by studying the facilities at the command of the people for gaining access to the works of the best authors at any given period in history. For example, in 1730, when Samuel Johnson had reached his nineteenth year, his father was in the habit of carrying books about from one market-town in the neighbourhood of Lichfield to another, in order to sell them; and at all the great fairs in Birmingham he set up a stall. There were then, throughout the whole of the corporation towns of England, only twenty-eight printing-houses established. As to circulating libraries, such things began to be only in 1751, Mr Hutton of Birmingham being the first to open one. And in 1782, the provincial newspapers existing in England amounted to fifty, and no more. Nor is all this to be wondered at in a country which could boast of no schools except such as benevolent individuals had here and there founded; for when, among the people at large, the art of reading is unknown, who would ever think of accumulating printing-presses, or multiplying circulating libraries and journals? Of English literature, therefore, as an instrument for training the English mind, or creating among the English people pure tastes and lofty aspirations, we are scarcely going too far when we say that, when George III. ascended the throne, it had no existence. Great authors there doubtless were, whose works told within a circle comparatively narrow. But so far as the bulk of the people were concerned, whether in town or country, they might almost as well have had no existence. They were not read, or if read they could not have been appreciated.

Art has always been, even more decidedly than literature, a very unsafe test to apply when we are considering the point at which, in social improvement, nations have arrived. But the extent to which artists are honoured, and their works held in esteem by the rich and noble, enables us to draw a just estimate in regard to the comparative refinement of society in its upper grades. When George III. came to the throne, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, West, Angelica, Kauffman, and, though last not least, Hogarth, were all before the world. It would be too much to say that the great productions of their pencils were not appreciated, just as we should contradict the truth were we to assert that neither Roubilliac nor Wilton had achieved a name. But there was wanting to them all that without which genius in painting and sculpture can nowhere find a fair field on which to venture. England could boast of no patronage in high places, no marks of royal favour shown to artists, and, still more necessary, no school or academy where students might study, and masters exhibit their finished performances. Private persons, here and there, did their best to supply the defect; and the artists themselves, of their own free will, and to a great extent at their own cost, set up what they called the "Academy" in St Martin's Lane. But the battle went decidedly against them till, in 1768, the Royal Academy was founded, and the King stood forth as the avowed patron of art. We may no doubt question the correctness of the King's taste when we find that among living painters West was his favourite. Still art, in the abstract, gained immensely, even though connoisseurs might be offended; and its professors took their proper place in public estimation, from which they have never since descended.

Besides these there are many other points of comparison between England as she was in 1760, and

England as she had become in 1820, to which the space at our command will permit us only to allude. At the former of these periods, there was no protection to travellers except their own right hand, either in town or city. At the latter period watchmen guarded the streets in towns, mounted patrols kept the approaches to London safe, and the mail-coaches, with their well-armed guards, had completely driven highwaymen from the roads in the provinces. In 1760 the state of our prisons was frightful, and the law, not criminal only, but of debtor and creditor likewise, absolutely savage. In 1820 Oglethorp and Howard had done their work, and that process of amelioration was well begun which, if it be not wisely watched and directed, threatens to carry us into the opposite extreme of undue lenity. In the interval between 1760 and 1820, the Church had reformed itself, and profligate parsons were become as rare as their opposites had been when the cycle began. Schools were springing up likewise in every parish. Under their influence, the working classes lost by degrees their brutality, and society in its upper ranks purified itself. It would be too much to say of George III. that he was, in any sense of the term, the immediate cause of the vast improvement in all these respects which characterised his age. But nobody can read Mr Jesse's volumes, far less be familiar with the works from which he derived his information, without receiving a strong impression that all that it was possible for the sovereign of a constitutional country to do for the purpose of elevating the tastes and improving the morals of his people, George III. did. His own habits were simple and unostentatious in the extreme. Of purity of life and conversation he was a perfect model. In agriculture he took a lively interest, contributing, as we have shown, both by writing and practice, to its advancement; and to the growth of manufactures, and the

scientific researches which lead to it, he gave every encouragement. His patronage of literature and of the fine arts was liberal. The library which he collected and bequeathed to the British Museum shows that this was not an indiscriminating patronage; and to his gracious manner of conversing with literary men, Dr Johnson and others bear ample testimony. That he was sincerely religious, none who knew him could doubt. Of promotions to dignities in the Church, he took, so to speak, personal charge; and oddly as from time to time he dispensed his favours, they were in every instance well bestowed. He promoted the spread of popular education everywhere, and his memory is still cherished, like the memory of a patron saint, by the boys of Eton. These are, after all, the great glories of kings. Success in war, which comes in one generation, not unfrequently makes room for great reverses in another; and the triumph of what is called *principle* in high politics, results often enough in the degradation of peoples. But where arts flourish which tend to make men happier and better; where literature is exercised with a view to elevate the public taste; where religion—neither histrionic nor puritanical—operates to supply motives of conduct, and keep men from forgetting their high destiny;—in whatever age or country we see these things advancing, then we may rest assured that the people are well governed, and their rulers wise men. The era of George III. is quite as remarkable in all these respects as it is for the triumphs by land and sea which waited on the arms of England.

We wish that we could see in our own age a more steady progress in the same direction, and should be glad if it could be made quite clear to us that we are not, so far as public morals are concerned, going back from the point to which we had attained forty-seven years ago.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

THE story of the foundation of our American Colonies will always have a deep interest for Englishmen. Let our cousins over the water say and think of us what they will, it will never be without cordial sympathy that we in the old country trace the fortunes of those who went out from among us—our own flesh and blood; a sympathy which no subsequent quarrels or estrangements can destroy.

Even the bitter anger felt by a large section in the mother country at the rebellion of our colonists, and the unwillingness to grant them independence, had its origin in a jealous affection. We could not bear that our children should repudiate what we held to be a natural bond of allegiance. Just as many a parent now resents with jealous heart-burnings the day when son or daughter, grown to mature estate, claim to think and decide for themselves, whether in the matter of marriage or of some other weighty question of life; just as they sometimes try to draw the cords of filial duty tight, till they snap on the sudden, and leave child and parent severed far apart,—so it was with England and her grown-up sons over the sea. The feeling may not have been wise or reasonable in the one case more than in the other, but it was natural and genuine in both; and no one can read the records of those days fairly without confessing that it was so. Even those who hold the conduct of the mother country to have been arbitrary and unreasonable, should remember that so it is also in the case of all these family disruptions; however bitter may sometimes be the fruits, the root they spring from is not altogether evil: they are but the outgrowth of the jealousy which,

somehow or other, intertwines itself with our best natural affections.

The early settlements on the coast of New England were planted by men who termed themselves, very justly, nothing more than “adventurers;” they professed no higher object than trading and fishing, and all of them resulted more or less in failure. “They were like the habitations of the foolish” (says an old Puritan chronicler, quoting Job), “cursed before they had taken root.” The leading spirits among these early pioneers were men of considerable enterprise, but little principle; they treated the native inhabitants with treachery and cruelty, and suffered themselves in return. But soon there came a new influx of colonists of a very different character. The congregation of Puritan separatists who had emigrated from the north of England to Holland eleven years before, under Johnson, Robinson, and other leaders, had found little encouragement there beyond a safe refuge and liberty of opinion. The artisan life of Amsterdam and Leyden did not suit their former habits: they longed for a freer range and more pastoral occupations. There seemed some risk, too, of that “Independent” Church, for which they had given up so much, declining in strictness of principles as well as in numbers, owing to the constant intermarriage of its younger members with the Dutch. So, in 1620, a band of some hundred and twenty (did they remember as an omen the number of the names of the disciples before Pentecost?) set sail in the *Mayflower*, with the parting blessing of their old pastor, Robinson—grown too old now to shift his tents again. They landed on the well-known Plymouth Rock,

‘Life and Letters of John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company at their Emigration to New England.’ By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston (U.S.) 1864-66.

and founded the town of New Plymouth. Few as they were, and slow as was the increase of the colony for some time, they soon found themselves too many for unity. In less than five years one of their ministers, Blackstone, found Independency at New Plymouth by no means independent enough for his taste: he "had left England," he said, "because he could not abide the Lord Bishops, but still less could he abide the Lord Brethren." He withdrew, and settled himself at Shawmut, now known as Boston. Roger Conant, for some similar reason, separated himself also with a few followers, and planted a branch colony at Cape Anne; but so great were the sufferings of these last seceders, that, though reinforced by Endicott, who was sent out from England as "Governor" with a small body of new emigrants, they had made up their minds to return, not to New Plymouth, but to England, in the teeth of Prelacy and its persecutions. But friends and sympathisers in the old country rallied round them, persuaded them to hold on a while, and obtained from the King, not without cost and trouble, the first charter of "The Company of Massachusetts Bay," with power to elect their own governor, make their own laws, and hold their own opinions. Armed with these privileges, some three hundred and fifty new emigrants set sail in six armed vessels for the new plantation, which they found in sad case; but, nothing daunted, they set to work to build two clusters of huts which they called towns, and, to show their loyalty as well as their faith, named them Charlestown and Salem.

These last emigrants came chiefly from Dorsetshire and Lincolnshire, and most of them left England for conscience' sake. Their leaders were divines of the English Church who had been "silenced" by the Court of High Commission. Some of the class of adventurers had wished to join them, but their company was declined. They would shake them-

selves free, they said, of "those bestial, yea diabolical sort," who had already ruined so many hopeful plantations. Some of the disappointed aspirants used equally strong expressions on their part. Captain John Smith, a man of great energy and enterprise, who had taken an active part in the earlier settlement of Virginia, and had assumed the high-sounding titles of "Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England," offered his services to this new expedition, as he had to the earlier voyagers in the Mayflower—but in vain; he speaks of them as "an absolute crew, only of the elect, holding all but such as themselves to be reprobate"—all ready to rule, but none to obey, and determined to be "lords and kings of themselves." There was some unpleasant truth in the accusations on both sides; but the solemn fast with which the emigrants inaugurated their voyage, the daily expositions and the Sunday catechisings which took place on board their ships, awed even the sailors into reverence for men who were so plainly in earnest.

Their first winter in the new country was a terrible one. Eighty of their number died. But they bore it bravely, and sent home, as many an emigrant has since, accounts more cheering than strictly truthful. This and other causes turned the eyes of many in England to the new field of enterprise across the Atlantic. A large party at home were growing more and more dissatisfied with the arbitrary proceedings in Church and State. The Massachusetts Bay Company projected the transfer of its charter, corporation, and government to the colony itself; and a knot of men of some position and estate in the eastern counties, of a higher class than had hitherto joined the adventure, was meditating a new embarkation.

The leading spirit, in this which may be called the second Puritan emigration, was John Winthrop, whose remarkable 'Life and Let-

ters,' recently published in America by one of his descendants, now lie before us. To him, it is evident even from the admissions of his rivals, his fellow-adventurers mainly looked for strength and counsel in their enterprise. The chief public events of his life, so far as the history of the colony is concerned, are embodied in the record which he drew up himself—'The History of New England from 1630 to 1649,'—and which was published, from the original manuscripts, early in the present century. Many of his letters have also been printed at different times. But he was a man who well deserved a special record. The details of his personal and family life have a double interest: they not only illustrate a critical period of our English history, civil and religious, but they help us to a thorough comprehension of one who must be regarded as, in a very large measure, the founder of the great American nation. He is one of the best, as he is one of the strongest, types of the men to whom New England owes her real greatness. If we are inclined to find any fault with his present biographer, it is that he has assumed somewhat too familiar an acquaintance, at least so far as his English readers are concerned, with the collateral history of the eventful times of which he writes. Eventful as they were for England, they were more vitally eventful for America; and no doubt the biography of the Pilgrim Fathers is a household tale in most homes in Boston. Yet even for readers so sympathising and well informed, we think the interest of these volumes would have been heightened by further incidental notices of those with whom Winthrop was so closely associated—whose lives, it may be said, were a part of his own. For readers on our side of the Atlantic, this biography absolutely requires such illustration; and we must take leave here to fill up the sketch, which we gladly borrow from Mr Robert Winthrop's pages, out of

some of those materials which, abundant as they are, may probably be more familiar to his countrymen than to ours.

John Winthrop was the only son of Adam Winthrop of Groton House, near Sudbury; one of the old Suffolk country squires, a justice of the peace for his county, with a moderate estate and a roomy old manor-house, where good old English hospitality was liberally but unostentatiously dispensed; where the judge and the barristers on circuit, and the brother magistrate at sessions-time, and the rector or his substitute on Sundays, sat down alike to the early dinner—*dapes inemptas*—where the capon or turkey and short-legged down mutton was bred on the manor farm, and the pike ("three-quarters of a yarde longe, *ut puto*," notes the master of the feast) came fresh from the manor pond. Occasionally a present of half a buck would come in from some grander neighbour, as Sir Thomas Savage of Melford, a place still so famous for the quality of its venison, that the present French Emperor sent for some of the breed to stock one of his own parks. These Winthrops were connected by marriage with the Lord Burnell (of Acton Burnell), the Mildmays, the Fownes, and other ancient families in their own and other counties. They were patrons also of the Rectory of Groton, and stanch friends of the Reformed Church. Both Adam Winthrop and his son John were great encouragers of preaching—the latter, indeed, could on occasion preach himself; and not content with such supply as they found at their parish church, would attend at the neighbouring churches of Boxford and Edwardston (there were Thursday preachings as well as Sunday), whenever any divine of note was to be heard there. It is a note-worthy sign of the times that Adam the father records in a curious journal which he kept, that in these three small churches he heard no less than thirty-three dif-

ferent preachers (whose names he gives) within the space of one year. This constant interchange of pulpits among the Puritan divines may partly account for the inordinate length of their sermons; for it would have been almost impossible for a man to supply his own parishioners with that amount of fresh matter Sunday after Sunday. Most of these discourses, however, seem to have been written ones; for he notes, evidently as something out of the usual course, "This daye Mr Grice preached at Boxford *ex improviso*."

In this old manor-house of Groton, John Winthrop was born in January 1587 (8). His education was liberal. We do not learn where he was at school; but at the age of fourteen he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. He left after two years of residence, taking no degree. Whether this premature removal was the consequence of a serious illness which he had while at college, or whether it was in contemplation of some other responsibilities which, as we shall presently see, he was about to take upon himself thus early, is not clear. But his university training was by no means wasted. It is plain, from his subsequent correspondence with his son, when the latter in his turn went to college, that he was no mean proficient in writing Latin; and the formal syllogisms which occur now and then in documents of his composition go far to prove that in those days the Cambridge men did not despise logic so much as their successors are reputed to do.

More than once, in his after-life, he set himself to record his religious thoughts and feelings, the struggles of his conscience, and his spiritual progress and decline. His biographer says of these memoranda what is most probably true enough, that they were "plainly intended for no eye but his own." The same is said, and perhaps with equal truth, of all such religious diaries. But, whatever the wish or

intentions of the writer, they are usually frustrated, if he be a person of any mark, by the inevitable course of events; and unless he has the strength of mind to destroy them before his death, they fall into the hands of friends whose love and admiration are sometimes greater than their judgment, and so find their way inevitably into the pages of a printed memoir, where it is presumed their author would least have wished to see them. In a private record of this character, which he calls his 'Experiencia,' jotted down at a somewhat later period of his life, John Winthrop speaks of himself as having been, in his early youth, "very lewdly disposed, inclining unto and attempting (so far as my heart enabled me) all kinds of wickedness except swearing and scorning religion, which I had no temptation unto in regard of my education." So again, a little farther on, he describes himself as "still very wild and dissolute." The interpretation which his present biographer puts upon these and some similar expressions is almost certainly the true one.

"His language must undoubtedly be taken with some grains of allowance for the peculiar phraseology and forms of expression which belonged to the times in which it was written, and also for that spirit of unsparing self-examination and self-accusation which was characteristic of all the Puritan leaders. . . . As, in his mature manhood, in his wilderness retreat, and from that lofty eminence of personal purity and piety on which he had now planted himself, he looked back over the course of his life, and found so little to reproach himself with except the follies and frailties of childhood, he seems to have been impelled to magnify every youthful peccadillo to the full measure of a deadly sin, in order that there might be something on which to exercise the cherished graces of confession, humiliation, and self-abasement. It may be, however, that he really was as wild a lad as his words would seem to imply, and that the corruptions of his youth weighed heavily upon his conscience in later years."

We make bold to acquit John Winthrop of any such charge, in spite of the highly-coloured evidence which he has borne here against himself. A 'Catalogue of Sinnes,' which he makes at another period, is happily locked up in a cipher said to be unintelligible, and which we trust may remain so; and we could have been well content—in spite of one or two striking passages—if the whole of his religious experience had been left in the same concealment. These morbid self-dissections are repulsive to most minds, and can be healthful to none.

However, when he was little more than seventeen, John Winthrop, with the full consent of his friends, was married to an heiress, the daughter of John Forth, of Great Stambridge, in Essex—a fact sufficient to account for his short stay at Cambridge. At eighteen he was a father, and, what may seem more remarkable, a justice of the peace. After the simple and patriarchal fashion of the time, he continued to reside partly in the manor-house—his father resigning to him much of the management of the family estate, and even the lordship of the manor—and partly with his wife's father at Stambridge. At twenty-eight he was a widower, with four surviving children. Of his life during these years there is little record; but an entry among 'his 'Experiences' shows us that, like most English country gentlemen, he was fond of field-sports, but had some scruples of conscience about indulgence in them.

"1611, Dec. 15.—Findinge by muche examination that ordinary shootinge in a gunne, etc., could not stande with a good conscience in myselfe, as first, For that it is simply prohibited by the lawe of the lande, upon this grounde amongst others, that it spoiles more of the creatures then it getts: 2. It procures offence unto manye: 3. It wastes great store of tyme: 4. It toyles a man's bodye over muche: 5. It endangers a man's life, etc.: 6. It brings no profite, all things considered: 7. It hazards

more of a man's estate by the penaltie of it then a man would willingly parte with: 8. It brings a man of worth and godliness into some contempt: lastly, For mine owne parte, I have ever binne crost in usinge it, for when I have gone about it, not without some woundes of conscience, and have taken muche paynes and hazarded my healthe, I have gotten sometimes a very little, but most commonly nothing at all, towards my cost and labour:

"Therefore I have resolved and covenanted with the Lorde to give over altogether shootinge at the creeke; and for killing of birds, etc., either to leave that altogether, or els to use it bothe verie seldome and *very secretly*. God (if He please) can give me fowle by some other meanes; but if He will not, yet, in that it is His will who loves me, it is sufficient to uphould my resolution."

John Winthrop was an excellent man, though a bad shot, and we have no intention of judging him by these odd scruples of conscience. It is easier to appreciate the honesty with which he clinches his arguments against shooting, by the consideration that the result of his "paynes" in that way was "most commonly nothing at all," than the peculiar form of piety which makes "a covenant with the Lorde" to follow a profane and unedifying sport "*very secretly*." But such was the distorted spiritual vision of the men of that peculiar school; we may afford to smile at their weaknesses, as they might at some of ours; but to refuse on that account to recognise their many noble qualities, would be to show a narrow-mindedness on our own part far less excusable than theirs.

Winthrop soon married again. His second wife was Thomasine Clopton, one of the famous Cloptons of Castleins, a country-house near Groton. In a year and a day after their marriage she died in childbed, and left him again a widower. He has left an account of her last hours, which, though disfigured in many places (as we venture to think) by the peculiar phraseology of his religious school, is yet full of simple earnestness and pathos. The concluding pas-

sage, in which he sums up her character, is wholly admirable.

"She was a woman wise, modest, loving, and patient of injuries; but her innocent and harmless life was of most observation. She was truly religious, and industrious therein; plain-hearted, and free from guile, and very humble-minded; never so addicted to any outward things (to my judgment) but that she could bring her affections to stoop to God's will in them. She was sparing in outward show of zeal, &c., but her constant love to good Christians, and the best things, with her reverent and careful attendance of God's ordinances, both public and private, with her care for avoiding of evil herself and reproving it in others, did plainly show that truth and the love of God did lie at the heart. Her loving and tender regard of my children was such as might well become a natural mother: for her carriage towards myself, it was so amiable and observant as I am not able to express; it had this only inconvenience, that it made me delight too much in her to enjoy her long."

A blank space in his little volume of memoranda, in which no entry seems to have been made for some weeks at least, marks the void in his life made by this second bereavement. He fell for a while into a state of apathy and despondency. But he was too energetic and too conscientious to allow the blow to break him down utterly. After two years he married a third time—Margaret, daughter of Sir John Tindal of Maplestead, who had not long before been assassinated by a man who was disappointed by one of his decisions as a Master in Chancery. It seems to have been a wise and prudent choice; and there was no disparity of age, for Margaret Tindal was but four years younger than her husband. The courtship was after the grave and formal fashion of the times; but their affection was mutual and sincere, and seemed to grow with their married years.

Winthrop was at this time practising the law, and attending the courts both in London and on circuit. He had chambers in the Temple, was employed occasionally in

the drafts of bills for Parliament, and had a considerable practice amongst clients of some distinction. A few years afterwards he obtained the office of "Attorney to the Court of Wards and Liveries"—an institution of Henry VIII., the jurisdiction of which extended over widows, wards, and lunatics. His residence in London separated him a good deal from his wife, but their correspondence was regular and affectionate. She was continually sending him up country delicacies from the manor—turkeys, capons, runlets of cider, and cheeses, often with deprecatory apologies for their not being so excellent as she could wish; and he in return chooses silk and "trymminge" for her dress, and sends presents of oranges for herself, and a little tobacco for her mother, Lady Tindal. Tobacco was one of the indulgences (possibly one of the sins) to which John Winthrop himself confessed; and no doubt he and his excellent mother-in-law smoked many a pipe of it together by the hall fireside at Groton Manor, though it was rather an expensive luxury. Here is a letter of his from the country to his eldest son, now keeping his law terms at the Inner Temple:—

"We want a little tobacco. I had very good, for seven shillings a-pound, at a grocer's by Holborn Bridge. There be two shops together. It was at that which is farthest from the bridge, towards the Conduit. If you tell him it is for him that bought half a pound of Verina and a pound of Virginia of him last term, he will use you well. Send me half a pound of Virginia."

Indeed, he confesses that he had "fallen into a bondage" to this seductive weed; and a year later, in consequence of a dangerous illness from malignant fever, he "gave it clean over." The prevalence of the habit of smoking was a snare to the consciences of these excellent Puritans both in Old and New England. By the early laws of Massachusetts, tobacco was strictly prohibited; but the habit was too strong for law, and

the most respectable magistrates and ministers continued to enjoy their pipes: most of them, like Winthrop with his gun, "very secretly," yet not so secretly but that great scandal was caused to the Church thereby. Heretics, Quakers, and witches, they had made short work with; but tobacco beat them: it was too strong a measure, even under that strong government, to hang a man for smoking—not to say that it would have been inconvenient for a rising colony to hang half their community. So, after much grave and anxious debating of the question, a resolution was passed, in their quaint wording, that "tobacco should be set at liberty;" and any one who has chanced to observe a modern New Englander's habits in the use of it, will admit that this "liberty" is at present very considerable.

But we must return to John Winthrop and his wife Margaret. The deep love and affection they bore each other is very pleasant to read of. The stern gravity which marked the writer from his earliest years melts into tender playfulness when he takes his pen in hand for her. She received her love-letters—real love-letters—after marriage, a privilege which few wives enjoy. The husband's letters from his London chambers are very different productions from those which the suitor wrote "to his dearest friend Mrs Margaret Tyndal." If it is fair to judge from the two specimens which have been preserved, these were of the most discreet and coldest pattern. Admirable advice—especially in the delicate matter of dress; solemn hints that, though he "will meddle with no particulars," he hopes his future wife will "content" him by dressing plainly; but as for the "love" they contain, they might (but for a passing adaptation of Solomon's Song) have been read aloud to a company of the most inveterate spinsters. His letters, indeed, have

always a religious tone: it was the abiding habit of his mind, sometimes overwrought, but always earnest and sincere; but they have an abundant seasoning of that human affection which—we gladly learn from indisputable authority—is the reflex of a higher love. The very terms of endearment, varied letter after letter, are an index to the feeling which could hardly satisfy itself in common words. "My sweet wife"—"Most deare and lovinge wife"—"Mine owne sweet self"—are only some out of the many forms of loving address with which his letters begin. For her, the Puritan husband could almost find it in his heart to adopt that vain and idolatrous show of reverence for saints' days, against which he would surely have said "anathema" to the parson of Groton. Writing to his Margaret on the 14th of February, he says, in a little loving postscript, "Thou must be my Valentine, for none hath challenged me." Even when "straightened in time," he says, "I would not let a week passe without letting thee heare from me;" a resolution, the virtue of which must not be measured by these days of penny postage. He had to send his letters by such private hands as he could hear of, and hunt out with some pains and difficulty; such as "neighbour Cole" and "goodman Newton." Nor were such bearers always trustworthy. His son Forth (named after his mother) was rash enough, when at Cambridge, to trust a letter home to the hands of a volunteer postman instead of sending it by the regular Cambridge carrier, old Hobson* (who meets us again unexpectedly in these pages), and the letter never got delivered at all.

It is difficult, out of these many love-letters, to choose one as a specimen. This at least is of the briefest:—

"My sweet Wife,—I blesse the Lorde

* It can be hardly necessary to remind our readers of "Hobson's Choice," or of Milton's epitaphs on the trusty old carrier. Mr R. Winthrop calculates that Hobson must have been now eighty-three years old—still in full work.

for His continued blessings upon thee and our familie; and I thanke thee for thy kinde lettres: But I knowe not what to saye for myselfe: I should mende and growe a better husband, havinge the helpe and example of so good a wife, but I growe still worse. I was wonte heretofore, when I was longe absent, to make some supplye with volumes of lettres; but I can scarce afforde thee a few lines: Well, there is no helpe but by enlarginge thy patience, and strengtheninge thy good opinion of him who loves thee as his owne soule, and should count it his greatest affliction to live without thee: but because thou art so deare to him, he must choose rather to leave thee for a tyme than to enjoye thee: I am sorrye I must still prolonge thy expectation, for I canot come forth of London till Tuesdaye at soonest. The Lord blesse and keepe thee and all ours, and sende us a joyfull meetinge. So I kisse my sweet wife, and rest thy faithfull Husband,

"JOHN WINTHROP.

"Thy syder was so well liked that we must needs have more as soon as thou canst.

"Nov. 26, 1624."

Well might Margaret write in reply, "I am wel persuaded of thy love, and can see it in a few lines as in a whole volem." Her spelling is of the most impromptu kind, even for those days, when Government "standards" (or any other standard in such matters) were unknown, and every man and woman fought for their own hand in the way of orthography; but John Winthrop had surely never the heart to criticise it. She writes the following at a time when he has cut his hand:—

"Lovinge and most deare Husband, —Now in this solitary and uncomfortable time of your longe absence, I have no other meanes to shew my love but in these poore fruts of my pen, with which I am not able to expresse my love as I desire, but I shall endeavor allwaies to make my duty knowne to you in some measure though not answerable to your desires and love. Although it pleseth God to part us for a time, I hope He will bringe us to gether againe, and so provide that we may not be often asunder, if it may be for our good and His glory; and now I thinke longe to heare of thee and of your safe cominge to London. I will not looke for any longe letters this terme

because I pittie your poore hande; if I had it heere I would make more of it than ever I did, and bynde it up very softly for fear of hurting it."

He has a serious illness, once, in his town chambers; and then, and only then, the wife is disobedient. In spite of his charge "not to think of coming up," she sets out with only the escort of her maid Amy on a winter's journey to London. The only omission on her part of which her husband ever makes even a semblance of complaint is curiously feminine: "Thy sweet letters (*without date*), how welcome they were to me I cannot expresse." But in truth such letters are of no date; the affection which breathes through them has no characteristics of past or present. There needs the less apology for having lingered over the pages which record it.

Of Winthrop's sons, the elder, John, had tried the law, as we have seen. Either it did not suit his taste, or he made no way in it. He seems to have been a restless spirit. He now joined the fleet under the Duke of Buckingham, and went out in the *Due Repulse* to the relief of Rochelle. Some words of parting advice which his father wrote to him have a right noble tone, in spite of what may seem a tinge of fatalism. The true Puritan could fight as well as pray.

"Be not rash, upon ostentation of valour, to adventure yourself to unnecessary dangers; but if you be lawfully called, let it appear that you hold your life for Him who gave it you, and will preserve it unto the farthest period of His own holy decree. For you may be resolved that, while you keep in your way, all the cannons or enemies in the world shall not be able to shorten your days one minute."

The son soon returned, liking the sea perhaps no better than the law; and it was in this erratic member of the family that the longing for emigration first showed itself. He had at one time a wish to join Endicott's expedition to New England, already mentioned. He did not go,

though his father rather encouraged it than otherwise; but there is no evidence that the elder Winthrop felt any personal interest in these earlier emigrations, or had any thought at this time of being possibly led himself in the same direction. John Winthrop, the younger, contented himself for the present with a foreign tour, which extended as far as Constantinople.

It is in some letters of the next year that we find Winthrop first entertaining the idea of expatriation. But the materials for his biography at this point seem to be far more scanty than at some less interesting periods of his life. We can only learn that he was no longer "Attorney of the Court of Wards." Perhaps he resigned it from dislike of the work; more probably, as his biographer suggests, "his opposition to the course of Government at this period, and his manifest sympathy with those who were suffering under its unjust exactions and prescriptions, may have cost him his place." The expressions in his letters favour this conclusion. "I think," he says in one, "mine office is gone;" in another, "Mine office is gone, and my chamber both." He writes to his wife:—

"My occasions are such as thou must have patience till the ende of next weeke, though I shall strive to shorten it, if possible I may; and after that I hope we shall never parte so long againe, till we parte for a better meetinge in heaven. But where we shall spend the rest of our short tyme I knowe not; the Lord, I trust, will direct us in mercye: my comfort is, that thou art willinge to be my companion in what place or condition soevere, in weale or in woe."

The reasons which induced Winthrop and his fellow-adventurers to quit their native country for the then almost unknown shores of America may be best given in his own words. It does not appear that, in the case of this particular body of emigrants, the most considerable of all, it was any actual

persecution for conscience' sake which impelled them to it. Partly they had a desire "to carry the gospel into those parts of the world, to help on the coming of the fulness of the gentiles, and to raise up a bulwark against the kingdom of Antichrist which the Jesuits laboured to rear in those parts." They thought, too, that "evil times were coming," and that "the Church had no place left to flie unto but into the wilderness." But partly also they were led, like modern emigrants, by the hope of bettering their fortunes; and it is curious to find them complaining, in those early days, of difficulties in the old country which we are apt to look upon as of much more modern development—the pressure of an increasing population, so that "the land grows weary of her inhabitants;" the growing extravagance of living, "so as no man's estate almost will suffice to keep sail with his equals;" the "unsupportable charge" of a liberal education for their children, and "the deceitful and unrighteous course" of all "arts and trades," so that "it is almost impossible for a good and upright man to maintain his charge and live comfortably in any of them." But for the antique turn of the sentences, we might readily imagine that in these 'Reasons,' drawn up by John Winthrop more than two hundred years ago, 'for justifying the Undertakers of the intended Plantation in New England,' we were reading the arguments advanced by a modern English gentleman with a large family and small estate for emigrating to Australia.

That the difficulty of keeping up his position in his native country, with a large and increasing family, was one of the most weighty inducements which led John Winthrop to turn his thoughts to New England, is evident from another paper found in his own handwriting, and which his descendant has now printed for the first time. It

is called 'Particular Considerations in the Case of J. W.'

"1. It is come to that issue that (in all probabilitye) the wellfare of the plantation depends upon his goeing, for divers of the chief undertakers (upon whom the rest depend) will not goe without him.

"2. He acknowledges a satisfactorye calling, &c.

"3. Though his meanes be sufficient for a comfortable subsistence in a private condition heere, yet the one-halfe of them being disposed to his three elder sonnes, who are now of age, he cannot live in the same place and callynge with that which remains; his charge being still as great as before, when his meanes were double; and so if he should refuse this opportunitye, the talent which God hath bestowed upon him for publike service were like to be buried."

There is evidence besides, from his own letters, that, to meet his increasing family charges, he had borrowed money from relatives, which he had some difficulty in paying. There was a prodigal, too, even in that well-ordered family. The third son, Henry, had gone out, not in very edifying company, to seek his fortune as a tobacco-planter in Barbadoes ("Barbatus," his mother with much originality, spells it), and was always writing home for supplies, and promising to send large returns, which never came; so that at length the father is compelled to write to the effect that he neither will nor can do more for him: "I owe more already than I am able to pay without sale of my land."

Winthrop's motives for emigration, therefore, were of a much more mixed character than either his past or present biographers seem willing to allow. But none of them were at all to his discredit; and the high estimation in which his character was held by those who knew him best, is evidenced not only by the unwillingness which he mentions of the "chief undertakers" to go without him, but by the fact that he was chosen by them unani-

mously first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, now to be transferred to New England.

The chief names among those who were associated with him in this enterprise were Sir Richard Saltonstall, who took over with him three sons and two daughters, Isaac Johnson, John Humphrey (chosen first Deputy-Governor), and Thomas Dudley. All of them were men of some local influence and position. Johnson had married the Lady Arbella Clinton, and Humphrey the Lady Susan, daughters of the Earl of Lincoln, who both accompanied their husbands, undeterred by the discomforts of such a voyage or the hardships of a settler's life. Winthrop had no such pleasant companionship. His wife was expecting her confinement, and it was arranged that she should follow next spring, when she and her infant might be fit to cross the sea. He had reason afterwards to rejoice in an arrangement which was at the time a severe trial to the affection of both. His three younger sons, Henry, Adam, and Stephen, were to be of the company; and he was so fortunate as to persuade his friend and neighbour, William Gager, "a right godly man and skilful chyrurgeon," of whom he is informed that the country practice in the Suffolk villages "does not" "afford such sufficient and comfortable imployment as his gifts doe require," to give the new colony the benefit of his skill.

Winthrop spent his last Christmas in England at the old manor-house with his wife and family in 1629. There it was, most likely, that the parting scene took place which Hubbard has recorded, when, "at a solemn feast amongst many friends, a little before their last farewell, finding his bowels yearn within him, instead of drinking to them, by breaking into a flood of tears himself, he set them all a-weeping with Paul's friends, while they thought of seeing the faces

of each other no more in the land of the living." In the following March he embarked with his party at Southampton. There were seven hundred of them in all; and quite a little fleet—no less than eleven ships—had been provided for their transportation. But only four were ready to sail at the time appointed, and Winthrop would not wait. Of these four vessels, the Admiral, of 350 tons, carrying twenty-eight guns and fifty-two men, was named the '*Arbella*,' in compliment to Johnson's noble and beautiful wife, the acknowledged heroine of the expedition. The former name of this vessel had been the *Eagle*, and our present author's American sentiment so far overrides his chivalry that he actually regrets the change. It is the only instance of bad taste in his volumes. Our own admiration for the "bird of freedom" certainly does not carry us so far. The ships were detained by adverse winds at Cowes, and again off Yarmouth; and during this delay Winthrop again and again wrote parting letters to his wife. They have been well worth preserving: we can only find room for a part of one of them; it is dated "From aboard the *Arbella*, riding at the Cowes, March 28, 1630."

"And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee—even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in His bottle, who can and (if it be for His glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living! that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content! I have hitherto been so taken up with business as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast

thy share with me; but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thine heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband and children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with God. Farewell, farewell. I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Another letter of farewell, written to his dear friend Sir William Spring, one of the members for the county, is expressed in almost passionate terms of affection. The fervid apostrophe at the end, in Winthrop's favourite language of the '*Canticles*,' has an eloquence of its own:—

"But I must leave you all: our farewells usually are pleasant passages, mine must be sorrowful. This addition of 'forever' is a sad close, yet there is some comfort in it—bitter pills help to procure sound health. God will have it thus, and, blessed be His holy name, let Him be pleased to lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and we have enough. We shall meet in heaven, and while we live our prayers and affections shall hold an intercourse of friendship, and represent us often with the idea of each other's countenance. . . .

"Now Thou, the Hope of Israel, and the sure hope of all that come to Thee, knit the hearts of Thy servants to Thyself in faith and purity! Draw us with the sweetness of Thine odours, that we may run after Thee; allure us, and speak kindly to Thy servants, that Thou mayest possess us as Thine own in the kindness of youth and the love of marriage; seal us up by that Holy Spirit of promise, that we may not fear to trust in Thee; carry us into thy garden, that we may eat and be filled with those pleasures which the world knows not; let us hear that sweet voice of Thine, 'My love, my dove, my undefiled;' spread Thy skirt over us, and cover our deformity; make us sick with Thy love; let us sleep in Thine arms, and awake in Thy kingdom. The souls of Thy servants, thus united to Thee,

make as one in the bonds of brotherly affection; let not distance weaken it, nor time waste it, nor changes dissolve it, nor self-love cast it out."

One more letter of joint farewell the governor and his company wrote "from Yarmouth, aboard the *Arbella*." It was to "their brethren in and of the Church of England," whom they were leaving in the body for ever, but from whom assuredly they never thought to be severed in the spirit. It is a noble letter, which should be read entire in Mr Winthrop's pages, for to mutilate it is scarcely justifiable; but its tone may be judged of from the following passages:—

"We desire you would be pleased to take notice of the principals and body of our company, as those who esteem it our honor to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear mother; and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes, ever acknowledging that such part and hope as we have obtained in the common salvation we have received in her bosom, and sucked it from her breasts.

"We leave it therefore, not as loathing that milk wherewith we were nourished there; but, blessing God for the parentage and education, as members of the same body shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her; and while we have breath, sincerely desire and endeavour the continuance and abundance of her welfare, with the enlargement of her bounds in the kingdom of Christ Jesus."

The actual writer is unknown; but it seems to bear evident traces of Winthrop's style.

The voyage was not without its discomforts and even dangers. Our biographer has condensed it into a couple of pages—not judiciously, as we think, since there are other portions of these two volumes which might much more reasonably have been curtailed. Hubbard, in his quaint and amusing narrative, gives us far more of its details. The

Talbot, in addition to the ordinary sufferings, had the smallpox on board, and lost some of her crew. Owing to the stormy weather, very many of the cattle, of which each ship carried a considerable number, died from bruises and broken limbs; but Hubbard consoles himself with the reflection, that even "if Jacob himself had been there" to look after them, he could not have helped it.*

The *Arbella* was the first ship to make land. On the seventy-second day there came to the worn voyagers "a smell of the shore, like the smell of a garden," and four days afterwards they landed at Salem. Winthrop notes in his journal that the captain and the gentlemen of the company supped ashore, "with a good venison pasty and good beer," while the humbler emigrants wandered along the shore of Cape Anne, and refreshed themselves with "store of fine strawberries." The Talbot soon followed her consort, and in her arrived young Henry Winthrop. The wanderer had found his last resting-place: the very day he set his foot on the new continent, he was drowned in swimming a river. "A sprightly and hopeful young gentleman," Hubbard calls him—there was good in him, perhaps, after all. He was but twenty-two, was just married, and his young widow bore him a daughter at Groton Manor while he was on his voyage out. Eleven ships, the whole of the first detachment, had arrived safe by the end of July; and six more, carrying a new reinforcement, straggled in before the close of that year.

It has been said that the colony had suffered severely the winter before this new immigration. They were, in fact, almost starving when the *Arbella* arrived. Hardship and trouble were for some time the lot of the new settlers also. Want of proper food and warm shelter—all which their previous habits of life

* W. Hubbard's 'Narrative' (Massachus. Hist. Soc. Collections, 2d Ser. vol. v.)

had made necessary to them even more than to their predecessors—began to tell upon them at once. The comparatively cheerful letters which the Governor writes home to Groton Manor give very little idea of the real misery of the new settlement. He was carrying out to the uttermost the motto which he had adopted as the anagram of his name (Iohannes Winthrop)—“‘I hope’ wins a throne.” They had an unhealthy autumn, and the deaths were many. One of the first victims was Lady Arbella Johnson; she died little more than a month after her arrival. Very little has been recorded of her, though evidently there was much to tell; but the brief Puritan chronicles melt into poetry when they speak of her death. “She came” (says Hubbard) “from a paradise of pleasure into a wilderness of wants: she had not counted the cost, and it proved too strong a temptation* for her.” More emphatic, though shorter, is Cotton Mather’s tribute, “She took New England on her way to heaven.” In another month her husband followed her. The colony had almost as great a loss in “good Mr Higginson,” who had cheered and encouraged his people through the miseries of the winter before, and Gager, their “chirurgion.” Two hundred in all had died by the end of the year. A great scarcity followed during winter and early spring, and there were no supplies from England. Still, Winthrop lost neither heart nor hope, and his letters to his wife (who had got safely through her trouble, and given him another little daughter) are full of cheer for the future. He did not tell her the worst: how they had been forced to live chiefly upon clams and mussels—food abhorrent to an

inland Englishman—and nuts and acorns; and how, even in his own household, “the last batch of bread was in the oven,” or, in Mather’s version of the story, the Governor himself was giving away “the last handful of meal in the barrel to a poor man distressed by the wolf at the door,” and a special day had been appointed for public fasting and prayer, when the topmasts of the *Lyon*, despatched by the provident Governor six months before to Bristol for provisions, were seen in the offing, and a general Thanksgiving-day—the first of those commemorations—was proclaimed by an order in council instead of a fast.

Some of the colonists lost heart, apparently, and went home again. Among them was Sir Richard Saltonstall, with his two daughters and one of his sons. His departure was a great discouragement, but the Governor took it with his usual cheerfulness. He entertained the party at his house the night before, and “gave them three drakes at their setting sail.”†

But Margaret Winthrop never flinched from her resolution to join her husband. She was to have the escort not only of her eldest son, but of John Wilson, pastor of the new church at Boston, who had returned to England to bring out his wife. Mrs Wilson, however, would not go. “I marvel” (writes Margaret to her husband) “what mettle she is made of.” It was in the dark days of November 1631 when the good ship *Lyon* came in again as the herald of joy, and, after twenty months’ separation, Winthrop and his family were once more reunited. Not without a fresh sorrow; for though the mother bore the passage bravely, the little daughter had died on board

* *i. e.* “trial.”

† Most of our readers probably know the distinction between *ducks* and *drakes*—the latter being small pieces of ordnance. But Mr R. Winthrop informs us that the original transcribers of his ancestor’s journal did not, and that in the first edition of Winthrop’s ‘History of New England’ it stands thus—“The Governour gave them three *ducks* at their setting sail.”

a week after they set sail. The voyagers were received with hearty rejoicings, proof sufficient of the estimation in which the Governor was held. "The captains, with their companies in arms, entertained them with a guard, and divers volleys of shot and three drakes;" and the people brought in, from all the country round, goodwill offerings in the shape of fat venison, kids, geese, ducks (real ducks), and partridges. The day week after, Winthrop notes in his journal—

"We kept a day of thanksgiving at Boston."

Margaret Winthrop was never parted again from her husband, but for a few days, till her death, fifteen years afterwards. Of her life in the New World we know almost nothing; two or three of her letters (she had no need to write many) have been preserved, and breathe still the same loving and hopeful spirit. She died at Boston, after two days' illness, of some kind of epidemic which had all the characteristics of influenza; "a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and specially beloved and honoured of all the country." The testimony is her husband's; but no reader of these volumes will think that he said too much.

Let us confess that we turn with no great relish from these domestic pictures to the religious and political questions which vexed the new settlement. The volumes before us treat of these matters at some length, as was necessary to complete the biography of a man who had so much to do with them; but our readers will excuse us if we touch them very lightly. The narrowness, the exclusiveness, the bitter controversial spirit which cropped out in these New England Puritans (how different from their farewell letter!) are not pleasant things to remember in the case of men whose characters, in many respects, we cannot but admire and honour. The moment they begin to say to

us—if not in so many words, yet by implication in their acts and language—"We are not as other men are," our admiration ceases as our sympathies must, and an involuntary antagonism begins to assert itself. It is just so long as they *are* as other men are, or profess to be, in the kindly intercourse of life, its duties, its affections, and its charities, and so long as their religious fervour only throws over these a brighter glow, that we can study their acts and words with interest.

They went from England in search of a religious Utopia—to establish a Christian polity in which all should be of one heart and of one mind. It would be needless to say, even to those who knew nothing of their subsequent history, that they did not find it. They took pains, we must conclude, to carry with them in their company none but such as they had proved and knew. Yet, while they lay wind-bound at Cowes, during the solemn fast which they held preparatory to their voyage, two of their party broached and drank "a rundlet of strong waters" belonging to the common stock. Hardly had they landed in their new settlement, than Winthrop has occasion to write, "I think here are some persons who never showed so much wickedness in England as they have done here." Some among the company were indeed little better than wolves in sheep's clothing. There was one Sir Stephen Gardiner, a "Knight of the Holy Sepulchre" ("himself a whitened sepulchre," as old Hubbard remarks parenthetically), who had joined them under pretext of being tired of the world, and who abused the facilities of a retired locality to lead an immoral life, which was a great scandal to the community. Detected and denounced, he for some time defied the Governor to apprehend him, and was captured at last by the native Indians, after a most gallant

defence, worthy of his real or assumed knighthood. He was at once sent back to England as a prisoner in the *Lyon*. The love of money crept in even among those whose religion was of the sternest type, and whose morals were irreproachable. In the very time of scarcity the Deputy-Governor himself, Thomas Dudley, was publicly accused of selling corn to the poorer settlers on usurious terms. "Hard dealing," Winthrop notes with sorrow, was common among them. "It is a very sad thing," he writes at a subsequent date, "to see how little of a public spirit appeared in the country, and of self-love too much."

Yet the laws of the new colony were of the sternest Old Testament type: the milder code of the mother country they had repudiated as unfaithful to the divine model. The "Blue Laws of Massachusetts," as they are commonly quoted, were no doubt merely the satirical jest of an enemy. It is not true that it was solemnly enacted that "no woman should kiss her child on Sabbath or fasting-day;" that "no man should run or walk on the Sabbath-day, except reverently to and from meeting;" or that no woman should "make mince-pies." But in the actual code—"The Model of Moses his Judicials"—"drawn up out of the Scriptures by that godly, grave, and judicious divine, Mr John Cotton," the severity of some of the enactments is startling. Not only is death the penalty affixed to witchcraft and heresy ("for a heretic is no less than an idolater"), but the same punishment is awarded to blasphemy, rebellion against parents, and "profaning the Lord's Day in a careless and scornful neglect thereof;" while "rash and profane cursing and swearing" is to be punished with "branding with a hot iron, or boring through the tongue." We may presume that this sanguinary code was modified in practice so far as the lesser

offences were concerned; but its merciless carrying out in the cases of heresy and witchcraft is notorious matter of history. No Star Chamber or Court of High Commission ever dealt more largely in persecution than the men whose watchword was religious liberty. One of their ablest writers has defended their conduct in this respect by saying that "liberty of conscience" does not mean "liberty to blaspheme." But he forgets that this argument might have been urged with equal force and with equal sincerity by Pole or Bonner.

The minor legislation as to dress and deportment, however arbitrary, was at least in most instances harmless and well meant. Tobacco, as we have already said, was speedily "set at liberty." Long hair was for some time forbidden to men, on the ground of apostolical censure. But, as Governor Hutchinson shrewdly remarks in his 'History of New England,' it was strange that amongst those who looked so literally to the Jewish laws for precedents, the text in Leviticus, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads," was never brought up on the other side. The "vain custom" of drinking healths was forbidden ("though divers and even godly persons were very loath to part with it"), for sundry grounds assigned; as that "it occasioned much waste of wine and beer," and that "to employ the creature out of its natural use is a way of vanity." The use of veils, as might be supposed from the sex whom the question concerned, was matter of longer and more serious debate. Governor Endicott and others were strong upon the point of the women's wearing them; and the custom was very generally adopted until Mr Cotton preached a sermon at Boston, in which he pointed out that their use in Scripture was confined to virgins on the one hand, or women like Tamar on the other; and thereby exhorted the married

women to leave them off, inasmuch as he supposed they neither made pretence to the first character, nor cared to be mistaken for the other. Whereupon, says Hubbard—who is a very good story-teller for a Puritan—"they who before thought it shame to be seen in public without a veil, were ashamed ever after to be covered with them."

The more serious controversies, on points of doctrine, which from time to time disturbed the community, would be much more wearisome and not more profitable to follow. Of many of them it might be said, as Winthrop himself says of one question of grave dispute between Cotton and Wilson, that "no man could tell, except some few who knew the bottom of the matter, where any difference was." His wise spirit, even then, loathed these religious enmities. He notes again in his journal—"Every occasion increased the contention, and caused great alienation of minds ; and it began to be as common here to distinguish between men by being under a Covenant of Grace or a Covenant of Works, as in other countries between Protestants and Papists."

The election to the office of governor was annual, and for the first four years Winthrop was re-elected without opposition. The honesty and ability of his administration were fully recognised. Yet he had his enemies from the first. Thomas Dudley, the Deputy-Governor, had held an influential position in England as steward to the Earl of Lincoln's estates, was a much older man than Winthrop, and was jealous of his supremacy. There were others to whom his strict and stern rule was disagreeable. Among the scattered settlements along the bay, which were all now to be absorbed under the one central government, was one which bore the name of Mount Wollaston, from one of its earlier

settlers. The principal man there, however, was Thomas Morton, a clever and reckless adventurer, who had been an attorney of no very good character. The Puritan ways were not his ways ; and in defiance he had renamed the place "Merry Mount," and set up there the abomination of a maypole, which Endicott, the governor of Salem, had to go over with a strong party and cut down. If that had been Morton's chief offence, we at least might have forgiven him ; but he had been living a wild and reckless life, and discrediting the general cause of the English settlers, not only by his character, but by incurring the dread and hostility of the Indians, amongst whom he had on one occasion fired "hailshot" without any provocation, out of the merest wantonness. Winthrop was determined to rid the colony of him, as he had of Gardiner. He put him in irons, and sent him home in the first ship whose captain could be persuaded to take him. Some refused.

"Captain Brock, master of the ship called the Gift, which was to return that month, might have had the honour to carry Morton back to England, but he confessed that he was not gifted that way, nor his ship neither, for such a purpose ; as not willing to trouble himself nor his country with such vagabonds, from which they had been happily freed some years before." *

The captain of the Handmaid was less scrupulous, and in her Morton was sent home, blaspheming and indignant. He appealed, in conjunction with Gardiner, to King Charles against "King Winthrop," as he called him, but apparently with little effect. He was obliged to satisfy his revenge with the publication of a scurrilous book, which he entitled 'The New-England Canaan.' Its style, as may be guessed, is that kind of travesty which the adoption by the Puritans of Scriptural idioms

* Hubbard.

makes so easy and so tempting—a fact which is really one of the strongest objections to their practice in this respect.

Another person, though of a very different character, who caused a serious division in the colony on religious grounds, was Roger Williams. He was not one of Winthrop's original band of emigrants, but joined them the following year. But so violent were his prejudices that he refused to enter the congregation at Boston, "because they would not make a public confession of their repentance for having held communion with the churches of England while they lived there." He retired to Salem, where he was chosen minister, and for some time his learning, his eloquence, and "his lovely carriage," gained him considerable popularity. But his views became at last so utterly fanatical that the authorities could bear no longer with him. He had persuaded Endicott the Governor to cut the cross out of the royal colours, as a rank emblem of idolatry, which nearly caused a popular riot: for loyalty was by no means wanting in the colony, and some of the militia refused to be trained under the mutilated flag. At last he proceeded to the length of declaring all the churches and congregations in New England to be antichristian; upon which he was sentenced to banishment by the General Court of Massachusetts ("that great and honoured Idol-general which men had set up," he calls it), and would have been shipped off, like others, to England, if he could have been caught. But he took refuge among the Indians—or, as he preferred to express it, "was fed by the ravens in the wilderness"—and became afterwards the founder of the colony on Rhode Island.

But the greatest disturber of the peace of the new church at Boston, after all, was a woman, a Lincolnshire lady of good family—Mrs Hutchinson—who claimed special

révelation from heaven, and proclaimed, like Williams, that all their teachers were in darkness, and that the existing church was Antichrist. She held meetings of her own sex on the Sunday, which thinned the orthodox churches considerably. A synod of elders was held in consequence, at which the two first resolutions passed ran as follows:—

"1. That though women might meet (some few together) to pray and edify one another, yet such a set assembly (as was then in practice at Boston), where sixty or more did meet every week, and one woman (in a prophetic way, by resolving questions of doctrine and expounding Scripture) took upon her the whole exercise, was agreed to be disorderly and without rule.

"2. Though a private member might ask a question publicly, after sermon, for information, yet this ought to be very wisely and sparingly done, and that with leave of the elders: but questions of reference (then in use), whereby the doctrines delivered were reprov'd and the elders reproached, and that with bitterness, etc., was utterly condemned."

Such was the Nemesis of that "Liberty of Prophesying" which these earnest men held to be the first principle of a Christian church, and to maintain which they had become voluntary exiles.

Winthrop lived in the colony nineteen years; his popularity, like that of most popular heroes, had its ebb and flow; he had some enemies, as all men in high station must have; but the honour and respect of his fellow-citizens, of all but the baser sort, never failed him. Twelve times he was elected Governor; and perhaps it was little more than the natural jealousy of seeming to lodge the chief power too exclusively in the hands of one man, that led to the occasional substitution of a rival, such as Dudley or Henry Vane. He died, like his wife, of some kind of epidemic fever. During his last illness "the whole church fasted as well as prayed with him;" and so, adds Cotton Mather, "having, like Judah, first

left his counsel and his blessing with his children, gathered by his bedside, and, like David, served his generation by the will of God, he gave up the ghost and fell asleep on March 26th, 1649." He had grown less stern and more tolerant as he grew old. It is recorded that in these last days, Dudley, then Deputy-Governor, came to his sick chamber to obtain his signature to an order for the banishment of some heterodox offender; the dying Governor refused, with the words, "I have done too much of that work already."

Mr Winthrop has quoted largely—not too largely—from the many eulogies which American writers, both contemporary and modern, have passed upon his great ancestor. We most content ourselves with one, brief and emphatic, spoken by Josiah Quincy—"Had Boston, like Rome, a consecrated calendar, there is no name better entitled than that of Winthrop to be registered as its patron saint."

Two Grotons—one in Massachusetts and one in Connecticut—commemorate in New England the name of the old English country-seat. Of that, however, we are sorry to learn from this biography, "not one stone is left upon another," though an old mulberry-tree still marks the garden-plot. We feel that we have done Mr R. Winthrop scant justice in not giving our readers some fuller specimen of his own very pleasant style. Let us make such amends as we still may by quoting the following account of his pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors:—

"The Groton of Suffolk county, in old England, has by no means yet lost its local habitation or its ancient landmarks. I was there on a Sunday, and went to the parish church in which the Winthrops worshipped before they went to America. The grand old service of prayer and praise, in which they had united so long ago within the same sanctuary, had just commenced when I entered; and I could almost imagine, as I joined in the responses, that the

venerable walls gave back an echo of welcome as to a not unrecognised voice. Everything concurred in awakening the memory of those who had gone before me,—the pulpit from which they had listened to preachers of their own presentation, the font at which so many of them had been baptised, the chancel around which they had knelt to receive the bread of life. There, on the crowning pane of the altar window, was the same 'Sursum Corda' which must have lifted their hearts in many an hour of trial and trouble. There, in the humble vestry, was the old parish register, the second entry on whose time-stained leaves gave the date of the death of the head of the family, in 1562. There, too, was the tomb in which the father, the grandfather, and possibly the great-grandfather, of the first emigrant to New England had been successively buried. It still bore the family name and arms; and, by a striking coincidence, it had just been repaired,—almost as if in anticipation of the arrival of one who might be presumed to take a peculiar interest in its condition."

Mr Winthrop seems almost to apologise for the warm interest and honest pride with which, though "six entire generations have intervened," he traces the fortunes of his forefathers. He says:—

"At such a distance of time, and in this republican atmosphere, by no means favourable to the growth of family pride, I trust my sincerity will not be questioned when I say, with another and an older poet,

*'Et genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.'*"

It has been said that there is great virtue in a "but." If either the Roman poet or his American admirer could be closely cross-examined, they might perhaps admit there was also great virtue in a "*vix*." We will not be so uncourteous as to question for a moment the sincerity of Mr Winthrop's profession of this republican faith: but we gladly accept from him this careful record of his noble ancestor as one more proof how often, in other matters as well as religion, men are better than their creeds.

THE EASTER TRIP OF TWO OCHLOPHOBISTS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XI.

Dedicated to LORD L—E, &c.

ON Monday morning we left Namur by the Luxemburg line, and on getting into the railway carriage we found an intelligent middle-aged Frenchman seated there. We had no other fellow-passengers with us. After a short time I said, "Sir," wishing to draw him into conversation, for I have always considered that by that means the justest opinion may be formed about a country, and the greatest amount of truth elicited,—“Sir,” I said, “France is a fine country.” He bowed, and I asked him a good many questions about the internal economy of the country, the state of the roads, the condition of the labouring classes, and the tenure of the greater part of the land about us, and the advantage or otherwise of peasant proprietors.

“On the whole,” he said, “I think that the system of small holdings works well. There is less inequality, more general comfort, and as regards population, we certainly are not so overwhelmed by its increase. I am told that that is not the case in England?”

I said I was afraid that he had not been misinformed.

“I have been told, monsieur, that in your country two people who can hardly make up together an income of 5000 francs, positively marry sometimes, and then think it their duty to increase in a geometrical ratio to their living, and, is it possible? conceive that ‘le bon Dieu’ will provide for their children.”

“Nothing is more common,” I was obliged to own.

“Why, look at me,” said my friend. “Me voici fifty years old,

très content, and unmarried bien entendu. I have my 20,000 livres de rente. I have had nearly as many amours, and no *gêne*.”

I congratulated him. He went on.

“Could there be anything more ridiculous than what took place the other day in Paris—an encouragement given to population from the pulpit, as if we had not nearly reached the stage which is our aim? The world can only hold a certain amount of people, and why should I be obliged to pay away part of my 20,000 livres afin que ce Père Hyacinthe s’indulgeat dans ses sottises pensées?”

“Twenty thousand!” said I; but he interrupted me by—

“Certainly; I will tell you their names—Rosalie——”

“No, monsieur, thank you. Vous vous trompez. I was only calculating the English equivalent of 20,000 livres.”

“Ah, it is true, I was mistaken. Pardon.” How difficult a matter it is to keep a Frenchman’s thoughts fixed upon such a subject as political economy! “What,” said I, “should you think the proportion of nubile women to be?”

“Peu de chose,” he answered.

Desirous, however, as I was of obtaining some correct statistics, I continued, “Could you give any approximate idea of the average number of persons who live on each *étage* in Paris throughout?”

I cannot help thinking that he must have misunderstood me, for he shrugged his shoulders, and said, “Qu’est-ce que ça signifie, monsieur? Coralie était au cinquième, Barberine au rez-de-chaussée, mais vivent les femmes et les pommes de terre!”

I was endeavouring to explain, when he interrupted me again, "You are right—assuredly you are right. Barberine was a *jolie enfant*, but then *en revanche*."

I saw it was of no use endeavouring to obtain statistics from one whose thoughts were in the *coulisses*. At —, however, he got out of the carriage, and a *sœur de charité* took his place. There was hardly any subject upon which I desired information so much as upon the present condition of religious establishments in France, their internal economy, and the changes which had affected them during the last few years.

"You are *religieuse*?" I said.

"Plait-il?" was the reply.

I repeated my question, and asked her whether she thought Diderot's book was a fair exponent on the whole of the views and domestic arrangements of the class to which she belonged, or whether its namesake was better calculated to effect that object.

"Plait-il, monsieur?"

I said, "Do you consider that the recent advance of liberal opinions—an advance exemplified as much by the recent publications as by the open expression of fresh ideas—has at all influenced the choice of a profession like yours; or, on the other hand, do you think that the tendency to bigotry among an uneducated people, combined with the impossibility of finding sufficient employment for women, will keep your ranks replenished?"

"Plait-il, monsieur?" she said, at the same time offering me a bundle of bonbons and chocolate which she had extracted from the subterranean recesses of a most capacious pocket.

How difficult it is to arrive at any correct data, and how great an undertaking it must be to write history!

She got out at the next station, and we were some little time alone, until a young Frenchman came in, of about twenty-five. I was much

pleased at his arrival; for although I had been a good deal abroad, yet there were several points connected with social matters which to my mind required elucidation.

"Pardon me, monsieur," I said. "How many balls should you think were given during the season at Paris?"

"In Parigi mila e tre," he answered. I was much struck at the oddness of the number, and immediately entered it in my note-book.

"How many marriages are arranged at each?" I added, "and how many per cent turn out happy ones?"

"Ah, monsieur, who knows? but you come from the land of the sport. I love horses. I have one. She is my angel, my all, my adored. She eats out of my hand, she will follow me about. I kiss her every day—such shoulders, such loins, such legs, divine creature! I am coming over to England to buy another, and I go to the Sablonière Hotel."

For twenty-five minutes I could not intercalate a single word, with such pertinacity did he eulogise his horse. What could even Bacon or Gibbon have done in my position? They could not have gleaned anything. Alas! why was I destitute of that charm which enabled Blank and — to draw forth such lore from their fellow-companions?

"What a dreadful noise you have been making," said Granville. "Have you found out which is the best hotel at Trèves yet?"

"Hotels, indeed! I have been trying to find out something about the country from its inhabitants. I hate going through the country like Mundungus."

"Well, at any rate, his method is preferable to that of Junior's, boring everybody and getting no reliable information: generally, however, like —'s friend, they go to sleep in the middle of it. You might just as well ask the first person you met in an omnibus in the Strand what were the chances of

our going to war with Spain, and then detail his remarks upon the subject. If you must write something, why not give the number of tunnels between here and Luxemburg, the length of each, &c., and then the world would say you had travelled to some purpose."

"Well, but I really do not know what to do; all my ideas are gone."

"To Madame Aubray?" said Granville. "Stop, I have one, however: suppose I write a chapter for you."

I expressed my delight, and Granville in a minute or two presented me with the following:—

CHAPTER —.

On the Railway from Trèves to Coblentz.

There is no railroad from Trèves to Coblentz.

I turned away in disgust, denouncing plagiarism and parodies, while my impression is Granville said something very like "*Ceux de qui la conduite offre le plus à rire, sont toujours sur autrui les premiers à médire.*" There was one good point, however, about Tartuffe,

he was able to catch a flea," he added.

I with great difficulty restrained myself after this from asking any more questions, for at Conz two very intelligent men came in, from whom, in Granville's absence, I think I could have extracted a great deal. I always have felt grateful to those travellers who never passed a peasant without endeavouring to ascertain from him the condition of the cereals that year, and whose conversation with the children of the country enabled them to determine what class of government suited the inhabitants best, and what was the form of dissent that prevailed to the greatest extent; and I had always hoped to be able to give the result of my own experience on the subject. My reflections were cut short by the arrival of the train at Trèves, where I hoped to find a great field open to my researches, as Granville told me that, out of the three people in England who appeared to be aware of its existence, two thought that it was in the north of Italy, and the third that it was somewhere in the Pyrenees.

CHAPTER XII.

I have always considered that the most ill-bred act of which a man can be guilty is to die in his friend's house; but after this I think that falling ill when one has a *compagnon de voyage* may fairly be entitled to the second place. This latter offence was mine, and I was very much ashamed of myself on being obliged to inaugurate my visit to Trèves by immediately sending for the doctor. A little round-faced German, Dr Rausch, made his appearance directly, when the following dialogue took place. Poor man, he stammered so dreadfully that I was obliged to originate everything.

"Je ne me porte pas bien, monsieur," I began.

"Ah!" said he, "v-v-ous—ne—v-ous—p-portez pas bien, monsieur," as if he had made a great discovery.

I could hardly help quoting Molière, and adding, "*Quand je ne me porte pas bien, je suis malade; et quand je suis malade, je ne me porte pas bien.*" At last, however, he ejaculated convulsively,

"Vous êtes ordinairement gai, monsieur."

"Surtout quand je ne souffre point."

This reply of mine evidently had some effect upon the course of treatment to be adopted. For about ten minutes he repeated everything I said, transposing the tense, and ended by a wonderful piece of

generalisation, "Oui, m-monsieur, vous avez l-l-l-l-a f-fièvre; qu-quand on a froid d-dans [nothing can give the smallest conception of the difficulty he experienced in pronouncing the word *dans*] une chambre aussi chaude que ceci on a la fièvre!"

After having written some hieroglyphics he went away, and in ten minutes the door opened and the garçon entered announcing Dr Rausch, and a middle-aged man, totally different from the "Jacob" who had preceded him, came in; and Granville, who ought to have helped me in this most unforeseen contingency, rushed into a corner and began to read a book upside down with remarkable attention.

"Bon jour, monsieur; mais malheureusement nous venons de voir le Docteur Rausch."

"Pardon, monsieur—je suis le Docteur Rausch."

I did so wish for Molière, he would have made such a charming farce out of "Le médecin imprévu." The situation was an awkward one, and I felt that the object of this second would probably be to neutralise all the prescriptions of the one who had robbed him of his birthright. I determined, however, that his anger and the "spretæ injuria formæ" should fall upon his predecessor; so with a view to identifying him I exclaimed, "C'était un jeune homme qui bégayait terriblement—affreusement."

"Ah! tiens—c'est mon fils." The mystery was solved, and the elder Sangrado was delighted to leave me in the hands of the younger, although I must do him the justice to say that he made me drink Bordeaux, and did not suggest for a moment the other part of the remedy.

If, as I have said, to be ill abroad is an unpardonable sin, at any rate it has the merit of carrying its own punishment with it. A very small room, with a very dirty floor and one big cold

window which opened upon the most deserted of leads, was very *triste*; besides which, all the rain in Trèves seemed to concentrate itself and splash about outside. Granville came in occasionally, like the dove in the Ark, to say that there was nothing to be seen but water, and that the fishes were leaving their aquariums for the streets (this I saw afterwards in a French paper—I can't help thinking that it is more likely that Granville found the joke there than that he sent it to the paper); but, with the exception of this excitement, I had nothing to do but contemplate a hideous stove with great arms which glared at me from the other side of the room.

My only excitement was speculating how long it would take my doctor to utter any given word; he came every morning to tell me it was quite impossible to go out, and that they had never known such a winter before in that part of the country. This, however, is universal. When I was in Rome I remember being told that it had not been so cold for forty years, and the fact that P^{ss}—i's coachman had been frozen to death on the box while waiting at the opera for his mistress was adduced as a proof; on inquiries afterwards, I must own that it was satisfactorily shown that the coachman's inability to stir proceeded mainly from drunkenness. "Writing as usual," said Granville, as he came in to inveigh against the weather (I only wished that the weather was affected by bad language). "Is it a topographical account of Trèves and the surrounding country?—you have such good opportunities of judging of them: even if you were able to go out, the result would probably resemble Murray as much as a schoolboy's translation of the Greek Testament does the Bible. Why not imitate Baedeker's style? which is a cross between Pindar and Bradshaw." (I don't believe Granville ever read more Pindar

than *Pindarum quisquis studet cœmulari*; but he evidently had a notion that his style was sometimes a little confused.)

"To tell the truth, I am beginning to agree with you in thinking that nobody wishes for information."

"In that case you will be well by to-morrow."

Granville's prophecy turned out correct, and I began sight-seeing at Trèves in the pouring rain, which does not improve Roman remains by any means. I was not at all disappointed however, for I had rather imagined that I was going to see something on the scale of Wroxeter. When I went to Wroxeter, I had just come back from Pompeii, and I certainly was not impressed by the collection of small holes filled with the débris of sandwich papers, the refuse of past picnics. But here in Trèves there was no difficulty in recognising the Roman monuments. The amphitheatre was not so large as at Verona; the baths were, it is true, inferior to Caracalla's; but the fact that they were preserved at all so far north was quite sufficient to interest one in them. Besides which the Porta Nigra was as fine, if not finer, than anything of its kind which I had seen in Italy, and justified the use of all the epithets which Baedeker lavished upon it.

Granville, who had seen quite as much as he wanted, went down the Moselle to Coblenz, and came back next day with a glowing account of

the beauties of its banks. As the steamer started at half-past five in the morning, it is absolutely impossible that he should have spent the day otherwise than in sleeping—a view on my part which is confirmed by the extraordinary manner in which his account tallied with the descriptions I read in the guide-books. I in vain endeavoured to find out some new interests in the town, but there were no shops, no pretty people, and no possible opportunity for an adventure. I found some lines in my rambles over the porch of a palace near the cathedral, to this effect—

"Insignes isti qui me peperère parentes,
Sunt canis atque draco—vivat uterque
parens."

They only struck me because I felt that it was just the sort of inscription which Lady Mary W. Montagu would have made a note of, and sent to Pope, telling him to make them out, and exhaust his love in a good translation.

I was not at all sorry when we settled on Thursday evening that we would leave Trèves the next day, for I knew the face of every photograph in our salon, the number of steps up to my bedroom, and the flavour of every drug in the *apothéke* opposite. The hotel, too, was undergoing its periodical repairs, and certainly it required painting again to merit its epithet of "Roths," its colour being that of faded blotting-paper.

CHAPTER XIII.

On Friday morning Granville and I left Trèves, and stopped at Luxemburg on our way north, with the intention of being able to lay down the law upon all possible points connected with the question on our return to London. I am afraid, however, that what we discovered principally was that we were totally unable to understand the dialect of the country, and that

the Prussian soldiers were extremely averse from allowing us to inspect their needle-guns, and intimated that we had much better leave them alone. The whole interest of Luxemburg consists in its strategical position, and with the exception of the Stadt-Haus, which was a charming old house with the quaintest panels carved on its façade, there was nothing

worth seeing. We drove round the town and over it, and felt that in the space of three hours we were fully masters of the situation, and quite capable of answering any conceivable question that might be put to us touching the population or the wishes of the inhabitants. This last point had been settled to my complete satisfaction by our cab-driver, though it is true that Granville and I differed strongly afterwards as to the bent of his inclinations.

At Luxemburg we took tickets for Trois Fontaines, where Granville said there was a formation he wished to see, and a few ruined castles, which influenced me more; so we determined to stop there the night. The railroad, Granville found out, had been opened hardly six weeks; and this fact he steadily repeated to me whenever we stopped abruptly with no apparent cause, and whenever the incline was so steep as to give one the impression that the engine had become utterly unmanageable and that we were run away with. The country was lovely—prettier far than anything I had seen before in Belgium; we followed the windings of a clear stream, with occasional tunnels through rocks, upon whose heights were perched fantastic ruins, utterly unknown to English travellers. Granville said the rocks were all vertical, and that there had evidently been a great convulsion of nature there. I looked at them, and said that I quite agreed with him. He went on, "The rocks look very schistose about here." I said I thought they were infernally so—in fact, that I had never seen anything look more so. He said there was a good deal of mica. I felt sure of it, and he looked much pleased. On our arrival at Trois Fontaines, I was rather surprised to see no signs of any village; and when the train had gone on, leaving our luggage and ourselves alone on the platform, I thought Granville looked a little

astonished, as he had given me a charming description of the beauties of this village. We made inquiries, and were told that we had made a slight mistake—the station at which we were was merely for the arrangements of the line, the place at which we had intended to stop was fifteen miles further on. No, there was no inn; there was nothing anywhere. I rushed into the middle of the road, frantically, and asked Granville whether the formation was good to eat in these parts, but he did not seem in the least amused. "At any rate," I said, "we are on classic ground—this is the beginning of the Ardennes."

"Yes," answered Granville; "now I am in Arden, the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content."

"Mais, monsieur, si je ne me trompe pas," said a pleasant voice near us, "surely I see my late *compagnons de voyage*."

We looked round, and saw Monsieur de St Croix, and after we had recognised one another we tried to get some information as to the possibility of finding a place to stay at. He told us that there was not even a cabaret within distance; but, on the other hand, he said he trusted we should not hesitate to come to his château, which was close by, and where both his daughter and himself would be charmed to see us. We naturally were delighted to accept his invitation, and in a few minutes he drove us away from the inhospitable station of Trois Fontaines. We went a little way up the main valley, and then turning away up the course of a tributary stream we soon came in sight of our host's house. "Voilà le château de Roqueville. We are a little uncivilised, I am afraid, but we shall do our possible for you."

"Much better," I whispered to Granville, "than sleeping in a formation."

This was, curiously enough, another joke which he did not seem to appreciate. I cannot trust myself to describe the château. Balzac had already done so. "C'était un de ces petits châteaux, blancs, jolis, à tourelles sculptées, brodés comme une dentelle de malines, un de ces châteaux mignons, pimpants qui se mirent dans les eaux avec leurs bouquets de mûriers, leurs vignes, leurs chemins creux, leurs longues balustrades à jour, leurs caves en rochers, leurs manteaux de lierre, leurs escarpements." There was every accessory—rock, wood, and water; and by no means least in importance, Marie came outside to meet her father at the top of the terrace-stairs as we arrived. A half-suppressed "Mon Dieu" greeted us; and then, with a smile, she put out her hand, as much as to say that she was glad to see us, whatever wind had been the means of blowing us there. If there is anything I dislike, it is a woman who keeps one in a state of uncertainty as to whether she is going to shake hands with you or not—half-bowing, half-advancing, and always a picture of *mauvaise honte*; it is as disagreeable as not being able to pass a woman—for Sterne's good fortune does not occur to everybody. Dinner was to take place directly, and we were led to our rooms across the courtyard which formed the interior of the château. One side alone was open, and looked down the valley of the Sauer, which seemed far more lovely now that our dinner was no longer problematical. Granville was in a charming state of mind, partly owing, I think, to some insinuations he had been base enough to give vent to at Namur concerning M. de St Croix; and I am inclined to believe that if I had said our chimney-pieces were limestone, he would have meekly assented. The reception-rooms were on the ground-floor, opening into one another, and far more comfortable than those I had generally seen abroad. It was evi-

dently an old house, and the bits of *boiserie* and the tapestry and the quaint *magots* which I saw on all sides of me made me fall in love still more with my quarters.

Our host was very pleasant, and I found out that he lived here alone with his daughter, his wife having been dead some years. Marie had only just come out, and to my great delight he told us that he was going to inaugurate her *début* by paying a visit to London this year. We did not sit for ever barbarously in the dining-room, but adjourned to a pretty boudoir overlooking the valley, and which I think must have been Marie's sanctum.

Marie was naturally very eager to know something about London, and she began by saying to us, "Tell me what you do a little, or rather, to begin with, tell me what I shall do—how shall I spend the day?"

Granville answered her, "You will ride in the morning, drive in the afternoon, yawn a good deal, read a very little, drink a great deal of tea, eat a very bad dinner, go to a party in the evening, and then to a ball, where you will fall a little in love."

"Ah! ce sera bien la première fois que je me suis amourachée (why do you look shocked, Mr Stuart?), but your account sounds a little *triste*."

Granville was evidently going to agree cordially and say something very disagreeable, when I interrupted him and said, "Oh, no, it is charming; and amongst society's most eager votaries is Mr Granville."

"Well, let us begin at the beginning; do you ride?"

"I did," said Granville; "but I find that people have so little to say when I meet them once in the day, that I think it is better to give up the chance of seeing them in the morning, so as to get the concentrated force of their intellect in the evening."

"Oh, I am not afraid of not

having enough to talk about except at dinner. I am told they are very long—*n'est-ce pas ?* ”

“Poor thing,” whispered Granville, “would it not be better to disabuse her mind from any notion that she will suffer from them? I can fancy her coming in the evening at a quarter past ten—the women just come up-stairs, and Mrs — glaring at her as if she was a wild beast.”

Marie went on, “Not that I care at all about dinners.”

“Women never do,” Granville said; “and that is the reason why they always order such bad ones.”

“*Quel mauvais compliment !* ”

“Here at least we are *dépaysés* in that respect.”

“But your parties—they must be pleasant?”

“They are the bore’s paradise,” Granville replied, “the interregnum between a dinner and a ball—for there they can always tell you where they have been dining and where they are going next.”

“*Est-ce qu’on fait la cour ?* ”

“Far from it, mademoiselle—the usual subject of conversation for the majority of men is an apology for being seen there at all. Stuart once went so far as to tell his hostess that circumstances over which he had no control had obliged him to come to her, but that a similar occurrence should never take place again. If it is a political party nobody knows his neighbour, and you might present two Polar bears and a chimpanzee with perfect safety to your hostess, and she would only ask them to go into the next room, telling them, at the same time, that it was very good of them to come, and that her husband would be delighted to talk to them. Then there are parties to which people ask their friends.”

“*Mais cela doit être amusant.* ”

“So it would be if their friends wanted to see them; but they generally look as if they had come under protest, and as if they were conscious that a ball was going to

be given to which they would not be asked. Besides, the world is in a great hurry; they have not the time to finish their sentences, and when they do they are *tant soit peu* idiotic.”

“And after that,” said Marie, “I am to go to a ball; tell me about them.”

“I am afraid they are much too like all others to deserve description—generally two small rooms, like a grand pianoforte cut in half; a narrow staircase, draped discreetly in pink gauze; a dirty little conservatory which will hold four people; six maidservants, looking after what appears to be the débris of a pawnbroker’s shop; a dining-room, trying with the aid of pillars to sustain the weight of the drawing-room, and containing the supper.”

“*N’importe* the supper—the people?”

“That depends upon the house a good deal. Perhaps the chaperons differ less than any other particular class. You will see them sitting on high narrow benches all round the room, like the senators in the Capitol, and one longs to pull their beards to wake them.”

“What do they do?”

“Watch and pray, and inhale dust. They sit with impassive countenances until the morning comes and makes them more ghastly than ever in the light.”

“*Quel triste métier !* ”

“Then there are the daughters of the chaperons—some there because they can’t help it, others because they like dancing.”

“Very natural,” said Marie.

“You are not talking about the bourgeoisie now, are you?”

“Far from it. They are to be distinguished very easily, as in Rousseau’s time, by high gowns, amongst other peculiarities. The others ‘ont vu qu’une gorge découverte est en scandale au public, ainsi elles ont largement échancré leur corps.’ ”

“My dear Granville,” I ex-

claimed, shocked at his plain-speaking, "don't quote 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.'"

"Oh, I have read it," said Marie, "so you need not mind. But who will dance with me?"

"Everybody," I said, while Granville went on—

"Two or three *attachés* and a clerk from the War Office."

"Won't that be rather ennuyeux?"

"Not a bit; they value much better than other people, because they spend more time about it. Besides, English girls, as a rule——"

"Are they clever?" Marie broke in.

"Yes, I think they are, with the exception of those who have a reputation for being so. When you inquire on what grounds Miss 'Chose' is to be considered a *bel esprit*, you find out that the day before yesterday she knew where the Antilles were after looking for them in the map, that she has drawn a horse which was not mistaken by her best friend for a cow, that she has refused the stupidest man in London once, and that she is certainly cleverer than her other two sisters."

"What a pretty picture! But where shall I see your *savants*? Hardly at a ball, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. Literary society is quite *à part*. That will amuse you, however. Literary wives look as if they had been modelled by their husbands (totally ignorant of sculpture *bien entendu*) and dressed by them afterwards—as angular as the corner of a *commode*, and just as likely to tear people's dresses."

"What do they do?"

"They talk about what they don't understand, or else rush into the opposite extreme——"

"And their husbands?"

"In the evening they look as uncomfortable in their clothes as a German baby, and because they can't put their feet upon the chimneypiece and smoke, inveigh against the artificial hollowness of

London society. However, you will be able to judge better for yourself in a few weeks. Stuart would give you a very different account."

"What have you been writing?" said Marie, turning to me, and taking the paper on which I had been scribbling out of my hands.

"Ne pas avoir aimé!" que je vous plains, Marie,

C'est écrire en sable que de vivre sans amour,

Etre le hochet d'un instant, le caprice d'un jour—

Voir passer les plaisirs, et s'en jouir autrui.

"Ne pas avoir aimé!" Le bonheur s'enfuit,

Tandis que vous soutenez le contre et le pour,

Vous posez en philosophe, et dites tour à tour,

"L'amour est un rêve, l'on s'en moque aujourd'hui."

"Ne pas avoir aimé!" O chagrin suprême!

Toute chose-ici bas aime, et se trouve aimée;

C'est la loi de l'espèce, de l'univers, de Dieu même:

Notre avenir, notre passé. — Mais mon cœur s'est apaisé,

Car dans ce moment ou tu dis, mon adorée, Que vous n'aviez aimé, tu m'as dit, "Je t'aime."

"I hope my namesake has a chaperon," said Marie, when she had read it, "for I think she wants one very badly. There are several mistakes in it too."

"Will you correct them?" I said.

"Volontiers."

"And give it back to me at the first ball at which we meet, if you are not *désillusionnée* by Granville's account? The fact is, he goes out, sees a dirty gown, and then says, 'All the women had dirty gowns.' Somebody makes an idiotic remark, and he says, 'All the people were idiots.' His only object is to find fault with something."

"And I generally succeed."

"Of course, if you look you will sometimes see dirty gowns, and if you talk to a good many people you will find that they repeat themselves before second childhood comes on."

"It is very hard to suffer un-

justly, for really I am the most good-natured man in the world, only nobody but myself has made the discovery. By the by, I have a better ending for your sonnet—after *passé* read—

‘Mais mon cœur s’est consolé,
Et je respire librement en me voyant sauvé,
Car sans ta sottie franchise j’allais crier,
“Je t’aime.”’

You may have my emendation as a present.”

Marie laughed, while I scouted the proposition.

“Mes vers sont vers de jeune homme et non un catéchisme——”

We were fortunately preserved from the rest of the quotation by our host challenging us to a game of billiards, and our conversation was put an end to for the evening.

“She is a nice little girl,” said Granville, when we had gone upstairs; “but don’t commit the absurdity of falling in love with her.”

Is there anything like the brutal frankness of a friend? and yet I ought not to complain; for I well remember a college contemporary of mine to whom in similar circumstances I gave the soundest and most practical advice, telling him to go abroad that very evening and to forget the silly individual in question, to which silly individual he proposed the next day, and was married in less than two months! As it was, I did not answer him, and went to bed thinking of Porphyro, and wishing for another opportunity of “gazing upon her empty dress.”

CHAPTER XIV.

When Monsieur de St Croix asked us next morning to stay till Saturday, I own I felt inclined to differ considerably with Granville, when he said “that unfortunately we were obliged to go to Liège, and that we must be back again in England directly.” This was a contradiction, and I did not understand in the least what he meant by excusing himself afterwards on the ground that it was for my good. On the contrary, a prolonged stay of a week at Roqueville would have been of infinite service to me. As it was, we went away directly after breakfast, and Marie’s last *au revoir* was all I had to comfort me. It is extraordinary how much may be discovered in even two words—the most unintelligible Greek chorus does not afford more food for meditation. Our host drove us back to the station, and was so pleasant, and invited us so genially to come back again in the summer, that Granville positively thanked him for his hospitality with a greater degree of warmth than I had ever seen him display before.

The country was lovely from

Trois Fontaines to Spa, and the only drawback was the odd behaviour of the train, which had evidently not been accustomed to go through tunnels or down-hill, and enabled Granville to describe all the possible accidents to which new lines are liable. I had been to Spa before, when, however, the world was there, and I did not know how much a watering-place depended upon summer. There was no *fiacre* at the station, and we walked to our hotel through deserted streets. The only thing that was going on was painting—the shops, the hotels, all was redolent of paint. When we got to the hotel we were stared at.

“Two swallows,” said Granville, “do not make a summer.”

Yes, we could sleep, but there was no dinner, and we wandered about the town in vain trying to find one. Every place gave us the same answer, and at last I exclaimed, with an air of gravity, “Neanmoins on dine à Spa?”

The answer was given doubtfully in the affirmative, as much as to say that once in a month such an event might take place. At last

we found an inn, and having asked for food, much as Orlando did in 'As you like it,' we frightened the landlord into promising us something to eat.

"Vous mangez les rats, m'sieur?"

I turned round in blank horror to Granville, who said, "Certainly we did."

On expostulating, I found that he had said "gras," and I cordially agreed. I was very grateful to that inn, and would have quoted Shensstone, only I felt certain Granville would not recognise it.

I should have enjoyed my dinner still more could I have prevented Granville from giving me the information he had acquired from reading a book on the 'Physiology of the Stomach,' for his remarks had the same effect on me as those of Nasidienus upon his guests.

We left Spa next morning, not being at all desirous to see how long human nature can exist without food, or inclined to agree with Shelley in thinking it an unnecessary luxury. Granville wanted to go to Liège to see the bone-caves; and the moment we arrived there, we rushed all over the town with the intention of getting information.

"What!" said Granville, to one meek-looking bookseller. "Have you never heard of the famous discoveries recently made of *ossements fossiles*?"

No, he had not; and as far as I could learn, his ignorance was very generally shared.

At last we went to the Museum in despair, and I was much shocked by Granville's asking whether "La Musée" was open. On my objecting to his use of the feminine gender, he had the audacity to say that *musée* was a word which ought to be feminine, and that, therefore, he always made it so. He also had the baseness to assert, that I had asked for "la collection de géologique," an accusation which was totally unfounded. I mention this because it was the only real altercation that took place between

us during our travels, and which nearly led to a contest as serious as that which arose upon the discussion as to which was the right end to break eggs upon. I believe we were the first persons who had ever expressed a wish to see that part of the Museum. An old man showed us the collection; and on Granville saying, "Vous êtes connoisseur donc?" replied, "Non, monsieur, je suis concierge." Part of the collection, and a good many fossils from coal deposits, were arranged in fair enough order; but what we had come to see—namely, the result of the most recent excavations—was not classified, and quite at the top of the building. We spent some time there, and while I was examining attentively a fine brain of a castor, I was very much astonished to see an extraordinary animal coming towards me from the lower part of the cabinet. It bowed very civilly, and said, "I am glad to see you; it is just 100 million years since I have seen anybody."

I stared in amazement, and remarked, "Why, the world has only been made a few thousand years."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said my friend. "Who told you that rubbish?"

I was on the point of answering, "My mother," but as he could not possibly have read Wordsworth, I did not answer his question, and only asked him his name.

"I am the Rhamphorynchus."

"Bless me! what a curious name. Is it a Christian or surname? Why did Adam give you such a long one, pray?"

"Adam—who was he? I never heard of him."

"An historical character," I answered off-hand. "But perhaps you have heard of Noah?"

"Was he a Batrachian?"

I said I thought not.

"Ah, recent period."

"Precisely," I remarked, for I felt quite overawed by the superior knowledge he brought to bear upon the subject.

"I beg your pardon, but why do you not go about in these days? or is coal the only thing that suits you?"

"Coal — fiddlesticks — what is that? I was coming home late from a party one night, and I tumbled into a ditch and could not get out—that's all."

"Were the parties pleasant then?" I asked, timidly.

"Yes, all but the political ones; the Cephalaspis gave most of those, and they were very dull."

"How is it," I said, "that you became extinct?"

"You see there were nothing but female Rhamphorynchuses and Cephalaspides born after a certain time, and they got so tired of one another that they soon died away." The fear seized my mind lest a similar catastrophe should ever happen in London.

"Don't go to sleep," said Granville, shaking me by the arm.

"Asleep," I said, "there he is—look quickly, you can just see his tail," for upon Granville's arrival my friend scuttled off. "He told me he was the Rhamphorynchus, and that when he was coming back from a party"—it was no use. I saw from Granville's face he did not believe me, and that he would not, until he got a card with "Lady Cephalaspis at home" upon it.

"Besides," said he, "it does not belong to the coal formations at all."

"Surely he ought to know more about himself than you." Granville, however, would not allow such a possibility, and remained incredulous. The collection was cer-

tainly a very interesting one, and we stayed some time looking over the bones of the cave inhabitants, which were very complete—more so, I thought, than those in the British Museum. Down-stairs we saw in the Professor's laboratory (who unfortunately for us was not in) the skull of the Engis man. It had been plastered together like a broken teacup, and I was totally unable to form any conception of the capabilities of the being to whom it had belonged. Having found out that the only cave where discoveries were still made was that of Engihoul, we started off there immediately, but our expedition consisted in our having to wait three hours at Engis in pelting rain; for the only knowledge of *ossements fossiles* that the inhabitants had, led them to direct us to a cemetery three miles off, and the cavern consequently remained unexplored; and unfortunately there was no château of Roqueville near to compensate us for the loss of a formation, so we went on to Brussels as fast as we could. Granville had never seen the "Musée Wiertz," so I insisted on his stopping to see the pictures: the deceptions are clever *tours de force*, but I think the most striking picture is the "Scene in Hell," where Napoleon is standing in the midst of flames, while numbers of women are presenting to him the *dissecta membra* of their husbands and sons. A memoir of Antoine Wiertz has just been published, written in an execrable style, but containing some interesting correspondence. Granville intends to review it, so I shall not say more about it.

CHAPTER XV.

Dedicated to H—H D—N.

As I had one or two doubts still left in my mind about the exact position occupied by the Allied Armies previous to the battle of Waterloo, I thought it would be

better to determine them by going over to the field of action, so Granville and I devoted the greater part of the next day to studying the country. We had seen all we

wished to see, and as the day was very fine we set off to walk back to Brussels, and dismissed our guide. We had hardly reached the eastern extremity of the forest of Soignies, when we were met by a man in a state of complete nudity. He appeared to be about forty years of age; his skin had attained a somewhat darkish colour from exposure to the sun; his face was carefully shaven, and his whole appearance bore evidence to the fact that he was a deeply-thinking and cultivated man. We were endeavouring to make way for him, when he stopped abruptly, and said, "Welcome; it is long since I have seen such as you. It is no ordinary surprise to me to behold those whose habitual resort is the world." Granville was evidently going to say that the surprise was reciprocal, but I stopped him, for I had always entertained the belief that heaven and earth contained more things than were dreamt of in our philosophy. Certainly, occasions such as these did not present themselves every day to me, but I ascribed it only to my own ignorance and want of research, for I well remember a dear friend of mine giving me a most interesting description of a dinner party in one of the most fashionable quarters in London—viz., — Square (I promised him that I would not mention the name of the hostess). He told me that although he had arrived very late—in fact about half-past six—they were still waiting for the arrival of two guests, who came in shortly afterwards—a gentleman and lady. He was simply attired in a white tie, she in a pair of black gloves. He added that he was the only person in the room who expressed any surprise at their entrance in that dress, such progress had these doctrines made in the neighbourhood of the Square. He took the lady in to dinner, and found her pleasant and well-informed, possessing an infinite fund of humour, tempered at

the same time by a slight degree of *naïveté*. She told him that she thought it extremely probable that this fresh impulse to civilisation would embrace in its movement the greater part of good society. So I only said, hesitatingly, "You are a native of these parts?"

"Yes," he answered; "for many years we have abandoned the haunts of idleness. To-day we are celebrating our eightieth anniversary; to-day we revere the founder of our community."

"And that community is——"

"The embodiment of nature; the type of the great; a society founded upon abstract ideas of what is Cosmos by the great Pangymnos in the year 1787."

"Then your existence dates back eighty years?"

"Precisely so."

"Were you not at all disturbed by the battle here in '15?" asked Granville.

"What battle?"

He evidently had not been disturbed! He went on—

"The society is distinguished by a few trivial external peculiarities" (Granville kicked me—whether he meant it as a mark of dissent I do not know), "but its inner life is what really separates it from the rest of the world. Pangymnos, our founder, who died twenty years ago, bequeathed his name, to be taken by each president in succession."

"And you inherited this legacy?"

"Yes; for twenty years the interests of our community have been in my hands."

"One of the outward marks," said Granville, "to which you alluded is the absence of—dress."

"You are right—it is. Pangymnos saw that without the beautiful nothing was true; that in the lines of the beautiful consisted real force," here he pointed to the outline of his legs. "Pangymnos saw that dress was a negation of this state; he determined therefore to—

discard it, typical, as it was too, of the fall of the human race; and, flying to this place, he promulgated his tenets, the result of which was that many noble spirits followed his example, disgusted by the common conventionalities which hamper men in their present artificial state."

I was deriving so much pleasure from the information I received, that I was not at all sorry that two questions of Granville's should pass unheeded—the one, whether Pangymnos had ever written art-critiques for any of the daily newspapers; the other inquiring what effect, if any, the tailors' strike had had upon the movement.

After a moment's pause, our new acquaintance continued—

"But come and judge for yourselves; our dwellings are close by. You will see our mode of living, our institutions, and polity."

We accepted his invitation with the greatest pleasure, and I could not help thinking how ignorant the majority of the world is about what is passing at their very doors. Narrow-mindedness and intolerance combine in refusing to see what is actually before their eyes; and it is not until the last moment that the existence of rivals is acknowledged! Now, by mere accident, what an opportunity was to be given us! Visions of beauty rushed across my sight. I recalled to my mind the description given by Lady Mary Wortley in her letter to Lady Rich of a scene parallel to the one I was anticipating. I should repeat over and over again, "*Guzél péc Guzél*, which is nothing more than charming, very charming." Lady Mary's reflection, "that if it were the fashion to go naked the face would be hardly observed," would strike me with increased force, convinced as I had always been of its truth.

If Lady Mary had been so much impressed by the appearance of so many people "without any distinction of rank by their dress, all

being in the state of nature," how much greater an effect might such a scene be expected to produce upon us, who would have the advantage of seeing them engaged in their ordinary avocations, not *posées* with a view to receiving admiration or applause?

We followed our guide along a winding path which led us into the heart of the forest, and after a walk of about ten minutes we came out into an open space, the centre of which was occupied by a large building with low sloping roofs, and wings at each side. A number of small sheds were studded about in different directions, everything bearing the appearance of order and cleanliness. The main part of the centre building was occupied by a single room of large dimensions, the walls of which were covered by pictures. Opposite each other, at each end of the room, were portraits of Adam and Eve, of life size, very similar, I conceive, to the two which I had never been able to see at Ghent. "Here you see depicted," said Pangymnos, "some of the scenes most characteristic of the tenets of our forefathers. Here," pointing to a man who was gesticulating, in a state of nudity, from a tavern balcony in Covent Garden—"here is Sir Charles Sedley endeavouring to calm the wayward passions of a foolish multitude by philosophical argument. Here is the illustrious *Couche-tout-nu* immortalised by Sue."

"What does this represent?" asked Granville, pointing to a representation of a man and a woman in the dress of the society, sitting in a garden and reading.

"They are Mr and Mrs Blake," rejoined Pangymnos, "far in advance of their generation, endeavouring to realise the glorious state of their first parents."

We passed by Lady Godiva, by Ganem's mother and Alcolomb, whom I was able to recognise, owing to my intimate acquaintance with the 'Arabian Nights,' and

many others, including Tandeme and Picard, whose portraits Pangymnos pointed out with great eagerness. "They, too," he said, "were in advance of their age; Providence should have reserved them for the nineteenth century."

"Should it?" answered Granville. "I know their faces well." (Granville is never at a loss for an apt remark!) I had never even heard their names mentioned before, and it was only after repeated searches that I discovered that they had occupied an important position among the Adamites, a sect whose views coincided with those of Pangymnos to a great extent.

He next pointed out to us the rules of the society hanging up in a corner of the room, together with a list of those who were suspected of having any bias in favour of its views, and I was far from being surprised on seeing amongst them the names of several people I knew. Many of the rules were devoted to the regulation of the social intercourse between members of the community. Marriage was strictly forbidden, perpetual celibacy was the key-stone of the foundation, and the heaviest penalties were provided to guard against any possible infringements which might take place. They held that the distinction between man and woman was completely accidental, that the one had no need of the other, and that by attaching the same duties and responsibilities to both, the object they aimed at would be attained. Obedience to Pangymnos and to the dictates of nature was the highest form of religion; and no deviations from this rule, we learnt, had taken place since '87, except in one instance, where nature and their founder had come into collision.

We spent about an hour in conversation upon these and other matters, and discussed at considerable length the moral influence which the society might be expected to

exert upon the rest of the world. Still Granville was evidently not quite satisfied. In spite of all the information he had received, something remained behind. At last he said, after a pause, "At what hour is your dinner-time?"

"At two o'clock," replied Pangymnos.

It was now five o'clock. After a moment's hesitation Granville continued, "Do you all meet together at any specified time for prayers, or for religious exercise? I should be sorry to miss——"

No, they did not; and Granville next suggested that perhaps we were taking up his time, disturbing him when his family might require his presence. No, he had plenty of time fortunately.

Granville at last becoming desperate, asked where the female portion of the community was lodged, and Pangymnos replied, pointing to a building in the distance, "That is the house" (we immediately began to walk in that direction) "in which they will be."

"Will be?" said Granville.

"Yes; for many years we have been awaiting their arrival, and our missionaries in London and Paris tell us that in a very short time we may expect to see them."

"But those rules?"

"We provided them for the future."

We said, Good evening, and immediately returned to Brussels.

"This chapter is hopelessly inconsistent," said Granville afterwards; "you contradict yourself repeatedly."

"I expected to hear you say so; you merely confirm me in my opinion of the impossibility of advancing new doctrines, and at the same time escaping censure."

"Besides, Lord Bradford will probably forbid its publication."

"Don't you think even he must have heard that profound reflection, to the effect 'that we are all naked underneath our clothes'?"

"I doubt it very much."

CHAPTER XVI.

We left Brussels next morning, and just before starting I got the following letter from Paris, which made both Granville and myself shudder, and congratulate ourselves on having escaped such a fate :—

“HOTEL DES ANGLAIS, PARIS,
“*Friday, April 19th.*”

“MY DEAR STUART,—I am rather ashamed of myself for writing to you from this place after all my protestations that nothing should induce me to come here. You will be glad to hear that I have suffered for my weakness in every possible way. The Exhibition, as you probably have heard, is a complete failure, although my chief source of discomfort has consisted in what Horace Walpole called ‘that unchristian commodity—country neighbours.’ To give you an idea of what I have been doing, I will tell you how I spent yesterday. I began it by going to the Louvre with the Conduits, who do not know a Greuze from a Murillo, and walk arm in arm! After that I went to see Lady Delville, whom I always approach much as Prince Zehn did Mobarec, trying to seize an auspicious moment. I found her suffering from precisely the same infliction as myself, and of course I asked whether she had seen the Exhibition.

“‘I have seen an exposition of English and some packing-cases,’ she answered; ‘I might just as well have been in Bond Street.’

“‘I did violence to all my notions, and said, ‘And yet one likes to see them enjoying themselves.’

“‘I do not agree with you. When I was young the middle class did not travel, nor did they come to London. Now it is impossible to go anywhere without meeting them. Formerly they wore aprons, made puddings, and perhaps had the clergyman to dinner sometimes.’

“‘Still it does good in many ways.’

“‘I do not see that it does any at all,’ replied Lady D. ‘The women are in a transition state, and the young men are quite unbearable; they seem to think that society’s existence depends upon them entirely, and that it is the duty of every one to suit their convenience; besides, they talk now—in my time they listened.’

“‘I said I was afraid that that was the case.

“‘Maintenant on n’est que poli, autrefois on était galant. One is obliged to make inquiries about the people one meets, precisely as if one was engaging them as servants. I met my dentist just now. I cannot conceive that a visit to Paris is likely to enable him to take out teeth better.’

“‘I thought it no use pursuing the subject, so I made my exit, saying, ‘Vous m’instruisez par vos leçons, et me gâtez par votre exemple,’—upon which Lady D., who did not know I was quoting Voltaire, almost bowed to me. You will think that that was enough in the way of visits, but I was obliged to go next to Madame Aimable, who lives quite at the other end of Paris. She was as pleasant as ever, and of course asked me to dinner. I was obliged to own that I had promised to go to the play with the Wigmores.

“‘Tiens!—quel drôle de nom.’

“‘A very old family nevertheless,’ I said, feeling rather like Hamilton in the Initials, when he was explaining the advantages of his social position to Hildegard.

“‘And what are you going to see?’

“‘I believe the “Diablasses Extravagantes.” Mrs Wigmore wanted something pretty for the children to see.’

“‘Really, I hope they will be edified.’

“After this I had to go to the Exhibition with Lady Deathshead,

and as there were no *fiacres*, and it poured with rain, I was quite wet through.

"Then at half-past five dinner in the Palais Royal! Mr Wigmore had ordered dinner. To say that it was bad is to give you no notion of what it was. He stormed at the waiters in execrable French, and they revenged themselves by giving us corked wine. My idea is that they had done it the day before, as fortunately the children were all quite unable to appear, and I at least escaped that infliction. The first act of the '*Diabesses*' was half over when we got there. It was an ordinary extravaganza, *assez féerique*, but probably you have seen it. Rather dull. There were a few bad puns, one of which Mr Wigmore caught as the curtain fell, and he was occupied for a considerable time in translating and explaining its meaning to his wife. When the second act began, I saw Mrs Wigmore jump. She turned red and yellow, went through all the colours of a chameleon, and then half got up looking round to see whether everybody would leave the house. The fact was that the second heroine had evidently said, like Madame d'Arcy, '*Je vais m'habiller, ou bien me déshabiller un peu*,' and she had succeeded admirably. Her 'dress' consisted

of a *ceinture* and flap, and I momentarily expected my neighbour to stand up and cry out, '*Awa, you scanderluss femaile!*'

"*Mon Dieu, qu'elle est gentille!*" exclaimed a Frenchwoman in front of us, which completed poor Mrs Wigmore's horror. She still looked about wildly in the hopes that the world would rush away scandalised, and said to me piteously, '*How lucky it was I did not bring the dear children here!*'

"I shall reserve the greater part of my miseries until I get back again to London, which I hope to do the end of next week. People are leaving every day. Morris and Lady Willow go Monday, and many country neighbours, whose conception about one is usually limited to an impression '*that they have known you since you were a child.*' —Ever yours, ENNUI."

"Poor wretch!" said Granville, he deserves it, although I feel very grateful for his letter. We certainly will not cross till to-morrow, under the circumstances." I was quite willing to wait, so we went that evening to Lille, stopping on our way to see Tournay, where I hunted in vain for some bits of the old china, and found nothing but large manufactures of modern porcelain.

CHAPTER XVII.

Granville had made the discovery of a charming inn at Lille, where the *cuisine* was wonderful, and we felt quite equal to crossing on Tuesday morning. We were quite alone as far as Calais; but to our horror we found that Ennuï must have made a mistake. Everybody was there waiting for the steamer, and Morris was the first person who ran up against us. Granville endeavoured to rush off, but in vain. "Ha! ha! yes, very glad to see you. Yes, Paris was full certainly, just what the Duchess of

Stilton said to me the other day. I made her laugh. My old friend the Duke of Headland wanted a tutor, very High Church—extremely so, and I was recommending a *pauvre diable* to him, and he said to me, 'Well, Morris, but they say he is Low Church.' I answered, 'Your Grace is misinformed; he doesn't believe in a future state.' Ha! ha! so he was engaged at once."

"Impudent rascal!" I whispered to Granville, "he has stolen that story from St Simon and travestied it."

"Talking of the Duke," he went on, "I was with the Duchess at the opera the other night, and somebody rushed in in morning dress saying he had come to see Orpheus, so I said, 'And Eurydice' (and you-rid-I-see). Ha! ha! Why, there is Lady Willow!"

"That's from Horace Walpole," said Granville.

"Thank God," we both exclaimed as Morris left us, having told us two Joe Millers, the numbers and pages of which we both knew.

We had hardly gone a hundred yards further before I ran against Sir Alfred Laurell. "Ah, how do you do? Everybody here. What have I been in Paris for? Why, you see I am publishing a little volume of poems (you have my last), and I thought a little *jeu d'esprit* about the Exhibition might be happy. I have just hit upon what I think I may venture to call a very felicitous idea. Here is the couplet—

' Si Paridem palmam Veneri tribuisse
refertur;
Nunc Paridi summum dat Venus ipsa
decus.'

You see the alliteration in the first line: my great difficulty was the rendering of Paris. Lutetia would not do; I thought, therefore, Paris might combine everything: pretty, isn't it? I am going to send it to the Emperor."

"Will there be anything besides that?" asked Granville.

"Well, not much," said Sir Alfred; "I think voluminous publications a mistake; perhaps a sonnet or two—one in which I compare the Prince Imperial to the Exhibition—happy? Yes, and another to the shade of Rabelais—quite novel. The first begins 'Quare puer.'"

"Surely," said Granville, "the *e* is long."

"Of course—of course, my writing is so bad. 'Quare ver,' it should be. We shall meet again. Good-bye."

Lady Willow saw us as we were leaving the station and said, "Why did you not come to my party last night at Paris?"

"We were not asked," said Granville.

"What a mistake! I will speak to my cook about it."

"Besides," I said, "we were not in Paris."

"Oh! I thought I saw you yesterday morning."

A little further on was Lord Fryston.

"Well," said Granville, "I hear you had Cora Pearl, the Emperor, Montalembert, and Swinburne to breakfast yesterday."

"No, the day before," he answered.

And this was the result of our leaving England to avoid our fellow-countrymen!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of course the sea was moving about uneasily, and we saw from the appearance of the steamer which had just come in that we were going to have a rough passage. Granville, however, had rushed off and engaged a deck-cabin, where at any rate we could escape from our acquaintances, and "seigneurifier" ourselves. There is nothing more amusing than to see the impertinent manner in

which passengers walk up and down the deck while the steamer is quite close to the railway-station, and at least half a mile from the nearest wave. Everybody looked pleased, with the exception of a woman dressed in a black velvet gown covered with bugles, who perhaps felt that the choice she had made of a dress was hardly a judicious one, unless she was a very good sailor. Granville had

already taken up a very comfortable position upon one of the sofas in our cabin, and was tranquilly reading about the physiology of the stomach. I looked over his shoulder, and marvelled at the imperturbability with which he looked upon such representations as these,* and at the astounding strength of his digestion. I could only revenge myself by quoting Greek. So when he said how nice the land looked, I replied,

“Ὅταν δὲ θάλασσα

Κυρτὸν ἐπαφρίζῃ τὰ δὲ κύματα μακρὰ μέ-
μηνῃ

Ἔς χθόνα παπταίνω καὶ δένδρεά, τὰν δ’
ἅλα φεύγω.”

I only wished that I could; but my quotation had the desired effect, for Granville dislikes Greek as much as the House of Commons, partly owing to the fact that his knowledge of that language is not quite what it used to be.

2 P.M.—An impertinent man comes into our cabin, and hangs his coat upon a peg. He looks like a relation of Morris. The boat is just beginning to move, upon which three women immediately go to the cabin. The woman in black velvet groans. Three sailors cover her with long black things with bits of rope running up and down them. They all ask for money. She sends them to her husband. They all look for him, and can’t find him, and then come back to her. She does not look happy.

2.15.—Only six men are walking about. The impertinent man is smoking. Lady Willow has sent

for the steward, and wants to know how long it will be before we are at Dover. He says, “It won’t be long first.” Lady Willow looks happier.

3 P.M.—The impertinent man has come for his coat. He has put away his cigar. The steward brings us two china basins. Everybody else has tin ones. I ask Granville whether the difference of composition has any effect upon the stomach. He does not answer. Lady Willow has sent again for the steward, and asks whether he can see Dover, and how soon we shall be there. He says he “could see Dover if it was clear, and that we shall be there directly.”

3.45.—The impertinent man is as helpless as a baby. He has lost his hat, and the steward is asking him for his ticket. His answer is inaudible. Finally, he says he is going to die. The steward disbelieves him, for he again asks for his ticket. Granville has read a page and a half from the place where the pictures were. I ask him what the causes of sickness are? and what particular part of the body is first acted upon? but he does not answer.

4 P.M.—Everybody is quite quiet. Lady Willow believes that by some mistake she is in a boat which goes straight to America.

4.15 P.M.—Two hundred people are amusing themselves on the pier by watching us land, and I endeavour in vain to give them the impression that I have enjoyed my passage exceedingly.

Scene—SOCIETY.

Mr Middlesex, M.P.—“You have just come, Mr Granville, from Luxemburg. What is the impression there about affairs in the present crisis?”

Granville.—“It is very difficult to give any correct impression of what is the real bias of the inhabitants. I naturally gave a good deal of attention to the subject

* I regret to say that the printers have been wholly unable to give any adequate conception of their character, as no types exist for the delineation of the digestive organs.

when we were there (Lord Surrey and three other M.P.'s join us); and although you see, for the most part, French names written up over the shops, the inclination is on the other side, I conceive. The town itself, I need not say (the four M.P.'s look as if it was unnecessary to give them any information), is simply interesting in a strategical point of view. You know its position" (nobody answers). Granville sees that nobody has been there, and launches forth into a detailed account of the site.

"Is it an important place in the event of a war?"

"No," said Granville. "I have no doubt it would not be attacked. The enemy would pass by it, and it would simply render useless a body of some thousand men; and as France has already two fortresses, by means of which she could threaten the German frontier, I own I do not see the importance of the question."

A blue woman, who came up,

asked whether we talked much to the people.

"Yes, a good deal, although they were naturally averse from giving a decided opinion on the subject."

I thought of the difficulty we had in making our cab-driver understand that we wished to turn to the left, and admired Granville's resources.

"Is there any book which gives a fair or at all reliable account of the place?" said a pale-looking M.P., who evidently was going to ask a question about it in the House.

"Well," said Granville, after a little thought, "I should say that perhaps Baedeker might be relied upon."

"Thank you—in how many volumes?"

"Only one."

For the remainder of the evening, wherever I went, I heard nothing but "Luxemburg in a military point of view," &c., Granville's tone becoming more confident at each repetition; and I felt the advantages of travelling.

EPILOGUE.

We were dining at the Club, and, after dinner was over, I summed up courage enough to say to Granville, "Well, now, I really must find a publisher."

"A publisher? Why, my dear Stuart, you don't mean to say you are going to print what you showed me?"

"Why not?"

"For fifty reasons. Why, everybody will exclaim, 'These two young men have been a very little way, have observed nothing, and have written a great deal. Let these two young men collect all the copies of their journal, and burn them as soon as possible, in order

that they may not prepare for themselves a *triste vieillesse*.'"

"Precisely so. I want a new sensation. I have only two in reserve—that of being abused is the first."

"And the other?"

"The one the prince experienced who complained to his wife of having never been able to shiver—'a basin of cold water full of little fishes poured over one in bed.'"

"Blagueur! at any rate say that I have nothing whatever to do with it."

"Certainly. By the by, I forgot to tell you Marie comes to town next week."

INTEMPERANCE AND INTOLERANCE.

FOR thousands of years it has been the general belief of the most civilised nations of the world that wine was one of the noblest gifts of Heaven to the human race—a gift, like all others, to be temperately enjoyed and gratefully acknowledged. The races of men that lived in southern climates, which produced the grape in sufficient abundance and excellence for conversion into wine, drank the good liquor with sobriety and thankfulness, and with no more idea of wrong-doing than they had when eating their daily bread. Nations less favourably situated, inhabiting colder northern climes, unadapted to the growth of the grape, discovered a substitute in beer, and they also enjoyed the blessing, and did not, as a rule, indulge in excess any more than their wine-drinking contemporaries. Of late years, and more especially in Great Britain and America—wine being too expensive for the bulk of the people, and unknown to them for the most part except by hearsay, and good beer being non-existent in America and heavily taxed, and greatly adulterated in Great Britain—a taste for alcoholic drinks has unfortunately arisen, and produced an excessive indulgence, which in its turn has produced many social evils which all wise men deplore. To remedy these evils, a sect of fanatics has sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic, whose principle is, that because some men drink too much whisky, no man, if they can prevent it, shall be allowed to drink any whisky—and, most tyrannical and unreasonable prohibition of all, any wine or beer.

To rob a poor man of his beer, or a rich man of his wine, will not, however, be found an easy task. The public opinion of the European races is clearly against the attempt. The temperance of the people in

the wine countries is a fact that is alone worth all the arguments against the use of wine which the temperance intemperants have ever yet brought forward.

There is a little German anacreontic which well expresses the fancy and feeling of the Continental nations on this subject. It tells that an angel, visiting the earth some time after the subsidence of the Deluge, discovered Father Noah sitting at noon in the shadow of a fig-tree looking very disconsolate. The angel inquired the cause of his grief. Noah replied that the noon-time heats were oppressive, and that he was thirsty and had nothing to drink. "Nothing to drink!" said the angel. "Look around! Do not the rains fall, and the rivers run; and is there not a spring of water bubbling up at thy cottage door?"—"It is true," answered Noah, smiting his breast, "that there is abundance of water in which thy servant can bathe; but, alas! when I think of the multitudes of strong men, of beautiful women, and of innocent children, and the countless host of animals that were drowned in the Flood, the idea of water becomes distasteful, and my lips refuse to drink."—"There is reason in what thou sayest," replied the angel, and, spreading his snow-white wings, he flew up to heaven, swift as a lightning-flash, and while the eyes of Noah were still dazzled by the brightness of his presence returned with some stocks of the vine, which he taught the grateful patriarch how to plant and tend, and, when the fruit was ripe, how to press into wine. This, says the song, was the source of all the beneficent and benevolent drinks which the world owes to the grape. The idea enshrined in this German legend of the divine origin of wine, prevails in every country where the grape is cultivated. We know what

the Greeks thought upon the matter, and how they deified Bacchus, whom they imagined to have been the first to teach ignorant mankind the arts of the vintager. To the imagination of the temperate Greeks Bacchus was indeed divine, and represented the moderate enjoyment of the bounties of nature. It was left to the intemperate Romans to vulgarise the godlike Bacchus, and to represent him somewhat after the fashion in which the Greeks represented Silenus, who was the visible type of excess, bestiality, and drunkenness, with a form only half human. In France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Hungary, Greece, and all modern countries where wine is made, the vice of intemperance is exceedingly rare. The French are proverbially sober, though the peasant can purchase a litre of good wine at a price lower than that at which the English farm-labourer is compelled to buy the villanous swipes which dishonest publicans drug and dole out to him. The peasantry of Spain, Portugal, and Italy are equally temperate, though wine is a daily article of their diet, and is cheap enough to be at the command of the poorest. Up to within the last fifty or sixty years, scarcely any one either in England or America ever thought of opposing his individual judgment in this respect against that of all antiquity and all modern experience. But the meddlesomeness which is one of the most palpable and disagreeable vices of our Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and which always breaks out when we are not engaged in some all-engrossing foreign war, has begun to invade the private liberty of the citizen in this matter, as it might with as much reason invade it in the matter of what he should eat. Moses and Mohammed forbade pork. Pythagoras forbade beans; while the English and American oinophobists set Moses and Mohammed at defiance, laugh Pythagoras to scorn, and not only eat pork and beans them-

selves, but graciously allow every one else the same privilege. But when their countrymen partake of the dish that is a favourite in both hemispheres, and would wash it down with beer, as is customary among the poor, or with wine, as the rich prefer, they launch their anathemas against one half of the feast, and denounce the partakers thereof as bad citizens, who ought to be punished and restrained.

This class of zealots, wise in their own conceit, but ignorant and tyrannical, have lately "erupted," as our American friends would say, with more than their usual virulence, both in America and in England. Negro slavery being dead and buried, a large class of agitators have been left without a grievance. To be without a grievance is in their case to be powerless and insignificant; to be without a trumpet to blow a blast upon is to be miserable; to have nothing with which to make a noise in the world is to have nothing worth living for. So they have taken up the liquor question, and resolved, if they can, to make us all abstainers by Act of Parliament and of Congress.

These people are as intolerant as inquisitors. They stand upon the fundamental principle that even the smallest quantity of beer, wine, or spirits is poisonous; that to prevent people from drinking these poisons is to prevent them from committing self-slaughter, and that such prevention is a virtuous act. They allege, moreover, that the majority of men are such fools and slaves to their appetites, that if they are allowed to take a little of what is not good for them, they are certain to take too much; and that the taking of too much leads to idiocy, lunacy, pauperism, and crime. They bring a large array of indisputable facts and incontrovertible arguments to prove the evils of excess; but they adduce no facts to show that wine and beer, and, to a minor extent, spirituous

liquors, are not, if taken in moderation, as wholesome and nutritious as bread or beef. All the world admits that excess in wine and other liquors is injurious; but these howling dervishes see but one form of the vice which they abhor, and never admit, or at all events never argue, that too much turtle-soup or pudding may be equally prejudicial, and that a glutton may be quite as immoral and disgusting as a drunkard. While some, too, are loud in their denunciations of the bottle, they love the cigar or the pipe with a love that passeth the bounds of discretion. They dote upon the poison they can inhale, and only hate the "poison" which they can imbibe—thus, like other sinners, compounding for

"Sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

Under the auspices of Mr Neal Dow (claiming to be the original author or promoter of the Maine Liquor Law, a tanner from Portland, in Maine, and a brigadier-general in the volunteer service of the United States), the Total Abstiners of England, calling themselves the United Kingdom Alliance, have lately been holding high carnival, and (in default of persuading people to confine their libations to the pump) have been devising projects to shut up all our public-houses and taverns, and to make both the selling and the drinking of any kind of fermented liquor, from small-beer to brandy, a legal offence, unless such liquor be required for any purposes of manufacture or the arts, or prescribed by a physician for medicinal purposes. The views of the Brigadier are large, as befits a reformer of the world, and he would carry out his principle to the fullest extent, undaunted by the consequences. He would put a stop to a large portion of the trade of Great Britain and America, with France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal—shut up the porter breweries of

Barclay and Perkins, Combe and Delafield, Hanbury and Buxton—ruin Guinness—pauperise Bass—and ruthlessly suppress all the distilleries. He would not only "rob the poor man of his beer"—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the English labourer—and compel every publican and sinner to follow a more reputable calling or starve, but would deprive the British treasury of a sum so large that the next Chancellor of the Exchequer would find it necessary to treble the income and property tax. He would be equally unmerciful to his own country, and take from the treasury of the United States its main resource, next to the property-tax, for keeping its faith with its creditors, and paying the bill for the abolition of slavery. But great reformers do not care for such small matters as these. Let justice be done, though the heavens should crack. Let our theories become facts—let our will be made the law of others; and when we have settled with the vintager, the brewer, and the distiller, we shall—who knows?—try conclusions with the butcher, and possibly force the savage world to adopt the vegetable diet of Adam and Eve before the Fall, and thus restore the golden age of sobriety and innocence, when beer and mutton-chops were alike unknown, and the lion and the lamb lay down peaceably together.

Strangers, as has often been remarked, see more of a country than the natives. Their eyes and ears are opener to new sights and sounds than those of the people to whom such sights and sounds are matters of hourly experience. It is always interesting, and sometimes instructive, to know what a stranger says of us, if he is intelligent, unprejudiced, wide-awake, and competent to conduct an argument. A theorist, however, who is desperately in love with his theory, and not at all in love with the facts that militate against it, is not the kind of stranger from

whom much is to be learned. We cannot say that General Dow has seen much of the British people, or that he has not seen them through other men's spectacles. However that may be, he draws a picture of us which is anything but flattering, but may nevertheless be more or less correct, and may perhaps be matched by a companion picture of the Americans, drawn with at least equal skill, dexterity, and truth to nature. It was on the 20th of May last that the Corporation of the City of London, on the motion of an Alderman who possibly loves turtle as well as his fellows, though he would seem to have no taste for the punch or the hock which usually accompanies it at civic festivals, granted the use of the Guildhall for a public meeting to hear General Dow discourse on the virtues of America and the vices of England, and more especially on the "legislative prevention of intemperance, pauperism, and crime." This would be a noble subject of discussion if legislation could indeed prevent either of these evils. All experience shows, that though we may put impediments in the way of intemperance, and punish it if it shows itself in public places, we cannot prevent it; that law can neither prevent nor punish pauperism; and that crime is by no means peculiar to the intemperate or the poor, so long as such passions as love, hate, revenge, jealousy, or ambition find a lodgment in the hearts of men or women. The Alderman who introduced General Dow to a British public for their enlightenment on these high topics, declared that their visitor had done honour to his race, and conferred immense benefits on the country which had given him birth; thirteen States of the Union having, chiefly through his instrumentality, adopted the Maine Liquor Law, which he (the Alderman) "would rejoice to see enacted in England." A resolution offering Mr Dow a hearty

welcome to this drunken and benighted country having been proposed and carried, the General declared that "the grand old hall" had never been "*more*" worthily occupied than on that occasion. Considering the floods of punch, of claret, of hock, of champagne—to say nothing of old port and madeira, and the humbler Guinness or Bass—that have been annually consumed within that historical building, we should not have been surprised if the General had thought the place unholy. Perhaps he did; and perhaps the phrase "*more* worthily occupied" was a reporter's error, for "*so* worthily!" The General went on to allege that "poverty, pauperism, and crime were *more* prevalent in this country than in any other." He offered no proofs of this bold assertion, and complained that "no English statesman of any great prominence had ever attempted to deal with these evils in a statesmanlike manner." With the recklessness and contempt of logic which characterise all men with a crotchet, Mr Dow argued as if all poverty, all pauperism, and all crime could be directly traced to drunkenness. As if there were neither poverty nor pauperism in Hindostan, where the people drink nothing but water; and as if there were no murder, no robbery, no crimes of treachery or violence—say, for instance, in China or in Turkey, or in any of the Mohammedan countries of Asia, where wine is forbidden by a stricter law than that of Maine! If the shutting up of all our public-houses, beer-shops, and gin-shops, and the declaration by the law that brewers, distillers, and wine-merchants were public enemies, to be dealt with accordingly, could abolish poverty, vice, and crime, and make us all rich, comfortable, and peaceable, so that murder, robbery, and breach of any one of the ten commandments should no more be known amongst us, there can be no doubt that our statesmanship, of

which General Dow spoke so disparagingly, would have been quite equal to the occasion. "In Great Britain," he went on to say, "there are 168,000 places where intoxicating liquors are sold—all tending to pauperise and criminalise the community. They, in America, wanted the English people to put the liquor traffic down. The subject had never yet appeared in the Queen's Speech, but they would have it there, or they would know the reason why. It was high time British statesmen turned their attention to the causes of pauperism, misery, and crime among the people. £88,000,000 was spent in England every year in strong drink, £60,000,000 of it by working men. They, the Maine Liquor Law advocates in England, were determined to have the liquor traffic out of the list of the licensed trades, and they would do it. To men about to invest money in distilleries or breweries he would say, 'Beware,' for he gave them fair warning that they would come down upon them before long like an extinguisher on a candle. Talk of the enfranchisement of the people of England by Parliamentary Reform! The enfranchisement of them from intoxicating liquors was a thousand times more important. Put the liquor traffic down, and the people would enfranchise themselves, and would rise in the social scale. He warned the meeting that Great Britain would not occupy the same position in the future as it did now unless it put down the accursed liquor traffic. One hundred and seventy-six millions being lost every year, and 60,000 of the people killed every year, the nation, rich and strong as it was, was literally borne down by its dead-weight of poverty, pauperism, and crime. England could not run the race for national greatness with America unless it threw off that load."

On reading this for the first time we fancied we had seen it all be-

fore, and that the Brigadier-General's weapons of attack were not taken from his own armoury, but from that of a previous and a wilder combatant. At all events, the shots he fires, and the figures he uses, are marvellously similar to the following, which we find in the speech of one George Francis Train, who, after flattering the English for a year or two in London, in order to make money out of them, and failing in the attempt, revenged himself when he got home in 1862 by such attacks upon us as the following:—"The English," said this oratorical Ojibbeway, "are a nation of drunkards—60,000 drunkards die of drink every year in England. There are 600,000 habitual drunkards in the country, men and women. Little children grow up drunkards. There are ten times as many gin shops and palaces as there are churches or schools. There are nothing but gin-shops and rum-palaces all over the land, and it is a terrible sight to see women going into them all over the country—a thing you will never see in America. In England everybody drinks. An Englishman is made up of so many cubic inches of mutton-chops and so many quarts of beer. Our women are more beautiful, our men more manly than the English. Why, when I returned to this country, I could hardly resist the temptation of kissing every woman I met. I assure you my patriotism boiled over when I landed here. I was so delighted to get to a nation where the women had little feet. I got tired of seeing so much beer walking along the streets."

Train's notions of good taste are not, it will be seen, of the most refined, nor is his gallantry of the sort one expects to discover in the true gentleman. The question of the size of the ladies' feet on the two sides of the Atlantic is one that need not enter into the discussion of the Maine Liquor Law; though we may observe that, if the

feet of the English ladies are somewhat larger than those of their delicate American sisters, it is owing to the fact that the English ladies take healthful walking exercise in the open air, and that the American ladies do not; and that, all things considered, it is more conducive to health and beauty to take long walks and drink beer, than to swing in a rocking-chair, reading penny novels and eating sugarcandy. But this *en passant*. "*Tu quoque*," or vulgarly, "You're another," is not a satisfactory, though it may be a forcible, mode of argument. Nevertheless when General Dow, and his predecessor Mr Train, bring such accusations against England (even were we disposed, as we are not, to accept the accuracy of the statistics), we are justified in turning our eyes across the Atlantic to discover whether those who cast the stone against us are without sin, and whether the Americans are not, like all the Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and other northern races, and all the inhabitants of the colder climates that produce no wine, a much-drinking people. The Americans, perhaps, know better than foreigners how they stand in this respect. At all events, the New York Chamber of Commerce, a body that delights in statistics, and that ought to understand them, being alarmed in April 1862 at the increase of the public debt, and anxious to suggest to the Government a mode of raising revenue without recurrence to loans, proposed the moderate excise duty of 25 cents (one shilling) per gallon on wine and alcoholic liquors. Their calculation was that this tax would produce no less a sum than twenty-five millions of dollars, or five millions of pounds sterling. The annual consumption of wine and spirits must, according to this estimate, have been one hundred millions of gallons. As the population of the Northern States—to which alone the law could have applied at a time when

the South seemed likely to win its independence—was not above twenty millions, it would follow, if the data were correct, that the average annual consumption of wines and spirits in the Federal States was five gallons a-head—for whites and blacks—for men, women, and children; or, omitting the women and children, and reckoning them at two-thirds of the population, at fifteen gallons per annum per adult male! Nor, when the Chamber of Commerce came to malt liquors, for which the Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic have a strong relish, did the temperance of the Americans appear to be so very much stricter than that of the English, as Mr Train and General Dow would have the English believe. Proposing only a duty of five cents, or twopence-halfpenny, per gallon on malt liquor, the Chamber calculated that a revenue of eight millions of dollars, or £1,600,000 sterling, would be easily derived from this source; or, in other words, that the people consumed 160 millions of gallons of beer per annum—eight gallons per head all round; or, omitting the women and children, twenty-four gallons per adult male, in addition to fifteen gallons of wine and spirits. We do not assert that these figures are correct. The New York Chamber of Commerce is responsible for them; but possibly they are quite as correct as the figures with which General Dow and Mr Train have favoured the English, and represent as great a drinking capacity for our American friends as can be charged against ourselves. It should be added that during the five years which have elapsed since the Chamber of Commerce made this proposal, the manufacture of lager-beer has very largely increased in the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; that its habitual consumption has extended from the German to the Irish and the native American; and that the

great hotels and restaurants which long resisted the introduction of the plebeian liquor into their aristocratic establishments, have been compelled to yield to the force of public opinion or fashion in this respect; and that, where a thousand gallons of this light and agreeable beverage were brewed in 1862, two thousand at least are brewed in 1867, with every prospect of an increasing demand and an increasing supply.

General Dow is correct when he states that there is much pauperism in England, and but little in America; but he is incorrect in attributing British pauperism wholly to intemperance, or else the intemperance of America, being as great as that of England, and the population about the same, the number of paupers, if like causes produce like effects, would be about equal on both sides of the Atlantic. The over-zealous advocate claims for American virtue a result which is wholly irrespective of moral considerations, and which is almost entirely due to the vast extent of the country and the fertility of the soil. Were England about twenty times as large and thrice as fertile as it is, and did it possess exactly the same population as at present, the people might drink as much as General Dow alleges, or even as much as the New York Chamber of Commerce calculates is drunk by the Americans, and there would be but very little pauperism among them. That intemperance has a tendency to produce pauperism among the working classes no one will deny. At the same time, no politician or statesman who knows what he is talking about will be found to assert that intemperance is the only cause of that calamity. There is as much pauperism in France and Italy as there is in England, although, as we have already stated, the people of those two countries are remarkable for their sobriety. But like England they are overcrowded; and there are no

vacant acres over which they can spread themselves, as the Americans can, to subdue and replenish the earth. Elbow-room, as has been often before said, is the great source of the strength and apparent virtue of the Americans. In that country no industrious man need be either idle or poor; and even the drunkard has a better chance of retrieving his fortunes than any poor drunkard can have in England. Where men are scarce, as in the Great West, a man may love the whisky-bottle too fervently, and yet be "a man for a' that." Not so in a country where men are so abundant as to be a drug in the labour-market, and where the weak and the vicious very speedily go to the wall; and being once down, find it difficult, if not impossible, to get up again.

It being granted that all excess is an evil, and that excess in alcoholic drinks is one of the worst evils that can afflict a man or a people, it does not follow that coercion is better than persuasion in providing a remedy, or that what is called the Maine Liquor Law, which General Neal Dow would introduce amongst us, and which one London alderman, and thousands of believers in cold water as the only safe drink, would establish here by Act of Parliament, fulfils the purpose for which it was intended, or keeps poor men sober by removing temptation from their way. We say *poor* men advisedly, for rich men are above the Maine Liquor Law, and its pains and penalties do not touch them. It is only the poor who are affected by it; and it affects them because of their poverty, which will not allow them to imitate the example of the wealthy, and lay in a stock of liquor to consume in their own houses.

It is generally admitted that among the upper and educated classes, at least in Great Britain, the vice of intemperance has gradually diminished for the last forty

or fifty years. There was a time when it was fashionable in England, Scotland, and Ireland to get drunk—when “six-bottle men” boasted of their achievements, and when the host at a dinner-party did not think his guests did justice to his hospitality unless they fell reeling under the table. But this time has happily passed away; and for a man in the social position of a gentleman to get drunk, is to lose caste and character. No act of the Legislature has brought about this result. It has been gradually accomplished by the good sense and the good taste of Society, stronger and more efficacious than legal enactment, and without the slightest interference with the free will of anybody. The advocates of a Maine Liquor Law—who all claim to be, *par excellence*, the friends of the people—always argue, however, as if in this respect public opinion could never have any effect on the habits or behaviour of the poor, and that a glass of liquor within reach of a man who has not a good income is as dangerous as a torch near a powder-magazine in the hands of a lunatic. And yet, with an inconsistency by no means extraordinary among theorists, they would—for they are all Radical in politics—reform the constitution of the British Parliament by giving votes, and consequently a share in the Government, to these poor men, who, according to their own showing, are not fit to be intrusted with a glass of beer.

As the supporters of General Dow would, if they could, establish this Liquor Law in Great Britain, and as there is a large and influential public association banded together for that purpose, and having considerable funds at its command, it is well that the British public should inquire how this law works in the land of its birth—where, unless figures lie, it has not rooted out intemperance—that they may judge for themselves whether, all things considered, it is not better

to let well alone, and trust, even among the labouring classes, to social rather than to legal agencies for the diminution of drunkenness. No traveller in America can fail to perceive, within twenty-four hours after he has landed at New York, that the people of that city are quite as much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors as those of London. If he proceed to the West or the South, he finds wherever he goes, especially if he mix much with the people, and have many friends or acquaintances, that it is not merely the labouring, but the professional classes—the merchants, the lawyers, the physicians, the bankers, the members of the Legislature, the judges, the gentlemen, in fact—who drink spirits, and drink them in public, and in the morning. “Have a drink?” said a gentleman, holding a high official position, whom the writer met in Washington, and with whom he had a long and interesting conversation in the street, on various matters, social and political. “Is it not a little too early? It is not yet noon,” was the apologetical turn which the refusal assumed. “Oh, nonsense about too early,” replied the official; “it will be my fourteenth drink this morning!” In the earlier stages of the great Civil War, one main cause of the inefficiency of the Federal armies was the difficulty of finding officers who were not too much addicted to the whisky-bottle to be safely intrusted with high command. General M’Clellan and his successor General Meade were notable exceptions, and were not only soldiers, but gentlemen, which is far more than can be said for nine-tenths of the other officers whose names became more or less famous in the struggle. In short, the prevalence of drinking habits, and especially whisky-drinking, among the American people of all grades of social position, is too notorious to be denied. At first glance, a traveller, judging from the rarity of wine at the public dinners

in the great hotels, where hundreds of people dine together, might think the Americans extremely temperate. Not one guest perhaps in fifty orders wine, or drinks anything but water at his dinner. One reason of this is the expensiveness of wine—five, six, or seven dollars being charged for a bottle of champagne, and three dollars for a bottle of *vin ordinaire* that would be dear in Paris at a franc and a half. These, it will be admitted, are prices sufficient to deter most people who are not very flush of money. But, *en revanche*, if wine be very dear, whisky is very cheap; and, dinner concluded, there is an adjournment to the “bar,” and a vigorous demand for the stronger drinks that can be bought for pence instead of dollars.

The very multiplicity of the names of American drinks is far more suggestive of the conviviality and humour than of the temperance of the people. “Mint-julep,” “sherry-cobbler,” “champagne-cobbler,” “gin-sling,” “brandy-smash,” “eye-opener,” “fog-dispeller,” “bottled lightning,” “apple-jack,” “whisky-skin,” “hot Scotch skin,” “brandycocktail,” “gincocktail,” “rum cocktail,” “moral suasion,” “knickerbocker,” “phlegm-cutter,” “chain-lightning,” “snitchel,” “nog,” “tog,” “poor man’s punch,” “pig and whistle,” “float-er,” “smasher,” “illuminator,” &c., are but a few extracts from the copious vocabulary to which almost every day, and every city or hotel, adds something new. The men of America, however, do not like to drink anything in the presence of women of which they cannot ask women to partake; and as all women are supposed, if they drink anything stronger than water, to confine themselves to champagne, this wine is almost the only one publicly consumed at the hotels and boarding-houses, where women unfortunately pass so much of their time.

The beautiful steamboats that ply on the north and east rivers,

or trade between New York and Boston—floating palatial hotels, that can accommodate five or six hundred people with berths or state-rooms—sometimes, out of deference to the ladies, or to a supposed public opinion, advertise themselves as “temperance boats.” The author of a recent book of travels, ‘Life and Liberty in America,’ records some rather suggestive experience of a temperance boat running between New York and Fall River:—

“Expecting,” says the writer, “to dine on board, I took no dinner in New York, but found at six o’clock that tea only was provided on board the steamer. The tea, however, had all the bounteousness of a dinner—fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, and dessert—everything except beer or wine. Seeing this, I asked the jet-black negro who waited on me to bring me some beer. ‘Can’t do it, sar,’ said he, with a grin; ‘it’s against the rules, sar.’ ‘What rules?’ ‘The rules of the ship. Ours is a temperance boat, sar.’ ‘Then why don’t you advertise it as a temperance boat, that people may take their choice?’ ‘All the same, sar,’ said the negro—‘zackly the same. Can’t let you have beer at the table; but you go on, sar, to the barber’s shop, and thar you’ll get everything you want, sar—whisky, brandy, beer, wine—all sorts thar, sar.’ It was even so. In each steamer is a barber’s shop, handsomely fitted up, and where the traveller can have his hair cut or washed, or where he may be shaved by a black barber, and where, whether the boat be a temperance boat, or a boat for the moderate enjoyment and use of the liquid blessings of life, he can obtain gin-slings and cocktails and whisky-skins, and all the multifarious spirituous drinks of America. The only interference with his personal liberty in the matter is, that he must take his drink in the barber’s sanctum, and cannot have it served to him in any other part of the ship.”

The barber alone has this privilege in the temperance steamboats; but in most of the States where the Maine Liquor Law has been introduced, it is the chemist and druggist of the town or village who carries on the business of the publican. Travelling once in the depth of winter between Cincinnati in

Ohio and Louisville in Kentucky, the writer was detained by a mishap to the engine, that went off the rail somewhere in the wilderness, and forty miles from the nearest town. He remained for many hours without refreshment, except an occasional draught at the water-pitcher provided in all the railway cars. Arriving near midnight at a place called Jeffersonville in the State of Indiana, and finding that the last ferry-boat across the Ohio River to Louisville had extinguished its fire and let off steam for the night, he found it necessary to remain until the morning at the wretched little hotel of the place. He was very hungry and very cold, and ordered supper and a pint of bordeaux, or, if that were not obtainable, a pint of beer. The supper consisted of eggs, bacon, and corn bread; but there was neither wine nor beer to be had. The landlord explained that Indiana was a temperance State, and his house a temperance hotel, and that he could not provide wine, beer, or spirits. "Then I wish I was in Kentucky," was the reply. "Well," rejoined the landlord, "you can't get into Kentucky to-night, anyhow, unless you swim across the Ohio, which I should not recommend; but if you want any whisky or brandy—I can't answer for wine—you can just go up the street to the drug-store, and I guess you'll get it." Proceeding to the drug-store, the traveller found no difficulty in obtaining admission. Three other persons on a similar errand to his own were seated in the back parlour, imbibing "for their stomach's sake." Ordering some brandy, the new comer was asked whether he would have it neat. "No, with water." "Hot or cold?" "Hot." "With sugar of course?" The sugar was put in and the "medicine" administered. The traveller would have preferred to take his *vin ordinaire* or his ale at the hotel with his supper if he could have been allowed the privilege,

which would have saved him the trouble and discomfort of trudging twice through the snow. This discomfort, however, was the sole sacrifice he had to make to the temperance idol; and it was his opinion then, as it remains now, that it was scarcely worth the while of the Legislature of Indiana to transfer the liquor traffic from the tavern-keeper to the druggist, or to make it necessary for any one, a stranger or a native, to act the hypocrite in order to obtain a needful refreshment.

The American advocates of the Maine Liquor Law, aware no doubt that if their principle was applicable to the poor, it was equally applicable to the rich, have endeavoured from time to time to prevent the sale of wines and liquor in hotels, but have never been able to succeed. There are temperance hotels in many if not all the States, just as there are in England and Scotland, but they are not established by law any more than they are amongst us, but solely because the proprietors prefer that mode of business, and have a public of their own to support them in it. Even in Portland, General Dow's own city, the very home and hotbed of the Maine Law, travellers who put up at any of the principal hotels are supplied with wines if they choose to call for them; and though no "bars" are allowed to which residents of the city might have access, such refreshments as the "bar" affords are served in the bedroom or private sitting-room if the traveller desires. At the private houses of the principal inhabitants wine is as freely used as it is at the houses of similar people in England or France. The difference between Portland and other cities, such as New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Washington, is that there are no lager-beer saloons, no groceries with "sample rooms," as they are called, for the sale of liquor, and no public-houses where a thirsty inhabitant can pro-

cure a glass of ale or anything stronger; but that there are what are called "city agencies," where people may buy wine or beer for the use of their households; and druggists' and chemists' shops, where, if they pretend—or, for that matter, if they don't pretend—to be unwell, they may partake of the cup that cheers and inebriates as freely as if they were at a grog-shop. It is asserted that even this resource is not absolutely necessary, and that in the sober city of Portland, as in the drunken city of Washington, the man who prefers a good dram to an inferior one, and wine-merchants' to spirit-dealers' brandy, can, though the purchase of a small glass be prohibited, purchase a whole bottle, drink his dram out of it, and leave the bottle in the city agent's charge with his card or label attached, and come back when he will, and as often as he will, until he have finished it. In Washington, whatever it may be in Portland, this is a common practice, as any one may discover if he make the acquaintance of a few judges, senators, generals, or leading merchants, and become intimate enough with them to be asked to "take a drink."

The short and the long of it is, that with the exception of those who abstain on principle—who, it must be admitted, are an influential class—the Americans, like the English, are fond of strong drink, and will not be prevented from indulging in it by the Maine Liquor Law or any other form of legal impediment. Where they can indulge openly, as in New York and all the cities south of the metropolis, they indulge openly—where they cannot indulge openly, as in Maine and other States that have adopted its law, they indulge secretly. As regards the teetotalers, no reasonable man will quarrel with them for the strictness of their own practice. Our land is free—free for all whims and for all crotchets and for all acts that do

not outrage public decency or contravene the law. It is only when the teetotalers, not contented with perfect freedom for themselves, would coerce others who think differently, that they become a nuisance. There are rigid vegetarians, who think with the Hindoos that fruits and vegetables are the only proper food for rational beings. If these amiable enthusiasts, not contented with their own liberty to consume as much cabbage and carrot as they desire, should ever attempt to prohibit the use of meat, it is just possible that the teetotalers would resent as vehemently the pretence of the vegetarians to prescribe their diet, as other classes of the community resent the pretence of the teetotalers to control their drink.

We are far from denying that the use of ardent spirits, except in extreme moderation, is an evil. The true remedy is to be found—though of course the teetotalers will dispute a fact so very hostile to their theory—in a cheap and bountiful supply of good wine, and, next to wine, of really good beer. The introduction of mild malt liquor—like the famous pale ale of Messrs Bass and Allsop in England, and of the still lighter and milder lager-beer of America—has done more to promote temperance among men of the Anglo-Saxon race than all the speeches of the teetotalers, and all the efforts of the Maine Liquor Law people to prohibit the sale of drink. In like manner, the growing taste for the light wholesome wines of France, instead of the gouty port and fiery sherry to which Englishmen of the upper and wealthier ranks had too long been accustomed, is a large step towards temperance; and if the labouring classes of England could be taught to like claret, and could purchase it as cheaply as their compeers in France, it is highly probable that Englishmen would be as sober as Frenchmen, and that drunkenness would receive

its *coup de grace* as our national stigma.

The attempt to introduce the Maine Liquor Law into the great State of New York threatens to produce political complications. The Germans, who dearly love their lager-beer, and do not intoxicate themselves upon it, and who are in almost every respect the best behaved and most peaceable citizens of the Republic, are numerous enough in New York to support two daily newspapers in their own language, one of which has a circulation of between 40,000 and 50,000. They have within the last few weeks, by the action of the Republican Central Committee, stigmatised the provisions of this law as "arbitrary, tyrannical, and un-republican," and resolved that the whole German body affiliated to the Committee will vote against all candidates for State, county, or municipal offices, for the State Legislature or for Congress, who support or would introduce it into New York. As this body is more than sufficiently large to turn the scale between contending parties, it is to be foreseen that the Liquor Law has but a poor chance either in the State or the city.

It is confessed by its parliamentary friends that the people of Great Britain are not *yet* prepared for the introduction of the Maine Liquor Law into this country. They think, however, that the "Permissive Bill" of the United Kingdom Alliance, giving power to the people of any town or city, or any considerable majority of them, to refuse licences for the sale of any wine, beer, or spirits within their limits, would, if enacted, meet most of the objects in view. If "the objects in view" are to prevent the poor, who have no funds to lay in a stock of liquor at wholesale prices in their own rooms, from obtaining the liquors from the public-house, which well-to-do inhabitants with cellars of their own can obtain without difficulty, it is just possible

that they may be accomplished. But if such be the object, what becomes of the great question of temperance? The rich and comfortable are to be temperate only if they please, but the poor are to be temperate on compulsion, and to be deprived of what the majority of rich and poor consider to be good in moderation, lest tasting little they should taste too much; or yet another alternative—be sent sneakingly and hypocritically to the druggist for the beverage that ought to be openly and honestly obtainable at the beer-shop. The whole principle is vicious. If it be good for fermented liquors, it is equally good for tobacco, or pork, or beans, or turtle-soup, or anything eatable or drinkable to which any set of theorists or philosophers may take objection.

Perhaps we have said enough of Neal Dow and his Liquor Law, but before we have quite done with him we may remark that his name is curiously similar to that of another and more celebrated person, who in his day and generation was a notable friend of temperance. Neil Gow, whose memory is dear to every lover of Scottish music and song, was so excellent a performer on the violin that no wedding-party in broad Scotland was complete without him. No reel, no hornpipe, no strathspey, could be properly danced by the great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of the existing generation of Scotsmen, unless Neil's fingers and bow drew music from the favourite instrument on which he was so renowned a performer:—

"Ye've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man wha played the fiddle weel;
I wot he was a cantie chiel,
And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O!"

The time in which he flourished was a convivial one; men lived more in the open air, and took more vigorous exercise, than they do now, and were able to bear heavier doses of liquor without inebriation

than their over-anxious descendants of the year 1867, who give their brains more to do and their legs less than their forefathers. The worthy Neil, led by the exigences of his profession more frequently than other people into convivial society, made the discovery, before it was too late, that over-much whisky was not good for his mind's or his body's health. Like a sensible man he resolved first of all to moderate his draughts, and finally to abandon them altogether. His mind being made up, as the song informs us—

“ He took his fiddle in his hand,
And screwed the pegs up while they'd
stand,
To make a lamentation grand,
For gude auld Highland whisky, O ! ”

Neither history nor tradition records, as far as we are aware, at what period of his life the gleeman renounced the strong drink that was enfeebling his constitution ; but we know on his own authority that he continued to imbibe “ wine and ale,” without detriment to the coolness of his head or the suppleness of his fingers, while his biographers report that he died in his eightieth year, in the full possession of his faculties. The worthy man was born in an age when people

with crotchets and hobbies did not think they had “ missions ” to reform the world. He was content to reform himself ; abstaining from that which he found to be evil, but not considering it to be his duty to dictate to others, or threaten them with fine and imprisonment if their opinions did not conform to his own.

If we were called upon to decide between Dow and Gow, we should be for Gow—just as we are for liberty against despotism, and for the right of private judgment against dogmatic assertion. Let us all be like Gow, and there will be no necessity for Dow. Let each man reform himself, abstaining from that which is evil and holding fast to that which is good—whether it be in drink or in doctrine—and the great problem will be solved. But if this be too much to hope for in a wicked world, give us abundance of good, cheap, wholesome wine—abundance of good, cheap beer, unpoisoned by adulterators and knavish publicans over-hasty to get rich ; and the people of Great Britain will, in course of time, become as little addicted to intoxication as the soberest nations of Continental Europe.

TEVSK.

My grandfather, Thomas Dottrell, was in height five feet four. My father, Thomas Dottrell, was five feet four inches and a quarter. He broke his leg, and degenerated into five feet three and three-quarters. I am of the third generation, and by ordinary rules should have been a tall man.

My grandfather, Thomas Dottrell, had married a tall woman—a very tall one, five feet ten and a half inches without her high-heeled shoes. Joanna, wife of my father, Thomas Dottrell, stood five feet ten in her stockings. These wives were both gentle, mild, and somewhat timid women, standing in great awe (whether in shoes or stockings) of my grandfather and father, the two Thomas Dottrells.

As may be well imagined, the hopes of father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, were centred in the third generation. Tradition had not handed down the stature of William Dottrell, founder of the family. Nothing was known of him beyond his Christian name, and the circumstances that he did not belong to our part of the country, that he had married late in life, and that he and his wife had died shortly after my grandfather's birth.

The latter had appeared in early life in Yorkshire, accompanied by Mistress Margery Dottrell, his aunt. This good woman had purchased some land for her nephew,—built thereon a house, on which she conferred the designation of Dottrell Hall, which was decorated with the family arms, *or*, a pie tawny,—superintended the education of her microscopic nephew till he became as much of age as his size allowed,—then shuffled off this mortal coil one Thursday afternoon at half-past six, leaving unfinished a secret apparently hanging on her lips, and her nephew ignorant of his parentage and cradle.

From these few facts my grandfather Thomas and my father Thomas had constructed a family legend that ancestor William had been a man of many cubits, married to a woman of diminutive form. They endeavoured by Anakim alliances to repair the mischief wrought by their pigmy progenitor. No lord in all the county had so tall a wife as grandfather Thomas; but the result answered his expectations neither in quantity nor in quality. Father Thomas was the only offspring of his devoted parents. He was their all, though small the offering was. My grandfather hoped on against hope. He sought ferruginous baths, and consulted skilled medical men. In vain. Having thus spent a life which in duration was long as his being was short, he breathed his last in Dottrell Hall; and even in his death and a leaden coffin could not fill the six-foot shelf he had erected for himself in the family vault.

When this event occurred I was one-and-twenty. My coming of age, I imagine, rather hastened his end. At an early period my father had been married to my mother, and within the earliest creditable limit of time I made my appearance in the wide, wide world. The rejoicings on this occasion were unbounded. I was a long, lusty, muscular infant, with a bellow like a ram, and a conformation which displayed more the stalwart, Stoddart blood of my mother's family than the diminutive but symmetrical anatomy of my Dottrell descent. I imbibed my mother's milk like a young gladiator, and ere long devoured mutton like a young wolf. Broad-chested, thick-limbed, red-cheeked, I bade fair for six feet, and for two or three years made the unmixed delight of the Thomas Dottrells, father and son. For myself, I had been named William

Dottrell in honour of the founder of the family—of my great-grandfather; and my grandfather, who had stood sponsor, had, without consultation, slipped the name Goliath before the family Dottrell.

But two, three years passed, and my mother gave no further evidence towards the augmentation or aggrandisement of our line. Four years passed, then five, six, seven, ten, twelve, fifteen. I was still an only son—fed on beef, mutton, and mucous food, calves' heads and tendons; exercised in gymnastics; encouraged to ride, shoot, devour jellies, swallow beer, and neglect my books. And I shot upward like a green bay-tree, my calves like a drayman's, my arms like a prize-fighter's, an appetite like Dando, and wind like an organ.

At length I completed my fifteenth year. Great joy reigned around us. I was five feet four inches and a half. There was a great feast at Dottrell Hall. All my mother's brothers and cousins, Baxters, Quarmbys, Slaters, and Booths,—all my grandmother's clan of Booths, Slaters, Quarmbys, and Baxters, assembled to do honour to my stature; and our house might have been taken for a scene in Gath or Patagonia, so Titanic were the proportions of our maternal kith. Compliments were deluged on my size, appearance, and prospects. I was a true Booth—a true Quarmby—no one could mistake me but for a Baxter—I was a Slater every inch of me,—according to the gens of the flatterer. Even some young clanswomen beamed kindly, and some elderly spinsters loomed legacies. There was a grand dinner that day. A large quart mug was produced—a custom of the country. It was filled with champagne by a Baxter, and a Quarmby shouted that I must drain the cup to show the blood and bone I was made of. I stood up in my place. My father and my grandfather looked on, proud, yet dreading the ordeal. I seized the

cup and drained it to the last drop. One moment the shining bottom glittered double in my eye. I fell back, and——

Two years passed, and old nurses declared they had known instances of young men growing as late as thirty.

Three years passed. I went to Oxford—my arms fit to cope with any bargee, and my legs to kick a football over St Mary's.

At twenty-one I came of age and was measured—five feet four inches and a half.

My grandfather took to his bed.

A stone taller than himself describes his virtues.

For my own part, my size, or want of size, would have caused me but little annoyance. The fortunate chance that had given me a tall growth had saved me from school-boy taunts. It was only on going to Oxford that the efforts of my parents to save me from humiliation made me feel it. I was by no means despondent, and began to feel, during their absence, a little conceited of my miniature form. Moore, Napoleon, Lord John Russell were not much taller than myself, and I did not relinquish the hope of illustrating the name of Dottrell in letters, war, or politics. Of poetry I was by no means an unsuccessful votary, nor did I feel discouraged by many a criticism. A prize poem of my composition obtained for me the soubriquet of the Pentameter, because I was only five feet. I accepted the stigma with gratitude, and, in token of disdain and forgiveness, inscribed "*Sic vos non vobis*" four times over my oak. I was rather a favourite. I flatter myself I was not ridiculous. Of my social qualities it may perhaps not appear over-presumptuous to state that my manner had the charm which only small men can infuse into their conversation. At the Union my speeches were considered not destitute of fire.

My affection for my parents was great; yet I confess I did not feel happy when I saw them walking arm-in-arm through the streets of Oxford.

"Don't she feel cold up there?" yelled one small vagabond to another.

"Why don't she carry a speaking-trumpet?" shrieked another.

"A problem of latitude," simpered a University wit.

"The equator and the pole," lisped a second.

"The Tower and Sword," grinned a third, who sought the remote in his illustrations.

"Come up and kiss me, my dear," shrieked the first young blackguard in a shrill soprano typical of female blandishment.

The University trio could not resist a smile, and I bolted down a friendly alley. I could defend myself, but not others. My strong right arm that pulled stroke in my College boat could avenge a slight offered to my frame by vulgar profanity; but even I saw the discrepancy of the pair who had begotten me. I was wise in my own generation. I perceived the errors of the past. I inly vowed that, whenever fate ordained that I should take on myself the responsibilities of a mate, the favoured female should represent the mathematical definition of a point, without length or breadth. Mrs W. G. Dottrell loomed in my dreams as five feet in height, and thin in proportion; while my burly frame stood towering over her, or bending gracefully to whisper words of love, or encircling her tiny waist with the brawny muscle of that arm which I pampered, oiled, and displayed like a prize bull-calf. I was to be the sturdy oak round which the tendril ivy should creep. Physiologically, also, I looked on this design as a new experiment which, by avoiding the errors of my forebears, should present to the world Dottrells of more commanding dimensions. My imagination had,

however, in this behalf, yielded to reason and experience. My natural bias was, like that of all short men, for tall women. In like manner I have observed various tall women concentrate their long love in my moderate person. My humorous friends have frequently rallied me on the evident partiality for my society displayed by the daughter of the Dean of St Peter's—a puny lady, lame, five feet eleven and a half, and generally known as the "Course of True Love," because she never could run smooth. The same fatal passion also assailed Rosa, the daughter of a neighbouring pastry-cook, handed down to fame as Monte Rosa, on account of her abnormal proportions. Once alone had the warmth of my character carried my passion to a degree beyond the range of my own thermometer. A ball at Henley was the scene of this event—a young lady six feet two and a third, the cause of my disaster. Seated on one side of a ball-room, I had attributed her apparent height to an elevated seat. I invited her to dance a waltz. She bowed in that meek manner tall women always assume. She stepped down, and lo! by my side a giant form topped over me. I essayed to encircle her waist. My arm refused its office, and idly grasped her form at least a barleycorn beneath that hallowed region.

I had almost forgotten to record the evident though unreciprocated passion testified towards me by a young lady, Miss Lane, the daughter of the Vice-Principal of St Sumpter's Hall. She was tall as the preceding, xanthous, with skeins of unwholesome flax hanging curveless on her neck. She was, in consequence, known as the "Long Lane that has no Turning;" and would of a morning, when she met me, greet me with a leer of such power as almost to overwhelm me. I mention these little episodes, not from pride or empty vainglory, but to justify

myself in the eyes of those who may consider my career inconsistent with the resolutions and professions of philosophy.

When about twenty years old, a gigantic grand-aunt, who had never seen me since my growth had been stunted, bequeathed me a considerable property—at least about £3000 a-year. When I left the University, therefore, notwithstanding the paucity of my inches, I was not a fit target for a sneeze, being independent in means, the heir to the Dottrell property—a carefully nursed property, well drained, and with the prospect of a railway; the author of a prize poem, and likewise of several trifles well known in the University, with a slight tendency to melancholy. I was also somewhat of an adept in social arts. I played tricks of sleight-of-hand; I understood the mysteries of ciphers; told fortunes on cards; and in everything endeavoured to prove myself an Admirable Crichton on a small scale.

On my return to my place in the country, I determined to cultivate the acquaintance of my neighbours by giving a fête. Moore's poem of the *déjeuner* at Boyle Farm fired me with ideas of local distinction. Under the pretext of an archery meeting, I was determined to eclipse every festivity given in the district for at least a hundred years. My grounds were well suited for the purpose. The river ran through the lawn, as it does to the present day. On the thither side fireworks were to be displayed in the evening; while near the house marquees were erected for refreshments and dancing near the targets.

The grand match took place at four o'clock for a bracelet made after my design—enamelled, relieved by emblems of toxophily in diamonds. Misgivings were great; for Miss Bowyer, the heroine of the county, reserved herself for the last. She had been detained at home, but by generous consent her

rivals demanded that the prize should not be awarded till the close of the day, that the champion might still have a chance of maintaining her pre-eminence.

Miss Bowyer I had never seen, by I knew by repute her beauty and her history. Her father was a baronet of ancient family, but of comparatively reduced circumstances. Bowyer's land was no longer in the zenith of its magnificence, acre after acre having melted away before the reckless splendour of the race. Where thousands had before been numbered by tens, units now reigned, and Sir Godfrey Bowyer could scarce compete with myself and other squires of the neighbourhood. But the fame of their origin still shed its lustre round them. The Bowyer of Agincourt, the founder of the family, still transmitted his craft to his descendants. The pride of tradition kept up tradition itself, and throughout the length and breadth of the county the archery of the Bowyers was greeted as a proverb. Evelyn Bowyer was the sole remaining scion of the old stock. In her were centred the hopes and the skill of the old Bowyers. Her prizes were countless, and the county beauties were well pleased to be second to herself.

A pony carriage drove to the gate, and I hastened to receive the Royalty of the Bow.

A thrill of pleasure ran through me as I handed her from the carriage. She was short—more, her beauty went straight to my soul as I looked down on her, at least three inches. Her fair pale complexion, her soft but bright violet eyes, her auburn hair, her bow-shaped mouth, beamed on me saint-like, pure, womanly. One hand rested on my arm. Her hands were beautifully formed, small and delicate, scarce fit for the athletic sport in which she excelled. As she descended from her carriage I had likewise had occasion to admire the same quality in her boots. Her figure

was perfectly symmetrical, and her voice was music. We were half-way to the ground when a *barouche* was seen rolling up at some little distance—the carriage of the Lord-Lieutenant. Nothing could distract me from Miss Bowyer. Our conversation, though trivial, remains still firmly impressed on my mind.

“I fear I am late,” said Miss Bowyer.

“Better late than never,” I rejoined, with gallantry. “There is still time to win the prize.”

We had reached the tent, and Miss Bowyer proceeded to string her bow. Her small hands scarce seemed equal to the labour, but she performed it with the calm deliberation of a practised artist.

“I will go and stand near the target,” I observed, with chivalry.

“Oh, pray don’t—you will make me nervous,” simpered Miss Bowyer.

I was much relieved, and did not go. The archeress was about to begin.

“Lord Toxteth is come, sir,” said my servant, and I saw the Lord-Lieutenant coming up the avenue with his wife, his son, Lord Fletcher, and a gay party.

Leaving the side of Miss Bowyer, I hastened to meet the magnates. In a moment I had lost consciousness. No one knew how it happened. An arrow was quivering in my leg above the knee. One glimpse of Miss Bowyer with a face of horror, kneeling at my side—I was off in a dead faint!

For weeks I was laid up. Fever and all its horrors surrounded my couch; but one idea sustained me—Miss Bowyer must be mine.

Daily she and her mother visited me, and her violet eyes beamed on me as she performed a thousand little offices to make tolerable the confinement of which she had been the involuntary cause. Her mind was equal in beauty to her person. Shall I say how much I loved her?

One day she came to me alone.

She told me that to me she owed a duty—to announce to me first a matter that concerned her future welfare. She was going to marry Lord Fletcher, a tall young man.

Time works wonders; and a few months produced forgetfulness, together with an interesting touch of settled melancholy. I went to Spa, and there fell in with Lady Matilda Shooter and her daughter Julia. The latter, I need hardly say, was short. She resembled in many points Miss Bowyer—small hands, feet, but with dark hair, &c.—a pretty, lively little brunette. I wished to be consoled, and she consoled me, or rather cheered me. She was vivacious, rode ponies, wore pretty hats and neat bracelets, chattered, played, and sang songs in French—“*Te souviens tu, Marie,*” “*Oh, non, non, Monseigneur,*” with pathos, point, and a good accent; quoted Tasso, and pressed heavily on my arm. In a month or two we were engaged; and meanwhile we were to visit Italy with Lady Matilda, and see a dear sister, Lady Julia Mildmay, whose daughter Marian had been ordered to Pisa after a bad attack on the chest. Travelling is a severe test of love. But mine resisted it, and came out victorious. True, I discovered a tendency to cream cheese and heavy dining. True, I observed occasional tartness in answers to Lady Matilda. True, the English maid-servant once came out in tears from my Julia’s bedroom, whence previously had proceeded the sound of some rather high words. True, the stock in hand of Tasso was limited. But all—all was atoned by the love and beautiful sentiments of Julia. Travelling, I maintain, can give appetite. The tartness to Lady Matilda proceeded from that elderly lady’s apparent indifference to myself; and she had been so angry with Bolton, the maid, for having broken the beautiful agate casket I had given her at Geneva. But her admiration of

nature thrilled my soul. Tears started to her eyes as she gazed on the plains of Italy, and sighed for the freedom of that unhappy country. She scanned the glaciers with a holy awe, and in the elastic air of the mountains trolled out, "Le Martin quand le Soleil," with a lightness and a *jodel* which plied my heart with joy.

"I am sure you will like Marian," she said one day. "I shall be quite jealous of her."

I gave a reassuring look.

"Ah, yes; you will."

"Julia, how can you torment me?"

"My heart misgives me."

"Cruel one!"

"When one loves truly the heart is full of misgiving."

"Can you trust me, Julia?"

"Heart of gold," she answered; and she pressed my arm to the whereabouts of her own, and looked trustingly into my eyes—*up* to my eyes.

At Pisa Lady Matilda and Julia took a lodging. I lived at Peverada's hotel. The day after our arrival I spent the morning with my love, and agreed to walk with her and her cousin in the afternoon. I met her and her mother at the door of Lady Mildmay's.

As we waited, I perceived of a sudden that Julia's cheeks assumed a higher colour and her eyes glanced down the Lung' Arno. Pisa is not a lively town, and a man is not lost entirely among his fellows. There, walking up the quay, was a huge Italian, bearded and black, six feet two in height—the admiration of wanderers like himself.

"Oh, here comes the Marchese Porti," said Lady Matilda.

"Who the d—l is he?" I inquired.

"A great friend of Marian's," answered Julia, promptly.

"A most distinguished man," murmured Lady Matilda.

"A great patriot," continued Julia.

"Ah, these patriots!" I exclaimed, in imitation of Sir Robert Walpole, "I know them well. Every man has his price."

"You should be ashamed of yourself," answered Julia. A little more tartness transpired than I thought the joke required. At the same moment as the Marchese approached us the door opened, and Lady Julia emerged, followed by a bath-chair containing her daughter.

As they appeared, my attention was too much engrossed to observe them, by my endeavour to listen to the conversation between my betrothed and the Marchese, which went on during our walk. My previous adventures had rendered my instincts too much alive. Neither profession nor infatuation could render me over confident. So I listened as well as I could to the rapid Tuscan of Julia and her patriot, and heard to my astonishment the revelation of our engagement by the young lady to her cousin's great friend. My knowledge of the language was not sufficient to follow every word, but the phrase "*il piccolo*" more than once caught my ear from both parties. I could not imagine that it referred to myself. Soon, however, I found myself conversing with Miss Mildmay. As she lay extended in her chair, her apparent helplessness touched me. Her figure was very beautiful—golden hair in *bandeaux*, a clear, though pale, complexion, well-cut features, and a melancholy sad expression. Her voice was soft, and her hand, whenever she extended it, was taper and white, blending gracefully and perpendicularly at the wrist. Women celebrated for their grace I find do a good deal with their hands.

Insensibly we fell into conversation. We spoke of everything that touches the feelings—Tennyson, Browning—the comprehensible and the incomprehensible, and of mountains, tints. She could not love

scenery without mountains, and on the subject of tints she was very strong. We stood on the bridge where Byron admired the sunset—or rather I stood and her chair halted. I bent gracefully over her. The sun declined in the horizon while I murmured a few verses of a song I had lately written. Her eyes—those soft violet eyes—filled with tears, when I was harshly disturbed by a burst of laughter and the words “*il piccolo*” again grated on my ear. I turned round to inquire, and Julia at once pointed to the antics of a child in the distance.

On our return home we found a letter, stating that a fall from a horse had broken several of the bones of Cavendish Shooter, Lady Matilda’s son.

We started the next day for England. During the journey nothing could be more affectionate than the devotion of my Julia. If, as goes the fairy tale, my little finger did but ache, her solicitude was more than endearing. Often did I congratulate myself on my alliance with so pleasant a family.

Mr Cavendish Shooter was a pleasant young man likewise. His friends were pleasant people, who were good enough to sit by his bedside and play at *ecarté* with him in the intervals of his delirium. I played *ecarté* with him and lost. His friends won, and owing to his inability to write a cheque (he played with his left hand), I naturally acted as his banker. Was I not rewarded by a glance from my Julia? Poor Julia! she was a thoughtless creature. Cavendish recounted to me in an interval of his delirium, when he thought never to recover, that Julia was considerably in debt owing to her intensely charitable disposition. With what pleasure did I give him the cheque he was unable to write, which was to clear her from her liabilities.

The winter passed. Cavendish grew better, and was laid-up on a

sofa. Summer came, and with it Lady Julia Mildmay and Marian her daughter. They took a small house in Pont Street, Belgrave Square. Lady Matilda lodged respectably at a private hotel in Dover Street. I lived in the Albany. One day I found that the Marchese Porti had arrived, and inhabited a house in Charles Street, Grosvenor Square.

“I suppose whenever Marian is better,” said my Julia, “that it will become a *fait accompli*.” She pressed my arm in the Park as she spoke, and I looked down on her with pride.

Our engagement was public, but a feeling of delicacy on her part exacted that our marriage should not take place till Marian was able to attend the wedding. Meanwhile the settlements were in discussion by our lawyers, and I was rather astonished at the difficulties raised by Cavendish as to the disposal of Julia’s eight thousand pounds. Whatever he proposed I accepted. Still, the next day a new difficulty was uselessly created; but as Julia told me that in a few days she would come of age and take the matter into her own hands, I gave in to the over-zealous vigilance of her trustee. She was very angry with her brother, but her sweet nature could not harbour resentment even against those who thwarted her dearest wishes.

I spent nearly my whole time with her I loved. In the morning we rode. In the afternoon we drove, and the rest of the day was spent together—sometimes at Lady Julia’s, sometimes at the opera, sometimes in the world. She did not care for much gaiety, but preferred domestic life. She even allowed Cavendish to smoke cigars in her presence.

Oxonians love to show Oxford to those they love, and, in fact, to the world in general. How great, then, my delight at the chance of taking Lady Matilda and her daugh-

ter to the Commemoration ! How I excelled myself in explaining the details and nature of the solemnity I need not now relate. Suffice it that the circumstances were permanently engraven on my mind more solidly than brass and oak—triple brass especially.

We were to separate for two days—Saturday and Sunday. Julia had misgivings. Why should I leave her even for so short a time ? I was going to Oxford to reserve lodgings for her mother and herself. On Saturday I was to leave. On Wednesday evening we were drinking tea at Lady Julia's. On my way there I met Carlo Porti, whom I had not seen for a long time. He had been keeping away from our society. "There had been a little coolness," Julia said, "between him and her cousin."

It was about half-past nine or ten when I came in, very weary, for I had gone through the settlement question several times during the day, had been shopping with Julia, and drawing cheques. I had not even had leisure to read the 'Times.' It was lying on the table. I took up the advertisements, and read the births, deaths, and marriages merrily. Then I turned to column No. 2, the column of domestic dramas.

"Hollo !" I cried out, "here is a cipher."

"You quite frightened me, Willy," said Julia. "You should not be so abrupt."

Poor little dove, I had really startled her. So I took up the paper again.

"Here is a cipher," I said, "addressed C-o. P-i. "What can it mean ?"

It ran thus :—

"C-o. P-i. Docyby. wsy. Sv. zsmmyvy. sc. qysxq. dy. Yhpybn. yx. Ckdebnki. Wood. wo. kd. dro. yvn. zvkmo. sx. dro. Zkbu. kd. 12. D'kwy. cowzbo. Iyeb. nofydon.—TEVSK."

I was very playful, and guessed fifty meanings for the address. Curio Permuti—Ciro Pinsuti. "No," at last I cried ; "it must be Carlo Porti. Yes, he had a secret. He is in correspondence with some secret society. I will find it all out. If there is a thing I understand, it is deciphering these ciphers. Give me a piece of paper and a pencil, please, Lady Julia."

"What !" interrupted, or rather screamed, Julia the niece—"what !" and her eyes flashed fire, while her face blushed crimson with indignation—"what ! would you pry into secrets that are not your own ?—would you ?—would you ? Oh ! I never thought you could be guilty of so base an action."

The hideous nature of my conduct flashed across me all at once, though I confess it pained me to be judged so very harshly by her I loved. I laughed, and said it was only a joke. Marian looked concerned and reprovingly ; but her manner towards me was kind, and I did not exactly know whom she was reproving. Lady Matilda slept on a chair the rest of the evening. Lady Julia looked astonished for some time, and took the 'Times' into her own room, while Cavenish, who was staying at his aunt's, turned repeatedly on his sofa, and from time to time gave himself up, without any apparent cause, to peals of laughter, screams, and interjections of delight.

I passed a very unpleasant night, what poets would call sleepless, and which is produced with equal effect either by love or indigestion. I was pleased when the morning came. I got up and plunged into my comfortable bath in my Albany chambers.

On a table, in my sitting-room, my careful servant was wont to arrange the newspapers of the week. As I came in to my breakfast, my eye fell on the 'Times' of the morning, and also on the 'Times' of the day before, which I had not read.

I took up the 'Times' of the morning. My eye wandered instinctively to the second column. There, as I expected, was a ciphered advertisement, directed TEVSK, and signed *C-o. P-i.* Tevsk, then, the last word of the first advertisement, and the first of this, was a name, evidently—a signature in the first instance, a direction in the second.

And if I liked I could decipher this easily. The scene of yesterday came to my mind, and the hideous nature of my conduct in all its coarse reality. But if people choose to advertise in this manner, they must take the chance of detection. Julia's sense of honour did her infinite credit, but was perhaps a little overstrained. What harm if, in the solitude of my chamber, I indulged in a little of that scientific trifling which the French admire so much in the public men of England?

In case the secret should not be generally known, let me state that all ciphers, which are merely involutions of the alphabet, can be readily deciphered by taking one word from the cipher, and continuing the alphabet under each letter.

On this occasion what could I take better than Tevsk? So I took

<i>J</i>	<i>U</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>I</i>	<i>A</i>
<i>k</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>j</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>l</i>	<i>w</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>k</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>m</i>	<i>x</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>d</i>
<i>n</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>o</i>	<i>z</i>	<i>q</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>f</i>
<i>p</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>g</i>
<i>q</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>h</i>
<i>r</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>q</i>	<i>i</i>
<i>s</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>j</i>

I will make no comment, but merely observe that the word TEVSK was a sufficient key to the whole enigma. The advertisement ran thus—

"*C-o. P-i.—Tesoro mio.* Il piccolo is going to Oxford on Saturday. Meet me at the old place in the Park at 12. *T'amo sempre.*—Your devoted Julia."

The answer ran as follows:—

"TEVSK.—*Anima mia.* Fortunate invention thus to escape the vigilance of *la madre.* *Povero piccinino.* However, in a few days, thou wilt be a major, and we can put him out of his pain. Thy plans to gain delay and to play the gudgeon are admirable; and thy brother is an angel. Dost thou not fear that the over-scrupulous cousin may betray us? Saturday. *Tuo. C-o. P-i.*"

That man would experience a strange sensation who, taken from a long walk at noon on Midsummer's day at Quito, the capital of the Equator, should be plunged by a giant hand to the bottom of a deep well in the neighbourhood of Greenland. Not otherwise was the poor gudgeon as he floundered limp and helpless on his sofa in the Albany.

The next day a steamer of the Cunard line sailed from Liverpool, and on it was the unhappiest of men.

In that day's 'Times,' however, appeared in ciphers the following advertisement:—

"*C-o. P-i. Tevsk.*

"*Sv. zsmmyvy. nyoc. xyd. gscr.*

<i>T</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>V</i>	<i>S</i>	<i>K</i>
<i>u</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>w</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>l</i>
<i>v</i>	<i>g</i>	<i>x</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>m</i>
<i>w</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>n</i>
<i>x</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>z</i>	<i>w</i>	<i>o</i>
<i>y</i>	<i>j</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>x</i>	<i>p</i>
<i>z</i>	<i>k</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>q</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>z</i>	<i>r</i>
<i>b</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>s</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>t</i>
<i>d</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>u</i>
<i>e</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>g</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>f</i>	<i>q</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>w</i>
<i>g</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>x</i>
<i>h</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>j</i>	<i>g</i>	<i>y</i>
<i>i</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>k</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>z</i>

de. wkb. dro. kwyebc. yp. cy.
kuskvlo. k. zksb. Ro. yxvi. ryzoc.
drkd. cdobx. wybkvscd. Mkfoxnscr.
gsvv. dso. ez. dro. osgrd. dryeckxn.
yp. kxsuk. wsk. kqksxcd. dro.
wkxsevkdsyxc. yp. docyby. wsy.—
Dro. Qenqoyx."

Which, if deciphered properly, will give the following killing epigram :—*"Il piccolo* does not wish to mar the amours of so amiable a pair. He only hopes that stern moralist, Cavendish, will tie up the eight thousand of *anima mia* against the manipulation of *tesoro mio*.—The Gudgeon."

A year and a half saw me through the greater part of the world. I went to North and South America ; did the overland route through Siberia to China ; visited the Great Salt Lake ; ran through Australia, paying a flying visit to Papua ; wrote books, and was elected Fellow of the Royal Geographical and the Ethnological Societies ; communicated papers which were read with much applause, and nearly obtained a gold medal. Small men, I suppose, have light hearts, and I overcame the fickleness of my love. Moreover, I had the satisfaction of learning that Porti was unkind to his wife, and that, but for the prudence of Cavendish, who really was not a bad fellow, and had looked after the settlements, she would be starving. All this I learned, and as I flew free as a bird through the world at large, how often did I congratulate myself on my aptitude for ciphers.

At length I returned to my own place. I had to prepare a paper for the Ethnological Society ; and, avoiding society, was working at it in my garden, near the river, when Lord and Lady Fletcher came to call on me. I received them without emotion ; and as Lord Fletcher was examining some weapons I had imported from the Andes, I towered over Lady Fletcher with the self-complacency of a traveller.

"You know my friend Marian Mildmay, do you not ?" asked Lady Fletcher, looking up to me inquiringly, and, I may say, tenderly.

"I do," was my reply, dryly given. What recollections !—Lady Fletcher, Marian, Julia—theremote links that always fit into one's history.

"She is still very much an invalid."

"Has she never left her bath-chair ?"

"No, not yet ; I hope she will do so soon."

"Where is she ?"

"She is staying with us."

The next day my pony, without any instigation from myself, trotted me over to Fletcher's Lodge, a pretty house in Toxteth Park, where the heir-apparent resided.

Marian was being wheeled about in her bath-chair ; Lady Julia was near her.

"Oh, Mr Dottrell !" she exclaimed, as I approached her. A gleam shot through those violet eyes.

"Miss Mildmay," I replied, pressing her hand.

"What a traveller you have been since we last met," she continued ; "and what a charming book !"

"And you," I replied—"you still are suffering, though I see from your colour that you are better."

"So much better. The doctors promise me that in a month I shall be able to leave my chair."

Thus we went on talking, avoiding the past, and thinking of the future, till it was time for me to leave.

Somehow or other my pony would trot every day to Toxteth Park.

Nearly a month passed in this pleasant manner. Lord and Lady Fletcher rode with me through the woods, and Marian was dragged quietly in her chair. We cantered forward or stopped as fancy prompted us. One day fancy prompted Lord and Lady Fletcher to canter

forward, and me to stop. They had to pay a visit, and the boy who drove the chair had run home for Miss Mildmay's drawing-book. She could not remain alone in the wood, and I stayed to protect her.

There is something in woods when the sun shines through the leaves, and the grass is very green, and when the air is still—something very different from the sensation of the man taken from a walk at Quito to be plunged into a well in Greenland. The sensation produced on me a silence, to which Marian responded in the same tone.

Her hand was hanging over the chair. Of a sudden an impulse pressed me to go forward, take that hand, and say—

"Marian, can you be my wife?"

Again she responded in the same tone. Ere long Lord and Lady Fletcher cantered back, and saw me propelling the chair homeward. Lady Fletcher instinctively guessed what had occurred, and telegraphed the knowledge to her husband, for they cantered on smiling, and left me propelling the chair, while the boy led my pony, and carried the drawing-book, which that day was not put into requisition.

"I will come to-morrow and speak to Lady Julia," I said, as I took an affectionate farewell.

The next morning I was again early at Toxteth Park. Lady Julia received me in a little room all alone, and kissed me. There were few explanations to be given.

"I have a charming surprise for you, Willie," said Lady Julia. They had always called me Willie during my affair with Miss Shooter.

She took me into the drawing-room, where Marian was lying on a sofa.

"There, Willie, the doctors say she may walk to-day for the first time, and she will not let any one help her but yourself."

I ran to the sofa. I placed my arm round her waist, and took her hand again. She placed her feet on the ground, and rose—rose—a head taller than myself.

P.S.—A year later.

I am the happy father of a little boy, of exactly the same length, breadth, and weight as myself at the same age.

Query.—Will he grow?

My wife has received a letter of congratulation from the Marchesa Porti, who asks if I still continue the study of ciphers. She is living on £120 a-year, half the income of her £8000. The Marchese draws the remaining half of it at his present country residence, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres.

P.S. again.—My wife has confided to me a secret. The mysterious founder of my family, the first Dottrell, was the grandson of Sir Geoffrey Hudson. She learnt it from some unpublished journals or papers of Lord Toxteth's.

MAXIMILIAN.

WE are said to live in a peculiarly prosaic age, but as the same accusation is brought against itself by every generation of men, those who think for themselves may be pardoned if they disbelieve it. The elements of the poetic in thought and the heroic in action lie everywhere around us ; but it requires the trained eye and the sympathetic heart to discover them, except on those rare occasions when the actors move in the highest places of the world, and their deeds and their sorrows are equally imperial. Could we but truly know the events that happen every day in our own country, our own town, our own village, our own street—nay, our own houses—we might discover love strong as death, hate fierce as hell, all-devouring ambition, unreasoning jealousy, wild despair, heavenly patience, sublime self-sacrifice, and all the great or tender passions that toss our poor human hearts about like waifs on a stormy sea. Every newspaper that we take up contains a tragedy, if we did but know how to read it—a tragedy spoiled, perhaps, in the telling, but a tragedy still. We need not look back to ancient history and mythology for heroes and heroines, for the gods and goddesses of crime and suffering. There are Medeas and Clytemnestras in Whitechapel and the Canongate as well as in Greece, and fools as great as Anthony in every city of the world, who would peril fame, fortune, and life for a living Cleopatra. A man may appear to be dull and sordid, yet his heart may be heaving with suppressed agonies, as we might ascertain if we could unlock by any magic key the secret chambers of his conscience, and lay them bare to the world and to himself. The tragedy of Maximilian of Austria—the saddest of our time, as far as we know—is not perhaps sadder in

itself than thousands of others that have been played upon a smaller stage, and to a meaner audience ; yet it has such great and noble accessories as to command the world's attention, and to vie in interest and terror with any tragedy ever imagined. The *dramatis personæ*—the heroes and the heroines—the good men and the bad—the scheming fools and the more greatly scheming villains—are all of the highest rank ; and in all that they do, and in all that they suffer, excite either our admiration, our sympathy, or our abhorrence. The heavy hand of Fate seems to lie upon them all ; and as the stately pageant is evolved from its beginning to its ending, the onlookers sit spell-bound expecting the catastrophe. And when the catastrophe comes, it is hard to say whether our wrath or our grief is most excited. Neither Euripides nor Shakespeare could desire a grander story for the exercise of his genius. As noble and princely a gentleman as Hamlet has been vilely done to death—as innocent and lovely a lady as Ophelia has met a sadder fate than death in its most tragic forms ; and the foremost man of all our time—he whom fortune has seemed to make her darling, and to crown with every blessing that his heart or his ambition could crave—has been made to feel that his very wisest scheme has been his most ill-starred, and to prove that a highly intellectual and able monarch may fall into errors as tragical as the veriest dolt that ever inherited a throne which he was incompetent to win.

We must go far back in contemporary history if we would trace the beginning of the tragedy of Maximilian. It was fourteen years ago, when he had scarcely ripened into manhood, and when the noble lady destined to share his glory and

his grief had just entered upon her teens, that the first step was taken by the Emperor Napoleon towards the accomplishment of a project that had long held possession of his mind. That step had no relation to the Archduke Maximilian, or to the condition of Mexico, though it led to both by a chain of events which not even the Emperor foresaw, and which would at that time have seemed the wildest freak of fancy to imagine. A French army occupied Rome, and upheld the Pope as a temporal sovereign against the wishes of the Italian people, who had for many years plotted and schemed and prayed for the deliverance of their country from priestcraft and tyranny, and for the union of its various states under one constitutional monarch. The Pope, in his kingly capacity, was one of the greatest impediments in their way; and the Emperor of the French, who was not in the first instance responsible, was made to bear all the odium attached to the presence of the French in Rome, and held up to the execration of the Italians as the enemy and oppressor of their country. Though he was a Frenchman by birth, position, and education, he was at least half an Italian by race and blood; and, thinking that he owed something to the land of his ancestors, he seems to have conceived the idea that if the Pope could be removed from Rome with the approval of all the Roman Catholic powers, a troublesome problem would be solved, and that the glory of the solution would be all his own. Early in 1853, while the Imperial purple was yet new upon his shoulders, he astonished the world by suddenly making a claim on the part of France to the protectorate of the sepulchre of Christ and the holy places of Palestine. The world sought for an explanation of the mystery, and found none better than that afforded by the Emperor's supposed intention of removing the Pope from Rome

to Jerusalem, and seating him in the latter city, with Imperial revenues, as much as ever the spiritual head of the Roman Catholic Church, but no longer a European king. The assumption of this protectorate, whatever may have been its real motives, immediately brought the Emperor of Russia into the field, who claimed, as head of the Greek Church, the custody of the Holy Sepulchre, and of all the sacred places of Judea. The results of this collision of interest, though Napoleon III. very speedily deemed it politic to withdraw his pretensions, were the passage of the Pruth by a Russian army, and the sharp struggle known as the Crimean war, in which France and Great Britain found themselves arrayed together in support of the independence of the Turkish Empire against the invading hosts of the Czar. The opportunity had long been waited for, and Nicholas, eager for the European share of the "sick man's" inheritance, and encouraged by the fat apathy of manufacturing England, and by what he supposed the indifference of the English popular party to foreign politics, their impatience of taxation, and their hostility to war, flattered himself that the hour had come for the final blow that was to banish the Turkish Empire into Asia, and seat the Russians at Constantinople. How grievously he miscalculated, and what pangs it cost that proud spirit to be foiled in an attempt which, had it succeeded, would have made Nicholas even a greater than Peter in the love and admiration of the Russians, if not in the page of history, there is no need to recall. It is sufficient to state that Austria, deeply interested in the conflict, held coldly and unwisely aloof, willing to make France and England her friends, but afraid to be ungrateful to Russia; and that Sardinia, not interested at all, declared herself on the side of the allies, and sent into the Crimea a gallant Italian army forty thousand

strong. This, though for Sardinia a costly undertaking, was a master-stroke of policy. It raised her at one bound from the second or third to the first rank among European powers, and foreshadowed the coming time when the name of Sardinia should be merged in that of Italy, and when the day-dream of the Italians should shape itself into a palpable reality. But the end was not yet.

Whatever may have been at this time the purpose of the Emperor of the French with regard to the Pope, it was clear that the project of settling him in Jerusalem, abandoned in the past, had to be abandoned in the future, unless he were prepared for a second war with Russia, and without the aid of Great Britain, not altogether satisfied with the Crimea, and what had come of it. Yet, if he had to endure the Pope as a present evil, he could still promote the great cause of Italian unity, and prove to the Italians—some of whom had plotted against his life with a woeful and ungrateful miscomprehension of the whole scope and tendency of his policy—that he was their truest friend, and able to serve them more effectually than any sovereign of Europe, or all the European sovereigns combined. With this view (for no other can be suggested) he declared war in the spring of 1859 against the Emperor of Austria. Europe was alike alarmed and astonished—alarmed lest the embers of strife again rekindled should raise a conflagration over the whole Continent; and astonished at the audacity that fixed a quarrel upon a peaceful sovereign without adequate pretext, apparently in the very wantonness of pride and power. But success, that in our age is held to justify all things, justified the aggression; and the bloody battle-fields of Magenta and Solferino proved to the delighted army of France that its Emperor, who had been accused of being a

carpet-knight because he had not led his own hosts in the Crimea, was not a rose-water and dilettante general, or a mere theorist in the art of war, but a practical soldier who could snatch the laurels of the field from the thickest of the fight. If France, as the result of the war, gained a little rectification of frontier in Nice and Savoy, Sardinia gained the richer prize of Lombardy, while the downfall of all the petty Dukes and Kings who misgoverned the rest of Italy was assured, and seen by all men as a fact shining through the haze of a not very remote future. How these results were brought about—how General Garibaldi, hero and filibuster, made an end of the Kingdom of Naples as easily as the prick of a spear might make an end of an inflated balloon, and how the valour of Victor Emmanuel, the craft of Cavour, the cowardice of the petty sovereigns, the sympathy of Europe, and, in one phrase, the “force of events,” brought about the “unification of Italy,” Rome alone excepted—it is no part of our purpose to narrate, though it is necessary to tell them off as links in the great chain of events which brought the Archduke Maximilian to the foreground of contemporary history, and placed him in the high and unhappy position where he lived and died.

For a short time after these services to Italy the Emperor rested upon his renown, not perhaps, if we knew all, without some feeling of compunction that he had borne too hard upon unfortunate Austria, and that he owed the Hapsburgs a good turn for the troubles he had brought upon them. But the Italian question, though advanced several degrees nearer towards a solution, was not yet settled. The Pope still blocked the way. The Emperor was probably of opinion, after his long experience of so troublesome a customer, that the best thing to do with the obstinate Pontiff was to

treat him with wholesome neglect, to withdraw the French army, and leave him and his cardinals to settle their political difficulties with the Roman people and with the Italians as fate might determine. But against the adoption of this course there were powerful domestic reasons. The French clergy were faithful and unanimous supporters of the Imperial throne; and it gratified alike their spiritual and national pride that France, "the eldest son of the Church," should be the protector of its Holy Mother in the hour of her peril. But while the Italian question, in consequence of the mighty propulsion which the Emperor had given it, was gravitating towards the cohesion of all its separated governments into one, the always embarrassing matter of the Papacy continually thrust itself before men's minds. Might not the stubborn priest, it was asked, be induced to quit Europe? Was there no place except Jerusalem where the Holy See might be re-established? Was there not some country in the New World, rich in all natural resources, with a splendid climate, overflowing with milk and honey, with gold and silver and precious stones, with a numerous and wealthy Roman Catholic clergy, with a devout people—a country that only needed a strong government to become one of the greatest powers of the earth—to which the Pope might betake himself, with princely endowments contributed by the Catholic powers and the faithful in every part of the world? There *was* such a country, and it was Mexico. This was the idea discussed in the *salons* at Paris, hinted in the newspapers, and supposed by many to represent the Imperial policy. It may not have been the Emperor's idea, for he has pre-eminently above all men of his day the faculty and the genius of silence, and suffers no light or shadow of his design to fall upon the public mind until it suits him. Whether the opinion of the time were well or ill founded, it is cer-

tain that the question of Mexico all at once assumed in European eyes an importance not previously attached to it, and that an outcry against the wrongs and spoliations inflicted upon French, British, and Spanish merchants was raised on every side. There was at this time in Europe one General Almonte, a disappointed aspirant to the presidency of the Mexican Republic, who had procured access to the Emperor, and succeeded in gaining his confidence. The story he had to tell was of the great wealth and resources of Mexico, its miserable misgovernment, its value to Europe if properly developed, and the glory that would be the rightful appanage of the man who should deliver it from anarchy. The story did not fall on unsympathetic ears, nor into a mind unprepared to receive it. Not that there was much novelty in it, but that the narrator knew more of his subject, and spoke with more authority on the evils to be redressed and on the means of redressing them, than any previous Mexican who had visited Europe. It may, perhaps, be suspected that he pleaded for himself, and that he had a vision, more or less vivid, of marching into Mexico with the legions of Imperial France, and seating himself by the aid of those legions in the presidential chair of the Republic, or of converting the chair into a throne, as Iturbide had done before him. Whatever may have been the private designs of Almonte, the Emperor Napoleon seems to have needed but little persuasion to strike a blow in the western hemisphere. He was the first man in Europe; he had gained, as it were, the championship of the world; and he could not let his good sword rest in its sheath upon the walls, or allow himself to sink into inglorious ease, while there were living rivals for his throne, and a highly intellectual and cynical aristocracy of the old *régime* fretting and fuming against him.

The complaints that had previously reached not only France, but Great Britain and Spain, from British, French, and Spanish subjects carrying on their business in that land of gold and blood, had neither been mild nor unfrequent, nor put forward by unimportant or influential persons; and when it was at last officially announced that the three Great Western Powers had united to exact justice from Mexico for the injuries inflicted on their citizens and their commerce, the general sentiment of Europe was one of satisfaction and approval. It seemed at one time as if the United States, which, more than any European government, was interested in the prosperity of Mexico, would have joined the European powers in an expedition which in its first conception recommended itself to the sense of justice of all mankind. But the troubles of the American Union had commenced; and the arrogant Monroe doctrine was a lion in the path, causing American statesmen and the American people to look with their usual mistrust upon the interference of the Old World with the affairs, and more especially with the forms of government, of the New. Whatever previous to this time may have been the designs of Almonte or the Emperor of the French, the expedition agreed to by the three Powers was not undertaken with any view of conquest, or with any reference to the Pope, or the establishment of an Empire in Mexico on the ruins of the Republic, but entirely for the redress of specific grievances, and the punishment of the Government that refused or was unable to grant civilised protection to strangers settled in the country. But the Emperor's allies deserted him at the eleventh hour, either because further information had convinced them that his designs were grander than their own, or because they did not choose, for an object in which they had but comparatively

slight interest, to incur the hostility of America. Spain in the New World was vulnerable on the side of Cuba, an island which the United States had long coveted, and which many of the most eminent American statesmen had insolently avowed the intention to seize by force of arms. Spain, consequently, thought it more prudent to permit France to reap all the honour and incur all the costs of the enterprise. Great Britain was vulnerable on the side of Canada and the West Indies; and Lord Palmerston, besides having outlived the "pluck" that was his characteristic in happier days—the pluck that in default of genius had raised him to the proud post of the Premiership of England—was encumbered with a Foreign Secretary who was cold on the subject of the French alliance, who was an Orleanist rather than a Bonapartist, who knew less of foreign politics than any statesman of his time, and who was never very cordial in supporting the policy of his chief. Added to this, the English people knew little or nothing about Mexico, and viewed the proposed expedition with disfavour, especially after the cry had been raised that British participation would be displeasing to the United States. So Lord Palmerston—a true friend of the French alliance, and a warm admirer of the Emperor's genius—had to yield his convictions to the necessities of his position; and France was left to deal with Mexico, unencumbered by the aid or advice of lukewarm allies, and to guide the intervention to such results as might seem best to the keen intellect, the indomitable will, and immense resources of a potentate who had never known failure, whose honour was touched, and whose pride was piqued into perseverance by the unexpected defection, not so much of Spain—that mattered little—but of Great Britain, that might have mattered much.

The Civil War in America, that, from the ominous beginning of the secession of South Carolina, had assumed proportions which prefigured not alone a long and bloody contest, but the ultimate establishment of Southern independence, was favourable to the bold policy which the Emperor was desirous to pursue. The Mexicans—a hybrid and degenerate race, inheriting the worst qualities of the Spaniards and the aboriginal Indians, with few or none of the good qualities of either branch of their parentage—had shown themselves utterly unfitted to establish, or even to understand, a constitutional government. Each individual Mexican was fond enough of liberty for himself, but had no desire that any one else should enjoy the blessing. There was always some military ruffian or other conspiring with other ruffians for the prize of supreme power—robbing or being robbed, shooting or being shot; and every sane and sensible person through all the lovely land prayed for a strong man to rule over them,—strong enough to assure order, even though he might withhold liberty. The first and only wants of the country were peace and law; and it signified to none but the reckless adventurers, who were its curse in the daily and almost hourly scramble for power, what the form of government might be—republican, monarchical, or imperial—provided it answered the first essential condition,—security to property and life. Such a government the Emperor of the French, as soon as his invading army, under Marshal Bazaine, had taken and secured possession of the country, amid the applause and gratitude of three-fourths of the population, resolved to bestow upon Mexico, not in the shape of an elective President, but of an hereditary Emperor.

Where was he to find a man qualified for such a post—willing

to accept it—agreeable to Europe—acceptable to the Mexicans? There were not many men in the world to choose from. There were abundance of brave men, ambitious men, able men, in every country in Europe. There were soldiers and subalterns in the French army of as good stuff as Bernadotte and Murat, or even the first Napoleon, if they had the chance of kingship thrown in their way. But it was necessary that the Great Powers of Europe, wearied of the Mexicans and their ephemeral and sanguinary presidents, should not only have confidence in, but respect for, the new occupant of the Mexican throne, and that he should be a man to whom they could safely and honourably accredit their representatives. The required conditions were all united in the person of the Grand-Duke Maximilian of Austria—young, handsome, brave, generous, intellectual, high-spirited, ambitious; with a natural genius for command; the only Austrian who, in a high position, had ever inspired the respect of the Italians; a member, moreover, of that imperial family whose pride the Emperor Napoleon had so cruelly humbled at Magenta and Solferino, and to whom, possibly, the Emperor might have thought he owed a *solatium* and a reparation. By this time the American Civil War was at its height; and it seemed as if the opposition of the Federal Government to the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico would have been merely formal—*brutum fulmen*—words without deeds; and that the South, certain of its independence, would gladly have entered into an alliance with the new power had the North been hostile.

It was in this apparently favourable conjuncture of events and probabilities that the offer of the Imperial Crown was made to the Archduke Maximilian, and that France, if the perilous gift were

accepted, guaranteed the support of its army of occupation. Maximilian took time to deliberate; for he was neither rash nor credulous, and knew the difficulties in his path. But he had a high heart, and he craved a high career. Not for him to pass inglorious days in ease and luxury, though he had poetical and artistic tastes that would have adorned and made the delight of a private station. He longed and pined for action. He hungered and thirsted for something to do. He had married the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, a lady with a soul as noble, and with aspirations as lofty as his own; and, when the question was put to *her*, the sage daughter of the sagest King of his time, she weighed it well, and gave her voice for acceptance. There was, in truth, far more to be said in favour than in disapproval of the project; and the recent history of one of the royal houses of Europe, closely connected with her own, seemed to lend it countenance. Had not the heir of the royal house of Braganza renounced his claims to the petty kingdom of his ancestors, and established himself in Brazil, ruling in peace over an empire compared with which in extent, in riches, and the probabilities of the future, Portugal was but as the little finger of Hercules? And was it not worthy of a scion of the house of Austria to found an empire in the New World greater and richer than Austria itself? There were not wanting cool, cautious, and calculating friends of the house of Hapsburg who endeavoured to dissuade the Archduke from the enterprise; but with the confidence of youth and high spirits, and not without the elevating and sustaining hope that he should be able to found a great empire on the basis of justice and liberty, and rescue a magnificent country from the anarchy that alone prevented it from becoming the garden of the world, he finally resolved to accept the crown, on condition that the Mexican people, or such

large majority of them as might fairly be held to represent the national will, should formally invite him to become their ruler. Early in 1863, when the fortunes of the North, in the great American Civil War, were at their gloomiest—when honest but sorely bewildered Mr Lincoln was willing to make terms even with slavery, if the South would lay down its arms, and when the recognition of Southern independence by the European powers seemed but a question of months, or even of weeks, an Assembly of the Notables of Mexico was convened in the capital, under the auspices of the French, to debate the question of the future government of the country. By that Assembly it was resolved that the crown should be offered to the Archduke Maximilian, and that the vote of the whole people should be taken, just as in France the candidature of the Emperor Napoleon was subjected to the popular test. These matters are easily managed by the masters of legions; and without attaching undue importance to the fact, it may be stated that the popular vote was all but unanimous, and that shortly after it was taken a deputation of the Notables was despatched to Europe to make a formal offer of the supreme power to the Archduke, in the name and on behalf of the Mexican nation. The deputation arrived on the 3d of October 1863, at the Archduke's pleasant palace of Miramar, and fulfilled the duty with which it had been intrusted. So many delays intervened—so many difficulties had to be surmounted—so many delicate questions had to be settled, not only with the Emperor of the French, but with the Emperor of Austria—and so much care had to be taken that none of the Great Powers of Europe should be hostile to the proposed arrangement,—that it was not until the 10th of April 1864 that Maximilian, with the assent of his august brother, finally accepted the crown. A few days afterwards

the new Emperor and his devoted wife left Trieste for Vera Cruz, on board the Austrian frigate the *No-vara*, and arrived at their destination on the 24th of May. On the 12th of June the young couple made their triumphal entry into the city of Mexico amid the loud acclamations, and apparently the heartfelt gladness, of the whole population.

For a few brief months all promised well. The kings and emperors of Europe hastened to recognise the new sovereign, and to accredit their ambassadors and plenipotentiaries to his court. Maximilian went to work zealously and conscientiously, resolved to do his duty by the land of his adoption—to bring order out of disorder—to rule firmly but justly—to develop the rich material resources lying everywhere neglected, and to prove to all classes and degrees of men what a happy future would dawn upon their country if they would but learn respect for the law, and devote themselves to the peaceful pursuits of industry and commerce. The Empress seconded, as only a good and lovely woman can, the efforts of her husband to ingratiate himself with the people, and marked her daily pathway by deeds of graciousness and benevolence. Had there been no disturbing elements operating beyond the limits of Mexico, it is probable that at this time the Emperor of the French might have safely withdrawn his troops, and left Maximilian face to face with his people.

But the evil genius of Maximilian and of Mexico was at work far away in the city of Washington. The war between North and South was growing hotter and fiercer, and the South was losing the vantage she had gained, and becoming rapidly exhausted, not of brave men ready and willing to shed their blood in her cause, for these never failed even in the darkest day, but of food and munitions of war, while the hope of European recognition was fading into nothingness.

Europe, believing that the South was unconquerable, left her to perish. Every victory gained by the North encouraged Northern demagogues, in and out of office, to blow a louder and a louder blast of defiance at France, that had dared to plant a monarchy on the sacred soil of Republican America, with as utter unconcern of the Monroe doctrine, as if Monroe had never lived or spoken, or associated his name with an insolent assumption. Juarez, the ex-president of Mexico—who, but for the encouragement given him by the Government of the United States to persist in his pretensions, would in all probability have made his peace with Maximilian, for a consideration, and ceased to trouble the land—fortified by the countenance of the American Secretary of State, kept his name before the people, and was continually spoken of by the American newspapers, of all shades of opinion, as the legitimate ruler of the country, to be restored to his place, by the expulsion of the “usurper” Maximilian, as soon as the North and South had made up their differences. It was sometimes declared, on high authority, that one of the surest means of truly restoring the broken Union would be a declaration of war, either against Great Britain for permitting the depredations of the *Alabama*, or against France, for the expulsion of the French from Mexico, and the restoration of a republican form of government in that country. In short, the Americans at that time looked upon Mexico as their destined inheritance. They look upon it in the same light now, and dread nothing so much as the establishment of a firm and enlightened government in that country, lest they should thereby lose their chance of one day annexing it to their own. And when, at last, the Southern cause collapsed, and the shouts of triumph rang wildly over the Northern states, there was heard, even amid that exultant

burst of national pride, a warning voice to Maximilian of Austria to depart from Mexico as quickly as he might, lest the vengeance of Republican America should overtake him for introducing the name and the pretensions of royalty into the sacred preserves of Democracy. Juárez plucked up courage; and the Juarists, who had long ceased to be a living party, revived in the sunshine of Northern favour, and began again to be heard of in Mexico as disturbers of the public peace, prowling about the country in organised gangs of robbers and murderers. General Lee's surrender and Jefferson Davis's flight were scarcely a week old before the vainglorious diplomacy of Washington was put in motion to represent to the Emperor of the French the expediency of removing his army from Mexico, and either taking the Emperor Maximilian along with it, or leaving the unhappy Prince to his fate among the Mexicans. Later in the day a duly accredited ambassador from President Johnson to ex-President Juárez was despatched to Mexico; but after a long and fruitless search for that personage, the Minister returned to Washington and reported to his Government that, notwithstanding the most diligent inquiries and the most persistent efforts, he had been utterly unable to discover whether Juárez was a president or a bandit—whether he was alive or dead—or in what part of the country he had last shown his face. But the Washington Government, depending on the breath of democratic favour, greedy of popularity, desirous of turning attention from its domestic to its foreign policy, and knowing that it was always pleasant to the rowdy press and vulgar multitude to hurl foul scorn against the monarchical principle, and to bellow defiance to all the world on behalf of the Monroe doctrine, did not desist on that account from acknowledging Juárez as the rightful President, or from putting diplo-

matic pressure upon the Emperor Napoleon to induce him to withdraw his army.

Though on its first conception the Mexican scheme had been favourably received by the French people, its progress had not altogether recommended it to the tax-paying community. The conquest of the South by the North—the high tone assumed by Northern statesmen, and the possibility that France might be involved in a war with the United States—a war from which France could derive but small honour and no profit—all these circumstances, dexterously handled by the French Parliamentary Opposition, created a state of opinion which, though not adverse to the cause of the Emperor Maximilian, was hostile to the continued support of his throne by the aid of a French army. It was hard for Napoleon to yield. Not only his pride, but his honour, was involved—his pride that could not brook the arrogance of the American Government, and his honour that could not leave Maximilian without the support and protection which he had promised, and without which it was certain the Archduke would never have been tempted to quit Miramar. But time was on the side of the American Government, and of its unworthy protégé Juárez, and against the Emperor Napoleon and the brave Maximilian; and although it is not probable that the American Government would have made it a *casus belli* if Napoleon had treated its remonstrances with disregard, the Emperor had to sacrifice his feelings, his convictions, and his desires in deference in a slight degree to the pressure put upon him from Washington, and in a large degree to that put upon him by his own subjects, who had begun to look upon the whole Mexican project as a mistake—a generous mistake, as its most vehement opponents admitted—but one for which France was not inclined to make further sacrifices of men or money. At last

the Emperor's promise was given to the American Government and his own people that early in the present year the French army should be withdrawn from Mexico. The day was adjourned as long as possible in order that Maximilian might employ the long interval in the consolidation of his power; or if that were not to be hoped for, in face of American intrigue in behalf of Juarez, that he might have ample time to decide whether or not his honour compelled him to remain in a country where, without French aid, the chances were going so woefully against him. No sooner did the notification reach Mexico that the French were to be withdrawn, than the Empress Charlotte—with a romantic devotion to her husband, and a simple yet heroic faith that, if the Emperor Napoleon knew all, he might even yet be induced to change his plans—resolved to cross the ocean to describe to him personally the condition of the country and solicit the continuance of his support, were it but for a year. Almost alone and unattended the royal lady set sail on her fatal voyage, little dreaming that she and her beloved Maximilian were never again to behold each other in this world, or imagining any of the countless woes that Fate had in store for both of them. None can tell but the Emperor, and perhaps the Empress, of the French, what zeal and eloquence, what tears and entreaties, what proud or what passionate appeals, this noble woman employed to change the purpose of Napoleon. Though outwardly a cold man, the Emperor has a warm heart within; and though as a statesman he may have been obdurate, it cannot but be believed that as a man he was deeply touched by the sorrows of this tender but brave young creature—fighting against fearful odds for her husband's dignity, and possibly for his life—urging against reasons of State nothing more potent than the anguish of her heart; uncon-

vinced by all that could be said to her, unmoved by anything but the remembrance of Maximilian struggling like herself against the overpowering forces of a cruel and relentless destiny. To have seen such misery—to have sympathised with it, to have felt that he was accountable to his own conscience for having to a large extent been the cause of it, and to have known above all that, after his solemn pledge to the United States, worse woes than any private ones, however harrowing these might be, would have been the result if he had broken faith with the Federal Government and listened to the supplications of this despairing woman—must have tried even the iron stoicism of Napoleon III. With a spirit crushed but not yet broken, the Empress Charlotte appears to have made a sudden resolve to solicit the good offices of the Pope, and travelled to Rome to cast herself at his feet and pour the tale of her sorrows into his ear. But, alas! what could the Pope do? As a king he was a nonentity, to all but the people of the Roman States:—his opinion on temporal affairs beyond that narrow circle was worth nothing. His advice, even, was of no account among his brother sovereigns. As a man he could but sympathise with the woes of an innocent woman—as an old man he could not but address words of paternal love and pity to the comparative child that bent sorrowfully, and yet not altogether hopelessly, before him. As a priest he could not but administer to her those consolations of religion which the humblest village pastor would have afforded, but which, coming from the lips of the head of the Church, would have had more than usual influence and authority in leading her thoughts to that other world, the least of whose joys are more than worth the whole dominion and lordship of this. But, alas! the strain upon heart and intellect had been too heavy and

too prolonged—the sovereign reason shook on its unsteady throne, the sweet bells of thought jangled and were out of tune, the dark curtain fell upon the light of her mind, and the Empress Charlotte lost, it is to be hoped, some sense of her agony and grief in the partial loss of her reason. News of this great calamity came to Maximilian over the sea, and many who were unaware of the heroism of his character imagined that he would leave distracted Mexico to its fate even before the last French trooper had departed, and hasten to the side of the lady of his heart, so sorely smitten, and all for love of him. But Maximilian had pledged his word, and though others broke faith with him, it was not for him to break faith with any one. Mexicans of high station, the best and bravest men in the country, had adhered to his fortunes from the first, and none of these had shown any signs of defection. He would stand by them to the last, and if he were to die, he would die like a king—on the battle-field, sword in hand against his enemies.

It was so persistently the practice of the American press to misrepresent the affairs of Mexico, and to picture Maximilian as driven to what in American parlance is called “the last ditch,” and to invent lies each more monstrous than its predecessor, that for many months after the departure of the French the European public was utterly at a loss what to believe or disbelieve in the news that each successive steamer conveyed across the Atlantic. Even at this time, the events that occurred after the Emperor quitted his capital to take arms against the Juarists in the northern provinces of the empire are imperfectly known. It seems certain, however, that for about two months the Emperor, at the head of 8000 men, occupied the city of Queretaro, and that there served under him Generals Miramon, Mejia, Men-

dez, the Prince of Salm-Salm, several European officers, and a Colonel Lopez, whom he had intrusted with his confidence and loaded with honours, and who, on his recommendation, had been decorated by the Emperor of the French with the star of the Legion of Honour. On the night of the 14th of May it was reported to Maximilian that the city was no longer tenable, and it was resolved in a council of war that an attempt should be made on the following morning to break through the lines of the invading commander, General Escobedo, and, if the sortie were successful, to retire either towards the city of Mexico or the Gulf. The attempt was never made. The treacherous Lopez—the Judas Iscariot of the tragedy—had sold his friend, his master, and his sovereign for £10,000 to Juarez and Escobedo; and, while Maximilian lay asleep, opened to the forces of the enemy the gate of the fortress which he was intrusted to defend, and himself led the way to the apartment where the Emperor slept, surrounded by a few members of his staff, pointed him out to his captors—and did *not* hang himself. Thus betrayed, the Emperor and his 8000 men had no alternative but to capitulate. It is not known whether he attempted to make any terms for himself or his officers, or whether he even deigned to bestow a look of contempt upon the cowardly villain who had betrayed his benefactor. In anticipation of the defeat and capture of Maximilian—events which it had done its very best to bring about—the Government of the United States had previously put itself in communication with Juarez, to solicit that under no circumstances should the Emperor's life be taken. It was as easy and as useless to make such a request to a Mexican as to a tiger. There appears to be something in the electric influences of these warm climates that makes men indifferent to human life, and eager for the shedding

of blood. The Mexicans at best have but little of the European in them, and a great deal of the aboriginal Red Indian, and are alike treacherous and merciless. Possibly these requests never reached the ears of the sanguinary chief for whom they were intended; but there can be little reason to doubt that the United States were in earnest in the supplication, and did not desire that the protégé for whom their Government had done so much should sully his cause in the eyes of the world by a vindictive and useless murder. For two or three weeks rumours floated about Europe that the Emperor had been shot, but no one could trace them to any positive or trustworthy authority, and most people refused to believe, until disbelief became impossible, that Juárez and his subordinates could have been so wicked and so mad as to take this sacred life. All doubts, however, were soon set at rest. Official details that there was no disputing affirmed that Maximilian was shot on the 19th of June, by express order of Juárez and Escobedo, after a delay of three days for deliberation, and that Generals Miramon and Mejía were shot at the same time—Maximilian with his face to the deadly rifles, as an act of grace to a brave man, Miramon and Mejía with their backs to the deadly bullets, to mark the abhorrence of their countrymen of the treason they had committed against Mexico.

It was a gay time in Paris, and in the Court of the Emperor of the French, when the first whispers of this ghastly tragedy were transmitted under the waves of the ocean, and found audible voice in the secret chambers of the Tuileries. Belshazzar held high revel when the blood-red writing was seen upon the wall. The great kings and potentates of the earth, Christian and Turk, with glittering retinues, and all the pomp and state of kingly and imperial pride, crowded to the beautiful capital, which in his reign, and chiefly by his taste

and enterprise, had been transformed into the wonder of the world. The magnificent Exhibition of Arts and Industry, which he had imagined, and which his will had created, was a triumphant success. Paris literally overflowed with the rich, the brave, the gifted, the young, and the beautiful. Never did picture more gorgeous present itself to the eyes of the people of any age than this City of Palaces presented in those summer days when the Emperor received his guests, many of them the heirs of ancient monarchies, who, in days not far distant, had looked with disdain upon his pretensions to be of their rank and number, or considered him an upstart and a parvenu, but now did willing homage to his genius, and stood in admiration, if not in awe, of his power. He was at the very height and summit of his glory, and might without vanity have said of himself that he dwarfed by comparison every king that stood alongside of him. It was in the midst of all this glare and blaze of revelry and rejoicing, and of the sweetness of gratified hopes and expectations more than realised, that news came to him of the murder of Maximilian. A thrill of horror pervaded the gay city. The kings and emperors, to many of whom the unhappy victim was closely related by blood and marriage, felt sick at heart, and must in their secret souls have felt that the guilt of the bloody deed did not lie wholly at the door of Juárez or of the Federal Government, but that some of it, at least, lay at that of Napoleon III., who had induced the Archduke to accept the crown, on promises which the strongest sovereign of his time had broken. And did Napoleon feel this also? We cannot doubt it. He would be more or less than human if no compunctious throb stirred in his heart or fevered his pulses at the thought of Maximilian, so wickedly slain, or of the gentle Charlotte, pining in hopeless mad-

ness in her desolate castle of Miramar. For the rest of his days these ghosts will sit at his board and partake of his cup; their voices, heard but of him, will whisper in his ear the saddest story of his reign, and, like the skeletons at the table of the Pharaohs, remind him that he too is mortal, and as liable to wrong, and the punishment of wrong, as the meanest of his subjects. But all that is manly and womanly in Europe will sympathise in the grief, though not in the remorse of the Emperor. The tears that are shed over the grave of Maximilian will be the

expression of a deeper and more genuine grief than the masses of mankind usually feel for persons so ambitious, and who risk so much private happiness for such poor reward as his would have been at the best, even if he had succeeded in his object.

The last scene of the tragedy has yet to be played, for the drama lacks completion while the fate of the villains remains undecided. And Juarez and Lopez still live! Perhaps not their fate alone—for that would matter little—but that of Mexico itself, hangs in the balance.

THE CHIFFONIER.

I AM a poor Chiffonier !
 I seek what others cast away !
 In refuse heaps the world throws by,
 Despised of man, my trade I ply ;
 And oft I rake them o'er and o'er,
 And fragments broken, stained, and torn,
 I gather up, and make my store
 Of things that dogs and beggars scorn.
 I am the poor Chiffonier !

You see me in the dead of night
 Peering along with pick and light,
 And while the world in darkness sleeps
 Waking to rake its refuse heaps ;
 I scare the dogs that round them prowl,
 And light amid the rubbish throw,
 For precious things are hid by foul
 Where least we heed and least we know.
 I am the poor Chiffonier !

No wretched and rejected pile,
 No tainted mound of offal vile,
 No drain or gutter I despise,
 For there may lie the richest prize ;
 And oft amid the litter thrown
 A silver coin—a golden ring
 Which holdeth still its precious stone,
 Some happy chance to me may bring.
 I am the poor Chiffonier !

These tattered rags, so soiled and frayed,
 Were in a loom of wonder made,
 And beautiful and free from shame
 When from the master's hand they came.

The reckless world that threw them off
 Now heeds them only to despise ;
 Yet, ah ! despite its jeer and scoff,
 What virtue still within them lies !
 I am the poor Chiffonier !

Yes ! all these shreds so spoiled and torn,
 These ruined rags you pass in scorn,
 This refuse by the highway tost,
 I seek that they may not be lost ;
 And, cleansed from filth that on them lies,
 And purified and purged from stain,
 Renewed in beauty they shall rise
 To wear a spotless form again.
 I am the poor Chiffonier !

W. W. S.

THE BILL AS IT IS.

THE Reform Bill may now, we presume, be considered to be safe to pass. By far the most important section of it—that which determines how English counties and boroughs are hereafter to be represented in Parliament—has passed through the House of Commons, and is, while we write, receiving from the House of Lords the wise and attentive consideration which it deserves. The measure has, moreover, gone through the one chamber into the other almost as placidly as if no higher interests were involved in it than the making of a turnpike road. No monster meetings have been held to speed its onward progress or to retard it, no giant petitions voted and signed with a view to startle the Peers out of their propriety. The Lords receive the Bill as the Commons hand it up to them with perfect complacency, and the Bill will, in all human probability, become law without one pulse throughout the empire beating higher from excitement, or one man's heart failing him utterly for fear.

To institute any comparison between the state of public feeling as it exists now, and that which showed itself under circumstances externally not very different six-

and-thirty years ago, would be simply ridiculous. You might as well compare a lonely mountain-tarn to the Atlantic, or a penny squib to an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The last time a Reform Bill made its way into the House of Lords, people were in earnest on both sides of the question. The Tories, taught too late to forget the wrongs put upon them by their leaders, fought for dear life. The Whigs, having contrived to get the King into their power, kept him there unflinchingly. Partly by a most unscrupulous use of his name, partly because they really had a good deal to say for themselves, they roused the nation in their favour, and having roused, they kept it at fever heat, utterly regardless of consequences, immediate or remote. It was nothing to them that they had got their Bill into the House of Lords. The fight must be to get it through that august assembly ; and, in order to achieve their end, they turned aside from no expedient, however perilous, which held out to them any prospect of success. To men circumstanced as they were, Mr Attwood and the political unions were of the greatest possible use. The Government of the day entered

with them into constant and confidential communication, and the work was done. Mobs, well organised, had it all their own way in Bristol, Nottingham, Glasgow, and London. Recusant lords were pelted in the streets, the police holding back; and in the country itself the lives of Tory gentlemen were not safe from Reformers, who hunted them through their own parks and into their own houses. Even the Great Duke, besides getting his windows broken, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces, and that, too, on the 18th of June. There was something like earnestness in all this, whatever else there might be. But now the utmost that can be said of Whig tactics and Liberal enthusiasm is, that for a twelvemonth and more a certain number of public men—some distinguished, others notorious—have been striving to play over again a desperate game, and have signally failed. No—no; the Liberal leaders of 1866-67 will never fill the shoes of the Liberal leaders of 1831-32. The latter understood what they were about. Circumstances favoured them, no doubt, and they knew how to take advantage of them. They went in boldly for a great revolution,—a bloodless one—if it should be possible to avoid bloodshed,—a revolution which would even spare the outward forms of things, provided their rivals gave way and allowed the Bill to pass. But of their determination to risk all—the existence of the House of Lords and of the monarchy itself—rather than fail, they made no secret; and fail they did not. How immeasurably below such a level as this stand their successors in every respect! They, too, went in for a revolution. They produced their Reform Bill. It was resisted, pulled to pieces, and withdrawn; and all that they have since achieved is, to convince the world that, with every disposition to act as their predecessors did six-and-

thirty years ago, they lacked the power. What effect upon the minds of men was exercised by the most violent of Mr Gladstone's and Mr Bright's speeches last year, in comparison with Lord John Russell's one spirited appeal to the people in 1831 against the "breath of a faction"? What proportion do Mr Beales's operations bear to the threatened march in 1832 of 100,000 men from Birmingham upon London? How do the fiercest of Mr Potter's threats read when placed side by side with the correspondence between Mr Perry and the late Sir William Napier, and Mr Hume's serious proposal to put arms into the hands of the people, in order to protect a Reform Government and House of Commons from coercion? The Hyde Park riot was, to be sure, a very disgraceful affair, of which we are inclined to believe that most of those who took part in it are by this time heartily ashamed. The truth is, that in the movement which has resulted in giving the country a Tory Administration and a Tory Reform Bill, there has never been more than the merest shadow of reality. It began under false pretences sixteen or eighteen years ago; it has been carried on ever since through a series of shams; and it ends in giving us what we have now got, as much to the surprise as to the undisguised regret and indignation of the very men who first set the ball in motion. What are we to think of all this, and how, under the circumstances, are we to designate the conduct of those to whom the country is indebted for so remarkable a consummation?

It is impossible to look back upon the course of events since 1846 without being driven to the conclusion that the policy of the Liberal party, ever since Sir Robert Peel broke in upon their monopoly of office, has been thoroughly selfish and unpatriotic. The conditions of his fall on that occasion renewed, so to speak, their self-assurance.

The vessel appeared to have righted itself, and there was no need either to take in or to cast out ballast. Besides that the Tory party was broken to pieces, the Whigs knew that when hard pressed they would find support from Peel and his friends; and Peel and his friends were as deeply pledged as men could be to maintain that constitution which they had accepted with reluctance against all comers. For some years, therefore, not a word was uttered indicative of any purpose on the part of Whig Ministers to extend or meddle with the franchise; and every move in that direction which their supporters below the gangway made was repressed at once, and not always in the most conciliatory manner. Observe, we do not mean to insinuate that at any time between 1846 and 1850 Peel himself, or Mr Gladstone, or Mr Cardwell, or any other of Peel's immediate adherents, had come to an understanding with Lord John Russell on any question of general policy. Quite otherwise. There was quite as much at that time to divide Peel from Lord John as there was to stand between Peel himself and Mr Disraeli. And just before his death, the line which Peel took gave some indication of a purpose on his part, sooner or later, to bridge over the gulf which had too long separated him from his proper followers. But partly because personal feeling ran strong on both sides—partly because, on fiscal and commercial subjects, the Tories retained, or were believed to retain, a good many of their old opinions—Peel, who had become a thorough convert to free trade, preferred keeping a free-trade Ministry in office, to the risk which he apprehended of a return to a policy of protection were the new Tory party to carry Downing Street by storm. It was this fear—perfectly groundless, as events have shown—which induced him over and over again to throw the weight of his influence into the Whig scale

when it seemed in danger of kicking the beam; and the knowledge that they had his powerful support to rely upon kept the Whigs straight, their sole object being the retention of that monopoly of office which the great measure of 1832 was intended to secure to them.

The death of Sir Robert Peel came like a great public misfortune on the country, and a great public misfortune it really was. We have never pretended to be blind to his defects, which were those perhaps of temperament rather than of intellect or even of heart. He was naturally cold, shy, and reticent, winning the affections of few in private life, and repelling in public, by faults of manner, the great bulk of his followers. But he was an honest as well as an able man. While he lived, his party, weak in point of numbers as it was, held the balance even between progress and precipitancy. His party, without him, soon dissolved itself. The more ambitious and headstrong among its members fell off by degrees into pure Liberalism; the wiser and better portion gradually made common cause with the Tories. From that hour the tactics of the Whigs underwent a change. The pressure from below became more severe. Their opponents on the Tory benches ran them hard on various occasions; and office, which was life itself to them, seemed to be in danger. Then, for the first time, there was heard from the Treasury seats an indication that some further extension of the franchise might be desirable. It was not as yet very decided, and it met with a rather cold response elsewhere; yet it sufficed to indicate the line of action which that section of the party from which it emanated was prepared to follow should the progress of events force them to the adoption of strong measures. And the progress of events took exactly the direction which the advocates of change had anticipated.

It would be foreign to the object of the present discussion were we to follow the Whigs in their downward course—through the Coalition Government and its results, the war in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and Sir John Bowring's war with China. These incidents, indeed, and especially the construction of Lord Aberdeen's Administration, are, for our present purpose, noticeable only so far as they enable us to trace out the process by which the fusion between the more aspiring of the Peel party and the Whigs became complete. For at first there was in the former a marked indisposition to run in couples with the latter. The late Lord Herbert, in particular, with his friends Sir James Graham and Mr Gladstone, entertained a rooted aversion to an alliance which would bind them to politicians whom they did not hesitate to describe as narrow and selfish in all their views. But when, with admirable tact, Lord Palmerston succeeded in persuading his late colleagues to submit to the feeble guidance of Lord Aberdeen, then the scruples of the Peelites gave way. And good reason there was. Lord Aberdeen belonged to their own school. He took care to place them in prominent positions. The Duke of Newcastle went to the Colonies, Mr Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir James Graham took the Admiralty, and Sidney Herbert the War Office. Lord Palmerston's proper place would have been the Foreign Office, but this Lord John Russell claimed as his own; and the man among them all best qualified to manage the foreign affairs of the country at a critical moment, was relegated to the Home Office. We need not stop to explain how this extraordinary jumble worked. From the first day of their meeting till they broke up amid the disasters of the campaign in the Crimea, Lord Aberdeen's Ministry was at strife with itself; and when the

crash came, there were scarcely two among its members who, if we except Sidney Herbert and the Duke of Newcastle, had a good word to say one of the other. Still, those years of troublesome office, that association in a common disaster, that loss of reputation to themselves, that season of calamity to the nation—these things sufficed to decide, for Mr Gladstone and the more ambitious of the Peelites, the line which they should hereafter take. The Tories had not spared them. They had no claim upon the forbearance of the party; and public opinion justified the harshest sentence which was passed in Parliament on their lack of administrative ability. Vain and sensitive men could not forgive this; and they took their revenge by passing in a body over into the ranks of the Liberals.

While the Peelites were gliding through this coalition into the ranks of fierce Liberalism, Lord John Russell, dissatisfied with his position as a subordinate to Lord Aberdeen, broke off from his colleagues, and raised again the question of Parliamentary Reform. The project made little way, because public attention was fixed at the moment upon other and more urgent matters; but it by no means fell dead to the ground. Parliamentary government, as Prince Albert expressed it, had been upon its trial during the war; and the stanchest advocates of things as they were could not but acknowledge that it was far from coming unscathed out of the ordeal. Hence the minds of men were better prepared than for many years previously they had been to accept as truths propositions which had at least a good deal of plausibility in them; and the way was paved for that systematic abuse of popular credulity, of which, for good or for evil, we are at this moment witnessing the results.

It is too late now to ask the question whether the Constitution of

1832 had ceased to satisfy the just requirements of the country. For our own part, as we resisted the introduction of that Constitution six-and-thirty years ago, so we have never been able to close our eyes against the many shortcomings with which it is chargeable. A monopoly of political influence in the hands of the shopkeeping class in large towns had not much to commend it to our approval; and the retention by Whig magnates of the few pocket-boroughs which the old Reform Bill spared, was as glaring a case of party legislation as the world could show. Still, upon the whole, we taught ourselves to be content with what the Whigs had given us; and so, we believe, did the people at large. And if we, and such as we, became reconciled to our fate, surely it was not for the lovers of change to find fault with Parliaments elected mainly by £10 householders. If these did not originate a policy of unrestricted commerce, they carried it forward with a firm hand. If they did not repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, and admit Roman Catholics to Parliament, they certainly never looked back at any time upon that starting-point with any desire, secret or avowed, of travelling back again over the ground they had thus left behind them. At the same time, we arrogate no right to ourselves of finding fault with others who differ from us in opinion. Mr Bright is not the author of the settlement of 1832. He is perfectly justified, according to his own lights, in desiring to replace it with something better. And Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone likewise,—the former because he is the author of the settlement—the latter, for any reason or for no reason which he may be pleased to adduce,—are as free as Mr Bright to demand for the working classes that they shall be fully represented in the Commons House of Parliament. But what we really do not understand is this,

that Lord Russell, Mr Gladstone, Mr Bright, and their friends, should go about wringing their hands at the result, and protesting that not only have they sustained an irreparable personal injury, but that the country is about to be ruined by the passing of a Reform Bill. In the name of common-sense—and we ask the question purely for information's sake—what is it for which these gentlemen have been clamouring day and night throughout the last dozen years at least? Were their schemes mere pretences all this while? Did they not, in reality, desire to see any of them carried into effect? Does the bond of relationship—the “flesh and blood” tie—exist no longer between them and the people? Or have Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli committed the gross mistake of trying to bring too great a crowd of poor voters into the political net? Again, we ask, what is it that Lord Russell, Mr Gladstone, Mr Bright, and other leaders of the great Liberal party desire? They had their chance, and lost it. They were afforded the opportunity of concocting a Reform Bill of their own, and could not carry it through the House of Commons. Why are they down-hearted because Mr Disraeli has been more fortunate than they? Is his measure less liberal than theirs—less in accord with the temper of the times—less likely to stop further agitation? Quite otherwise. They proposed to admit to the exercise of the franchise every occupant of a house paying £7 rent in boroughs—every holder of land in counties rented at £15. Mr Disraeli's measure—if his we are justified in calling it—extends these privileges in counties to the holders of £12 farms, and in boroughs to the occupants of houses, no matter what the rental may be, who are rated to the poor, and pay their own rates. Surely the friends of the people cannot complain of this; or if they do, it must be on grounds alto-

gether inconsistent with the professions to which for years back we have been listening.

Oh, but, we are told, Mr Disraeli's measure goes far beyond anything which the Liberals had contemplated. Their object was to admit within the pale of the Constitution only the *élite* of the working classes—the honest, intelligent, upright, and patriotic artisan, to whom the rights of property and conscience are as sacred as these things can be to the highest noble in the land. Of the *residuum*—the mere drudges—the unthinking, uneducated, labouring men, who are prone to do in all things as their employers bid, and entertain a slavish respect for rank and station,—of such as these they took no account, and they entirely object to their being taken account of by anybody else. We accept the explanation, and crave a moment of our reader's time, while we endeavour to ascertain to what it amounts. Far be it from us to condemn whole classes because of the iniquities of some. There are, we firmly believe, in England and Scotland, thousands and tens of thousands of working men to whom not only are we prepared to concede the rights of citizenship to their fullest extent, but with whom, in public and private, it would be an honour to be associated in any undertaking to which we should care to set our hands. Of such, we feel assured, was that crowded audience composed which, on the 25th of last June, listened in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, to Mr Charles Scott's interesting and able lecture on a subject chosen by themselves. To them, and the manner in which their instructor addressed them, we wish that we could find space to do justice. But, on the other hand, it is fair to acknowledge that recent events elsewhere than in Edinburgh tend to impress us with anything rather than an exalted opinion of the principles, moral,

social, and political, of exactly that order among the working men which it has pleased Mr Bright and Mr Gladstone to take under their special protection. The report of the Commission on Trades-Unions in Sheffield certainly does not go far to convince us that Mr Disraeli has acted unwisely in extending the franchise to others than the so-called *élite* of the working classes. Mr Broadhead, for example, we presume to be a man of some note in his sphere. At all events, he was considered by the intelligent mechanics of his town to be so far superior to themselves, that they chose him to be the treasurer and secretary of that great trades-union, which has become to them at once a protector and a tyrant. Mr Broadhead's respect for the rights of property and conscience has been exhibited in a manner so original that, but for the indemnity secured to him by the Commissioners, he would have been tried ere this for his life, and in due time hanged. Mr Renshaw, likewise, and Mr Crookes—the former a great light in his way—come out very remarkably from the investigation to which their acts and principles have been subjected. But it is not of individuals or their proceedings, however revolting the latter may be, that we would speak as destroying once and for ever the false prestige which has heretofore surrounded the working man. If we could help it, we should not intrust with the faintest shade of political power any one, be his personal intelligence and character what they may, who so far forgets what is due to society as well as to himself, as to submit, for one hour, after light has been let in upon the system, to the bondage both of soul and body which the trades-unions, as now constituted, impose upon their members. Observe that, to associations of workingmen rightly constituted and managed, whether for providing help in the hour of sickness to individual members,

or for enabling the whole to drive fair bargains with their employers, we make no objection whatever. As we took occasion to show in a former number, combinations of this sort were forced long ago upon working men, by the unjustifiable privileges conceded to guilds. Without these labour would have had no chance against capital. Nor, when the combination laws were first repealed, did they fail to operate beneficially for all classes. But they had not then the organisation which they have since acquired; they certainly asserted no right to exercise control, in any way, over others than such as chose voluntarily to come in to them. The case is very different now. In Sheffield, in Leeds, in Birmingham, in London, no working man whose name is on the roll of a trades-union can call his soul his own. Let anybody read and well consider the letter of Messrs Davies & Son in the 'Times' of the 15th of July last, and the confessions wrung from reluctant witnesses by the Commission of which Mr Hughes and others are active members, and then say whether, in so expressing ourselves, we make use of language which is one whit too strong. And now, we ask, is it to these and such as these—to the Broadheads and Crookeses of Sheffield, to the Barkers and Renshaws of the same place, or to the tools of the Executive Committee in London and Liverpool—that we would assign a monopoly of those political influences which are hereafter to determine who shall and who shall not sit in the House of Commons to make laws for the whole nation? Surely not. And surely, inasmuch as the proceedings of the great Liberal party left him no alternative except either to play their game or his own, Mr Disraeli did a wise thing—not for himself alone, nor for the Conservatives generally, but for the country—in so settling the conditions of his

Reform Bill, that the political privileges created by it should reach a larger and more independent and reasonable body of persons than that which had won the favour of Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright.

We are quite willing to believe that among trades-unionists themselves there are very many to whom the atrocities revealed before the Sheffield Commissioners are just as much a surprise and a source of honest indignation as they are to us. Who could doubt, for example, the sincerity of Mr William Allan of the Amalgamated Engineers, when he asserted, at the great meeting in Exeter Hall, that if "trade societies were to depend for their maintenance on murder and violence, and to be upheld by crime, the sooner they ceased to exist the better for the world"? Who will refuse to believe that, among the thousands who listened to him, there were very many who heartily agreed with the sentiments which he uttered? Yet let us not overlook the fact, that if among the unionists themselves there are those who look with horror at what unionists do, other and more highly educated persons—Liberals, of course, but not unionists—have the effrontery to stand forward and to palliate, if not to justify, Mr Broadhead and his doings. Among these Professor Beesly has deservedly won for himself a prominent position. He deliberately casts the shield of his protection over the acts as well as the constitution of the trades-unions. But we prefer speaking of him in the terms employed by a contemporary rather than in language of our own. The 'Saturday Review' has well stated the case, which is contrasted with those of another advocate on the same side:—

"Something else must be said about such a man as Professor Beesly. He has had the best education this country could give him, he occupies a post

which implies the qualifications of a teacher, and he is connected with an important institution whose province is to educate. His language may be, as it is, contemptible and loathsome, but his station makes it in a sense important. This person at Exeter Hall had the effrontery, after a sneering allusion to 'the excellent sentiments' of men in all moral honesty so much his superiors as Messrs Allan and Applegarth, to hint that quite enough—and he evidently felt more than enough—had been said about Broadhead and his murders. 'Murder,' says the Professor—is he Professor of the humanities or the moralities?—'by trades-unionists is no better and no worse than any other murder.' To say nothing of the folly of this speech—which implies that all murders are equal in criminality, which is a rank absurdity, or else that the Sheffield murders are equal in guilt only to the least criminal of murders, a sentiment which may be left to natural feeling—Mr Professor Beesly goes on to take care not to be misunderstood. Though 'he is no apologist for murder,' he says that the Marlborough Street magistrates have legally committed more outrages than Broadhead had done. This sensible sentiment is only something more wicked than what Broadhead said when he hypocritically observed that Fearnough was almost equal in guilt to Fearnough's would-be murderers. Mr Beesly improves upon this, and would consider them worse. But this is not all. This is only nonsense; but when Mr Beesly says that Governor Eyre is as great a murderer as Broadhead, and that 'his hands are red with the blood of four hundred men murdered in the interest of employers, just as Broadhead committed his murders in the interest of the working men at Sheffield,' we must say that he is not only guilty of an atrocious calumny, that he not only perverts notorious facts, but that he insults his audience as well as common-sense. The meeting at Exeter Hall knew as well as Mr Beesly knew that the Jamaica planters in no sense constituted Governor Eyre their agent and representative, or intrusted him with the administration of their funds—that Governor Eyre had no trade interests to serve in the matter—and that for his zeal 'the Broadhead of Jamaica' got cashiered by those who really were his 'employers,' the Home Government. And it is needless to show that there is not the remotest analogy between the zeal, if it

were in excess, of one who was only attempting to vindicate his office and discharge his commission, and to prevent what he believed would be a bloody extermination of a whole race—who was the high functionary intrusted with the preservation of law and life, and who acted in pursuance of powers with which he was solemnly and responsibly intrusted as an officer of justice, and punished crimes which he firmly believed had been committed,—and such a perjured, lying, hypocritical scoundrel as Broadhead. Governor Eyre may have acted with rash and culpable violence; but Broadhead is a murderer, and the hirer of murderers—a thief who stole moneys committed to his honourable keeping—a liar who affected to deplore the 'hellish' crimes which he had himself purchased—the very scorn and refuse of mankind, whose name cannot be mentioned without loathing, and whose memory will be a lasting disgrace to England."

With evidence of this sort before him, he must be either very dull or very prejudiced who shall deny that a Tory Government, if it touched the subject of Electoral Reform at all, would have committed more than a mistake—a great moral wrong—had it restricted the franchise to what Mr Gladstone is pleased to call the "cream" of the working classes. And that a Tory Government could refuse, after all that has come to pass in the last fifteen years, to take up the question of Electoral Reform, and to deal with it boldly, we hold to be a mere impossibility. Lord Cranborne himself must have accepted that fact, when he took office under Lord Derby a year ago. It may suit his present purpose to assail—as we regret to find that he has done—the personal honour and political consistency of his late colleagues; but his speech on the third reading, sharp and even plausible as it is, proves nothing more than that a judgment, naturally clear, has been darkened by personal dis-appointment. For his own sake, much more than for the sake of the Ministers upon whom he turned, we lament that he should have been

hurried into a line of action for which there is no excuse, and of which, we cannot doubt that before many days are over his better nature will have deeply repented.

We have alluded elsewhere to the bitter anguish under which the chiefs of the late Administration are suffering, and to the mixed feelings of wrath and dismay which show themselves from time to time in Mr Bright's speeches. The anguish of the late Ministers and the dismay of Mr Bright are easily accounted for. Neither one nor the other entertained the most remote suspicion that in making the battle of last year a contest for official life, they were signing their own official death-warrant. When they threw up the cards in disgust, they believed, as firmly as men can believe anything which is in the future, that they were but preparing the way for a more complete triumph of their own opinions. They no more gave the Tories credit for the resolution which they have displayed than they credited themselves with motives of pure principle. That the Tories must take office on their resignation was indeed certain; but that Lord Derby would be able to retain his place six weeks after Parliament met again, that was a consummation on which the most anxious of the Liberal chiefs never reckoned. Were not the Tories in a decided minority in the House? Was not their party pledged to resist Reform? Had not Lord Derby announced in 1852 that he took office to resist the advance of democracy? Did not his supporters in the Commons make common cause with the Adullamites? Could that game be played over again, and Reform shelved? No. They—the Liberals—had bent, and wisely bent, to a storm which would soon pass away; and, with the people at their back, they would as surely resume power as they then laid it down. And power they would have certainly

resumed, but for that abominable trickster who had planted himself in the Exchequer. Could they not outbid the Tories, whatever qualification they might adopt? Their Bill proposed a £7 rental; the Tories talked of a £6 rating. Rating or rental, it was all the same to the Liberals, so long as they were able to draw a line below that which the enemy offered. Dual voting? That was a device so obviously new and unconstitutional that it would not hold water for a moment. The one move for which they were not prepared was the proposal to proceed by resolution of the House; and though that proposal came ostensibly to nothing, it has in point of fact won the battle. Here, then, is the root and source of Gladstonian anguish. Why did we interfere with the original proposal to render the House itself the author of the measure? Had that gone forward, opportunities would have without doubt presented themselves of suggesting arrangements to which the Government could not assent, and thereby beating them. But now—woe and alas the day!—all our efforts to damage the Bill which in our blindness we forced the Government to bring in, have resulted in rendering it more and more acceptable to the House; and we are left out in the cold, while they keep their snug places and triumph. The ex-Ministers are greatly to be compassionated. Their sufferings they have indeed brought upon themselves, but not the less are they objects of that contemptuous pity which is never more justly bestowed than upon men who, with their own hands, knock down their own fortunes. They are not, however, the only sufferers on the Liberal side. Our hearts bleed for a large and respectable class of gentlemen, the barristers, rising and risen, to whose lips the cup of preferment seemed on the point of being offered, when the leaders to whom they had plighted their allegiance

cruelly and most unexpectedly betrayed them. Why did they abandon the principles of their youth? Was not Sir Roundell Palmer a Tory once—at all events, a follower of Peel, while Peel yet called himself a Tory? Did he not come in for Plymouth, not very many years ago, on the strength of his attachment to Church and State in both sections of the United Kingdom, and his special guardianship of Oxford from Dissenters? Did not Mr Coleridge imbibe Toryism with his mother's milk, and grow and thrive upon it till he reached middle life? Would he not have been, like the late Attorney-General, a Tory still, pure and simple, but that against Tories the high places of his profession seemed to be closed by a decree which could not be reversed? Cruel fate! hard and most iniquitous destiny!—to place these shining lights, and many others of a more subdued lustre, exactly where, in the progress of time, neither their old nor their new principles were to be of the smallest use to them! Nor among the gentlemen of the long robe in Edinburgh can there be much less of weeping and gnashing of teeth. No doubt the prizes of the law are neither so many nor so rich in Scotland as in more favoured England. Such as they are, however, they had become the property in reversion of Liberals, and especially of Liberals who had not been always such; and now, after so many sacrifices made—after opinions changed, principles thrown over, old ties broken, new obligations assumed—to find that it would have been better to abide by the habits of their earlier life,—this is really too bad! We quite admit the fact. The case of these poor gentlemen is a very hard one, certainly, in their own eyes, and, with some slight qualifications, in ours. But is all this weeping and wailing, let us ask, justified by the event? Is there not, on the contrary, some slight lack of reasonableness in

their grief, as there is in all grief which is excessive? The Liberals have been in power, with short and uncertain intervals, rather more than thirty-five years. It was scarcely to be expected, in the common course of things, that they should retain power much longer. Even in the palmy days of the first Georges, Whig tenure of office reached forty years and no more. There seems no very just ground of complaint in the abstract, because, in the days of William and our own Victoria, it should fall short of this term by half a decade. Unfortunately, however, the breakdown, just as this half-decade was beginning, threw a shadow over the thirty-and-five years which had gone before. Just as a shower of preferment was about to fall, Lord Russell made a move in a direction which carried his thirsty and heartbroken followers beyond its influence, and nothing is left to them except the consciousness that they deserved better things, though they are not likely to get them. Thesiger, Cairns, Kelly, Boville, are in clover; Palmer, Coleridge, and others equally deserving, must still crop the thistles. And judgeships and sheriffships, and we are afraid to say how many other good things besides, have all gone to Scotch Tories who adhered to Toryism when Toryism had little to recommend it, except that it was synonymous with consistent patriotism.

And here, for the present, we might drop the subject, leaving Whig lawyers to their sorrow, but for certain indications which appear in the journals to which they are understood to contribute, that not yet have their hopes entirely deserted them—that they have still a bolt in store to be shot when the Tory measure has become law. Already we are threatened with a new agitation. As soon as the Bill passes, and the House of Commons elected under it meets, the scenes of twelve months ago are to be acted over again, and Mr Gladstone

and Mr Bright, and Mr Beales and Mr Potter, are to go in for a fresh redistribution of seats, and for the abolition of those clauses which require that the exercise of the franchise shall be dependent on the payment of rates. This is extremely probable ; indeed, any other line of conduct would be at variance with the principle by which the Liberal party has heretofore been guided. The chiefs of that party have never used the people except as instruments for their own aggrandisement. It is very little likely that they will now change their tactics. We doubt, however, whether such tactics will succeed. The Liberal party is not what it once was. If the democracy gain something in one direction by the changes which are impending, it will lose much more in another ; for whatever dissatisfied Whig lawyers may say to the contrary, the people of England look up with respect to the aristocracy and the crown, and are from habit as well as conviction attached to the Constitution under which they live. The Prætorian Guard, as Mr Disraeli calls them—the petted, pampered leaders of the trades-unions—hate everybody and everything which they cannot bend to their own purposes. *They* are quite prepared to take up the cry for manhood suffrage and electoral districts, because they imagine that, with such a lever, to be wielded by themselves, it will be easy to Americanise the institutions of the country, and in due time to set up a republic. But their ability to bring all this about we entirely discredit, especially since those frightful revelations have been made, which show to what extent they abuse power of any kind as soon as they acquire it. Such leaders the people will not follow : indeed, we anticipate from recent occurrences a speedy break-up of the system which has thus far done so much damage to trade, and would, if it could be applied to political

objects, more than justify the worst fears to which Lord Cranborne and Mr Lowe appear to have given themselves up. Besides, the trades-unions are at this moment in a decided minority, so far as English workmen are concerned ; and non-unionist men are very little likely hereafter to submit to a tyranny which has ceased to be secret, and therefore lost half its terrors. Nor is this all. The old Whigs, the representatives and adherents of the Revolution houses, have no tastes in common with the men who now stand forward as leaders of the Liberal party. Mr Bright and Mr Beales are as little in favour with them as they are with the Tories ; and even Mr Gladstone has contrived, by his intemperance, to shake whatever confidence they might have heretofore reposed in him. They disapproved of his attack upon Lord Grosvenor and Lord Stanley last year at Liverpool, and they are more than disappointed in finding that, so far from winning back the ground which was lost on that occasion, he has never fought one battle since except to lose it. To use the words of a Liberal writer in the ‘Saturday Review,’ “Mr Gladstone has helped to pass the Bill by alienating his followers, losing his command over his party, and showing that he had no alternative plan worthy of consideration.” That the great Whig houses will put themselves under his guidance again, and be hurried by him or by anybody else into a crusade against their own most cherished traditions, we entirely disbelieve. Agitation will doubtless come, just as it would have come had Lord Russell carried his Bill in 1866, or Mr Disraeli his in 1859 ; but it must be met, and will, we are confident, be met and overcome by the good sense of the country. We are no believers either in Mr Lowe or Lord Cranborne, when they appear before us in the character of prophets of evil, uttering words which, if they have

any effect at all, can only tend to promote the evil which they dread; still less can we assent to the charges which they bring against the statesmen from whom they have separated in anger. Lord Cranborne we can understand. He is at all events consistent with himself. He blundered in assenting at all to a Tory Reform Bill. He cannot excuse this blunder to himself, except by misstating, because he misunderstands, the proceedings of his late colleagues. But Mr Lowe is without excuse on the score either of honesty or prudence. We leave him in the hands of Mr Disraeli, with the peroration of whose speech on the third reading we entirely agree. Here it is:—

“The right hon. gentleman has concluded his attack upon us, accusing us of treachery, by informing us that he is going to act in favour of all the measures which he has hitherto opposed in this House, though I believe he supported them in another place, and will recur to those Australian politics that rendered him first so famous. (A laugh.) The right honourable gentleman told me that in the conduct we were pursuing there was infamy. The expression was strong (laughter), but I never quarrel with this sort of thing. (Laughter.) I never disturb on that ground a gentleman, especially when he is approaching his peroration. (Laughter and cheers.) But according to the right hon. gentleman our conduct is infamous—that is his own statement—because in office we are supporting measures of Parliamentary Reform of which we disapproved, and which we

have hitherto opposed. Well, if we disapproved of the measure which we are recommending the House to accept and sanction to-night, our conduct, indeed, would be objectionable. If we did not from the bottom of our hearts believe that the measure which we are now requesting you to sanction is upon the whole the wisest and most necessary measure that can be passed under the circumstances, I would even say that our conduct is infamous. But I want to know what the right hon. gentleman thinks of his own conduct, when, having assisted in turning out Lord Derby in 1859, because the then Government would not reduce the borough franchise—I have reason to believe that he was one of the most active managers of the intrigue (cheers)—when, having done that, the right hon. gentleman accepts office in the year 1860, and Lord Palmerston brings forward a measure of Parliamentary Reform which the right hon. gentleman utterly disapproved of; which he more than disapproved of, because he asked his political opponents to defeat it. This is the gentleman, the right hon. gentleman, who talks to us of infamy. (Loud cheers.) The prognostications of evil of the noble lord I can respect, because I know that they are sincere; but the warnings and prophecies of the right hon. gentleman I treat in another spirit. I do not think myself that the country is in danger. I think England is safe in the race of men who inhabit her; that she is safe in something much more precious than her accumulated capital—her accumulated experience. (Cheers.) She is safe in her national character, in her fame, in the traditions of a thousand years, and in that glorious future which I believe awaits her. (The right hon. gentleman sat down amidst loud cheering.)

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NOVELS.

ENGLISH novels have for a long time—from the days of Sir Walter Scott at least—held a very high reputation in the world, not so much perhaps for what critics would call the highest development of art, as for a certain sanity, wholesomeness, and cleanness unknown to other literature of the same class. This peculiarity has had its effect, no doubt, upon those very qualities of the national mind which produced it. It has increased that perfect liberty of reading which is the rule in most cultivated English houses; it has abolished the domestic Index Expurgatorius as well as all public censorship; it has made us secure and unsuspicious in our reception of everything, or almost everything, that comes to us in the form of print. This noble confidence has been good for everybody concerned. It has put writers on their honour, and saved readers from that wounding consciousness of restraint or of danger which destroys all delicate appreciation. There are other kinds of literature in which the darker problems of the time can be fitly discussed, and, with a tolerably unanimous consent, Eng-

lish writers have agreed to leave those subjects in their fit place. The novel, which is the favourite reading of the young—which is one of the chief amusements of all secluded and most suffering people—which is precious to women and unoccupied persons—has been kept by this understanding, or by a natural impulse better than any understanding, to a great degree pure from all noxious topics. That corruption which has so fatally injured the French school of fiction has, it has been our boast, scrupulously kept away from ours. It was something to boast of. We might not produce the same startling effects; we might not reach the same perfection in art, which a craftsman utterly freed of all restraints, and treating vice and virtue with equal impartiality, may aspire to; but we had this supreme advantage, that we were free to all classes and feared by none. Men did not snatch the guilty volume out of sight when any innocent creature drew nigh, or mature women lock up the book with which they condescended to amuse themselves, as they do in France. Our novels

were family reading ; and the result has been a sense of freedom, an absence of all suggestion of evil, in the superficial studies of ordinary society, which it is impossible to overestimate. "*Nous sommes tous d'un âge mûr,*" said an irreproachable French matron to the English acquaintance whose eyes expressed a certain amazement at the frankness of some drawing-room narrative ; "*j'espère que vous ne pensez pas que je parlerais comme ça devant des jeunes gens.*" This idea, which is the very heart of French ideas on the subject, is quite foreign to our insular habits. We are accustomed both to read and to speak everything that comes in our way in the presence of *jeunes gens*. The habit has so grown upon us that to change it would involve a revolution in all our domestic arrangements. It would involve us in an amount of trouble which very few could face. We should require three or four packets from the library instead of one. We should have the nuisance of separating our children and dependants from our own amusements. We should no longer be able to discuss, as we do now continually, the books that we are reading and the thoughts we are thinking. This is a necessity from which we have been altogether free in the tranquil past ; but it is an indulgence which only habit and the long use and wont of public security preserve to us now.

For there can be no doubt that a singular change has passed upon our light literature. It is not that its power has failed or its popularity diminished — much the reverse ; it is because a new impulse has been given and a new current set in the flood of contemporary story-telling. We will not ask whence or from whom the influence is derived. It has been brought into being by society, and it naturally reacts upon society. The change perhaps began at the time when Jane Eyre made what advanced critics call her "protest"

against the conventionalities in which the world clothes itself. We have had many "protests" since that time, but it is to be doubted how far they have been to our advantage. The point to which we have now arrived is certainly very far from satisfactory. The English mind is still so far *borné* that we do not discuss the seventh commandment with all that effusion and fulness of detail which is common on the other side of the Channel, though even in that respect progress is daily being made ; but there are points in which we altogether outdo our French neighbours. To a French girl fresh from her convent the novels of her own language are rigorously tabooed ; whereas we are all aware that they are the favourite reading of her contemporary in this country, and are not unfrequently even the production, with all their unseemly references and exhibitions of forbidden knowledge, of young women, moved either by the wild foolhardiness of inexperience, or by ignorance of everything that is natural and becoming to their condition. It is painful to inquire where it is that all those stories of bigamy and seduction, those *soi-disant* revelations of things that lie below the surface of life, come from. Such tales might flow here and there from one morbid imagination, and present themselves to us as moral phenomena, without casting any stigma upon society in general ; but this is not how they appear. They have taken, as it would seem, permanent possession of all the lower strata of light literature. Above there still remains, it is true, a purer atmosphere, for which we may be thankful ; but all our minor novelists, almost without exception, are of the school called sensational. Writers who have no genius and little talent, make up for it by displaying their acquaintance with the accessories and surroundings of vice, with the means of seduction, and

with what they set forth as the secret tendencies of the heart—tendencies which, according to this interpretation, all point one way. When the curate's daughter in 'Shirley' burst forth into passionate lamentation over her own position and the absence of any man whom she could marry, it was a new sensation to the world in general. That men and women should marry we had all of us acknowledged as one of the laws of humanity; but up to the present generation most young women had been brought up in the belief that their own feelings on this subject should be religiously kept to themselves. No doubt this was a conventionalism; and if a girl in a secluded parsonage is very much in earnest about a husband, there is no effectual reason we know of why she should not lift up her "protest" against circumstances. But things have gone very much further since the days of 'Shirley.' We have grown accustomed to the reproduction, not only of wails over female loneliness and the impossibility of finding anybody to marry, but to the narrative of many thrills of feeling much more practical and conclusive. What is held up to us as the story of the feminine soul as it really exists underneath its conventional coverings, is a very fleshly and unlovely record. Women driven wild with love for the man who leads them on to desperation before he accords that word of encouragement which carries them into the seventh heaven; women who marry their grooms in fits of sensual passion; women who pray their lovers to carry them off from husbands and homes they hate; women, at the very least of it, who give and receive burning kisses and frantic embraces, and live in a voluptuous dream, either waiting for or brooding over the inevitable lover,—such are the heroines who have been imported into modern fiction. "All for love and the world well lost,"

was once the motto of a simple but perennial story, with which every human creature had a certain sympathy—the romance that ended pleasantly in a wholesome wedding, or pathetically in a violet-covered grave. But the meaning has changed nowadays. Now it is no knight of romance riding down the forest glades, ready for the defence and succour of all the oppressed, for whom the dreaming maiden waits. She waits now for flesh and muscles, for strong arms that seize her, and warm breath that thrills her through, and a host of other physical attractions, which she indicates to the world with a charming frankness. On the other side of the picture it is, of course, the amber hair and undulating form, the warm flesh and glowing colour, for which the youth sighs in his turn; but were the sketch made from the man's point of view, its openness would at least be less repulsive. The peculiarity of it in England is, that it is oftenest made from the woman's side—that it is women who describe those sensuous raptures—that this intense appreciation of flesh and blood, this eagerness of physical sensation, is represented as the natural sentiment of English girls, and is offered to them not only as the portrait of their own state of mind, but as their amusement and mental food. Such a wonderful phenomenon might exist, and yet society might be innocent of it. It might be the fault of one, or of a limited school, and the mere fact that such ravings are found in print might be no great argument against the purity of the age. But when it is added that the class thus represented does not disown the picture—that, on the contrary, it hangs it up in boudoir and drawing-room—that the books which contain it circulate everywhere, and are read everywhere, and are not contradicted—then the case becomes much more serious. For our own part we do not believe, as some people do, that

a stratum of secret vice underlies the outward seeming of society. Most of our neighbours, we know, are very good sort of people, and we believe unfeignedly that our neighbours' neighbours resemble our own. It is possible to believe that very fine people or very shabby people are profoundly wicked, but as for the world as represented on our own level we know that it is not so. The girls of our acquaintance in general are very nice girls; they do not, so far as we are aware—notwithstanding a natural proclivity towards the society, when it is to be had, of their natural companions in existence—pant for indiscriminate kisses, or go mad for unattainable men. And yet here stands the problem which otherwise is not to be solved. It is thus that Miss Braddon and Miss Thomas, and a host of other writers, explain their feelings. These ladies might not know, it is quite possible, any better. They might not be aware how young women of good blood and good training feel. The perplexing fact is, that the subjects of this slander make no objection to it. Protests are being raised everywhere in abundance, but against this misrepresentation there is no protest. It seems to be accepted by the great audience of the circulating libraries as something like the truth. Mr Trollope's charming girls do not, now that we know them so well, call forth half so much notice from the press as do the Aurora Floyds of contemporary fiction. Is, then, the picture true? or by what extraordinary impulse is it that the feminine half of society thus stigmatises and stultifies its own existence?

The question is one at which we may wonder, but to which we can give no answer; and it is a very serious matter, let us look at it as we will. It may be possible to laugh at the notion that books so entirely worthless, so far as literary merit is concerned, should affect any reader injuriously, though even of

this we are a little doubtful; but the fact that this new and disgusting picture of what professes to be the female heart, comes from the hands of women, and is tacitly accepted by them as real, is not in any way to be laughed at. Some change must have been wrought upon the social mind ere such things could be tolerated at all; and even now we are not awakened out of our calm to a full consciousness of the change. When we are so, then we will, of course, according to our natural English course of action, take tardy measures of precaution. We will attempt, in the face of all our traditions and habits, to establish the Index Expurgatorius; we will lock up the books which are not for the *jeunes gens*; we will glance, ourselves, with curiosity and a sense of guilt, "just to see what it is like," over the objectionable portion of our library parcel, and we will make up our minds to say nothing of it before the girls. Vain thought! If the girls are such as they are therein described, one book or another will do them little harm; and if the picture is false, why do they accept it? So far from showing any difficulty on this point, it is those very books, according to all appearances, which are most in demand. The 'Times' deals them the crowning glory of its approval. The critical journals, if they do not approve, at least take the trouble to discuss; and "the authorities at the great circulating libraries," as somebody says—those sublime critics who sit at the fountainhead of literature, and enlarge or choke up at their pleasure the springs of our supply—find it impossible to resist the public craving for its favourite food. Mr Mudie, too, may utter a "protest," but it is futile in face of the protests of fiction. We confess to having felt a sense of injury in our national pride when our solemn contemporary, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' held up in one of its recent numbers the names of Miss

Annie Thomas and Mr Edmund Yates to the admiration of the world as representative novelists of England. And yet, after all, though the acknowledgment naturally costs us a pang, the Frenchman was right. Such writers are purely, characteristically English. They are not brilliantly wicked like their French contemporaries. The consciousness of good and evil hangs about them, a kind of literary fig-leaf, a little better or worse than nothing. Though it is evident that the chatter of imaginary clubs or still more imaginary studios is their highest idea of social intercourse, still the guardsmen and the painters do not talk so freely nor half so cleverly as they would have done on the other side of the Channel. That sublime respect for sentimental morality and poetic justice which distinguishes the British public, stands forth in them beyond all question. The wicked people are punished and the good people are rewarded, as they always should be; and there are exquisite bits of pious reflection which make up to the reader for a doubtful situation or an equivocal character. This, however, is what we have come to in the eyes of our neighbours. It is not so serious as the moral question, but it is in its way very serious. A critic, indeed, may deceive himself when he looks across the mists and rains of the Channel; but if he is guided by what English papers say—by what advertisements say—by the evidence of circulating libraries and publishers' announcements—how can he judge otherwise? The glories of the moment are in the hands of Miss Thomas and her class. Whether it be in appreciation, or contempt, or amazement at the extraordinary character of such successes, the fact remains that our weekly critics never fail to say something about their productions; and is not Maga also now beguiled to the further extension of their fame? It is humbling, but it is true.

And the fact is all the more humbling when we consider the very small amount of literary skill employed in the construction of these books. In France, again, it is the other way. A wicked novel there may be very disgusting, but it is generally clever, and sometimes possesses a certain hideous sort of spiritual interest. When the vilest of topics happens to fall into the hands of such an anatomist as Balzac, or under the more human touch of Victor Hugo, there is something of calm science in the investigation—a kind of inexorable and passionless dissection which renders even such studies impressive. But English sensational books of the day have no such attraction. We do not gulp down the evil in them for the sake of the admirable skill that depicts it, or the splendour of the scenery amid which it occurs. On the contrary, we swallow the poorest of literary drivel—sentiments that are adapted to the atmosphere of a Surrey theatre—descriptions of society which show the writer's ignorance of society—style the most mean or the most inflated—for the sake of the objectionable subjects they treat. The novels which crowd our libraries are, for a great part, not literature at all. Their construction shows, in some cases, a certain rude skill, in some a certain clever faculty of theft; but in none any real inventive genius; and as for good taste, or elegance, or perception of character, these are things that do not tell upon the sensational novel. The events are the necessary things to consider, not the men; and thus the writer goes on from one *tour de force* to another, losing even what little natural gift might belong to him in its over-exercise, but never losing the most sweet voices which he has once conciliated.

Such at least is the evidence of the newspapers. 'Rupert Godwin,' for example, the last work published by Miss Braddon, although published only a few days, is al-

ready, according to the advertisements, in the fourth edition. Yet it would be difficult to point out one single claim it has to popular approval. We have met with many curious things in these lower regions of bookmaking, but it has never been our fate to meet with any piece of literary theft so barefaced and impudent as this book. The story is copied in all its important particulars from Mr Charles Reade's well-known and powerful novel of 'Hard Cash'—a work, we need not say, as far above the lower world into which 'Rupert Godwin' has been born as it is possible to conceive. The story of 'Hard Cash,' as everybody knows, is that of a sailor captain, who confides his hard-won money to the care of a banker, and, being cheated, goes mad, and is only rescued after many moving adventures by sea and land, his wife and children in the meanwhile being left destitute. In 'Rupert Godwin' the conception is so far varied that the sea-captain is stabbed, and left for dead by the wicked banker; but all the other incidents may stand as above narrated. There are two pairs of lovers, son and daughter of the respective banker and victim, in both books; there is a madhouse in both books, and a clerk who betrays his master, and a marvellous recovery for the killed and mad hero. The only little difference is, that in one book this hero is a certain glorious sailor, dear to our hearts, noble old knight of romance, simple old English seaman, David Dodd, altogether one of the finest conceptions in English fiction; and in the other a miserable ghost called Westfield, about whom nobody knows anything nor cares anything. How such an amount of self-confidence, or confidence in the folly of the public, could be attained as is displayed in this publication, it would be difficult either to explain or to understand. Mr Reade is not yet a classic. He is one of the most powerful of contemporary writers;

and though it may be possible to borrow with small acknowledgment a French story, it is temerity, indeed, to plagiarise so well-known a production. Yet this is what Miss Braddon has ventured to do. She has taken the bones of the tale, as a poor curate might take a skeleton sermon. Having no flesh to put upon them, it is true that, honestest so far than the curate, she leaves the bones as she found them; and, notwithstanding a liberal mention of violet eyes and golden hair and dark Spanish beauty, presents her personages to us in a skeleton state. But this, it would appear, makes no difference to an admiring public. Here is the compiler's own account of the reception given to this piece of stolen goods:—

" 'Rupert Godwin' was written for, and first appeared in, a cheap weekly journal. From this source the tale was translated into the French language, and ran as the leading story in the 'Journal pour Tous.' It was there discovered by an American, who retranslated the matter back into English, and who obtained an outlet for the new translation in the columns of the 'New York Mercury.' These and other versions have been made without the slightest advantage to the author, or indeed without the faintest approach to any direct communication to her on the subject. Influenced by the facts as here stated, the author has revised the original, and now offers the result for what it is—namely, a tale of incident, written to amuse the short intervals of leisure which the readers of popular periodicals can snatch from their daily avocations, and also as a work that has not been published in England, except in the crude and fragmentary shape already mentioned."

The public has rewarded this noble confidence in them by consuming already three editions of this much-produced tale. Three nations, accordingly, have united in doing honour to 'Rupert Godwin.' England, France, and America have seized upon it with that eager appreciation which is the best reward of genius. Most probably before this present page has seen the light

it will have been reviewed in more than one leading journal with praise proportioned to its popularity. Was there ever literary phenomenon more inconceivable? We stand aghast with open mouth of wonder, and are stricken dumb before it. Miss Braddon has, without doubt, certain literary claims. 'Aurora Floyd,' notwithstanding its unpleasant subject (though we don't doubt that its unpleasant subject has been in reality the cause of its great success), is a very clever story. It is well knit together, thoroughly interesting, and full of life. The life is certainly not of a high description, but it is genuine in its way; and few people with any appreciation of fiction could refuse to be attracted by a tale so well defined. The 'Doctor's Wife' strikes even a higher note. It is true that it is to some extent plagiarised, as was pointed out at the time of its publication, from a French story; but the plagiarism was so far perfectly allowable that it clearly defined wherein the amount of licence permitted by English taste differs from that which comes natural to the French. Other books of Miss Braddon's have not been unworthy, to some extent, of the applause bestowed upon them. There has been a good story now and then, a clever bit of construction, even an inkling of a character. She is the inventor of the fair-haired demon of modern fiction. Wicked women used to be brunettes long ago, now they are the daintiest, softest, prettiest of blonde creatures; and this change has been wrought by Lady Audley, and her influence on contemporary novels. She has brought in the reign of bigamy as an interesting and fashionable crime, which no doubt shows a certain deference to the British relish for law and order. It goes against the seventh commandment, no doubt, but does it in a legitimate sort of way, and is an invention which could only have been possible to an English woman know-

ing the attraction of impropriety, and yet loving the shelter of law. These are real results which Miss Braddon has achieved, and we do not grudge her the glory of them; but yet we cannot conceive how the *éclat* of such triumphs, great as it may be, should cover a piece of imposture. The boldness of the feat is the only thing that does in any way redeem it; and that is not an excuse either for literary larceny or that marvellous public credulity and folly, which is the really alarming feature in the transaction. The author of 'Rupert Godwin' has compelled the world to accept not only a copy, but a very miserable copy, by the mere form of her name. She has palmed off upon three intelligent nations, according to her own account, a fairy changeling, bewitched out of natural beauty into decrepitude and ugliness, and France, England, and America have taken the imp at her word. This is a power which the greatest of writers might envy. It is one of the finest privileges of a great name. To have made such an impression upon your contemporaries that the whole civilised world thus acknowledges your sway, is a thing rarely achieved even by the greatest. But it has been achieved by Miss Braddon; and in sight of such a climax of fame and success, what can any one say?

We feel disposed, however, to emulate to some extent that pertinacious critic who once, as the story goes, took upon him to annotate the course of a sermon, by announcing the real authorship of its finest paragraphs. "Turn that man out," cried the aggrieved incumbent. "That's his own," said the critic. In like manner there is something in 'Rupert Godwin' which is Miss Braddon's own. When the poor widow's virtuous and lovely daughter earns her scanty living on the stage, she is made the victim of one of those romantic abductions which used to be so frequent (in novels) forty or fifty years ago. As it

happens, it does her no harm either in reputation or anything else, and, in short, is of little service anyhow except to fill up so many pages; but it is purely original and not copied. This it is only just to say. A foolish young marquess sets his heart upon the queen of beauty in the stage tableaux, and declares himself ready, as foolish young marquesses, our readers are aware, are so apt to do, "to lay his coronet at her feet, and make her Marchioness of Roxleydale;" a desire which the villain of the piece immediately seizes upon by way of carrying out his own vile projects. And accordingly Miss Braddon, with a stroke of her wand, brings back out of the ancient ages that post-chaise with the locked doors and the impassible man on the box with which we are all so perfectly acquainted. The lovely Violet is thus carried off to the old decayed house, with the old half-imbecile housekeeper, whom also we know. But we are bound to say that the young lady takes the accident with the composure becoming a young lady of the nineteenth century. Half-way on the road, when they stop to change horses, she satisfies herself that the pretext of her mother's illness, by which she has been inveigled into the carriage, is false, and sinks back relieved, with a profound sense of gratitude to heaven. She is rescued, as we have said, and the whole affair passes off in the calmest way, as such a natural accident might be supposed to pass. This abduction is Miss Braddon's own. And so is the episode of Esther Vanberg, a ballet-girl, who dies a most exemplary death at the Star and Garter, Richmond, after having been thrown by a wicked horse which she had ordered her lover, a young duke, to buy for her for a thousand pounds. The horse is bought, and runs away and breaks the reckless young woman's spine, and she then makes an edifying end which would become a saint, and leaves her duke touchingly

inconsolable, though this also is utterly unconnected with the story. Esther's beauty had been of the demoniac order in her appearances on the stage. She inhabited a *bijou* mansion in Bolton Row; her drawing-room was approached by "a richly decorated staircase, where nymphs and satyrs in Florentine bronze smirked and capered in the recesses of the pale grey wall, relieved by mouldings and medallions in unburnished gold." Tropical flowers shaded the open windows, and the room was furnished with amber satin. Yet all this, and the hunter worth a thousand pounds, and circlets of diamonds, and flounces of the richest lace, all bought with her duke's money, seems to be considered by Miss Braddon quite consistent with relations of the purest character between the duke and the operadancer. And when she dies in this perfectly admirable way, the duke remains a kind of spiritual widower, to carry out all the last intentions, and build a monument over the grave of his love. In such an ethereal and lofty way are things supposed to be managed between young English dukes and ballet-girls. These episodes are both Miss Braddon's very own. We recognise in them the original touch of the artist; and no doubt it is thus she has indemnified herself for giving up her natural faculty of construction, and using somebody else's story. Notwithstanding the undiminished success which has attended the essay, we cannot but think it is a pity. Honesty is the best policy. A writer whose gift lies in the portrayal of character, in delicate touches of observation, or sketches of real life, may possibly find it practicable to take the mere framework which has served another man; but for an author whose sole literary gift is that of construction, it is a pity. Miss Braddon has proved that she can invent a story. She can do it much better than she can discrimi-

nate, or describe, or even talk; and though it may save trouble, it is a sacrifice of her own powers she makes when she thus borrows from another. If we could hope that it was Mr Reade who had done it, the matter would be very much less important; for Mr Reade has many gifts, and can play upon his audience as on an instrument, and move us to tears or laughter as is permitted to very few. Miss Braddon cannot do this; but if she can fill up the circulating library, and be translated into French, and retranslated into American, she certainly does owe her *clientelle* the exercise of her one faculty. Such privileges have duties attached to them; and a prophet in whom the public thus believes should at least give of her own to that believing public. She never invented any circumstance so extraordinary as this public faith and loyal adherence which she seems to have won.

Miss Braddon is the leader of her school, and to her the first honours ought naturally to be given, but her disciples are many. One of the latest of these disciples is the authoress of 'Cometh up as a Flower,' a novel which has recently won that amount of public approval which is conveyed by praise in the leading papers and a second edition. This book is not a stupid book. There is a certain amount of interest and some character in it. The young lover is, in his way, a real man—not very brilliant certainly, nor with any pretence of intellectuality, but as far removed as possible from the womanish individual so often presented to us ticketed as a man in ladies' novels; and so is the middle-aged husband. The wonderful thing in it is the portrait of the modern young woman as presented from her own point of view. The last wave but one of female novelists was very feminine. Their stories were all family stories, their troubles domestic, their women

womanly to the last degree, and their men not much less so. The present influx of young life has changed all that. It has reinstated the injured creature Man in something like his natural character, but unfortunately it has gone to extremes, and moulded its women on the model of men, just as the former school moulded its men on the model of women. The heroine of 'Cometh up as a Flower' is a good case in point. She is not by any means so disagreeable, so vulgar, or so mannish, as at the first beginning she makes herself out to be. Her flippancy, to start with, revolts the reader, and inclines him to pitch the volume to as great a distance from him as is practicable; but if he has patience a little, the girl is not so bad. She is a motherless girl, brought up in the very worst way, and formed on the most wretched model, but yet there is a touch of nature in the headstrong creature. And this of itself is a curious peculiarity in fiction generally. Ill-brought-up motherless girls, left to grow anyhow, out of all feminine guardianship, have become the ideal of the novelist. There is this advantage in them, that benevolent female readers have the resource of saying "Remember she had no mother," when the heroine falls into any unusual lapse from feminine traditions; but it is odd, to say the least of it, that this phase of youthful life should commend itself so universally to the female novelist. Here is a specimen of what the young woman of the period considers sprightly, prepossessing, and lifelike. It is the introduction of the young heroine to the reader:—

"I gambolled up to him in a bird-like manner. 'Well,' said I, cheerfully, 'I suppose the tea is quite cold, and you're quite cross, and I'm to have a real good scolding, aren't I?' Then I stooped and kissed the whitened hairs.

"'Eh, what?' said he, thus suddenly called back from his joyless reverie to the contemplation of a young round face

that was dear to him, and vainly endeavouring to extricate himself from the meshes of a redundant crop of curly hair which was being flourished in its redness before his face. 'Indeed, Nell, I'd forgotten your very existence that minute.'

"What could have chased so pleasing an image from your mind's eye?" said I, laughing.

"What always chases every pleasing image," he answered, gloomily.

"Bills, I suppose," returned I, discontentedly. 'Bills, bills, bills—that's the song in this house from morning to night. Is there any word of one syllable in the English language that conveys so many revolting ideas?'

"None, except hell," said my father, bitterly, 'and I sometimes think they're synonymous.'

"Dad," said I, 'take my advice, and try a new plan; don't worry about them any more—take no notice of them at all. We've got the air and the sunshine, and one another left—we ought to be happy; and if the worst comes to the worst, we can but go to jail, where we shall be nicely dressed, well fed, and have our hair cut, all for nothing.'

A little after, this charming young lady goes to a party, where she makes great progress in the acquaintance and affections of a yellow-haired young dragoon, who is the *jeune premier* of the tale. But as her opinions upon general subjects are more to the point than her particular love-story, we quote from a conversation which takes place next day between herself and her father. First of all, it has taken a somewhat lugubrious tone:—

"Do let us talk of something else," cried I, peevishly; 'I hate such moping sort of subjects.'

"By all means—something gay and festive—the party last night, for instance," says the author of my being, ironically.

"It was not so bad as I expected," returned I, brightening up, and eradicating the moisture from my eyes with my knuckles.

"How did you get on with all those fine ladies?" inquired my father, kindly.

"Middling," said I; 'I did not care much about them. I liked the men better. If I went into society, I should like to go to parties where there are no women, only men.'

"That is a sentiment that I think I should keep for home use, my dear, if I were you."

"Should you? Well, perhaps so; but women are so prying and censorious. All the time you are talking to them you feel sure that they are criticising the sit of your tucker, and calculating how much a-yard your dress cost. Now, if you're only pretty and pleasant—indeed, even if you're not either (I mentally classed myself under this latter head)—men are good-natured, and take you as they find you, and make the best of you."

"My father did not dispute my position."

These are sentiments which everybody is aware a great many vulgar clever women think it clever and striking to enunciate. The misery of such unhappy ones as throw themselves out of the society of their own sex, their pitiful strivings after the recognition of any stray strong-minded woman who will look over their imperfections, should be sufficient answer to it in any serious point of view. But there is a great deal that is unlovely which is not immoral, and false to every human and natural sentiment without being positively wicked. This is one of the popular bits of falsehood by which lively-minded young women are often taken in and led to misrepresent themselves. And it is another curious feature in second-rate women's books. As a general rule, all the women in these productions, except the one charming heroine, are mean and envious creatures, pulling the exceptional beauty to pieces. Shall we say that the women who write ought to know? But the fact is, that a great many of the women who write live very contentedly in the society of other women, see little else, find their audience and highest appreciation among them, and are surrounded and backed up and applauded by their own sex in a way which men would be very slow to emulate. The pretence is one which only a vulgar mind could make. The man who scorns, or pretends to scorn, women's society,

is generally a fool; what should the woman be? But it is one of those popular falsehoods which hosts of people repeat without in the least meaning it. It seems to imply a certain elevation above her neighbours of the speaker; although the very same woman, if brought to the test, would shrink and recoil and be confounded if her silly and false aspirations could be realised. Of course the patent meaning of it on the lips of a girl like the heroine of the book before us is, that the society she prefers is that of the man with whom she is falling in love, and who has fallen in love with her, and that for the moment the presence of other people is rather a bore than otherwise.

This story, as we have already said, is interesting, not because of its particular plot or incidents, but as a sample of the kind of expression given by modern fiction to modern sentiments from the woman's point of view. Nelly LeStrange has no particular objections to meet her soldier out of doors whenever he pleases to propose it. He takes her in his arms after he has seen her about three times, and she has still no objection. The girl is innocent enough according to all appearance, but she has certainly an odd way of expressing herself for a girl. She wonders if her lover and she, when they meet in heaven, will be "sexless passionless essences," and says, God forbid! She speaks, when a loveless marriage dawns upon her, of giving her shrinking body to the disagreeable bridegroom. There may be nothing wrong in all this, but it is curious language, as we have said, for a girl. And here let us pause to make a necessary discrimination. A *grande passion* is a thing which has to be recognised as possible wherever it is met with in this world. If two young people fall heartily and honestly in love with each other, and are separated by machinations such as abound in novels, but unfortunately are not

unknown in life, and one of them is compelled to marry somebody else, it is not unnatural, it is not revolting, that the true love unextinguished should blaze wildly up, in defiance of all law, when the opportunity occurs. This is wrong, sinful, ruinous, but it is not disgusting; whereas those speeches about shrinking bodies and sexless essences are disgusting in the fullest sense of the word. Would that the new novelist, the young beginner in the realm of fiction, could but understand this! We will quote the last scene—the only scene in which there is much evidence of dramatic power in this novel. In it the poor little heroine, in her despair, flies in the face of all right and honour and virtue, yet is not revolting, nor yet nasty—which in her quite innocent impassioned moods, in her daring tone, and reckless little sayings, she frequently and unpardonably is. Everything that is worst to bear has happened to the unfortunate Nelly. Her lover's letters have been abstracted; she has been taught to think him false to her; she has married for that reason, and to save her father's life, the unattractive Sir Hugh, and her father has died the day after, losing to her all the comfort of her sacrifice; and then, in a moment when she is left alone, there comes suddenly her true lover, heart-broken with her perfidy, to look at her for the last time; and they speak to each other, and find out how it is that they have been separated. He is going to India, and it is their last meeting:—

"Looking into his haggard, beautiful, terrible face, I forgot all I should have remembered; forgot virtue and honour and self-respect; my heart spoke out to his. 'Oh, don't go,' I cried, running to him; 'don't you know how I love you? For my sake stay. I cannot live without you.'"

"I clasped both hands on his rough coat-sleeve, and my bowed head sank down upon them.

"Do you suppose I can live in Eng-

land and see you belonging to another man?" he asked, harshly; "the world is all hell now as it is; but that would be the blackest, nethermost hell. No; let me go," said he, fiercely, pushing me away from him roughly, while his face was writhen and distorted.

"If you go," I said in my insanity, throwing myself into his arms, "I'll go too. Oh! for God's sake, take me with you!"

"He strained me to his desolate heart, and we kissed each other wildly, vehemently; none came between us then. Then he tried to put me away from him.

"My darling," said he, "you don't know what you are saying. Do you think I am such a brute as to be the ruin of the only woman I ever loved?" And his deep voice was sorely shaken as he spoke.

"But I would not be put away. I clung about his neck in my bitter pain, my mad despair.

"Oh, don't leave me behind you! You're all I have in the world now. Oh, take me, take me with you!"

"My hair fell in its splendid ruddy billows over his great shoulder, and my arms were flung about the stately pillar of his throat. He set his teeth hard, and drew in his breath. It was a tough ordeal.

"I won't," he said, hoarsely. "For God's sake stop tempting me! I'd sooner cut your throat than take you. Do you think it would be loving you to bring you down to a level with the scum of the earth? Oh, Nell, Nell! you ought to be my good angel. Don't tempt me to kill my own soul and yours."

"The reproachful anguish of his tones smote me like a two-edged sword. I said no more."

Now, this is very objectionable, no doubt, and as wrong as it can be, but it is not disgusting. In the circumstances it is not unnatural. Great love and despair, and the sense of an irredeemable useless sacrifice and a horrible mistake, might excuse, if they did not warrant, such an outbreak. The difference is very clear and easily to be defined. At such a moment the reader forgives, and his mind is not revolted by a hopeless burst of passion, even though possible vice and the greatest of so-

cial sins is involved in it. And there is no sin involved in the light talk and nasty phrases which may mean nothing; yet to everybody of pure mind it is those latter which are most disgusting. Nor is this distinction an arbitrary one. When a human creature is under the influence of passion, it may be moved to the wildest thoughts, the most hopeless impulses, suggestions utterly foreign to its natural character; but its utterance in its cooler moments expresses the ordinary tenor of life. A woman, driven wild by the discovery of domestic fraud and great wrong, might propose any sin in her frenzy, and yet might be innocent; whereas a woman who makes uncleanly suggestions in the calm of her ordinary talk, is a creature altogether unendurable and beyond the pale. This distinction is one which goes deeper than mere criticism. It is a point upon which social literature and society itself go much astray. When people who scarcely know each other, and do not care for each other, are obliged to meet, the lightest of light talk naturally comes in to fill up the stray moments; and it is very handy for the novelist who has many stray corners to fill up; but now and then a point of some kind must be given to this light social froth. If not wit, which is not always at hand, why then a little licence, a touch of nastiness—something that will shock if not amuse. This is the abomination in the midst of us. Perhaps the indication it would seem to give of darker evil concealed below may be false—and we not only hope but believe that it is false—but of itself it is the height of unloveliness.

After our free-spoken heroine has come to the climax of her fate, she becomes consumptive and reflective after that loftily pious kind which generally associates itself with this species of immorality; for sensual literature and the car-

nal mind have a kind of piety quite to themselves, when disappointment and incapacity come upon them. The fire which burned so bright dies out into the most inconceivably grey of ashes; and the sweetest submission, the tenderest purity, take the place in a second of all those daring headstrong fancies, all that self-will and self-indulgence. The intense goodness follows the intense sensuousness as by a natural law;—the same natural law, we presume, which makes the wicked witch of romance—the woman who has broken everybody's heart, and spent everybody's money, and desolated everybody's home—sink at last into the most devoted of sisters of charity. The good women who follow the rule of St Vincent de Paul would be little flattered by the suggestion.

We do not feel ourselves capable of noticing, although what we have just said recalls them to our mind, certain very fine and very nasty books, signed with the name of a certain Ouida, it is to be supposed a woman also. They are so fine as to be unreadable, and consequently we should hope could do little harm, the diction being too gorgeous for merely human faculties. We note, in glancing here and there through the luscious pages, that there is always either a mass of glorious hair lying across a man's breast, or a lady's white and jewelled fingers are twined in the gentleman's chestnut or raven curls—preferably chestnut; for "colour" is necessary to every such picture. Our readers will have remarked that, even in the crisis of her misery, the poor little heroine of 'Cometh up as a Flower' could not refrain from throwing her hair in "splendid ruddy billows" over her lover's shoulder; and the amount of use got out of the same powerful agent in 'Strathmore' and 'Idalia' seems something remarkable. Hair, indeed, in general, has become one

of the leading properties in fiction. The facility with which it flows over the shoulders and bosoms in its owner's vicinity is quite extraordinary. In every emergency it is ready for use. Its quantity and colour, and the reflections in it, and even the "fuzz," which is its modern peculiarity, take the place of all those pretty qualities with which heroines used to be endowed. What need has a woman for a soul when she has upon her head a mass of wavy gold? When a poor creature has to be represented, her hair is said to be scanty, and of no particular colour. Power, strength, a rich nature, a noble mind, are all to be found embodied in this great attribute. Samson, being a Jew, had probably black locks, which would be against him; but otherwise Samson would have made a great figure in these days, if indeed Delilah had not outdone him with amber floods of equal potency. Amber is the tint patronised in the works of Ouida. It is the only idea that we have been able to evolve out of her gorgeous pages, if indeed it can be called an idea. With other and more orthodox writers the hue is gold or red. When the conception demands a milder shade of colouring, auburn, and even chestnut (with gold reflections), are permissible; but when a very high effect is intended, red is the hue *par excellence*. Red and gold, in all its shades, are compatible with virtue; amber means rich luxurious vice; whereas the pale and scanty locks are the embodiment of meanness and poverty of character. As for black and brown, which were once favourites in fiction before it took to violent colouring, they are "nowhere." They may be permitted now and then in a strictly subordinate position, but they have nothing to do with the symbolism of modern art.

Red is the colour chosen by Mr Edmund Yates* to characterise the

* 'Land at Last;' 'The Forlorn Hope.'

heroine of one of his many productions, the Margaret of 'Land at Last.' She has, as a matter of course, "large, deep, violet eyes," and "long, thick, luxuriant hair, of a deep-red, gold colour; not the poetic 'auburn'—not the vulgar 'carrots'—a rich metallic red, unmistakable, admitting of no compromise, no darkening by grease or confining by fixature—a great mass of deep-red hair, strange, weird, and oddly beautiful." She is picked up in the street by the artist-hero, who is equally, as a matter of course, subjugated at once by this gorgeous combination of colour. Margaret makes great play with her hair, like all the other ladies. If she does not take to sweeping it over her lover's breast all at once, she lets it over her own shoulders "in a rich red cloud," which comes to the same thing; and notwithstanding that she tells him with beautiful frankness the story of her life, into which "the usual character—without which the drama of woman's life is incomplete—a man!" had come at an early age, poor Ludlow marries her, despite all the remonstrances of his friends. Then ensues a long and sufficiently clever description of the failure of this red-haired heroine to adapt herself to the dulness of a respectable life. It is very hard work for her, as may be supposed. When she goes to visit her dull mother-in-law at Brompton, she sees in the Row, as she passes, faces that remind her of her former history; people pass her in mail-phætons and on high-stepping horses, while she walks, who would place both at her disposal at a word. She will not say the word, but naturally, as she pursues her walk, she loathes her own bondage more than ever; and in the evening, when she plays to her good, stupid, adoring husband, dreams come upon her of the balls of other days—of "Henri so grand in the 'Cavalier seul,'" of the "*parterre* illuminated with a thou-

sand lamps glittering like fireflies, . . . and then the cosy little supper, the sparkling iced drink." Such sublime recollections carry her far away from the solemn quiet of Elm Lodge. And she has a baby and hates it; and her husband loves her so much, and is so unspeakably good to her, that she grows mad with disgust and misery. And, in short, an awful crisis is visibly coming, and comes by the reappearance of the man, her first love, who, it turns out, was not her seducer, but her husband. So that the wretched creature has made a victim in cold blood of the unhappy artist—marrying him, as the villain used to marry an unsuspecting woman in the old novels, because he was a quite hopeless subject for any other treatment, and because she wanted comfort and a home! The scene in which she calmly informs Ludlow of these facts—of her utter indifference to himself and her child, her devotion to another man, and, finally, of her previous marriage—has considerable dramatic power, if it were not that the vile audacity of one party, and the feebleness of the other, take from it the interest which should belong to a death-and-life struggle. The idea is so far original that Margaret is at no period of her career a repentant Magdalene; and neither is she tempted by passion into her base and treacherous crime. She marries Ludlow in cold blood for a home, without any delusion on the subject, knowing that he is a good and innocent man, and that she is bringing him disgrace and ruin. The best touch in the book is the woman's stupid ignorance and insensibility, which leads her to imagine that she can return, as she says, to her husband, after having been the wife of another man—a delusion out of which she is speedily driven when the wretched reprobate to whom she goes back turns her away with a cruelty and insensibility equal to her own. So far

this is true enough, and no attempt is made to clothe vice in an attractive form; but yet it is undeniable that the author throughout gives to his red-haired woman a lofty superiority over all the good people in his book. She—with the rich red cloud over her shoulders, her silence, her abstraction, the secret contrasts she is making in her own mind between the respectable suburban life and that of the illuminated *parterres* and iced drinks of her former state of being, and the profound disgust which fills her—is evidently, in Mr Yates's eyes, a creature much above the level of those dull women whose talk is of babies. She sails about among them in sullen state, and he feels that she is a banished angel—a creature of a higher sphere. Her disgraceful and abominable secret, though of course he duly punishes it, still elevates her above the dull mother and gushing sister of her artist-husband. And when her real husband has disdainfully spurned her, she becomes a heroine. When she is found, she makes a little speech of self-defence, "I acknowledge my sin, and, so far as Geoffrey Ludlow is concerned, I deeply, earnestly, repent my conduct;" she says, "Have those who condemned me—and I know naturally enough I am condemned by all his friends—have those who condemned me ever known the pangs of starvation, the grim tortures of houselessness in the streets? Have they ever known what it is to have the iron of want and penury eating into their souls, and then to be offered a comfortable home and an honest man's love? If they have, I doubt very much whether they would have refused it." And she makes an edifying end, watched and counselled and cared for by the model of womanly virtue, who all this time has been saving up for poor Ludlow. Such is the story. It is a little departure from the established type of the golden-haired sorceress, and the author does not

try to soften her guilt by any touches of sentiment; but still it is clear that he feels her to be a superior woman. He may praise his other personages in words, who are contented people, making the best of their lives; but Margaret, who makes the worst of it, and to whom respectability is intolerable, and who dreams of cosy suppers and iced drinks, is evidently, though he says he disapproves of her, fashioned after a much higher ideal. Mr Yates goes into her ways and thoughts in detail, while he contents himself with weak plaudits of "Geoff, dear old Geoff," from all the painter's surroundings. To his taste it is evident that the wickedness of the woman, her heartlessness and self-indulgence, and utter blindness to everybody's feelings but her own, render her profoundly interesting; and his good women are very dull shadows by her side. We do not forget that years ago this used to be the reproach addressed to Mr Thackeray, and that the cleverness of Becky and the silliness of Amelia were very favourite objects of reprobation to virtuous critics. But Thackeray did not dwell upon Becky solely because she was wicked. She was infinitely clever, amusing, and full of variety. The fun in her surmounted the depravity. But at the present day this is no longer the case. There is no sort of fun, no attraction of any sort, about such heroines as the Margaret in 'Land at Last.' Their interest is entirely factitious, and founded solely upon their wickedness. The creature is a loathsome cheat and impostor, and therefore she is worthy of being drawn at full length, and presented to us in all the convolutions of her stupid and selfish nature. Such seems to be the view of fiction adopted even by such a writer (greatly above the ordinary sensational average) as Mr Yates, to whom, by the way, artists in general are little indebted for the flippancy and coarseness of the pic-

ture he gives of them. Beer and pipes are not refined accessories certainly, but yet their presence on the scene scarcely necessitates the production of Charley Potts as the representative painter. It is not complimentary to English art.

Another book by the same author—whose productive powers fill us with awe and wonder—is the ‘*Forlorn Hope*,’ in which the story turns upon the forlorn and hopeless passion of a doctor, already married, for a fair young patient, who returns his love. The doctor’s wife, in a fit of tragic but only too clear-sighted jealousy, poisons herself, and leaves him free; but the poor, pretty, consumptive Madeline, who is the object of his love, marries somebody else just at the moment when her physician is beginning to permit himself to think of approaching her, and henceforward can only purchase a little intercourse with her hopeless lover by falling very ill and dying in his hands. Now it goes utterly against all social morality to introduce lovemaking between a doctor and his patient. There are even hard-hearted critics who have objected to the idyll of melancholy passion as set forth in the pure and pensive pages of ‘*Doctor Antonio*,’ notwithstanding that the scene is Italy, and the story as spotless as imagination could conceive. Doctors and patients have no right to fall in love with each other; it goes in the face of all the proprieties and expediences of life. A young physician may, it is true, be permitted to appreciate the beauty and excellence of the sweet nurse in a sickroom, who ministers along with him to the sick mother or father or brother; but when she herself becomes his patient, a wall of brass rises between them. Yet Mr Yates’s sympathies evidently go with the physician, and it appears only natural to him that the golden-haired patient (pale

gold in this case, which is angelic—not red gold, which is of the demons) should quite obliterate in Dr Wilmot’s mind the reserved and dark-complexioned wife who waits for him at home. This poor woman does not right herself even by suicide. The facts of the case give her husband, when he finds them out, a great shock; but not so great a shock as does the marriage of the delicate Madeline, who, angel of purity as she is, evidently feels it quite legitimate on her part to recall her medical lover, and enact little scenes of despairing love on her deathbed, and die happy in his arms, with a sweet indifference to the fact of her husband’s existence. It is no doubt very melancholy that people should obstinately persist in marrying the wrong person, as indeed is visible in real life as well as in novels; but how far it is expedient to call in the right man, whom you have not married, as your medical attendant, may, we think, be questioned. The suggestion is not a pleasant one.

As Miss Thomas has been mentioned in the beginning of this paper, we may say, in justice to her, that she has freed herself to some extent from the traditions of her school. Her two last books* are neither immoral (to speak of), nor *horsey*, which is akin to immoral. They are very frothy, and deal with a world which is not the ordinary world around us—a world where there is either very gorgeous upholstery or very shabby meanness, and no medium between them; but still the books are not nasty. ‘*Played Out*,’ in fact, is not a bad story. The little heroine Kate is very tiresome in her changeableness, but still she is a well-known character, whom we have met so often that we feel a certain interest in her, and indignation at the amazingly senseless way in which her prospects are thrown away. The device by which this

* ‘*Played Out*,’ ‘*Called to Account*.’

is accomplished is one which is becoming about as general as the golden hair. It is used in both Miss Thomas's books—in 'Cometh up as a Flower'—in a lively and clever novel called 'Archie Lovell,' which is a little earlier in date—and no doubt in a host of others if we could but remember. It is a device not very creditable either to the invention or the good taste which suggested it. In all these books the heroines are made to spend a night accidentally in the society of a man with whom they have been known to flirt. It is done in the purest innocence, and in that curious fortuitous way with which things happen only in novels. Chance alone on both sides brings it about, but yet it becomes known, and the consequences are generally disastrous. Kate Lethbridge, for instance, in 'Played Out,' is persuaded to step into a railway carriage in which her friend is going off to London, and which is supposed to wait ten minutes at a little country station, to enable him to spend these ten minutes pleasantly. And the moment she has entered it the train sweeps away, and the young lady's reputation is ruined for life. This expedient, it must be allowed, is a very poor one; and it is a curious sign of the absence of all real inventive power in this kind of literature, that it should be so often employed. In 'Called to Account,' Miss Thomas enters upon the less safe ground of married life, and displays to us, among a number of "grandly-simple" beauties, with the usual sublime attribute of golden locks, a scanty-haired pale-coloured woman, who makes mischief and destroys domestic peace, yet turns out very good at the end, and goes into the Sister of Mercy business with much applause on all hands. Here, too, an unhappy pair are condemned to rouse everybody's suspicion, and to risk their character by being shut up together in a cave for some twenty-

four hours or so, though happily, as they are all but killed by the experience, scandal is silenced. Certain curious symptoms of the kind of culture prevalent in the region to which this class of literature belongs, are, however, to be gleaned out of these books—a real contribution to our knowledge of our species. The first of these gives us a sketch of the favourite literature of the hero, who is, like so many heroes, a man of letters publishing novels in magazines, and otherwise contributing to the instruction of the public. He is, besides, a clerk in a government office, a university man, and has suddenly and unexpectedly become heir to a fine estate. We are told to glance round his sitting-room in his absence, with the view of throwing light upon his tastes and pursuits—and this is what we find:—

"The recesses on either side of the fireplace were occupied with broad shelves, and these were filled with books—original editions most of them, of the standard modern novelists. An independent oak book-stand, placed within reach of the one arm-chair in the room, might be supposed to contain the more special favourites of that room's occupant, and there Fielding and Smollett, Wycherly and Ben Jonson, Spenser and Sidney, Bon Gaultier, Bacon, Addison, Ingoldsby, and a host of other wits, poets, essayists, dramatists, humorists, and scholars, stood in amicable array."

Our readers will admire the admirable conjunction of names here—in assembled, and the charming way in which they relieve and heighten each the effect of the other. Bacon and Addison leashed together, and marching between Bon Gaultier and Ingoldsby, is a true stroke of genius; and there can be no doubt that a very peculiar light is thrown upon the "tastes and pursuits, if not on the character of my hero," by the fact that his shelves are filled with the standard modern novelists in the "original editions." It is intelligible that people who read no-

thing but standard modern novelists should produce such books as those which are now under review. The second passage we shall quote is also a description of a room—a room which the hero—again a literary man—of ‘Called to Account’ thinks so perfect, that he never tires of raving about the exquisite taste which has arranged it. It must have been done by “a woman of genius essentially human,” he says. We do not go into the paraphernalia of silver lamps, “shallow silver urns, classical in design and execution,” and reflected in “immense sheets of plate-glass,” but go on to its more purely artistic features:—

“On either side of these glasses were niches (oval-shaped at the top in the wall, which was coloured a faint warm cream-colour) containing marble statuettes about two feet high. Venus and Hercules, Apollo and Diana, were chosen as the respective types of beauty and strength. . . . In one recess by the side of the fireplace, a small semi-oblique piano stood, with a pile of loosely arranged music on it. In the corresponding recess there was a ruby velvet shrine, composed of a pedestal and curtains for the glorious goddess, who is grander and more perfect in her mutilated beauty than anything else the world has seen in marble, a nearly life-size copy of ‘Our Lady of Milo.’ . . . And pictured suggestions of the past and the future were not wanting; for Raphael and the Fornarina, Dante and his Beatrice, and a Madonna with the warm soft beauty of a moonbeam, all looked upon one from the walls.”

This amazing combination strikes the poet-hero as half divine. Very likely Miss Thomas imagines that the relation of the Fornarina to Raphael, and that of Beatrice to Dante, were identical; and that it is very fine and classical to talk of the Venus as Our Lady of Milo. Such wonderful exhibitions of the uneducated intelligence which has caught up a name here and there, and is bold enough to think it knows what they mean, are very

astonishing. Truly, a little learning is a dangerous thing.

We have gone as far as human patience can go in our survey, and leave off with the certainty that we have left a great deal that is more objectionable still untouched. In one novel, which we do not attempt to notice here, but which lately passed through our hands,* we remember that the chief interest turns on the heroine’s discussion with herself as to whether or not she will become the mistress of a very fascinating man she happens to be brought in contact with. Her decision eventually is on the side of virtue, but she takes the whole question into consideration with the most frank impartiality. In another† the central point is a certain secret passage leading from the chamber of the profligate master of a house into a room occupied by an old general and his charming young wife—a passage which the villain uses once too often, finding himself at last in presence of the insulted husband. But it is needless to multiply instances. It would be a task beyond our powers to enter into all the varieties of immorality which the novelists of the day have ingeniously woven into their stories. In these matters the man who writes is at once more and less bold than the woman; he may venture on positive criminality to give piquancy to his details, but it is the female novelist who speaks the most plainly, and whose best characters revel in a kind of innocent indecency, as does the heroine of ‘Cometh up as a Flower.’ Not that the indecency is always innocent; but there are cases in which it would seem the mere utterance of a certain foolish daring—an ignorance which longs to look knowing—a kind of immodest and indelicate innocence which likes to play with impurity. This is the most dismal feature

* ‘Which shall it be?’

† ‘Guy Deverell.’

among all these disagreeable phenomena. Nasty thoughts, ugly suggestions, an imagination which prefers the unclean, is almost more appalling than the facts of actual depravity, because it has no excuse of sudden passion or temptation, and no visible boundary. It is a shame to women so to write; and it is a shame to the women who read and accept as a true representation of themselves and their ways the equivocal talk and fleshly inclinations herein attributed to them. Their patronage of such books is in reality an adoption and acceptance of them. It may be done in carelessness, it may be done in that mere desire for something startling which the monotony of ordinary life is apt to produce; but it is debasing to everybody concerned. Women's rights and women's duties have had enough discussion, perhaps even from the ridiculous point of view. We have most of us made merry over Mr Mill's crotchet on the subject, and over the Dr Marys and Dr Elizabeths; but yet a woman has one duty of invaluable importance to her country and her race which cannot be over-estimated—and that is the duty of being pure. There is perhaps nothing of such vital consequence to a nation. Our female critics are fond of making demonstrations of indignation over the different punishment given by the world to the sin of man and that of woman in this respect. But all philosophy notwithstanding, and leaving the religious question untouched, there can be no possible doubt that the wickedness of man is less ruinous, less disastrous to the world in general, than the wickedness of woman. That is the climax of all misfortunes to the race. One of our cleverest journals took occasion the other day to point out the resemblance of certain superficial fashions among ourselves to the fashions prevalent among Roman

women at the time of Rome's downfall. The comparison, no doubt, has been made again and again, and yet society has not become utterly depraved. But yet it has come to have many very unlovely, very unpromising, features in it. We are no preacher to call English ladies to account, and we have no tragical message to deliver even had we the necessary pulpit to do it in; but it certainly would be well if they would put a stop to nasty novels. It would be well for literature, well for the tone of society, and well for the young people who are growing up used to this kind of reading. Considering how low the tone of literary excellence is, and how little power of exciting interest exists after all in these equivocal productions, the sacrifice would not seem a great one.

It is good to turn aside from these feverish productions—and we think it right to make as distinct a separation as the printer's skill can indicate between the lower and the higher ground in fiction—to the better fare which is still set before us. Though they seem to flourish side by side, and though the public, according to such evidence as can be obtained on the subject, seems to throw itself with more apparent eagerness upon the hectic than upon the wholesome, still we cannot but hope that Mr Anthony Trollope* has in reality a larger mass of readers than Miss Braddon, and we are very sure no sensational romancist of her school goes half so near the general heart as does the author of the 'Village on the Cliff.' There are still the seven thousand men in Israel who have not bent the knee to Baal, notwithstanding that mournful prophets in all ages will persist in thinking themselves alone faithful. Mr Trollope writes too much to be

* 'The Claverings;' 'Last Chronicle of Barset.'

always at his best. He has exhausted too many of the devices of fiction to be able to find always an original suggestion for his plot; but there is nobody living who has added so many pleasant people to our acquaintance, or given us so many neighbourly interests out of our own immediate circle. We are disposed to protest against the uncomfortable vacillation between two lovers which has been for some time past his favourite topic; but we do so only in the most friendly, and, indeed, affectionate way. High-pitched constancy is no doubt rare nowadays. On the one hand, it is by no means always a matter of certainty that the woman a man has been accepted by, or the man whom the woman accepts, are beyond dispute the best and most suitable for them. Friends of persons about to be married are on all hands agreed on that point. And, on the other side, we agree with Mr Trollope that, as a matter of amusement, lovemaking is decidedly superior to either croquet or cricket. But the fact remains, that the man and the woman who, without very grave cause, change their minds in this important matter, are seldom satisfactory people. Harry Claverling, though not a bad fellow in the main, looks very foolish when his first love and his second love are squabbling over him—or at least, if not squabbling, mutually determining to resign, and sacrifice themselves to his happiness. It is not an elevated position for a man. The reader feels slightly ashamed of him when he has to tell his tale, and submit to everybody's comment, and realise that the part he has played has been a very poor one. We can forgive our hero for making a tragic mistake which ruins or compromises him fatally, or we can forgive him for the most stupid blunder in any other branch of his affairs; but a blunder which necessitates the intervention of three or four women in his lovemaking, and which is really ar-

ranged by them, he himself being very secondary in the matter, is humiliating, and goes against the very character of a hero. It seems to be Mr Trollope's idea that, so long as he is faithful to her, a woman can see no blemish in a man whom she has once loved. But we fear this is far from being the fact. On the contrary, we should have been inclined to suppose that Florence Burton not only would never have been able to banish from her mind a certain (carefully suppressed, no doubt) contempt for her fickle lover, but that she would have indulged in a sound, reasonable, womanly hatred ever after, for all the kind intercessors who came between them. Women are neither so passive nor so grateful as they are made out to be; and a man's disdain for the girl who "having known *me* could decline" upon the lower heart and lower brain, is perhaps a few degrees less profound than the woman's contempt for the actor in a similar defalcation. It was mean of Florence Burton to have him again after he had forsaken her, and unspeakably mean of him to consent to the re-transfer, and to be happy ever after. The only person whom we have any sympathy with in the matter is the poor, faulty beauty, Julia, who was so dreadfully wrong in other respects, but yet not to blame in this. Here, however, is the vast difference between such a work as even the faultiest and least satisfactory of Mr Trollope's and the best of the inferior school. Deep, tragic passion is not in them, although they are chiefly about lovemaking, and their perplexities and troubles and complications of plot all centre in this one subject. But the atmosphere is the purest English daylight; none of those fair women, none of those clean, honourable, unexalted English gentlemen, have any terrible secrets in their past that cannot bear the light of day. There may be unpleasant talk at their clubs; and they may

make no exhibition of horror—but they don't mix it up with their history, or bring it into their intercourse with their friends. Now and then a woman among them may make a mercenary marriage, or a man among them be led into a breach of constancy; but they live like the most of us, exempt from gross temptation, and relying upon human natural incidents, contrariety of circumstances, failure of fortune, perversity of heart, for the plan of their romance. On this level we miss the primitive passions, but we get all those infinite shades of character which make society in fact, as well as society in a book, amusing and interesting. In Mr Trollope's books there are no women who throw their glorious hair over the breast of any chance companion; indeed, the red-haired young woman, exuberant in flesh and blood, and panting for sensation, is unknown in them. So great a difference does it make when you step out of the lower into the higher world. In short, here is a novelist to whom the colour of a woman's hair is not of first importance. Lily Dale, for instance, gives us no clue as to this important point; perhaps it is mentioned—we do not remember—at all events it is no way written upon her character. Our own impression is, that it must have been a kind of soft brown, a subdued sort of framework for her refined head, not any blazing panoply. But anyhow her author is indifferent on the subject. To him her hair is clearly a secondary matter. He takes, strange to say, a great deal more trouble to show us what was passing through her mind. And it is true that he does reveal this with an amount of variety which has pointed many a gentle joke against him. His knowledge of the thoughts that go through a girl's mind when she is in the full tide of her individual romance is almost uncanny in its minuteness. How did he find it all out? What tricky spirit laid

all those secrets open to him? But, wonderful as his insight is into their ways and works, there is one thing for which Mr Trollope deserves our real gratitude. It is not he who makes us ashamed of our girls. He gives us their thoughts in detail, and adds a hundred little touches which we recognise as absolute truth; but we like the young women all the better, not the worse, for his intuitions. They are like the honest English girls we know; and we cannot be sufficiently grateful to him for freeing us, so long as we are under his guidance, from that disgusting witch with her red or amber hair.

Yet would we chide our beloved novelist for his 'Last Chronicle.' We did not ask that this chronicle should be the last. We were in no hurry to be done with our old friends. And there are certain things which he has done without consulting us against which we greatly demur. To kill Mrs Proudie was murder, or manslaughter at the least. We do not believe she had any disease of the heart; she died not by natural causes, but by his hand in a fit of weariness or passion. When we were thinking no evil, lo! some sudden disgust seized him, and he slew her at a blow. The crime was so uncalled for, that we not only shudder at it, but resent it. It was cruel to us; and it rather—looks—as—if—he did not know how to get through the crisis in a more natural way. Then as to Lily Dale. Mr Trollope's readers have been cheated about this young woman. It is a wilful abandonment of all her natural responsibilities when such a girl writes *Old Maid* after her name. She has no business to do it; and what is the good of being an author, we should like to know, if a man cannot provide more satisfactorily for his favourite characters? Lily will not like it when she has tried it a little longer. She will find the small house dull, and will miss her

natural career; and if she should take to social science or philosophy, whose fault will it be but Mr Trollope's? On the other hand, though he has thus wounded us in our tenderest feelings, our author has in this book struck a higher note than he has yet attempted. We do not know, in all the varied range of his productions, of any bit of character-painting so profound and so tragic as that of Mr Crawley. Though there are scenes in 'Orley Farm' which approach it in intensity of interest, Lady Mason is not to be compared with the incumbent of Hoggstock. He is exasperating to the last degree—almost as exasperating to the reader as he must have been to his poor wife; and yet there is a grandeur about the half-crazed, wildered man—a mingled simplicity and subtlety in the conception—to which we cannot easily find a parallel in fiction. He has all the curious consistency and inconsistency of a real personage; we feel inclined to laugh and cry and storm at him all in a breath. His obstinate perversity—his sham sentiments and his true, which mingle together in an inextricable way as they do in nature, not as they generally do in art—his despair and confusion of mind, and quaint arrogance and exaggerated humility—make up a wonderfully perfect picture. The cunning of the craftsman here reaches to so high a point that it becomes a kind of inspiration. There is no high tone of colour, or garish light, to give fictitious importance to the portrait. Every tint is laid on, and every line made, with an entire harmony and subordination of detail which belongs to the most perfect art. Mr Trollope's power of pleasing is so great, and his facility of execution so unbounded, that he is seduced into giving us a great many sketches which will not bear close examination. But so long as he continues to vindicate his own powers by such an occasional inspiration as this, we can afford to

forgive him a great many Alice Vavasours and Harry Claverings.

The household at Plumstead, in its way, is almost as good. The Archdeacon's fierce wrath against his son, who is going to marry against his will—his suspicion of everybody conspiring against him to bring this about, and at the same time his instant subjugation by pretty Grace, and rash adoption of her on the spot—is altogether charming. Mr Trollope is about the only writer we know (with, perhaps, one or two exceptions) who realises the position of a sensible and right-minded woman among the ordinary affairs of the world. Mrs Grantley's perception at once of her husband's character and his mistakes—her careful abstinence from active interference—her certainty to come in right at the end—her half-amused, half-troubled spectatorship, in short, of all the annoyances her men-kind make for themselves, her consciousness of the futility of all decided attempts to set them right, and patient waiting upon the superior logic of events, is one of those "bits" which may scarcely call the attention of the careless reader, and yet is a perfect triumph of profound and delicate observation. As for old Mr Harding, our grief for his loss is yet too fresh to permit us to speak of him. We should like to go to Barchester and see his stall in the cathedral, and hear his favourite anthems, and linger a little by his grave. Honour to the writer who, amid so much that is false and vile and meretricious in current literature, beautifies our world and our imagination with such creations as these!

We might say the same thing in a different sense of the 'Village on the Cliff,' though in it there are no striking developments of character or distinct creation. No painter for a long time has given such a sweet bit of colour—a picture so full of light and atmosphere and harmonious brightness—to the

world. It is sweeter and more perfect than the 'Story of Elizabeth,' bright and glowing as that was. There is not a colourless corner on the canvass, not a bit of careless shade in the whole picture. The grass is green and the water blue, and the sun shines as if he meant it, and the shadows themselves are rich with all the innumerable neutral tints of nature. The story is a simple one enough. There is a young Englishman, a young painter, mildly Bohemian, yet fond of everything that is fair and orderly, who loves a Norman maiden, half-lady half-peasant, metaphorically called Reine, and who is loved by, without knowing or having done anything to bring it about, a certain sweet, little, bright-eyed governess, one of the Catherinees of the book. But everybody knows the story, and the story is little in comparison with the manner of its telling, and the series of pictures which compose it. The reader feels, indeed, that it is rather a picture than a book. What could be more perfect, for instance, than the following sketch?—

"Five o'clock on a fine Sunday—western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either side, with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil—far away promontories, flashing and distant shores which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles where the ripples meet the sands:

"The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant women, and the wings of the sea-gulls as they go swimming through the air.

"Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the water. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sisters in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady, in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet

and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets, and babies, and huge umbrellas. . . . The country folks meet, greet each other cheerfully, and part with signs and jokes: the bathers go on shouting and beating the water; the lights dance. In the distance, across the sands, you see the figures walking leisurely homewards before the tide overtakes them. The sky gleams whiter and whiter at the horizon, and bluer and more blue behind the arid grasses that fringe the overhanging edges of the cliffs."

This we quote, not because it is the best of the continually recurring vignettes, but simply because it is of quotable length, and can be detached from the context. The description of Dick Butler's studio at Chelsea, where he gives his pretty cousins and their little brothers and sisters and the governess tea, is more perfect still. The chateau of Tracy itself, and Reine's farm, and Monsieur Fontaine's chalet, are all drawn with the same vivid and bright reality; we walk about among them, and feel the grass cool under our feet, and the fragrance of the flowers. There is a delicate art in all this which conveys a quite separate and characteristic kind of pleasure. The story is pleasant, the characters true to nature, but the style is simply exquisite. The reader lingers over it as over a picture; the gleams of sweet colour move and change about, and flash out upon him; the lights are lighted, the dews fall, he knows where the poppies are growing in the fields, and how the boats lie on the beach, and is familiar with the reflections that shine out of all the bright surfaces in the Norman farm-kitchen. The picture is so fine, so delicate, and clear, that it moves him with that curious delight in itself which only things perfect produce.

But for our own part we are inclined to doubt whether Dick and Reine would be very happy together. Looking at things in a vulgar and commonplace way, we

are not sure that it would not have been better for him to marry Catherine. The young Norman is very charming, but her temper might get a little troublesome, especially if the Eaton Square people snubbed her, as no doubt they would endeavour to do. One feels there is a certain cruelty in adding the one word of criticism which rises to our lips in reference to so soft and sweet a creature as this same little Catherine. Nothing has ever been more daintily, more delicately done than the revelation of her feelings when she was the kindly-treated yet solitary governess among all those cheerful Butlers. In this and in 'Elizabeth,' and in those charming little fairy tales which we believe we owe to the same pen, the wistful little maiden in the shade, with her modest longings for happiness, her pensive consciousness of being alone, her surprised, sad, unenvying sense of contrast when everything bright goes to the other, and all that is dim and darksome comes to herself, is set forth with a grace and tender feeling which we would be brutes not to appreciate. The strain is exquisite, but it is a monotone. No doubt there are pangs of pain in the young creature's lot which are as keen as anything which ever befalls the heart; but still we all know that the time might come when even Catherine should look back and sigh for the days *quand j'étais jeune et souffrais tant*. The story of those youthful troubles is very sweet, but there are other troubles in the world, and other kinds of experience worth the study. We do not blame—we only suggest. The author of the 'Village on the Cliff' has too much real power to confine herself to one string. The harp has many strings, and there is music in them all.

We had hoped to have found room in this paper for some words of comment upon the works of Mr Charles Reade, who has gradually

become one of the greatest artists in the realm of fiction; but we have already exceeded reasonable limits, and we will not do that powerful romancist so much wrong as to bring him in at the end. His power is of the kind which will always seem coarse to a certain class of minds unable to discriminate; for he is very apt to call a spade a spade; and among the minikin performances of the day, his strong and genuine mastery over human characters and passions shows out with a force of outline which may possibly, in some cases, look exaggerated. We will, if the fates are propitious, return on another occasion to the works of a writer to whom we are disposed to assign one of the highest places in his art.

And we cannot but add, by way of conclusion to our sermon, that though we have much to lament, we have something too to congratulate ourselves upon in the present condition of English fiction. The objectionable writers are all second-rate; genius there is none among them, and not much even of anything that can be called real talent. It is to be supposed they must be entertaining to somebody, else they would not be popular; but then we are all aware that there are a great many foolish people in the world—people, happily, too foolish to be really injured by any rubbish they may read; and all that is best and highest in fiction, honourably maintains that character for purity which has been won by the English school of novels. This ought to be a consolation to everybody concerned; and, in the mean time, we can but trust that the tide may turn—that even foolish and vulgar readers may get tired of foolish books, and that the respectable name of Mr Mudie may no longer be made the means of introducing nasty sentiments and equivocal heroines to English novel-readers far and wide.

LA PHYSIQUE MODERNE.

It has been a favourite speculation of philosophers that the physical phenomena of the world are all reducible to matter and motion. By matter is understood that which is extended and impenetrable, of which the atom is conceived as the *minimum* or unit. Atoms defined as extended and impenetrable, and these in movements of infinite variety, running sometimes together in close juxtaposition, or circling round each other—moving, in short, in every direction and combination, and with every degree of velocity—these two conceptions, it is said, are literally all we *can* think, when (liberating ourselves from the charm of words, or the tyranny of metaphors drawn from the human will or human passions) we strive to form for ourselves an intelligible idea of the material universe. Amongst modern philosophers Des Cartes has the credit of first stating this doctrine in all its absoluteness. Our Locke threw out similar views; and indeed we may say that since his time all speculative men of a certain positive or analytic cast of thought, and who are averse to the occult and the mysterious, have looked with favour on this broad generalisation, though they may not have seen their way to its establishment.

For it is one thing to seize upon a conception from a metaphysical point of view—on the broad ground, say, that it is the only intelligible conception open to us—and quite another to apply this conception, as the man of science imperatively demands that it should be applied, to all the actual facts of nature. It so happened that, subsequent to Des Cartes, the very progress of science was such as to lead the

mind away from his great generalisation. The chemists, by their successful analyses, were able to hold up to the world a certain number of elementary substances, which they represented as being endowed with special properties—thus striking at the fundamental conception of the unity or identity of all matter. Where their analysis stopped, there they saw an element or distinct *kind* of matter. The metals shone conspicuously amongst the simple bodies of the universe, holding a specific character of their own. Having established the fact, as it seemed to them, of matter of different kinds, and having familiarised their imagination with the idea of matter in the invisible form of gas, it was almost an unavoidable consequence that when the chemists wanted to explain the phenomena of heat or electricity they should, in each case, invent a subtle matter which should be distinguished from other matter by the requisite properties. Heat was some element diffused through bodies, lying latent at one time, and seen in energetic action at another. Light had been long, and very naturally, considered as some peculiar emanation from the sun. The phenomenon of electricity demanded a separate fluid, or perhaps two fluids. In face of all these elementary substances, endowed with their especial properties, how was it possible to uphold the doctrine of one matter, definable only as having form, resistance, and motion?

The greatest discovery or grandest generalisation of modern science (the laws of gravity as determined by Newton) offered, perhaps, a severer opposition to the Cartesian theory of the universe than even

the discoveries of the chemist. Newton himself, when he spoke of the *attraction* of matter towards matter, was at first solicitous to add that he meant nothing more by the word than to describe the fact that bodies tended towards each other according to the law he had enunciated. But the word attraction, by which the fact was naturally expressed, came to be considered (perhaps, after a time, even in the mind of Newton himself) as synonymous with a peculiar force. Matter was endowed with this new force of attraction. How to reconcile this new force with that *inertia* which was still considered as part of the definition of matter, was felt to be a perplexity; nevertheless the new property very soon established itself in physical science. And as *faith* and *familiarity* are much the same thing in the region of ideas, it came to be considered as a settled truth that matter *had* this attractive force. Gravity was the attraction of bodies towards each other; cohesion was an attraction of particles; chemical affinity was some curious special attraction of one kind of matter for another kind of matter.

But science, which was leading us away from our Cartesian generalisation, has lately, in its still further progress, been leading us back to it. Chemistry, which had been giving us definite elementary substances, distinguished by their original properties, suddenly startled the world by the announcement that certain of its elementary substances were capable (without union with any other substance) of assuming different states, in which they manifested different properties. To what could these different properties be due but some different disposition of the particles of this simple elementary substance? What we call, then, the special property of this or that substance may be nothing but the special arrangement of the particles of one common matter. But the

modern doctrine which resolved heat into a mode of motion gave a still further impetus to speculation of this kind. Heat had been regarded as some peculiar force of some peculiar matter. It was now regarded as the motion, either of the matter before us, or of that ether which the science of optics had already compelled us to imagine as permeating all space. Nor must we forget to mention that other announcement—first made, we believe, with distinctness and with full appreciation of its importance, by Mr Grove in his admirable 'Essay on the Correlation of Forces'—that there was a certain transformation, as it appeared, of heat into light and electricity, and of electricity into light and heat; that, in fact, all these phenomena were interchangeable. What could be thus transmuted except one motion into another motion? Or what could we deduce but that all these phenomena were but successive movements of some matter common to them all?

Thus was science bringing us back to the great generalisation that all physical phenomena are but the varied movements of one universal matter. But now when we speak of the motions of innumerable atoms, we must, of course, suppose some laws of *communication* of movement from atom to atom. Atoms are, by the terms of their definition, impenetrable, and this impenetrability implies that they interfere with each other's movements. How do they behave towards each other? There is no fact with which we are more familiar than this, that one moving body striking another, sets the second body in motion. This, which we call impulse or momentum, is a fact open to the senses. Is there any other method of communicating motion? Or need we devise any other method? What is to be said of this *attraction*? Do bodies really impress movement upon each other by some attractive

power which acts at a distance? Since the phenomena of heat and light have compelled us to introduce an invisible ether penetrating through all space, may not the action of this ether on bodies, in the old way of impact or momentum, account for all the phenomena of gravity? There have not been wanting, both in England and France, men of science who have taken this view of the subject. Mr Grove, in his late excellent address as President of the British Association, hints at such a solution of the difficulty.

In the charming little treatise, '*La Physique Moderne*,' which we have put at the head of our paper, M. Emile Saigey gives a very lucid account of this latest mode of speculating on the physical facts of the universe. It is a mode which may be described as bringing all the resources of modern science to the elucidation of the old text of Des Cartes, and other philosophers who have persisted that the human mind is incapable of any intelligible conception of physical facts which does not resolve itself into matter and motion,—into the laws of the distribution and combination of moving atoms. There is, in fact, under many names, but *one science*, and that science is mechanics. Atoms, and the laws which regulate the direction and velocity of their movements—this is all our material universe.

There is one objection, drawn from mechanical science itself, which M. Saigey thinks it necessary to notice, and remove, at the very commencement. Matter, in its simplest state, is represented as a multitude of individual atoms, striking and rebounding from each other in every possible direction. How do they rebound? Are they elastic? But elasticity belongs to a compound body; it is some play of the molecules or atoms of which it is organised; it is a mechanism which implies that there are void spaces within the elastic body. The

researches of M. Poinsoot on revolving bodies have, we are assured, relieved us from the difficulty. These have shown that a hard but non-elastic body will, if revolving, rebound from its obstacle exactly as if it were elastic; it will even, sometimes, after a rebound have an increased velocity, because the movement of rotation has, in part, been changed into one of translation. The billiard-player is familiar with the effect which the rotation of the ball has in modifying the rebound. In this example a high degree of elasticity combines with the rotation; but if in our thoughts we separate the effects of the rotation, we shall be able to understand how the ethereal atoms may rebound from each other without being elastic. We have but to confer on them, at once, as an original property, a rotatory movement, as well as one of translation, and our difficulty is at an end.

We propose to present our readers with a rapid outline of M. Saigey's theory. We prefer to take here the humble office of the interpreter of other men's views. We must not be understood as following implicitly our author. Indeed, on one subject—the nature of force, and of our idea of force—we do not find M. Saigey quite consistent with himself. Nothing could be more clear than the statement which he makes upon this subject at the commencement of his essay, but he does not at all times adhere to this statement.

It was a great step which science made when it determined that *nothing was destroyed* in the world; that the quantity of matter remained constant; that nothing passed before us but change of form. The chemist could disperse the solid body so that nothing remained to affect the senses; and he could call it back from its impalpable and invisible condition, and weigh it again before us. He established as a fact what had only been a speculation. Science has now undertaken to demonstrate the truth

of another and kindred speculation—that the amount of *movement* is constant in the world; that all the activities of matter resolve themselves into change of direction and velocity of individual movements. Movement itself, like matter, is never destroyed, and its acceleration *here* is always accompanied by its retardation *there*. The sum of the movements in the physical creation is always the same.

If it can be established that the only cause of any known movement is some previously moving body, which loses its own motion in the same proportion that it communicates motion to the body it strikes, it must follow that there can be neither increase nor diminution in the whole amount of motions in the universe. It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that, in making this statement, we suggest no limits to *Creative Power*, either in the amount of matter or motion that may enter into the universe. The origin of *motion itself* is, like the origin of matter itself, a question of theology, not of science. The laws of the *Created* are what science aspires to comprehend. If it be a truth that every known motion is traceable to a previous motion which ceased when the new one was produced, our thesis is demonstrated. It becomes, therefore, a question of great interest whether we are to admit of other causes of motion—as, for instance, this occult and mysterious force of attraction.

According to the theory we have to expound, the word *force* should be understood as synonymous with what the mechanician means by *momentum*. It simply expresses the fact that one moving body, or par-

ticle of matter, moves another by impinging on it. As employed to express any other cause of motion, our theory requires that it should be expelled from the vocabulary of science.

Under these circumstances, what is it we are to understand by the *inertia* of matter, or are we still to use *that* expression? We are instructed here to embrace motion in our very definition of matter. What, indeed, is impenetrability itself, which is said to be our fundamental idea of matter, but a relation between two moving bodies?—this relation, namely, that one cannot move through the other. There may be an occult or transcendent *cause* for impenetrability, as there may be a transcendent cause for motion, which the mind cannot follow; but impenetrability, as known to us, stands in relation to motion. In order that matter should have the property of impenetrability, it must also have the property of motion. So far, therefore, as we can give any definition of matter at all, motion must enter into the definition.* Are we now to say that matter is *inert*, because every movement it takes upon itself is received from some other portion of matter, and retained till it finds some other portion of matter on which to bestow it? Or are we to say that matter is *active*, and has *force*, because it *can* thus bestow its motion? It seems to be inert or passive when it receives, and to be active when it gives, motion. And yet, on second consideration, the body that receives motion is the one that starts forward *to move*, and may surely be said to be as active as the body that impinged on it, and lost thereby a

* It seems at first sight a hopeless perplexity to say, that there can be no conception of *motion* without a space-occupant that moves,—and then, that there can be no conception of *space-occupancy* without that of motion. But is not this *whole*, the parts of which can only exist as parts of a whole, the last conception which, in our study of nature, we are always compelled to form? And does not this thoroughly harmonise with that other great conception that, take your stand where you will in the history of the world, it always comes upon us as the manifestation of a Thought?

part of its own motion. It exhibits as much force *in being moved* as the other body *in moving it*.

The fact is, that the words Activity and Passivity, or Force and Inertia, are misplaced when we speak of inanimate matter. They carry with them a metaphorical significance derived from the animated creation, or directly from our own consciousness. Inanimate matter *simply moves*—it makes no effort, has no will, no desire, no suffering—one atom moves and then another—that is all. The living being regards itself, owing to its own sensation on the one hand, and its own volition on the other, as passive and active, and it throws this self into all inanimate nature. We speak of the moving body that gives the momentum as active, and the body that receives the momentum as passive. We, for an instant, identify ourselves with the moving body, and see effort or will in the blow it deals. The next instant we identify ourselves with the body struck, and think of it as borne unresistingly or passively along. There is, in truth, the same activity in both cases, and the same passivity in both cases. All is active and all is passive, which is as much as saying that the words are altogether inapplicable. If we choose to call motion itself by the name of activity, there is activity enough in the inanimate world; but there is no activity as a contrast to passivity—there is nothing but activity,—that is, motion, and laws of motion.

Meanwhile, as we have none of us the privilege, or the ability, to coin a new language, we must use such words as custom has sanctioned, and limit their meaning as we best can. If by *inertia* is simply meant one law of motion, as that a body will not cease or change its movement till it has received a new impulse from another body; and if by *force* is simply meant another law of motion, that one moving body *does* communicate motion to

another,—the two words may both be innocently used. Such is the only meaning which we here attach to them.

Glad to escape from these very abstract preliminaries, some of our readers will perhaps here put the question at once, whether that *ether*, the existence of which our philosophers seem to have established, and which takes so large a share in our modern theories, is to be considered as having peculiar properties of its own, or to be in any essential respect a different kind of matter from that which our senses bring us directly acquainted with? A moment's reflection will convince them that to do so would be altogether inconsistent with the terms of the theory here propounded. To introduce two kinds of matter would be to lead us back to those occult properties or forces which it has dismissed, or, what would be still more preposterous, would oblige us to admit contradictory laws of mechanical motion. The molecules of ordinary matter are regarded in this theory as aggregates of ethereal atoms. Reserving the term atom for the ethereal unit, these atoms group themselves so as to form the molecule, the molecules form bodies, gaseous, fluid, and solid. But is not the ether called *imponderable*? It may be so called because weight or gravity is due to the action of the ethereal atoms *on molecular matter*, which alone manifests the movement we call gravity. Matter under *no* form is ponderable in itself, gravity not being ascribed to any peculiar attractive force, but to the action of the atoms on the molecules—atoms and their movements; that is, finally, all our material universe. Our only conception of bodies is that of atoms moving *close* together. In the *infinitely minute* we have the molecules revolving round each other, interlaced with ethereal movements, forming what we call cohesion and chemical affinities; in

the *infinitely great* we have the same laws of motion illustrated in the rotation of suns, and the revolution of planets round them. Throughout the whole of this system of varied aggregates we have the same laws of harmonious and rhythmic motions. One definite motion bears the name of *heat*, another of *light*, a third of *electricity*; but wherever a successful analysis is made, the last facts disclosed are atoms and their related movements.

To determine what progress modern science has made towards the complete elucidation of this theory would require a survey of every branch of science. This, in our case, would be an utterly absurd attempt: we shall select three topics round which we shall be able to group the most conspicuous facts that bear upon our theory—*Light, Heat, and Gravity.*

Light.—The branch of science which ought first to be mentioned in connection with our theory is evidently optics, because to this we are indebted for our belief in the existence of matter in that condition we call ether. We, however, have no necessity, on the present occasion, to go back to those arguments which convinced the scientific world of the undulatory theory of light. It is enough if we allude to a few facts which reveal to us the part which motion plays in the more subtle phenomena of nature. For our investigations into the nature of light have given us some insight into the intimate constitution of all material bodies.

The law of *Interference* shows that the ethereal atoms mutually impede or deflect each other on well-known mechanical principles, so that the necessary rhythm of the vibration is lost. The explanation of what is called the *polarisation* of light, proceeds on the supposition that there can be, in a quite mechanical manner, a partial cessation of the vibrations that constituted a ray of light; and the *muti-*

lated ray, having no longer its complement of vibrations in every direction, is said to *have sides*; it has a power of penetrating bodies, or being reflected from bodies, according to the side which it presents to them. This points to a quite mechanical relation between the ray of light and the body presented to it. The much more familiar fact, that of two bodies equally *solid* one shall be transparent and the other opaque, leads to the suggestion that these equally solid bodies have a rhythmic motion in their particles of a different kind, the one interfering, the other not, with the ethereal vibrations.

How constantly these ethereal vibrations affect solid or molecular matter the chemist can tell us, and every photographer knows. The *spectrum* has been long ago analysed into three descriptions of rays—light, heat, and the actinic or chemical rays. These last are in their nature so little distinguished from light, that by an ingenious experiment they can be made visible—that is, under a slight modification of circumstances they become light. Under the influence of these actinic rays new chemical combinations are formed. What can we understand by this but that the ethereal vibrations have imposed new movements on the molecules of the substance they have acted on?

The latest discovery in light, still sufficiently novel to excite our wonder, and which justly bears the name of *Frauenhofer's lines*, speaks still more clearly of this interchange of movement between the ethereal and molecular matter. A substance in burning gives out a peculiar light. You burn sodium, for instance, and there will be a very brilliant ray in the yellow part of its spectrum. If now, instead of deriving the light from the burning sodium, you pass a ray of pure light through the vapour of sodium, the state of things will be reversed, and just at that part of the spectrum where there was the bright yel-

low, there will now be a dark line. The vapour of sodium has absorbed precisely the same rays which the burning sodium emitted. This, from the point of view of our theory, is exactly what might have been expected. What is called the absorption of the rays, is the conversion of certain ethereal movements into certain molecular movements; and what is called emitting the rays from the burning sodium, is the conversion of certain molecular into ethereal movements. In the one experiment the ethereal movement that gives yellow light is transmuted into a molecular movement of the vapour of sodium; in the other experiment the molecular movement of the same sodium is transmuted into the ethereal movement, which is yellow light. We are almost tempted to exclaim, How could it have been otherwise? The substance calculated to receive a certain rhythmic motion, and so to extinguish the yellow light, would be also calculated, when its rhythmic motion was sufficiently intensified, to communicate to the ether that motion which would constitute yellow light.

Heat.—We must pass on very rapidly. The modern doctrine which resolves heat into a mode of motion, and which has now passed from the stage of speculation to a scientific truth, admitting of the rigid tests of number and measure, has given an especial impulse to that theory of the material universe of which M. Saigey is our present expositor. We may take it for granted that our readers are acquainted with this doctrine. M. Saigey adopts as a basis for his own essay, the work of Professor Tyndall; and Professor Tyndall, we are happy to say, is a countryman of our own, and his work has been justly appreciated and extensively read amongst us. It received some notice in this Magazine.* We have not here to demonstrate the validity of the

theory, but rather to show its bearing on the still wider theory, that *all* material phenomena are resolvable into modes of motion.

And first, as heat is not only a motion of the ether (as light is), but also a motion of molecular matter, the fact is brought home more palpably to us than even in the science of optics, that solid bodies which to the senses are at perfect rest, may be the arena of incessant and violent motion. We are thus led towards the conclusion that *cohesion* is not the result of any special force or attraction, but it is *this simple fact*, that particles of matter are vibrating or revolving in closest proximity to each other. Cohesion may result from nothing but the laws of motion.

Molecular movements in the body itself give to us the *sensation* of heat; accelerated to a certain degree they affect the surrounding ether, and produce light as well as heat. The solid metal becomes incandescent. Still further accelerated the metal ceases to be solid, it becomes fluid. A new state of cohesion results from the accelerated movement. An increased velocity in the particles of the fluid leads to still another state of cohesion, the vapour or the gas. What inference can be more just than that cohesion itself, in all its states, is most fitly described as falling under the laws of motion?

Chemical affinity is but a peculiar form of cohesion, and we shall have reasons to give for considering gravity as the result of a movement transmitted from the ethereal atoms to molecular matter. Thus all nature presents itself to us as a spectacle of incessant movement, one vast mechanism simple in its laws, bewildering by the multiplicity of its details—a mechanism in which the quantity of movement is constant, however the movements themselves may vary. For no body loses its motion but by giving it to

* December 1863.

another, and no body or particle of matter moves another but by a corresponding loss of its own motion.

This great generalisation of the *constancy of the amount of motion in the universe*, M. Saigey (under the influence of his scientific authority, Professor Tyndall) seems here for a time to desert, and we hear him speaking of the conservation of *force*, the *storing up of force*, and of *virtual forces*—a phraseology which either means nothing, or which implies a recurrence to those occult forces and powers of nature which he had previously discarded. He adopts from Professor Tyndall his mode of speaking of the *work done* as a storing up of the forces that accomplished it, which forces are to be let out again on some subsequent occasion. According to M. Saigey, force is known to us only as momentum, as an effect to be measured by mass and velocity—how can there be a storing up of momentum? How can there be in any sense a storing up of motion, or the cause of motion, since, at every instant of time, there is always the same amount of motion in the universe?

Look, says M. Saigey, at a steam-engine, and let us neglect all the loss of force, or of work, which is occasioned by the machine itself; let us think of an ideal machine. The expanding steam presses on the piston; each molecule of vapour loses thus a certain quantity of *vis viva* (“*de force vive*”); these repeated losses move the beam, move a wheel, finally raise a weight. At the end of the operation all the *vis viva* which the steam had lost finds itself virtually in the elevated weight (“*se trouve virtuellement dans le poids élevée*”). If now, he continues, I cut the cord which sustains the weight, it will fall, and reproduce by its fall all the *vis viva* that has been expended in raising it. This will appear under the form of heat at the moment when the body strikes the earth, and if

one could collect and restore it to the steam, one would restore the steam to the state it was in at the commencement of the operation.

But what if the steam-engine, instead of raising a weight, had rolled a stone, with the same expenditure of heat, along the surface of the earth, how then would the *vis viva* be accumulated in the body moved? There would be no tendency here for the stone to return to the place from which it came. In neither case, in fact, is there any place for this strange conception of the accumulation of *vis viva* in the shape of virtual force (if any meaning can be attached to such expressions). The elevated weight did not acquire its power to descend from the fact that it *had ascended*. Its position with regard to the earth, its gravity (however we may explain gravity), determines its next movement, and would determine it in exactly the same manner, however it had got into that position. What force can be imagined as stored in the raised weight?

At every stage in every operation of nature, a motion made implies another motion lost, and a motion ceasing implies another motion gained. When the weight was raised, the motion we call heat was lost, and this motion of the mass was gained; when the weight fell to the earth, the motion of the mass was lost, and the motion we call heat was gained. What else is obscure in the experiment attaches to the mysterious nature generally assigned to the force of gravity, on which subject we shall have immediately to touch.

The great generalisation of modern science which M. Saigey has set himself to explain is this: that at every instant there is the same quantity of motion in the universe, and that all physical phenomena—light, heat, electricity, gravity, &c.—are but varieties of motion, following each other by the same laws we see reigning in mechanics. At this point of his essay he has been

diverted for a moment into that vaguest of all statements, that at each instant there is a constancy in the sum of the *virtual* and *actual forces* of the world. He has followed his English authority, and said of force that it "se trouve emmagasinée dans le travail produit, et elle se régénère quand ce travail se défait,"—an idea which a Comptist or Positivist would describe as being purely of a metaphysical character.

The moment that M. Mayer in Germany, and Mr Joule in England, and, as it seems, M. Hirn in France, had established, in weight and measure, the equivalent between heat and mechanical motion, it is astonishing what a confident tone our speculations immediately assumed. Movement was everywhere seen, leading to, or rather losing itself in, other movements. Our animal heat was at once declared to be transmuted into our muscular motion. That animal heat was obtained from food. How? Why, the very breaking up, through what we call chemical operations, of its state of cohesion, implies a change of motion; for what is cohesion but some incalculably rapid motion of molecules or atoms within an extremely restricted space? Can it be any surprise to us that what we call chemical changes should result in the movement we call heat?

We will not enter minutely into the explanation here given of cohesion and chemical affinity. Some of the details are rather too hypothetical. Nor do we care to discuss the hypothesis here presented to us on electricity. We must be contented for the present with the general belief, in all these cases, that a mode of motion is the ultimate fact to be extracted, and to confess that the exact combination of atoms and molecules, or the exact nature of their movements, has yet to be discovered. M. Saigey advocates the opinion that electricity is a fluid; a fluid, not of

any special matter, but of the same ether whose vibrations are heat, and light, and actinism. In the case of electricity the ether flows along molecular matter; matter in both conditions being necessary to the development of electricity. This may be as good a guess as any other, but it bears the appearance only of intelligent guess-work. Alas! it may be said, how much at present must be mere intelligent guess-work in any scheme that would pretend to something like completeness!

We will proceed to what we think, to many of our readers, will be the most interesting portion of M. Saigey's essay—the account which his theory gives of gravitation.

Gravity.—We need hardly premise that M. Saigey has no intention to dispute the law of gravity as laid down by Newton and verified by astronomers of all nations. It is the use of the word *attraction* as a *cause* for that law to which he and many others would object. The Newtonian law, he says, must be surveyed from the position of Results, not of Causes. Matter moves towards matter *as if* it had a certain attractive force, but it does not follow that there is really such an attractive force in nature. The result, which alone we can take cognisance of, may be due to no other force than that *momentum* we are all familiar with. In other words, the facts may be explained by the one law, that a moving body communicates motion to another body.

Cuvier has said, in his 'History of the Progress of the Sciences,' "If you once depart from the shock, the blow, the *collision*, you can have no idea of distinct cause of movement." It is quite true, however, that we may raise as many curious questions about this fact of one moving body propelling another by collision as about any fact whatever. How can one body take on itself the motion of another? Or how can

the inert body be stimulated into activity? Many questions of this kind might be asked. It is not because this communication of motion by collision is free from difficulties, that it is thus placed in the first rank. It is because, while we can resolve other supposed causes of motion into this, we cannot resolve this into any other cause. The law of Economy obliges us therefore to select it. If we really cannot form any other conception of gravity than as the result of an *attractive force*, we must reconcile ourselves to this conception; and the general mind of Europe seems, indeed, to have adopted this attractive force as an article of scientific faith. But if the older and indisputable force or law of *momentum* be sufficient to explain the facts of gravitation, then let us adhere exclusively to it.

Without further preface, we will state the manner in which it is here proposed to liberate us from the conception (which until time, or repetition, had accustomed them to it, appeared to all men very extraordinary) of distant bodies having towards each other a power of attraction.

Let us imagine, says M. Saigey, an ether extending uniformly through space; its atoms, animated by movements of projection and translation, strike and rebound from each other in the manner we have already described. Suppose now that at a point in this medium there should be a special and permanent cause of disturbance—say a molecule in a state of vibration—this disturbance will extend and propagate itself in every direction through the ether. The atoms nearest to the vibrating molecule will receive the most violent movement, their ranks will be broken and dispersed, and the stratum, or sphere, contiguous to the molecule will be less dense than the rest of the medium. The action of the molecule being continued, the same effect is propagated from circle to

circle, or from sphere to sphere, throughout space. As final result, the ether will be distributed about this centre of movement in concentric layers, of which those nearest the molecule will be least dense and the rest will increase in density as they retire from it.

This state of things is easily imagined. Now suppose that a second molecule finds itself at any point in such a system. It will encounter on the side of the first molecule, layers of ether less dense than on the opposite side. Struck by the ethereal atoms in every direction, it must nevertheless receive fewer shocks on the side towards the molecule. It must tend consequently to approach it.

Here we have our gravity. The second molecule is driven towards the first, because it encounters layers or circles of the ether of different densities, and the energy of this action will be found, by the mathematician, to be in inverse proportion to the square of the distance of the two molecules; answering to the known law of gravity.

What we have stated of two isolated molecules, will apply to molecules grouped in the manner to form a body. Such a group will produce this variety of density in the ether we have described, and produce it in a still greater degree, in proportion to the greater number of the molecules, or larger mass of the body. The planets are bodies of great volume urged towards the sun by the same condition of things as causes heavy substances to fall upon the earth. In both cases attraction is but that tendency to approach which is due to the external impulses of the surrounding ether.

It will be thus seen that we are justified in calling the ether imponderable, while we attribute weight to the molecular body, which, nevertheless, is but an aggregate of ethereal atoms. Weight is, in fact, the result of a relation

between matter in the two states. The aggregate we call a body finds itself in a medium of unequal density; these varieties of density are regulated by the strictest law, and indeed are produced by, and in proportion to, the molecules of bodies. In a medium so disposed, the body is subjected to a greater number of shocks on one side than on the other, and moves in obedience to the preponderating impulses.

Much, of course, remains to be done by the mathematician and the physicist to establish a theory of this description. We are far from expecting the reader to be at once satisfied with this account, which we have extracted as faithfully as possible from M. Saigey's work. We are not altogether satisfied with it ourselves. We should have several questions to put to M. Saigey. We think, however, that some such theory may be so far received as to be put fairly on its trial. Meanwhile it must be confessed that it promises to release us from a curious anomaly, this *attractive force* ascribed to matter. *Momentum*, or the communication of motion by one moving body to another, may, as we have already intimated, be only more familiar to the mind, not in itself less perplexing. But this familiar fact we cannot, by any possibility, disallow; and it would be at least a grand simplification if we could say of every motion that it was an instance of this fact,—if we could say that no motion takes place but by the contact of a moving body, which loses motion in proportion as it gives.

There is a point here which requires a word of explanation, and M. Saigey affords us the explanation in a very luminous manner.

Those who hesitated to admit the existence of an ether were in the habit of raising the objection, that if it really existed it ought to retard the revolution of the planets,—that it ought to offer a resistance which astronomers had

not detected. To this it was replied that the resistance would be so feeble that it would escape the detection of the astronomer. Some have calculated that it would abridge the distance of the earth from the sun at the rate of three metres during every revolution of the earth, and thus shorten our year by one second in six thousand years. It will be readily admitted that our astronomical observations do not enable us to eliminate a result like this from amongst the numerous perturbations to which our terrestrial orbit is liable.

But if the ether offered no appreciable resistance to the planets, it might to the comets. These once dreaded bodies, which were to strike the stars out of heaven, and envelop the earth in destruction, have been discovered to be of an extreme tenuity, such as it tasks the imagination to conceive. Buffon could call in the aid of a comet to explain the origin of our planetary system; a wandering mass of this description struck the sun, and detached from it huge fragments, which it launched into space. A countryman of Buffon, M. Faye, has lately calculated that the nucleus of a comet—the part most solid—is hardly nine times more dense than that residue of atmosphere which remains under the glass of an air-pump when we have done our utmost to make a vacuum. And as to the tail—as it is still profanely called—that is six billion times less dense than the nucleus. This extreme tenuity may well render the comets susceptible to the least resistance from the medium they traverse; but it renders them susceptible also to all imaginable or unimaginable incidents—say to a resistance from the smallest bodies, such as we call meteoric—which they may encounter in space. We believe the diminution in the periodicity of Encke's comet is the only instance at present relied upon for the detection of the resistance of the ether through the movements

of these extraordinary bodies. But, as M. Saigey remarks, a conclusion drawn from a solitary example amidst the uncertainty which reigns on the conditions affecting cometary movements, cannot be regarded as *bien rigoureuse*.

Are we bound, however, under the new light of our theory of gravitation, to look for any such resistance whatever? Gravity, or that force which propels the earth towards the sun, is the result of the action, in every possible direction, of the ether on the planet; the planet moves in obedience to the more numerous impulses it receives in one direction than in any other. The effect, therefore, of the ether on the planet is altogether absorbed and accounted for when you have calculated the precise force of gravity.

Following a mathematical analysis, our astronomers assign two forces to the production of the circular movement of a planet—an initial force of projection impelling it in a straight line, and a force of gravity which constantly inflects its course. This equilibrium, established by astronomers, independently of any notion of an ether, must be compromised, it is thought, by the introduction of this universal medium. But if we now recognise in the medium the origin of one, at least, of these forces, the character of the problem is altogether altered. In the equilibrium established by astronomers the whole effect of the ether had been already absorbed; it had been absorbed in that gravity, or centripetal force, which they had so accurately calculated. In saying that the ether produces exactly such force of gravity, we have taken account of the shocks or impulses it gives *on all sides*; we should make a double employment of some of them if, under the form of resistance to movement, we introduced, a second time, those shocks which the planet receives on the path in which it moves.

The ether cannot be introduced first as a cause and then as a resistance of motion, when, in estimating it as a cause of motion, you necessarily took account of its impulse in every direction. This being so, it is not to be expected that astronomers will have any such resistance to detect. And, on the other hand, those who, on purely theoretical grounds, have concluded that there *must be* such resistance, and that therefore, sooner or later, the earth must fall into the sun, may dismiss their alarms.

Thus we have given an outline of what may be considered, in the present state of our knowledge, a bold theory of the material universe. An agitated ether fills all space. The ethereal atoms form, by their aggregation, molecules; these latter, by a second aggregation, form bodies. There is no attempt to explain the passage from the atom to the molecule, nor why it is that the molecule never resolves back again into its component atoms, or why it is that the aggregating process has ceased, and new molecules are not formed. But we may observe that a like difficulty arises on the passage from inorganic molecules to the *cell*, which is the unit of animal and vegetable life. No one doubts that the cell is composed of inorganic matter, yet it is received as an established fact that no cell is produced except from some previous cell. So that the first passage from the inorganic to the organic is as obscure a matter as the first passage from ethereal atoms to the molecule. Between these atoms, these molecules, these bodies, take place exchanges of movement, which constitute for us light, heat, electricity, gravity, and chemical affinity. The conception of the physical universe rests entirely on these data. Force is a name given to that momentum which is measurable by mass and velocity. When matter seems roused, as it were, from sleep, and stirred into the exercise of its latent

power (as it has been called), what really takes place is but an exchange of movements which escape all cognisance of the senses—probably vibratory or rotatory movements of a constant character—into movements which affect our senses, and produce changes in the constitution of bodies. The permanency of any body is the constancy, or periodicity, of certain movements; the change in such body, or its destruction, is a change in such movements. The dull piece of black coal that lies, so far as our senses indicate, motionless before us, is supposed to be the arena of swift, concentrated, constant movements; these the ethereal atoms, or other matter, moving in the mode we call heat, will change into other movements; there will be coal no more; the particles will have broken up that rhythmic motion which essentially constituted its solid form, they will have dispersed and entered into new unions and new harmonies of motion.

As M. Saigey observes, we are at first tempted to give the celestial bodies, in their vast revolutions through space, the largest share of

force or movement in the universe. But the force represented in the movements of suns and planets is feeble, he thinks, compared to that which is concentrated in molecular action. And what if the movements of suns and planets, about which so many theories have been devised, should at last be studied in the movements of the molecule? The movements of suns and systems may be but results or examples of those two movements of rotation and translation with which we found it necessary to endow every atom from the commencement.

Need we add that we have still to ask how atoms came to be endowed with these movements, and were brought into all these rhythms or harmonies? Need we add that our last and boldest generalisations only make the necessity more glaring, to supplement the atom and its movement with the great idea of Intelligential Power?

“God, and the atom, and the soul of man,
Something we seem to know of all the
three,—
Something—and only—always—of the
Three!”

THE LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE QUESTION.

SWEETER than sunshine dispersing storm is the peace that extinguishes an old inveterate quarrel, when that peace is so profound and perfect that the combatants can talk over all the shapes and incidents of their old warfare without the risk of fresh outbreak or even of irritation. This is notably the position of the old dispute between England and Scotland on the great supremacy question. The annals of human strife record no contest so bitter or enduring. We speak of the Seven Years' War, and the Thirty Years' War. Sismondi has given to the Plantagenet aggression in France the name of the Hundred Years' War. The struggle in Britain, on the one side for supremacy, on the other for independent self-government, is as well entitled to the name of the Three Hundred Years' War.

Throughout the later portion of this mighty struggle—say from Bruce's victory of Bannockburn downwards—the account of all the facts is pretty distinct, and what makes in it for Scotland can be traced as fairly as what makes for England. Throughout the preparatory stages of the dispute, and the earlier part of the actual contest, England has the whole telling of the story. "The man," who says he was on all occasions the victor, is the historian of both sides. "The lion," ever represented as beaten, is not heard. Scotland has virtually no contemporary chronicle of those ages. When the biographers of St Columba and the other saints of the Scottish Church—that is to say, of the Irish Church settled in Scotland—came to an end in the seventh century, there is a gap of nearly eight hundred years until we come up with Barbour, Fordun, and Wyntoun. There is something almost awful in such a blank in the annals of a country. One wonders

how, from the scraps of information dropping in other parts of the world, it could be possible to make anything like a continuity for Scotland. But the notices taken of the country by its neighbours having been religiously treasured, have proved sufficient to tell us in a vaguish general way how several groups of tribes got into combination by degrees, and were at last articulated into a sovereign state which was named Scotland, after that portion of its population which of all the motley group had the least of Scotch character according to our modern notions—after the colony of Irish Scots who peopled Argyle and the Western Isles.

The scraps that make up this early history of Scotland are taken in some measure from the annals set down by the churchmen of that Ireland which sent forth the colony just alluded to. Another portion is found in the Scandinavian Sagas, or other chronicles; and it is worth notice in passing, as a distinction scarcely coinciding with modern notions, that whatever is descriptive, imaginative, or discursive in the early notices of Scotland, comes from these Gothic sources, while all the aid we get from the Irish Celts is set forth with a dry brevity which all Sparta could not have improved.

The great bulk, however, of the material for the history of Scotland in the time referred to is to be found in the English Chronicles. These are a great body of literature worthy of all admiration, and a just foundation for national pride. To enumerate them, with even the briefest notice of their respective characteristics and differences, would make a longer paper than this is intended to be. They made a great national library when Bishop Nicolson wrote an account of them early in last century; they

are a far greater now, when Mr Duffus Hardy is struggling with the mighty task of examining them all, and telling us what kind of matter worthy of reliance is to be found in each. Among the recent acquisitions have been the collection of Chronicles kept during successive ages by the monks of St Albans. Conspicuous among these is Rishanger, who was employed by Edward I. to collect and arrange the documents for establishing his claim of authority over Scotland. Rishanger was so much his literary agent in bending history to his purposes, that he has been called King Edward's Historiographer Royal. Yet, as we shall perhaps have to notice farther on, Rishanger, like Balaam, had to yield to an influence more subtle and forcible than the word of command uttered by a great monarch; for it is to him that we owe some of the most significant testimonies to the novel and artificial character of his master's claims.

For a nation whose history is told for centuries by her enemy, and almost solely by him, Scotland has been fortunate. For this result we must look to the peculiar seat of the enmity. It was not in the people of England—the Anglo-Saxons—towards the people of Scotland. In fact, from the time when the independence and supremacy question first peeps out, to the time when Scotland could tell her own cause to the world, the Saxon churl and the Scots uplandman had a common enemy in the "Frenchmen," as the Normans were called. They were not Frenchmen, but had the common northern blood of the Danes, Scandinavians, Jutes, Saxons, Angles, and the other conglomerate of northern races by whom England and lowland Scotland were peopled. Thus, in time, these Normans blended with the English people; but the process of amalgamation was one of centuries, and during great part of this period the Norman was an alien and a

tyrant both to the Englishman and the Scotsman. It is putting the contest between Scotland and Edward in a shape that may sound paradoxical to say that Wallace was the last great hero of the Anglo-Saxon race; but this is in reality a more accurate statement of his position than the usual notion of his being a Scot influenced by those feelings of national enmity towards the people of England, which, however fiercely they may have burned in the breasts of his biographers of after-times, were unnoticed in his day.

So it happens, as we have said, that although the history of early Scotland is told by those who are counted Scotland's enemies, it is not told very invidiously, or in general with a settled design against Scotland's claims of independence. Indeed, when King Edward ransacked the religious houses for testimony in their annals and records in favour of his own claims, he was evidently mortified to find but little to his purpose, and had to set ingenious scholars to work to frame a genealogical and ethnological theory which brought the original sovereign of Britain from Troy, and made the younger son, who succeeded to the crown of Scotland, the vassal of the elder, who ruled in England, in virtue of certain constitutional precedents which had been established while the family ruled in Troy.

The original Scotland, when it had resolved itself into a tolerably compact kingdom, was bounded on the south by the Firth of Forth. There are mighty disputes, into which there is no occasion for entering at present, as to the manner in which Lothian and the rest of the south of Scotland was acquired. There is no doubt that the Scotland north of the Forth was long treated, both in government and in nomenclature, as distinct from Lothian ruled by the same king. It is a fact equally undoubted, however, that in the beginning of

the reign of Henry III., a line closely corresponding with the present boundary of Scotland was declared to be of old standing. Commissioners from both countries were appointed to lay it down exactly, and though they could not quite agree—differing here and there by a few miles—the very record of their disputes shows that the King of the Scots had then ruled the southern provinces of the Scotland of later times for a long series of years—for, perhaps, more than a century.

Thus the Scots Government was an aggressive one, which had spread its boundary southward, embracing a fair and fruitful territory. It can scarcely be said, however, that Lothian was conquered from England by Scotland, although such a way of putting the acquisition would only be in accordance with the method of those who make out that there was, long before the Norman Conquest, a compact England holding Scotland in vassalage. In the general scramble, it might have been from the south, or it might have been from the north, that Lothian was governed. The territory, in fact, was overrun by those later invaders from the Viking regions, who in our common histories are called Danes. Ever as they came they were hostile strangers—fierce, cruel, and heathen—desolating the Christianised land; but it was their destiny after a time to amalgamate with those neighbours of theirs who at various earlier periods had come over in the same fashion, and so to add to the elements of a strong, free, order-loving population, who in these successive inundations filled the land. They swarmed over this Lothian, dis severing it from rule on the English side, and leaving it an open question for a time, whether the territory was to merge into England or into Scotland.

But the King of Scotland was not content when Lothian was added to his dominions. South of it

lay the great territory which was described as the land benorth the Humber. Here, too, the swarms of new Danish invaders created a chaotic ascendancy; and when they began to settle down, the question was, Should their district belong to the kingdom that was growing to the south, with its capital on the Thames, or to the kingdom growing in the north end of the island, and getting, from an odd concurrence of accidents, the name of Scotland?

The great Danish invasions, in the confusion they created, thus set loose another district southward of Lothian. In the old days of the Saxon kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia, the King of Scots did not rule so far southward as the Tweed, and had no shadow of authority beyond it. The Northmen occupied the district, and it emerged as a separate principality under the name of Northumbria. The King of Scots, when he ruled a compact territory, sought to attach Northumbria to his dominions. Saxon England naturally disputed the prize. The district lay between two powerful states, and it was long a question with which of them it should be consolidated. Scotland was not so far from success in this competition as the tenor of ordinary history imports. The Church of the north of England was a colony of the Columbian Church of Scotland. The people were kindred to the Lowlanders of Lothian and Fife, and there was that community of feeling which in the end consolidates neighbouring districts under a common government, unless some special political force divides them.

The tendency of the Northumbrian folks towards the Scottish connection lasted so long that some of them were punished for taking part with Wallace against King Edward. The wealthy house of Grey was founded on gifts of land forfeited from owners who had taken part with Scotland in the

great war. To this day there is a peculiar Scotch tone in the district. At Hexham or Haltwhistle one feels more un-English than in Dumfries or Linlithgow. The dialect is more thoroughly preserved, and is spoken broadly out by people of a class who in the south of Scotland would clip English in imitation of Middlesex. Several causes have co-operated in assimilating Scotland with central England. There is the migratory propensity of the Scot, which makes him gravitate to whatever point is the most favourable to his fortunes; the commercial intercourse of the great towns; and lastly, a growing love among Englishmen for a kind of scenery which to their grandfathers was the abomination of desolation. These several causes of assimilation have not deposited their influence and made their changes all on one side. Modern England has taken much of its tone—political, social, and literary—from Scotland. But the whole process has, as it were, slipped past the old Northumbrian district, leaving it with much of the primitive tone which it took in common with the Scotland of the earlier centuries.

The district lying between the two claimants was cruelly torn in their conflicts. Over and over it swept the tide of invasion from Scotland, calling out a protecting army on the side of England, which was scarcely less ruinous to the prosperity of the district. As human events go, it is more than likely that but for the Norman Conquest the Scots King would have consolidated his empire over this debated land. In the days of the Conqueror himself, his authority did not stretch so far as to enable him to include this territory in his Domesday Book. But in him and some of his successors the Scots found neighbours of a metal very different from what they had to deal with in the lazy kings of the later Saxon period. Eng-

lish rule gradually stretched over Northumbria, and its presence sharpened the boundary that marked where England ended and Scotland began. On the one side was the new organisation of the Normans, on the other were the old customs, which were not to be easily distinguished from those heretofore in use among the English neighbours to the south.

Still this part of England continued for some time an uncertain acquisition, and during the reigns of several of the Conqueror's successors there was risk that it might fall into the hands of Scotland any day. It was then sought to buy the King of Scotland off. Let him hold peaceably certain seigneuries and estates within these northern districts, and abandon his shadowy claims of sovereignty over them. These estates were made over to the King of Scots in all feudal form. Then the earldom of Huntingdon, in the centre of England, fell to the royal house of Scotland by marriage. It is observable that not only was there no attempt by the English monarchs to seize this appanage, but that it was carefully preserved for its Scots owners, when over and over it might have been forfeited under the feudal rules. It seemed to be of moment to the King of England that his neighbour monarch should possess as much territory within England as possible. Such is the impression which the English chronicles of after-times create.

If we could imagine the statesmen of the day so sagacious as to anticipate all the complex hierarchy of rights and obligations which arose with the feudal system, we would see a very subtle policy in this; but, to our notion, it was a simple phenomenon, to be accounted for in the manner afterwards to be described. But whether so intended or not, it did happen that these holdings in England were made to serve a purpose. Of course, there was only one way in which they

were to be held—by feudal usage ; and that involved superiority, vassalage, and homage. The greatest of kings had to go through the ceremony of homage when they held estates within another realm ; and Edward I., when imperiously demanding homage from Scotland, was as imperiously ordered to render it to France. In the consolidation of these feudal usages, a body of cunning clerks were ever at work with the pen, piling up records of rights and obligations in such fashion as to aid the claims and interests of their employers. However honest they were, they could scarcely help falsifying the conditions of an early period when speaking of them, because they had nothing but their modern feudalised medium to see them through. The chroniclers were in the same position. When speaking of times in which feudality was utterly unknown, they could yet only see overlord and vassal, and all the complicated ties which united these two orders.

But while feudalism, with its superiorities and vassalages, and its complicated forms of homage and allegiance, was then unknown, another kind of transaction between the strong and the weak was in flourishing practice—a far simpler transaction than feudalism, less encumbered with technicalities, and less liable to dubieties. This was the levying of tribute. It was the practice of the Northmen wherever they went. They followed it in Italy, in France, in Ireland, and in England. They levied it in hard cash when they were offered that universally acceptable medium of exchange ; ships were very welcome to them ; sometimes they took land ; at other times they were subject to the ignoble alternative of removing goods and chattels. But even this was lifted, by the comprehensiveness of their transactions, above the category of larceny, housebreaking, or robbery. They established a claim

over the ravaged country—the claim of the superior over the inferior, of the stronger over the weaker. In virtue of this superiority they demanded tribute ; and when it was not paid, the creditors, as Sir Francis Palgrave rather neatly puts it, “came and distrained.” There was not much of the precision of the Norman feudal organisation in this practice. What was done depended less on any established custom—to speak of law as concerned in it would perhaps be stretching a point—than on personal character and power. The practice was rife with injustices, oppressions, and cruelties. It has nothing to commend it, nothing to entitle it to justification ; but it existed as a great moving power among mankind, and so we must deal with it. England was continually drained of tribute by the Norsemen. Their rapacity brought poverty to every hovel. At last there was “real possession,” as the lawyers say—the country itself was taken and governed by Danes. The question comes to be, May there not have been another levier of tribute nearer at hand ?

As we have said, the story of the Scots is all told on the side of England. If we are to believe these annalists, England had a vassal which was for ever invading the realm of the Lord-Superior, and doing wondrous mischief. That Lord-Superior had within his own peculiar territory, over which he held unquestionable rule, estates belonging to that same vassal. Yet he never punished their owner by their forfeiture. In fact, there is throughout the *Chronicles* a tone in recording the Scots inroads that cannot be mistaken for anything else than the reflection of a lively terror. Sometimes they speak as if England were in great danger. When King David swept southwards with the mighty host from all the tribes of Scotland which fought at the battle of the Standard, it was felt that a great crisis was at hand. The story of the

noble stand made against them by a band of Norman warriors, is told in full detail by such writers as Ailred of Rievaulx, Simeon of Durham, and Richard of Hexham. The leading tone through all the accounts is that of men who have to tell of a great deliverance—it was a sort of Thermopylæ or Bannockburn in its way. It was not quite so effective, however. The great host was met and stopped in its progress; but it was not beaten, and continued to wander about in the north of England at its own will, doing and taking what it chose.

It is not easy to decide how matters may have stood between two parties, when one speaks and the other is silent. We may estimate, perhaps, how much to deduct from the boastings of the speaker, but we cannot tell exactly how much of it is to be taken over and credited to the silent side. But it is lawful to hazard a conjecture in the place where a conjecture may be becoming. Had we the responsibility of history-writing, we would not say what we are going to say, though we have seen things much more strong, strange, and paradoxical set forth in solemn histories as undoubted truth. What we do say we throw out as a conjecture which every man may treat as he pleases. Our conjecture is, that throughout the latter Saxon period, and the reigns of the Norman kings of England, down to the middle of the reign of Henry II., instead of the King of England, as the stronger, being Lord-Superior over the King of Scotland, the King of Scotland, being the stronger, at least for aggression, levied tribute on the King of England. After the departure of the great Athelstane, some sad mysterious element of weakness seems to have crept in on the Saxon community. The settlements of the Danes—their final subjugation of the country—Canute, a sort of foreign savage, reigning over the land, with unquestioned authority, like its nat-

ural king, and keeping it in peace and a better prosperity than it had enjoyed for generations,—these are mysteries not yet solved. We see in them, however, the characteristics of a weak state; and when that state is assaulted by a terrible neighbour, and dare not retaliate, which shall we say is likely to be the stronger of the two? There was the Danish Conquest first, the Norman Conquest next; what more natural than that a fierce people nigh at hand should think of conquest too, and be not far from achieving it? The condition of Saxon England, indeed, seems to have had a melancholy resemblance to that of the Romanised Britons when they sent to Italy the wailing antithesis about the attacks of the Scots and Picts, that the barbarians were driving them into the sea, and the sea was driving them back on the barbarians.

The Conqueror's strong government, no doubt, restrained the north, and made his name a terror. The power he had concentrated and organised lived after him; but the power of the great barons, whose fathers had come over with the Conqueror, grew around it and choked it, so that, as a state, England was again feeble, and the Scots had the opportunity of being again troublesome, and of becoming so formidable as to invade England with a great army which attempted nothing less than conquest.

No doubt the English chroniclers of the feudalised period speak throughout of the Scottish nation as inferior to the English, and occasionally they speak of it as a direct fief of England, though this phraseology is rarer than perhaps it is generally supposed to be. It is only in the tone of anxiety and terror, which cannot be concealed, that we interpret the powerful character of the enemy they speak of. We have numerous instances in history of this tone of superiority being used by governments possessing old traditions of supremacy to-

wards those they are in reality afraid of. The Roman Empire used it as an obdurate form of political etiquette not in any circumstances to be abandoned by the Court of Cæsar, who professed to rule the world. The troops of the Empire were always victorious by courtesy over those of the barbarians, and such announcements had to be made as, that the seditious barbarians would not permit the victorious troops of the Empire to return to Rome. The Empire held much of this kind of language down even to the very last. Though its head was called the Emperor of Germany, the post he filled professed to be the Empire of the world, until Napoleon, proposing to put himself into that office, made another arrangement, and gave the house of Hapsburg a separate empire of its own. The great houses which have the double-headed eagle in their bearings, profess in that a descent from the Empire of the East and of the West. Is there one house which, content with the single head, yet dreams of the reconstruction of the European side of the Empire? The house of Romanoff, by descent from the Eastern Emperors, is ready legitimately to take both Empires when the opportunity comes. People acquainted with Russia say that this tradition pervades the business of the public departments, and that territories stand on record as provinces under the rule of the Czar, in which he has no more power than he has in Ceylon or Orkney. The Chinese Government persisted in treating us as barbarians coming in suppliant form to the throne of the centre of the universe. The practice was maintained down to the sacking of Peking — perhaps it still exists. These instances, and many others that could be added, show that a state's own record of its superiority over another is not always to be taken as absolute truth.

The view we have suggested, that

Scotland was the bully and England had ever to temporise and sometimes to submit, will account for many things which have given much trouble to orthodox feudalists. Two of these have cost a deal of ink. One is called "the cession" of Lothian, the other is called "the cession" of Cumbria. Under what policy did the English King make these cessions? What rights did he reserve when he made them? What services did he exact from the King of Scots, whom he had so graciously endowed with titles and territories? Questions of the same kind follow when the King of Scots got valuable personal estates on the south side of the Border. How simple it is to interpret this by the policy of the proverbial Chinaman in his capture of the Tartar! He neither brought back his captive nor returned himself. What was his policy for such mysterious conduct? The Tartar would not let him, and so of the cessions. We get rid of all the difficulties about the policy of these events if we suppose that the King of Scots *took* these territories. It was a method of acquisition simple in itself, and common in those days.

In these early affairs, about which the notices are very scanty both in record and chronicle, a single word in this or that direction has great influence. We shall probably see before we are done what a magnificent fabric of imperial organisation can be raised with a word which happens to suit the theories of the critic. When such narratives of confused fighting and invading, and plundering and soldiering, as the inroads of the northern nations caused, were set down by the feudal scribe in his cloister, he put them naturally in feudal phraseology; and in this manner a word or two might erect a great decorous hierarchy of feudality where all was war and political tempest—the strong taking and the weak yielding.

Of the manner in which the sense

of a contemporary document may be shifted or inverted by a slight touch, we can call up a curious little instance from matter so recent as the magnificent collection of chronicles which are now coming forth under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls. Taking the volume of 'Royal Letters of Henry II.,' and turning to the head of Scotland in the index, we find, "Scotland, not more independent than Wales, p. 229." Here is a very distinct announcement, and one naturally turns to page 229, to see by whom or how that fact is vouched for. The words of the text are found to respond pretty nearly to those of the index; but the indexer is found to have made a slight shifting of these words, such as the movements which influence the result of an equation. The real meaning is found to be, that Wales is as independent as Scotland. The passage occurs in a letter by Llewelyn to King Henry. In the record Llewelyn is called Prince of North Wales, but he would have called himself King. The long cruel process by which Wales was conquered was then going on; but the subjugation had not yet been accomplished, and Llewelyn, being in a haughty and resentful humour, retaliated on some insulting demands made on him. He had been charged with giving shelter to one who was a rebel against the King of England, and an outlaw. Llewelyn said the outlaw had been within his territories but a single day, and pleaded that, as between sovereigns, there had been no great discourtesy in the affair. Then, as to the matter of right, he was a free prince, and might receive outlaws as he chose. To emphasise his claim of freedom by a distinct example, he cites the sovereign state nearest to England—he is as free as the King of Scots—"Non enim minoris libertatis sumus quam Rex Scotiæ, qui receptat utlegatos de Anglia, etiam impune." This is a very different thing from a

recorded contemporary statement to the effect that Scotland was not more independent than Wales. There was a time when such a slip would have been taken up as a national affair. It might have been used with splendid efficacy in a book under such a title as 'Scotland's Independency Maintained; being an Exposure of the base and malignant Frauds of the Hireling Scribes of England for the Subversion of the Crown and Imperial Dignity of the Realm of Scotland, and the Ruin and Extinction of the Liberties of the Citizens of that ancient Realm.' We can afford to look at it as only an amusing and characteristic slip—characteristic of some clerk who has been saturated in the phraseology which would place Scotland in the position which he has unintentionally given to her.

It is a curious thing, in the midst of the wordy warfare that bickers around the question, to notice how little there is of a distinct or practical character about feudality in the intercourse between the English and Scotch sovereigns, until we come to that very decisive event—the capture of King William the Lion, and his removal to Southampton, with his legs tied under a horse's belly—such was the precaution which some at least of the chroniclers say was thought necessary for the preservation of so precious a prize. The way in which the capture came about is an instance of the reckless audacity with which the Scots at that time were wont to invade England. William had crossed the Border with a large force, and was harrying the country after the established fashion of a Scots invasion. The barons of the north mustered their forces. One body of Yorkshire men, consisting of only four hundred, was on the march to join the others; but, uncertain where to find them, felt their position perilous in a country infested by enemies. A misty morning rendered their position all the

more precarious, and the question was discussed, Should they turn back? It is said to have been a baron with the unpropitious name of Balliol who prevailed on them to go onwards. They were cheered by seeing through the mist the towers of Alnwick, where, if need were, they might find refuge. A party of tilters were taking their sport that misty summer morning in an adjoining meadow. One of the horsemen, in his gaiety, pricked forward to the Yorkshire men, as if they were a body of comrades. He found his mistake too late—he was taken captive, and, behold, the wandering body of Yorkshire men found themselves in possession of the King of Scots! The most distant point of England not being a safe place for his detention, he was swept over to Normandy. There he obtained his liberty by consenting to the celebrated Treaty of Falaise, which, in all pomp and form, invested King Henry with the feudal superiority over his kingdom, and placed the Crown of Scotland in vassalage to the Crown of England. It has naturally been asked why, if Scotland was already in feudal subjection to England, such an obligation was necessary.

At all events, it was discharged by Richard the Lion-Hearted, who released King William from all the obligations of the Treaty of Falaise, on the preamble that they had been extorted during his captivity. Richard got ten thousand merks by the transaction to spend in his famous hobby of crusading. Perhaps the climax of one-sidedness is reached by a great English constitutional authority, who says that Richard's grant of release was invalid and worthless—the fief being attached to the Crown of England could not be dissevered from it by the act of the monarch.

He did not consider whether there was any illegality or insufficiency in the original grant by which the superiority was handed

over to England, but *we* shall. The release by King Richard has been called a chivalrous and unstatesmanlike act. If it be shown, however, that what he held was not King William's to give, perhaps it may be admitted that in his ten thousand merks he held a pretty fair consideration for what he abandoned. No doubt the parchments which the King of England held might have been rendered very troublesome to Scotland. They would have been a very plausible ground and justification of every measure which the King of England might take to make their substance good. Yet there appears to have been an important party absent from the transaction. As the prerogative of the Crown and the feudal system became articulated, there grew along with them a controlling power exercising a parliamentary check. We hear of this power under two terms—the "Estates," and the "community" or "commonalty." How far these were separate and how far they were convertible terms we need not inquire here. There are several testimonies to the governing and also to the executive authority of this power.

One curious item of importance has lately come to light in the Government collection of chronicles. Most people are aware of the great Court which King Edward held at Norham as Lord-Superior, when he professed to hear and decide on the rival claims for the crown of Scotland. According to the record of those proceedings, called the Great Roll of Scotland, which had long been preserved in the Tower of London, King Edward, when he claimed the right of Lord-Superior, put it to those concerned to say whether they acknowledged him in that character, and gave them a reasonable time for making up their minds as to the answer. The question was put to three bodies—the ecclesiastics, the nobles, and the community. In

the record of the adjourned meeting at which the answers were given in, only two of these are mentioned—the ecclesiastics and the nobles, and it is said that they were silent. Silence was taken for acquiescence, and the Lord-Superior assumed his dignity and proceeded with his business accordingly. Here was an imperfect return: the question put to three, and the answer or no answer noted of two. What were the third about? We are told from a very odd quarter. In the Monastery of St Albans a copy of the record is preserved. It is believed to have been preserved by that very Rishanger who was called the King's historiographer or history-writer, who collected documents to prove King Edward's claims, and who possibly may have given the advice that it would be judicious to omit a certain passage at this stage relating to the answers. The passage is to the effect, that the community of Scotland did make answer, but not to the purpose—a point on which, perhaps, many people would like to form their own opinion.

We have referred in a previous article to that institution, indefinite in shape but distinct in power, on which so much of the destiny of Scotland depended. In the celebrated letter of the magnates of Scotland to the Pope, in which they state, that so long as one hundred of them remain alive they will not consent to be subjected to England, they tell that, though they are to adhere determinedly to the King of their choice—King Robert the Bruce—yet should he desert their cause and offer to submit to England, they will then discard his authority and choose another leader. A controlling power over the Crown runs through all the history of Scotland. The checks on the prerogative were not so neatly adjusted as in England, where the prerogative is nominally free to act, the real control being outside in

the granting of supplies and the power to call Ministers to account. King Robert II.'s Parliament threatened to call not only his Ministers to account, but himself too, so that the theory of the exemption of the Sovereign from liability was not current in Scotland. Wars, treaties, and all other important national acts were transacted by the Estates, the King being a party to them; and it often happened that such matters had to be delayed, the Monarch explaining that he had to wait until he could assemble and consult the Estates of the realm. To the last it was maintained, that the Acts of Parliament did not require the consent of the Crown, though it had been a becoming practice for the Sovereign to touch them with the sceptre in token of approval. The Acts abolishing the Papal authority and establishing the Reformation never received the assent of Queen Mary.

We may easily believe that in the time of King William the controlling body existed to a sufficient extent for action, and had sufficient power to assert a veto on such an act as the transference of the liberties of the country to England. The Treaty of Falaise seems to have made little sensation in Scotland, probably because it was known to be a thing of naught. Something like the same farce was reacted by a group of smaller actors three hundred years later. When Henry VIII. was owner of many captives of distinction seized at Solway Moss, he thought it would be a good speculation to give them their liberty on condition of their selling that of their country, and making him master of Scotland. They had the best of the bargain, and it is odd that the readiness with which they took his offer did not excite some suspicion. What they had engaged to the King of England to do, was something in which it is scarcely hard on them to say they knew their retainers

would not follow them. Those retainers would have rallied thick around them for a raid *into* England, but there was so little hope of their aiding in the other enterprise, that it dared not even be revealed to them—it was kept a dead secret.

Yes; the more we consider the case, the more we think it likely that Richard of the Lion Heart, instead of doing a piece of thoughtless chivalry, made rather a good bargain when he sold King William's parchment surrender of the sovereignty of Scotland for ten thousand merks. He probably knew that he could make nothing of his father's bargain without fighting for it, and he preferred fighting in the Holy Land. Such powers as the Estates of Scotland exercised are among the political influences which statesmen and historians must acknowledge as facts, however little they may like them. They are political forces that exist to the one, and have existed to the other. But to the charter-antiquary they are only an annoyance to be got rid of. They break in upon and destroy the symmetrical feudal organisation of which his records are the echo. Thus they make his parchments become discredited and discreditable to him, and this goes to his heart. When he comes across the working of influences of this kind, he feels like a gardener when a mob breaks in on his boxwoods and heliotrope beds. A little commentary by Sir Francis Palgrave on the competition for the crown which began the War of Independence is precious as a better illustration of this spirit than any sarcastic writer endeavouring to caricature it could have penned. King Edward has assumed his throne above thrones as Lord-Paramount of Scotland, and is going to give judgment on the claims for the crown. On this august occasion Sir Francis thus comments:

"We have now full evidence that the interposition of Edward was neither wanton nor aggressive, and that it little deserved the terms by which it was described. Kings have hard measure meted out to them by historians. Let the English monarch be tried by the test and example of an English gentleman. If, on the death of the copyhold tenant, all the persons claiming the right of admission unite in applying to the lord of the manor for a new grant, will it be easy for him to doubt that he is the lawful owner of the domain?"* So here, given a host of rapacious Norman adventurers, each of them desirous that King Edward should help him to that desirable patrimony of Scotland, with readiness to hold it on any terms, however humble, which the giver might dictate, and to take part if it were not convenient to give the whole—and we are called on to admit that this is sufficient evidence of Scotland being a subject province of the English Crown!

The early literature connected with the independence question consists of scraps of diplomacy and notices in the chronicles—both equally scanty. The great war was ushered in, and for some time accompanied, by an access of written matter. There was first the Great Roll of Scotland—being the narrative of the proceedings of the Lord-Superior's High Court, as attested by a notary public of the Holy Roman Empire. The contents of this document make a chapter in history; and having noted a curious incident connected with it which has been recently revealed, we pass it over as too weighty an affair to be discussed here. King Edward became the editor of a curious collection of extracts when he called on the religious houses to produce whatever might throw light on his claims, whether in their title-deeds or in the chronicles which it was the practice of many of the regular

* 'Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland,' p. 25.

clergy to keep—a practice which no doubt varied the weary monotony of their own lives, and was infinitely valuable to after-generations. There was a lively correspondence with the Court of Rome, which, like the Great Roll, is too much matter of solid history to be commented on in a short paper. But words and writing soon ceased to hold an important place in the discussion. It merged into action, and the parties concerned fought it out in a contest which all the world knows.

The next chapter in the history of this literature is of a very singular kind; it can perhaps be best announced by a reference to the latest of the occasions on which the right of superiority was asserted on the part of England.

The struggle for national existence appeared to have come to an end in 1328, when the Treaty of Northampton acknowledged the independence of Scotland. But England never lost a good opportunity for asserting the old claim. The treaty went for nothing; it was said to have been an infamous and treasonable act, perpetrated by young King Edward's vicious mother and her paramour. Whatever it was, it could not divest the Crown of England of its ancient inherent prerogative rights. After a time it was denied that there ever had been such a treaty. The vehement advocates of English supremacy kept up the denial till but the other day. As the record of it was only preserved in Scotland, Dr Lingard denied its genuineness, and asserted his disbelief that such a treaty had ever existed. To his great mortification, the English side of the indenture of it was found, and it was printed at length in the Record edition of the *Fœdera*.

England is found during a short time conspicuously abstinent of all offensive allusion to the superiority question. This was while Henry VIII.'s sister was Queen of Scotland, and he himself was as yet

childless. The young King of Scots was then presumptive heir to the Crown of England. Even then the claim was not quite forgotten; and Wolsey, in one of his persuasive letters, when laying down the policy which he and his master desire to be pursued in Scotland, gives hints how very different a tone from courteous persuasion the King of England might take if he chose. He did afterwards take a different tone; "and that with a vengeance," as people say. In his fits of rage his denunciations against his contumacious vassals of the north came forth like the roars of a wounded wild beast. Even in Queen Elizabeth's time the supremacy was asserted, but in a mild and peculiar way. It was a project of Cecil's that England should assert and maintain it for the purpose of magnanimously terminating the troubles of Scotland, and putting the country in good order. It was necessary that some Scotsmen should co-operate in this hopeful project, but Cecil found them all utterly impracticable. Like a wise statesman as he was, he gave in to these unreasonable caprices, but after the manner of a man who was not convinced of his error. Again the supremacy was asserted in a very odd manner. It was supposed that it might be used to solve the difficulty about Queen Elizabeth adjudicating between the existing government and Queen Mary after her flight into England. It was asserted at the celebrated conference which began at York, and the Scots Commissioners were called on to admit it. Lethington, whose light raillery was well fitted for extinguishing such a notion, said if England would give back to Scotland her old provinces—alluding to Northumberland—then doubtless the Sovereign of Scotland would give the old homage, but the restitution must be the first step.

This persistent assertion of supremacy on the part of successive English governments has a per-

verse appearance from without, and yet it was fully justified by the state of information in which these governments stood. There were at that time preserved in the Treasury of England, and carefully inventoried and docketed, a series of documents which put the supremacy beyond all question. The earliest and most important among them was a patent writ by Malcolm Caenmore, setting forth that he held the realm of Scotland and the adjacent islands in liege homage and fealty from his overlord, King Edward of England—namely, Edward the Confessor—as his ancestors had held the realm of Scotland in feudal tenure from the kings of England from time immemorial. The writ has every feudal solemnity attached to it, down to the great seal with the national blazon, and it bears the concurrence of the heir to the crown, and of the great barons. This fundamental title is accompanied by other documents, which incidentally and casually, as it were, and without any deliberate design, confirm its tenor. Some of these are on the side of England, granting privileges to the vassal territory; others are Scots writs, conferring privileges, and carefully reserving the seigniorial rights of England. Altogether, nothing could be in more perfect feudal order than this progress of titles. They had lain in the English Treasury since the middle of the fifteenth century. They had only one defect—they were all forgeries. But this was neither known nor suspected; the discovery had to wait until the progress of science brought out a skilful archæological detective force. The documents had been purchased as genuine from John Hardyng, the rhyming chronicler. He told a story of the dangers which he encountered in abstracting them from the Scottish archives; but he is on good ground believed to have been their fabricator. Thus are the English governments justified,

or at least excused, for their persistency in urging the claim of supremacy.

A marvellous change came over the tone in which the literature of England treated Scotland when the Stewarts were seated on the English throne. Stow the chronicler pays a decorous homage to the memory of Bruce and his gallant sister, with a reflex judgment on King Edward, which would have sounded strangely in earlier English chronicles. It tells how the Countess of Buchan, "because in her brother's absence she had stolen from the Earl her husband, with all his great horse, to set the diadem upon Bruce's head, it was devised that she should be set in a wooden eage made crownwise, upon the walls of Berwick Castle, for all to wonder at. This ridiculous revenge was thought sufficient, without taking her life, though she were a manlike woman, and herein did the part of a noble-spirited lady. Thus was King Robert brought to such misery, that he was some time naked and hungry, without meat or drink, save water and roots of herbs, and his life perpetually in danger. Howbeit he never forsook himself, but, as one that had firm trust in God, cherished an hope in his mind at one time or other to recover the crown, in which condition he exhibited himself so noble a spectacle, as in which even the moral heathen do teach that the gods themselves took pleasure; how then can Christians look off? Certainly all generous spirits, whom cruel injuries oppress, have reason to dwell on this picture of Christian magnanimity and patience." Bacon always spoke with respect of the nation that had sent England a king, and he lauded the "excellent brevity" of the old Scots Acts. Sir Edward Coke did us the honour of devoting to us a chapter in his mighty Institute, "Chapter lxxv. Of Scotland." "Concerning this kingdom," he tells us, "there are

many things worthy of observation.

1. That these two mighty, famous, and ancient kingdoms—viz., England and Scotland—were anciently but one. 2. That one religion and service of God is holden and celebrated by both. 3. That as there is one language in both, so there was one kind of government and one law in ancient time that ruled both with many unanimous agreements between them, which evidently appeareth by many proofs. First, that the laws of Scotland are divided as the laws of England be, into the common laws, Acts of Parliament, and customs. Their common laws are principally contained in two books. The first called *Regiam Majestatem*, because it beginneth, as Justinian's Institutes do, with these words. The second book is called *Quoniam Attachiamenta*, because it beginneth with those two words." Here we are conceded a good deal more than we at present ask. So, according to his conception, the old laws of both were identical. "But by reason of their Acts of Parliament, which in many points have altered, diminished, and abrogated many of the old, and made new laws, and other proceedings, the distinct kingdoms, as they now stand, have many different laws."

But it was never likely that many years should pass without bringing cause of offence between England and Scotland. There had been more than thirty years of forbearance, if not of cordiality, when the Service-book created the Covenant, and the Covenant became the first act in the great civil war. There was no very violent distinction at this time between ecclesiastical matters in England and in Scotland. All the difference was little stronger than what used forty years ago in England to lie between the "high and dry" and the "low and slow." The Scots belonged to the latter. They had their own prayer-book, called 'The Book of Common Order,' much less ritualistic

than the English. They had their ceremonies, and they had their ecclesiastical vestments, which were all black. Laud, Wren, and other evil advisers of King Charles, got him to interfere with this, and to demand the use of the English Prayer-book and the surplice. They took a serious and dangerous step still further. They had plots for bringing the Church of England nearer than it was to primitive apostolic practice, or to Popery, as people chose to phrase it. It was determined to try this scheme in Scotland as a small and feeble country. The fruit of it was the renowned Service-book, which was the Church of England Prayer-book, with a few differences tending in the direction of Rome. It was against this book, an offensive importation from the "auld enemy of England," that Jenny Geddes flung her stool, a sort of typical act, followed by that terrible history which rang over all the world. The hatred of the Service-book sent by England was so strong, that it expanded into a repudiation of all fixed forms of worship. So utterly were these obliterated in Scotland, that many people at this day would probably at once deny that the Covenanters of the middle of the seventeenth century used a prayer-book.

Cromwell's government did not rule Scotland in so alien and Anglican a fashion as many people seem to think. He had many able Scotsmen deep in his confidence, and filling high offices in his United kingdom. He was the author of the first Navigation Act—that measure conferring peculiar privileges on home-shipping, which was the object of so long a party contest. Under his government Scotland participated in the privileges of the Navigation Act. At the Restoration, Scotland, resuming her nationality, became a foreign power, which had no more participation in the privileges of the English Navigation Act than

France or Spain. During the Commonwealth the colonies belonged to every Scotsman as much as to every Englishman ; but after the Restoration the Scotsman found himself an alien in this field of enterprise also.

The country, which had been rapidly rising in affluence during the Commonwealth, soon felt the depressing influence of these exclusions. The Revolution brought them no remedy. It gave them quiet, however ; and, in the old spirit of the nation, they sought a remedy for themselves. If England was determined to exclude them from her commerce and her colonies, then would Scotland set up a rival system of commercial and colonial enterprise, and drive the flag of the lazy, luxurious English off the seas. So came that commercial romance the Darien project. When it came to grief, Scotland was able to point to distinct acts of hostility and oppression perpetrated in the spirit of English trade jealousy. It did not make this a bit the less exasperating, that the heaviest calamities of the affair were caused by mismanagement. Scarcely, even in the days of Bannockburn or Pinkie Cleuch, did hatred of England rise to so red a heat as when the last hopes of an American colony and the carrying trade of the world went out. Scotland armed. When England passed an Act of Succession, Scotland passed an Act providing that whoever succeeded to the throne of England was by that condition disqualified from occupying the throne of Scotland. Queen Anne's advisers recommended that she should not give the royal assent to such an Act, but Scotland did not care—the Acts of the Estates were law without the consent of the Crown. Finally, an English vessel, supposed to belong to one of the great companies which had given jealous molestation to the Darien expedition, was seized in Scots waters by way of reprisal. It was believed that those concerned in the vessel

were guilty of a still greater outrage—that they had committed piracy on a Scots vessel in the Eastern seas. The excitement ran so high that scarcely could a Scotsman be found, in or out of office, who was quite responsible for his conduct, or for seeing things in the light of truth. The crew of the vessel were condemned for piracy, and hanged on the sands of Leith in pure defiance of England.

At this juncture it occurred to a certain Thomas Attwood, an English barrister who held the office of Chief-Justice of New York, to form, in his own ingenious mind, a project for silencing Scotland, and bringing her to order and reason. To this end he published, in the year 1705, a book called 'The Superiority and Direct Dominion of the Imperial Crown of England over the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland, the True Foundation for a Complete Union.' The frantic rage which this created throughout Scotland made the Estates themselves, in their proceedings concerning it, in a manner inarticulate. One distinct thing they did about it—they ordered it to be burnt by the common hangman, and the order was carried out. Attwood was a potterer in archæology, whose qualifications were sarcastically described by Bishop Nicolson in saying, "he had conversed much with the records in the Tower in London, or at least with Mr Petyt, the keeper of them." For the accuracy of his authorities, Attwood referred to James Anderson, a young Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, who was beginning to gain repute as a charter-antiquary. The reference was very unfortunate for Attwood himself—very fortunate for historical literature. The overwhelming evidence on which Attwood supported his case consisted in the forged parchments already spoken of. Anderson, appealed to as he was to support this testimony to his nation's ignominy, could not only present what he had

to say with a good grace, but was bound to speak. He proved—to the perfect satisfaction of his brother Scots at least—that the documents were all forgeries together, and palpable forgeries, as being full of anachronisms. Long afterwards his opinion prevailed. A better testimony to their being forgeries cannot be imagined than their appearance with that stigma on them in Sir Francis Palgrave's 'Documents and Records illustrating the History of Scotland.' That book, as we shall see, was written for the purpose of rearing up a new fabric of supremacy on the one hand, and vassalage on the other, between England and Scotland; yet the author, with a flourish of magnanimous candour, appended to his book an account of the "forged and spurious documents relating to the subjugation of Scotland deposited in the Treasury," and his is the best account we have of this strange national fraud. Anderson, who had achieved this triumph, naturally became the pet of his countrymen. He told them he could produce such ancient records as, for skill in penmanship and other qualities, would make the Scottish diplomacy, as all kind of parchment matter was in that day called, become the envy of the world. Much may be made on small means by a zealous man who brings together everything. Anderson's 'Diplomata et Numismata Scotiæ' was a wonderful book to come from Scotland in that impoverished age, and had scarce its equal in England or France. National jealousy suggested and promoted the work, and national pride exulted over it.

There was during last century a great deal of scattered skirmishing on the independence question, not much of it worth preserving. Perhaps the last occasion on which a Scotsman came forth armed and mounted for literary conflict in the national cause was when, in 1833, John Allen published his 'Vindi-

cation of the Ancient Independence of Scotland.' He was the well-known frequenter and dictator of Holland House, on whom a clergyman of his own country, who had little sympathy with his opinions, bestowed the title of "Lady Holland's Authiest." He wrote but little; but what he did write was, as people sometimes say of wiry little men, "good stuff what was of it." In a mere pamphlet he put sometimes a sufficiency of significant matter for a ponderous history of the conventional character. His 'Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative in England' is a slim pamphlet, seeming unworthy to be dignified by a binding, yet there are some weighty revelations in it. One of these is a remarkable instance of two men working in different ways, and fitting their work into one effective conclusion. Allen, after a long search, came to the opinion that the kings of England never performed any act of prerogative until after coronation and the coronation oath. With one exception, he could find no writ dated before a coronation oath. That exception was in the reign of Richard II. Now, Sir Harris Nicolass, whose force lay in chronology, showed that in the published Record by Rymer there had been a mistake in calculating the regnal year of Richard II., so here was no exception after all.

It was Allen's fortune to clear off the last morsel of that heap of charter evidence which recorded the subinfeudation of Scotland to England with perfect technical precision. There still remained on the records in the Tower a distinct announcement of a King of Scotland doing homage for his kingdom. Good Scotsmen might say it was not an accurate record—it was the story of the enemy—but there it was. Allen went dolefully to inspect the original manuscript, when, behold, the passage containing the act of homage was written on an erasure. It was like the de-

tections in the sensation novels, when the machinations of the villain hero are exposed one by one. But this romance of archæology was not yet concluded. In one of the old monasteries of Scotland a narrative of the affair was preserved which flatly contradicted what had been written on the erasure, and might be presumed to harmonise with the passage erased.

The occasion of Allen's championship was the rise of a new giant on the other side of a very strange and peculiar aspect, bringing with him weapons of a grotesque and thoroughly original make. This was Sir Francis Palgrave. Whatever defects he had, he was a man of deep archæological reading, whose mind was crammed with an enormous store of feudal facts. He had not the art of sorting his stock very well, but it was known to be vast in bulk, with much of it of a costly and precious kind. His archæological wealth gave him power, which he used, like many other potentates, rather capriciously. Among his other despotic freaks, he would have it that Britain had become an empire like Rome; that the Saxon King of England was the Emperor or Basileus; and that the King of Scotland was a sub-regulus—a sort of pro-consul or legate ruling a province, just as the province of Britain might have been ruled in the days of Domitian.

There did not seem to be much harm in this. It could not greatly humiliate Scotland, even were it true that at that early day, long before the tyrannous feudalism of the Norman had been established, there had been a union under one head of all the states and races in Britain—say for protection from the inroads of the Northmen. As the whole affair was a theory, a little manipulation of phraseology might bring it to suit every taste. Instead of an empire on the model of Rome, it might be called a confederation of states, with a presi-

dent—a sort of prototype of the American Union. But the thing ceased to be a joke when by a legitimate logical sequence it was shown that Wallace was quite justly disembowelled, hanged, drawn, and quartered, because he did not seem to see it. Wallace should have known better, and applied the old maxim of the feudalists, *Vinco vincentem, vinco te*; and it was all the worse for him, poor fellow, that he overlooked that sage maxim! Harold the Saxon King of England was conquered by William of Normandy. William no doubt would have conquered Scotland if he could, but he had already enough on his hands. But by feudal usage conquest was not necessary. It was one of the old latent rights of the Saxon Crown that it had imperial authority over Scotland; and by gaining the Crown of England, William the Conqueror gained that latent right, and transmitted it to posterity. Napoleon would have carried this a step further. William of Normandy was the vassal of the King of France, and his conquest should have gone to the aggrandisement of the French Emperor. "Britain is just an island off the French coast, and naturally belongs to France," was a saying of his which forms one of the best caricatures on theories about national rights that cannot be enforced. However, as he said, the sovereign power of France had been enforced before, and might be enforced again. He unrolled and exposed to the admiring gaze of the people the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry, which gives in so strange and vivid a manner the whole epos of the preparations, the embarkation, the landing, and the final result. That he was to follow the precedent, he made clear by his armament at Boulogne.

Sir Francis is a writer whose meaning it is often hard to get at, and this peculiarity has greatly limited the number of those who have become acquainted with his

opinions on this and on many other points. But he has an interpreter and disciple in Mr Freeman, to whom the same defect is not imputable. His propositions are as clear as the English language admits of their being made. Perhaps the example of his master has driven him to something like the opposite extreme. The contemplation of that grotesque literary giant floundering hopelessly in the mazes of labyrinthine sentences, or stumbling over jagged technicalities, seems to have influenced Mr Freeman somewhat as the exhibitions of debauched Helots influenced the Spartan youth. There is occasionally something almost unpleasant in the perfectness of his preparation to prevent your misunderstanding him, so much does it seem to found on the reader's incapacity to take a hint. The consequence is, that what was dubiously looming through the mist is now clear as daylight, and can be fairly examined. To make the story of the subordination to the British Empire complete and intelligible, it was necessary to tell how the subordination had been accomplished. Mr Freeman sees it, and tells it with clear simplicity. It was a case of "commendation." The King of Scots and his people were "commended" to the King of Wessex. But let him tell his own story. He is speaking of the reign of "Eadward," commonly known as Edward the Elder, who died in the year 925 :—

"Eadward now became, what no West-Saxon king had been before him, immediate sovereign of all England south of the Humber. Having thus extended his immediate dominion beyond all precedent, he was able to extend his more general supremacy equally beyond anything possessed by his predecessors. The princes of Wales, Northumberland, Strathclyde, and Scotland, all submitted to him by a voluntary act; 'they chose him to father and to lord.' No hostilities with either Strathclyde or Scotland are spoken of; the act of submission appears to have been made by the free

consent of the rulers and people of those countries. The motive to such an act is doubtless to be found in a dread of Eadward's power, combined with a sense of the necessity of his position as the general champion of Britain against the Danes. Scotland and Strathclyde had suffered as much from Scandinavian invasions as England had. To choose the West-Saxon king as their overlord might involve some national humiliation, but it was better to receive the champion of Christendom as a suzerain than to be exposed without defence to the incursions of the heathen. Eadward thus obtained a far greater extent of dominion than had been held by Egberht himself. Egberht's immediate kingdom stopped at the Thames, and his overlordship reached only to the Forth. Eadward's immediate kingdom reached to the Humber, and his overlordship extended over the whole island. In receiving the submission of Wales and Northumberland he did but win back what his father had lost; but the submission of Scotland and Strathclyde was something wholly new. The Scots had recognised a precarious supremacy in the old Northumbrian kings, perhaps a supremacy more precarious still in the great Frankish emperor. But their submission to Wessex was wholly new; they had bowed to an overlord at York, but those days were long past, and they had never before bowed to an overlord at Winchester. This *commendation* of Scotland to the West-Saxon king is an event so important for the history of the next four hundred years, and it is an event which is often so completely misunderstood, that I must reserve some consideration of its exact bearing for my next chapter. It is enough to say here that, from this time to the fourteenth century, the vassalage of Scotland was an essential part of the public law of the Isle of Britain. No doubt many attempts were made to cast off the dependent relation which had been voluntarily incurred; but when a king of the English had once been chosen 'to father and to lord,' his successors never willingly gave up the position which had thus been conferred upon them. Whenever the King of the English is strong enough, he always appears as the acknowledged feudal superior of the King of Scots. Kenneth acts the part of a faithful vassal to Eadgar. Eadward the Confessor, like his nobler namesakes before and after, acts as superior lord, and, as such, transfers the tributary crown from a usurper to the lawful heir. When the Norman Wil-

liam had subdued England, he claimed and received the homage of Scotland as one of the undoubted rights of the crown which he had won. And nothing is clearer than that this homage was paid, not only for Cumberland and Lothian, but for the true kingdom of the Celtic Picts and Scots. In the days of Eadward and Æthelstan, Lothian was still English or Danish, an integral part of the kingdom of Northumberland, and the submission of Strathclyde was the separate act of another perfectly independent prince. The facts are undoubted; they are plain matters of history, which ought never to be looked at through the medium of provincial prejudice. The vassalage of Scotland to England is as certain as the earlier vassalage of Mercia to Wessex; but, for the last hundred and sixty years, the two facts have been of exactly the same practical importance."

The result of the "reserved consideration" is given forth in the following :—

"The fact that the West-Saxon or English kings, from Eadward the Elder onwards, did exercise an external supremacy over the Celtic princes of the island is a fact too clear to be misunderstood by any one who looks the evidence on the matter fairly in the face. I date this supremacy, in the case of Scotland, from the reign of Eadward the Elder, because there is no certain earlier instance of submission on the part of the Scots to any West-Saxon king. I pass by the instances of Scottish submission to several of the earlier Northumbrian kings, as well as what looks very like a submission of both Scots and Northumbrians to the Roman Empire itself in the person of Charles the Great. These instances do not prove the existence of any permanent superiority; they are rather analogous to the temporary and fluctuating superiority of this or that Bretwalda over the other English kingdoms. But, from the time of Eadward the Elder onwards, the case is perfectly clear. The submission of Wales dates from the time of Ecgbert; but it evidently received a more distinct and formal acknowledgment in the reign of Eadward. Two years before the *commendation* of Scotland, all the kings and people of Wales *commended* themselves to the West-Saxon king; 'they sought him to lord.' So, in the accounts of the transactions both with Scotland and with Strathclyde, it is stated with equal clearness that the people of both those countries had a

share in the acts of their princes by which Eadward was chosen to father and to lord. I conceive this to mean that the Scottish and Welsh princes acted in this matter by the consent and authority of whatever body in their own states answered to the Witan in England. The commendation in both cases was a solemn national act. For the motive of the act I have already suggested a sufficient reason in fear of Eadward's power, combined with a sense of the necessity of common action with him against the heathen invaders who ravaged all parts of Britain alike. I use the feudal word *commendation*, because that word seems to me better than any other to express the real state of the case. The transaction between Eadward and the Celtic princes was simply an application, on an international scale, of the general principle of the *comitatus*. That relation, like all the feudal relations which it helped to form, may be contracted either on the greatest or on the smallest scale possible. The land which either is originally granted out on a military tenure, or which its allodial owner finds it expedient to convert into a fief so held, may be a kingdom or it may be a rood of land maintaining its man. So the lord whom a man chooses, and the man who chooses the lord, may be of any possible rank, from the Emperor and the Pope with their vassal kings, down to the smallest thegn and his neighbouring Ceorl. The relation is exactly the same, whatever may be the rank and power of the parties between whom it is contracted. In every case alike, faithful service is owing on the one side and faithful protection on the other. Equally in the greatest case and in the smallest, the relation may imply a strictly feudal tenure of land or it may not. Now, in recording these cases of Welsh and Scottish submission, it will be observed that the Chronicles, as if of set purpose, make use of the familiar legal phrases which express the relation of commendation on the smaller scale. A man 'chose his lord;' he sought some one more powerful than himself, with whom he entered into the relation of *comitatus*; as feudal ideas strengthened, he commonly surrendered his allodial land to the lord so chosen, and received it back again from him on a feudal tenure. This was the process of commendation, a process of everyday occurrence in the case of private men choosing their lords, whether those lords were simple gentlemen or kings. And the process was equally familiar among sovereign princes them-

selves. Almost all the northern and eastern vassals of the Western Empire, some of them of kingly rank, became vassals by commendation. The commendation was doubtless in many cases far from voluntary, but the legal form was always the same. The lands of these princes were not original grants from the Emperors; but their owners found it expedient to come to terms with their imperial neighbour, and to place themselves and their lands in the same position as if their lands had been real imperial grants. We might go on to say that the Norman conquerors of Southern Italy commended themselves to the Pope whom they took prisoner, and that the Sicilian kingdoms, on the strength of that commendation, remained for seven hundred years in the position of fiefs of the Holy See. The kingdom of England was certainly once, possibly twice, commended to a foreign potentate. John, as all the world knows, commended his kingdom to the Pope; and it is by no means clear that his brother Richard had not before that commended it to the Emperor. There was nothing unusual or degrading in the relation; if Scotland, Wales, Strathclyde, commended themselves to the West-Saxon king, they only put themselves in the same relation to their powerful neighbour in which every Continental prince stood in theory, and most of them in actual fact, to the Emperor, Lord of the World. Not to speak of a crowd of smaller instances, Odo, King of the West-Franks, commended himself to Arnulf of Germany, just as Howel and Constantine commended themselves to Eadward of Wessex. And this commendation was made before Arnulf became Emperor and Lord of the World, while he was still the simple King of the Eastern Franks. The commendation in the case of Scotland and Strathclyde was, in form at least, a perfectly voluntary act, done with the full consent of the nations interested. The kingdom of Strathclyde soon came to an end, and with the Welsh of Wales proper no permanent relations of any kind could be kept up. But between the English overlord and his Scottish vassal the mutual compact was perhaps as well kept as it ever was in such cases. It was occasionally broken and occasionally renewed; but this was no more than happened always and everywhere in those turbulent times. The relations between the English *Basileus* and the King of Scots may on the whole be called friend-

ly; they were at least much more friendly than the relations which existed between the King of the West-Franks and his dangerous vassal at Rouen. The original commendation to the Eadward of the tenth century, confirmed by a series of acts of submission spread over the whole of the intermediate time, is the true justification for the acts of his glorious namesake in the thirteenth century. The only difference was that, during that time, feudal notions had greatly developed on both sides; the original commendation of the Scottish king and people to a lord, had changed, in the ideas of both sides, into a feudal tenure of the land of the Scottish kingdom. But this change was simply the universal change which had come over all such relations everywhere. That this point, the only point which could with any justice have been raised against Edward Plantagenet on the Scottish side, never was brought forward, shows how completely the ancient notion of commendation had gone out of mind. But the principal point at issue, the right of the overlord to decide between two claimants of the vassal kingdom, rested on excellent precedents in the reigns of Eadward the Confessor and of William Rufus. Altogether the vassalage—to use the most convenient word—of Scotland from the commendation to Eadward to the Treaty of Northampton is one of the best authenticated facts in history. But it is here needful to point out two other distinct events which have often been confounded with the commendation of Scotland, a confusion through which the real state of the case has often been misunderstood.”*

This is a pretty enough theory, if there were only any authority for it. It is all along of that little line in the Saxon Chronicle which tells how simultaneously all the tribes in Britain—the Scots, the Welsh, the Strathclyde Britons, the Northumbrians, and the fierce Danish invaders—chose King Eadward for their father and lord, their “fæther and hlaforde.” Perhaps hardly a text in Scripture has been more amply spread out into wide conclusions than this. We have frequently to meet with such unaccountable events in chronicles, and to pass them over with a shrug

* Freeman's ‘History of the Norman Conquest of England,’ p. 59-61, 128-133.

of unsatisfied curiosity. What is meant by father and lord so used, no one can distinctly tell; but we can easily say that nothing could more contradict the ordinary tenor of history, than that the inhabitants of Scotland should spontaneously submit to such authority as England afterwards claimed over them. It is only some twelve years after that there is a great invasion of England by a Scots army, and a pitched battle fought at Brunenburgh, near Durham, in which England gained a victory, along with relief from great peril. Some of the Indian tribes call the President of the United States their "Father." When they wish to be complimentary to English travellers, they have been known to apply the title to the Sovereign of Britain. On a late occasion of drinking "our great father" in fire-water, the traveller reminded his host that the Sovereign of Britain was a queen, on which he transferred his toast to "our great mother." His guest said he felt uncertain whether there was or was not an undercurrent of jocularly in this; and there is something of the comical in the idea of those ferocious tribes, who were the terror of England, spontaneously choosing the king of that country as their father and lord.

Another passage in the Saxon Chronicle tells how the Conqueror attacked Scotland by sea and land, and how King Malcolm came to him and gave hostages, and became his man. For all that this may have been worth, the Chronicle says that the Conqueror's army went back, having "found naught for which they were the better." Commenting on this, Sir Francis Palgrave says that "Malcolm's determination of submitting to William was received by the clans with the greatest joy—as a boon, not a humiliation."* If we could

get this on the authority of "the clans" themselves, we might at the same time get them to reconcile their conduct with the ferocious invasion in which they afterwards followed Malcolm into England.

A word with Mr Freeman about this "Commendation" of his. We do not remember that Palgrave says much about this feudal usage. In his posthumous work there is the passage following:—

"Among all the convulsions and disorders of the times, there existed throughout France an anxious yearning for the preservation of organic unity. Borrowing from our neighbours an incongruous expression, which, like many contradictions in terms, performs a duty refused by the rigid orthodoxy of linguistic accuracy, the Civil Hierarchy was deficient in systematic regularity. Titles of dignity were vaguely applied or assumed, nor was there any settled scheme of graduated subjection; yet it was held as a normal principle, that no individual ought to live at large among the people, but that he should be connected upwards with the head of the state, whether immediately, or through some link or links of dependence.

"Under the influence of this prevailing opinion, allodial lands—that is to say, lands destitute of an overlord—were considered as blemishes in the commonwealth. There was no absolute law compelling an allodial proprietor to "commend" himself to a senior. No direct blame could be imputed to him; yet he was tilting against public opinion. Though not positively stigmatised as a disturber of the body politic, he nevertheless offended against its proprieties. For the effect which this usage had in perfecting the feudal scheme, I must refer to that venerated teacher who first pointed out distinctly the importance of the custom as a most influential element in medieval policy. It is sufficient to observe that 'commendation' did not at this period necessarily imply the formal surrender of the soil from the allodialist to the superior, but the demand was satisfied by the simple acceptance of a lord as a protector, under whom the proprietor could range himself in the social community."†

* 'History of Normandy and England.'

† Ibid., ii. 522.

The "venerated teacher" is Henry Hallam, who, in the second chapter of the first part of his book on the Middle Ages, has a few remarks on "commendation," revealing very little, for they are uttered with the reserve which is sure to be found in that author when he cannot see his way clearly through his materials. So far as we believe, the term is never used in the *Chronicles* in reference to the relations between England and Scotland except once, and that single usage is significant. It is cited by Ducange as one of the few precedents he can find for the use of the term. He finds William of Malmesbury telling that the province of Cumberland was *commended* to the King of Scots: "Provincia quæ vocatur Cumberland, Regi Scotorum sub fidelitate jurisjurandi commendata est." The English chronicler not being able to find a satisfactory reason for the province being governed by the King of Scots, laid hold of the feudal arrangement, which was, according to his notions, the most likely cause of the phenomenon.

In this, as in other instances of terms applicable to minor feudal usages, it is useless to attempt precision. We cannot describe the nature and effect of a commendation as we would those of a railway debenture or a dock-warrant. But in the rambling notices brought together by Ducange we can see many qualities very inconsistent with the theory that commendation bound Scotland permanently to England. We are told that it was distinct from feudality in being only for the life of the client, and that to make a commendation to the superior was contrary to feudal usage, because it deprived the superior of a vassal bound to a vassal's obligations. Perhaps there was another reason why a holder was shy of commending his fief to his own superior when he went off to the Crusades—he would find it very difficult to recover possession.

Why did King Edward say nothing about commendation? Instead of a plea so simple, he rested his claims on the family settlement of King Brutus, as determined by the peculiar rule of hereditary succession practised in Troy.

Mr Freeman says, "My narrative of the relations between England and Scotland, and my view of the dependence of the Scottish Crown on the English Empire from 924 to 1328, are grounded on what I believe to be the sure witness of ancient authorities, read to a great extent under the guidance of Sir Francis Palgrave." There is a revelation here. It is a well-known phenomenon, going deep into the history of the propagation of opinion, that men will support the opinions of those whom they count their teachers with a dogmatism and persistence which they would not lend to the promulgation of their own self-formed opinions. We had much rather that Mr Freeman would take this matter into his own hand. He is quite able to deal with it. He has carried the torch into many dark corners, and unravelled many perplexities, in a manner which those only who know the dire confusion of the kind of material he has had to deal with can appreciate. In what he has told of the great Cnut, or Canute, he has done a service, the extent of which is acknowledged by the Danish archæologists, who are apt to be severe judges of such work.

In speaking of the work on 'Scotland under her Early Kings,' by Mr E. William Robertson, Mr Freeman says, "If I were inclined to reproach Mr Robertson for writing with an obvious Scottish bias, he would probably be able to retort, with equal truth, that I write with an obvious English bias." It is natural to suppose, from Mr Robertson's name, that he is a Scotsman, but he is an English country gentleman. He has gone over the question between Scotland and

England on the technical grounds, and finds that on these the main-tainers of the English superiority are in error. Had he found it otherwise, we would not have taken the cause as fundamentally settled, for there was all opportunity for technicalities going against Scotland. Not to speak of the competitors for the Crown and the descendant of Baliol, there were other monarchs sitting on the throne who would have sold the independence of the country but for the suspicious vigilance of those about them. Had every ruler of Scotland had his way, the country would not have survived as a sovereign state to make terms of union with England. Mr Freeman announces his wish to discuss the question with

Mr Robertson at length. By all means—the more we have of the truth the better. Though Mr Freeman succeed in establishing his Commendation, it will not uproot our faith in the long-established courage, endurance, and high spirit of the Scottish people.

After these pages had been written, but before they were printed, Mr Freeman has given his first challenge. We see in it no reason to fear ungenerous dealing or exasperating remark, but rather a dawning on him that, in the disposition of the people of the country, there was something in the presence of which the feudal usages, which have throughout a great part of this dispute been counted all in all, were in reality but pomps and ceremonies.

BROWNLOWS.

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A DOUBLE HUMILIATION.

JACK entered the avenue that evening in a frame of mind very different from his feelings on his last recorded visit to Swayne's cottage. He had been sitting with Pamela all the evening. Mrs Preston had retired up-stairs with her headache, and, with an amount of good sense for which Jack respected her, did not come down again; and the young fellow sat with Pamela, and the minutes flew on angels' wings. When he came away his feelings were as different as can be conceived from those with which he marched home, resolute but rueful, after his first interview with Mrs Preston. Pamela and her mother were two very different things—the one was duty, and had to be got through with; but the other— Jack went slowly, and took a little notice of the stars, and felt that the evening air was very sweet. He had put his hands

lightly in his pockets, not thrust down with savage force to the depths of those receptacles; and there was a kind of half smile, the reflection of a smile, about his mouth. Fumes were hanging about the youth of that intoxication which is of all kinds of intoxication the most ethereal. He was softly dazzled and bewildered by a subdued sweetness in the air, and in the trees, and in the sky—something that was nothing perceptible, and yet that kept breathing round him a new influence in the air. This was the sort of way in which his evenings, perhaps, were always to be spent. It gave a different view altogether of the subject from that which was in Jack's mind on the first dawning of the new life before him. Then he had been able to realise that it would make a wonderful difference in all his plans and prospects, and even in his

comforts. Now, the difference looked all the other way. Yes, it would indeed be a difference! To go in every night, not to Brownlows with his father's intermitting talk and Sara's "tantrums" (this was his brotherly way of putting it), and the monotony of a grave long-established wealthy existence, but into a poor little house full of novelty and freshness, and quaint poverty, and amusing straits, and——Pamela. To be sure that last was the great point. They had been speculating about this wonderful new little house, as was natural, and she had laughed till the tears glistened in her pretty eyes at thought of all the mistakes she would make—celestial blunders, which even to Jack, sensible as he was, looked (to-night) as if they must be pleasanter and better and every way more fitting than the wisest actions of the other people. In this kind of sweet insanity the young fellow had left his little love. Life somehow seemed to have taken a different aspect to him since that other evening. No doubt it was a serious business; but then when there are two young creatures, you understand, setting out together, and a hundred chances before them, such as nobody could divine—one to help the other if either should stumble and two to laugh over everything, and a hundred devices to be contrived, and Crusoe-like experiments in the art of living, and droll little mishaps, and a perpetual sweet variety—the prospect changes. This is why there had come, in the starlight, a sort of reflection of a smile upon Jack's mouth. It was, on the whole, so very considerate and sensible of Mrs Preston to have that headache and stay up-stairs. And Pamela, altogether apart from the fact that she was Pamela, was such charming company—so fresh, so quick, so ready to take up anything that looked like fun, so full of pleasant changes, catching the light upon her at so many points. This

bright, rippling, sparkling, limpid stream was to go singing through all his life. He was thinking of this when he suddenly saw the shadow under the chestnuts, and found that his father had come out to meet him. It was rather a startling interruption to so pleasant a dream.

Jack was very much taken aback, but he did not lose his self-possession; he made a brave attempt to stave off all discussion, and make the encounter appear the most natural thing in the world, as was the instinct of a man up to the requirements of his century. "It's a lovely night," said Jack; "I don't wonder you came out. I've been myself—for a walk. It does a fellow more good than sitting shut up in these stuffy rooms all night."

Now the fact was Jack had been shut up in a very stuffy room, a room smaller than the smallest chamber into which he had ever entered at Brownlows; but there are matters, it is well known, in which young men do not feel themselves bound by the strict limits of fact.

"I was not thinking about the night," said Mr Brownlow; "there are times when a man is glad to move about to keep troublesome things out of his mind; but luckily you don't know much about that."

"I know as much about it as most people, I suppose, sir," said Jack, with a little natural indignation; "but I hope there is nothing particular to put you out—that Wardell case——"

"I was not thinking of the Wardell case either," said Mr Brownlow, with an impatient momentary smile; "I fear my clients' miseries don't impress me so much as they ought to do. I was thinking of things nearer home——"

Upon which there was a moment's pause. If Jack had followed his first impulse, he would have asked, with a little defiance, if it was anything in his conduct to

which his father particularly objected. But he was prudent, and refrained; and they took a few steps on together in silence towards the house, which shone in front of them with all its friendly lights.

"No," said Mr Brownlow, in that reflective way that men think it competent and proper to use when their interlocutor is young, and cannot by any means deny the fact. "You don't know much about it; the hardest thing that ever came in your way was to persuade yourself to give up a personal indulgence; and even that you have not always done. You don't understand what *care* means. How should you? Youth is never really occupied with anything but itself."

"You speak very positively, sir," said Jack, affronted. "I suppose it's no use for a man in that selfish condition to say a word in his own defence."

"I don't know that it's selfish—it's natural," said Mr Brownlow; and then he sighed. "Jack, I have something to say to you. We had a talk on a serious subject some time ago——"

"Yes," said Jack. He saw now what was coming, and set himself to face it. He thrust his hands deep down into his pockets and set up his shoulders to his ears, which was a good warning, had Mr Brownlow perceived it, that, come right or wrong, come rhyme or reason, this rock should fly from its firm base as soon as Jack would—and that any remonstrance on the subject was purely futile. But Mr Brownlow did not perceive.

"I thought you had been convinced," his father continued. "It might be folly on my part to think any sort of reason would induce a young fellow, brought up as you have been, to forego his pleasure; but I suppose I had a prejudice in favour of my own son, and I thought you saw it in the right point of view. I hear from Sara to-night——"

"I should like to know what Sara has to do with it," said Jack, with an explosion of indignation. "Of course, sir, all you may have to say on this or any other subject I am bound to listen to with respect; but as for Sara and her interference——"

"Don't be a fool, Jack," said Mr Brownlow, sharply. "Sara has told me nothing that I could not have found out for myself. I warned you, but it does not appear to have been of any use; and now I have a word more to say. Look here. I take an interest in this little girl at the gate. There is something in her face that reminds me—but never mind that. I feel sure she's a good girl, and I won't have her harmed. Understand me once for all. You may think it a small matter enough, but it's not a small matter. I won't have that child harmed. If she should come to evil through you, you shall have me to answer to. It is not only her poor mother or any poor friend she may have——"

"Sir," cried Jack, boiling over, "do you know you are insulting me?"

"Listen to what I am saying," said his father. "Don't answer. I am in earnest. She is an innocent child, and I won't have her harmed. If you can't keep away from her, have the honesty to tell me so, and I'll find means to get you away. Good Lord, sir! is every instinct of manhood so dead in you that you cannot overcome a vicious inclination, though it should ruin that poor innocent child?"

A perfect flood of fury and resentment swept through Jack's mind; but he was not going to be angry and lose his advantage. He was white with suppressed passion, but his voice did not swell with anger as his father's had done. It was thus his self-possession that carried the day.

"When you have done, sir," he said, taking off his hat with a quietness which cost him an immense

effort, "perhaps you will hear what I have got to say."

Mr Brownlow for the moment had lost his temper, which was very foolish. Probably it was because other things too were going wrong, and his sense of justice did not permit him to avenge their contrariety upon the purely innocent. Now Jack was not purely innocent, and here was an outlet. And then he had been walking about in the avenue for more than an hour waiting, and was naturally sick of it. And, finally, having lost his own temper, he was furious with Jack for not losing his.

"Speak out, sir," he cried; "I have done. Not that your speaking can make much difference. I repeat, if you hurt a hair of that child's head——"

"I will thank you to speak of her in a different way," said Jack, losing patience also. "You may think me a villain if you please; but how dare you venture to suppose that I *could* bring her to harm? Is *she* nobody? is that all you think of her? By Jove! the young lady you are speaking of, without knowing her," said Jack, suddenly stopping himself, staring at his father with calm fury, and speaking with deadly emphasis, "is going to be—my wife."

Mr Brownlow was so utterly confounded that he stood still and stared in his turn at his audacious son. He gave a start as if some one had shot him; and then he stood speechless and stared, wondering blankly if some transformation had occurred, or if this was actually Jack that stood before him. It ought to have been a relief to his mind—no doubt if he had been as good a man as he ought to have been, he would have gone down on his knees and given thanks that his son's intentions were so virtuous; but in the mean time amaze swallowed up every other sentiment. "Your wife!" he said, with the utmost wonder

which the human voice is capable of expressing in his voice. The wildest effort of imagination could never have brought him to such an idea—Jack's wife! His consternation was such that it took the strength out of him. He could not have said a word more had it been to save his life. If any one had pushed rudely against him he might have dropped on the ground in the weakness of his amaze. "You might have knocked him down with a feather," was the description old Betty would have given; and she would have been right.

"Yes," said Jack, with a certain magnificence; "and as for my power, or any man's power, of *harming*—her. By Jove!—though of course you didn't know——"

This he said magnanimously, being not without pity for the utter downfall which had overtaken his father. Their positions, in fact, had totally changed. It was Mr Brownlow who was struck dumb. Instead of carrying things with a high hand as he had begun to do, it was he who was reduced into the false position. And Jack was on the whole sorry for his father. He took his hands out of the depths of his pockets, and put down his shoulders into their natural position. And he was willing "to let down easy," as he himself expressed it, the unlucky father who had made such an astounding mistake.

As for Mr Brownlow, it took him some time to recover himself. It was not quite easy to realise the position, especially after the warm, not to say violent, way in which he had been beguiled into taking Pamela's part. He had meant every word of what he said. Her sweet little face had attracted him more than he knew how to explain; it had reminded him, he could not exactly tell of what, of something that belonged to his youth and made his heart soft. And the thought of pain or shame coming

to her through his son had been very bitter to him. But he was not quite ready all the same to say, Bless you, my children. Such a notion, indeed, had never occurred to him. Mr Brownlow had never for a moment supposed that his son Jack, the wise and prudent, could have been led to entertain such an idea; and he was so much startled that he did not know what to think. After the first pause of amazement he had gone on again slowly, feeling as if by walking on some kind of mental progress might also be practicable; and Jack had accompanied him in a slightly jaunty, magnanimous, and forgiving way. Indeed, circumstances altogether had conspired, as it were, in Jack's favour. He could not have hoped for so good an opportunity of telling his story—an opportunity which not only took all that was formidable from the disclosure, but actually presented it in the character of a relief and standing evidence of unthought-of virtue. And Jack was so simple-minded in the midst of his wisdom that it seemed to him as if his father's anticipated opposition were summarily disposed of, to be heard of no more—a thing which he did not quite know whether to be sorry for or glad.

Perhaps it staggered him a little in this idea when Mr Brownlow, after going on, very slowly and thoughtfully, almost to the very door of the house, turned back again, and began to retrace his steps, still as gravely and quietly as ever. Then a certain thrill of anticipation came over Jack. One fytte was ended, but another was for to say. Feeling had been running very high between them when they last spoke; now there was a certain hushed tone about the talk, as if a cloud had suddenly rolled over them. Mr Brownlow spoke, but he did not look at Jack, nor even look up, but went on moodily, with his eyes fixed on the ground, now and then stopping to kick

away a little stone among the gravel, a pause which became almost tragic by repetition. "Is it long since this happened?" he said, speaking in a very subdued tone of voice.

"No," said Jack, feeling once more the high colour rushing up into his face, though in the darkness there was nobody who could see—"no, only a few days."

"And you said your wife," Mr Brownlow added—"your wife. Whom does she belong to? People don't go so far without knowing a few preliminaries, I suppose?"

"I don't know who she belongs to, except her mother," said Jack, growing very hot; and then he added, on the spur of the moment, "I daresay you think it's not very wise—I don't pretend it's wise—I never supposed it was; but as for the difficulties, I am ready to face them. I don't see that I can say any more."

"I did not express any opinion," said Mr Brownlow, coldly; "no—I don't suppose wisdom has very much to do with it. But I should like to understand. Do you mean to say that everything is settled? or do you only speak in hope?"

"Yes, it is quite settled," said Jack: in spite of himself this cold questioning had made a difference even in the sound of his voice. It all came before him again in its darker colours. The light seemed to steal out of the prospect before him moment by moment. His face burned in the dark; he was disgusted with himself for not having something to say; and gradually he grew into a state of feverish irritation at the stones which his father took the trouble to kick away, and the crunching of the gravel under his feet.

"And you have not a penny in the world," said Mr Brownlow, in his dispassionate voice.

"No," said Jack, "I have not a penny in the world."

And then there was another pause. The very stars seemed to have gone in, not to look at his

discomfiture, poor fellow ! A cold little wind had sprung up, and went moaning out and in eerily among the trees ; even old Betty at the lodge had gone to bed, and there was no light to be seen from her windows. The prospect was black, dreary, very chilling—nothing to be seen but the sky, over which clouds were stealing, and the tree-tops swaying wildly against them ; and the sound of the steps on the gravel. Jack had uttered his last words with great firmness and even a touch of indignation ; but there can be no doubt that heaviness was stealing over his heart.

“If it had been any one but yourself who told me, Jack,” said his father, “I should not have believed it. You, of all men in the world—I ought to beg your pardon for misjudging you. I thought you would think of your own pleasure rather than of anybody’s comfort, and I was mistaken. I beg your pardon. I am glad to have to make you an apology like this.”

“Thanks,” said Jack, curtly. It was complimentary, no doubt ; but the compliment itself was not complimentary. I beg your pardon for thinking you a villain—that was how it sounded to his ears ; and he was not flattered even by his escape.

“But I can’t rejoice over the rest,” said Mr Brownlow—“it is going against all your own principles, for one thing. You are very young—you have no call to marry for ten years at least—and of course if you wait ten years you will change your mind.”

“I have not the least intention of waiting ten years,” said Jack.

“Then perhaps you will be so good as to inform me what your intentions are,” said his father, with a little irony ; “if you have thought at all on the subject it may be the easier way.”

“Of course I have thought on the subject,” said Jack ; “I hope

I am not a fellow to do things without thinking. I don’t pretend it is prudent. Prudence is very good, but there are some things that are better. I mean to get married with the least possible delay.”

“And then ?” said Mr Brownlow.

“Then, sir, I suppose,” said Jack, not without a touch of bitterness, “you will let me remain in the office, and keep my clerkship ; seeing that, as you say, I have not a penny in the world.”

Then they walked on together again for several minutes in the darkness. It was not wonderful that Jack’s heart should be swelling with a sense of injury. Here was he, a rich man’s son, with the great park breathing round him in the darkness, and the great house shining behind, with its many lights, and many servants, and much luxury. All was his father’s—all, and a great deal more than that ; and yet he, his father’s only son, had “not a penny in the world.” No wonder Jack’s heart was very bitter within him ; but he was too proud to make a word of complaint.

“You think it cruel of me to say so,” Mr Brownlow said, after that long pause ; “and so it looks, I don’t doubt. But if you knew as much as I do, it would not appear to you so wonderful. I am neither so rich nor so assured in my wealth as people think.”

“Do you mean that you have been losing money ?” said Jack, who was half touched, in the midst of his discontent, by his father’s tone.

“I have been losing—not exactly money,” said Mr Brownlow, with a sigh ; “but never mind : I can’t hide from you, Jack, that you have disappointed me. I feel humbled about it altogether. Not that I am a man to care for worldly advantages that are won by marriage ; but yet—and you did not seem the sort of boy to throw yourself away.”

"Look here, father," said Jack ; "you may be angry, but I must say one word. I think a man, when he can work for his wife, has a right to marry as he likes—at least *if* he likes," added the young philosopher, hastily, with a desperate thought of his consistency ; "but I do think a girl's friends have something to do with it. Yet you set your face against me, and *et* that fellow see Sara constantly—see her alone—talk with her—I found them in the flower-garden the other day,—and then, by Jove! you pitch into me."

"You are speaking of young Powys," said Mr Brownlow, with sudden dignity ; "Powys is a totally different thing—I have told you so before."

"And I have told you, sir, that you are mistaken," said Jack ; "How is Powys different? except that he's a young—cad—and never had any breeding. As for any idea you may have in your head about his family—have you ever seen his mother?"

"Have you?" said Mr Brownlow ; and his heart, too, began to beat heavily, as if there could be any sentimental power in that good woman's name.

"Yes," said Jack, in his ignorance, "she is a homely sort of sensible woman, that never could have been anything beyond what she is; and one look at her would prove that to you. I don't mean to say I like people that have seen better days ; but you would never suppose she had been anything more than what she is now; she might have been a Masterton shop-keeper's daughter from Cheestergate or Dove Street," Jack continued, "and she would have looked just as she looks now."

Mr Brownlow, in spite of himself, gave a long shuddering sigh. He drew a step apart from his son, and stumbled over a stone in the gravel, not having the heart even to kick it away. Jack's words,

though they were so careless and so ignorant, went to his father's heart. As it happened, by some curious coincidence, he had chosen the very locality from which Phœbe Thomson would have come. And it rang into the very centre of that unsuspected target which Mr Brownlow had set up to receive chance shots, in his heart.

"I don't know where she has come from," he said ; "but yet I tell you Powys is different; and some day you will know better. But whatever may be done about that has nothing to do with your own case. I repeat to you, Jack, it is very humbling to me."

Here he stopped short, and Jack was doggedly silent, and had not a word of sympathy to give him. It was true, this second *mesalliance* was a great blow to Mr Brownlow—a greater blow to his pride and sense of family importance than anybody could have supposed. He had made up his mind to it that Sara must marry Powys; that her grandeur and her pretty state could only be secured to her by these means, and that she must pay the price for them—a price which, fortunately, she did not seem to have any great difficulty about. But that Jack should make an ignoble marriage too, that people should be able to say that the attorney's children had gone back to their natural grade, and that all his wealth, and their admittance into higher circles, and Jack's education, and Sara's sovereignty, should end in their marrying, the one her father's clerk, the other the little girl in the cottage at the gate, was a very bitter pill to their father. He had never schemed for great marriages for them, never attempted to bring heirs and heiresses under their notice ; but still it was a downfall. Even the Brownlows of Masterton had made very different alliances. It was perhaps a curious sort of thing to strike a man, and a man of business, but nevertheless it was very hard upon him. In

Sara's case—if it did come to anything in Sara's case—there was an evident necessity, and there was an equivalent; yet even there Mr Brownlow knew that when the time came to avow the arrangement, it would not be a pleasant office. He knew how people would open their eyes, how the thing would be spoken of, how his motives and *her* motives would be questioned. And to think of Jack adding another story to the wonder of the county! Mr Brownlow did not care much for old Lady Motherwell, but he knew what she would say. She would clasp her old hands together in their brown gloves (if it was morning), and she would say, "They were always very good sort of people, but they were never much in our way—and it is far better they should settle in their own condition of life. I am glad to hear the young people have had so much sense." So the county people would be sure to say, and the thought of it galled Mr Brownlow. He would not have felt it so much had Jack alone been the culprit, and Sara free to marry Sir Charles Motherwell, or any other county potentate; but to think of both!—and of all the spectators that were looking on, and all their comments! It was mere pride and personal feeling, he knew—even feeling that was a little paltry and scarcely worthy of him—but he could not help feeling the sting and humiliation; and this perhaps, though it was merely fanciful, was the one thing which galled him most about Jack.

Jack, for his part, had nothing to say in opposition. He opened his eyes a little in the dark to think of this unsuspected susceptibility on his father's part, but he did not think it unjust. It seemed to him on the whole natural enough. It was hard upon him, after he had worked and struggled to bring his children into this position. Jack did not understand his father's infatuation in respect

to Powys. It was infatuation. But he could well enough understand how it might be very painful to him to see his only son make an obscure marriage. He was not offended at this. He felt for his father, and even he felt for himself, who had the thing to do. It was not a thing he would have approved of for any of his friends, and he did not approve of it in his own case. He knew it was the only thing he could do; and after an evening such as that he had passed with little Pamela, he forgot that there was anything in it but delight and sweetness. That, however, was a forgetfulness which could not last long. He had felt it could not last long even while he was taking his brief enjoyment of it, and he began again fully to realise the other side of the question as he walked slowly along in the dark by his father's side. The silence lasted a long time, for Mr Brownlow had a great deal to think about. He walked on mechanically almost as far as Betty's cottage, forgetting almost his son's presence, at least forgetting that there was any necessity for keeping up a conversation. At last, however, it was he who spoke.

"Jack," he said, "I wish you would reconsider all this. Don't interrupt me, please. I wish you'd think it all over again. I don't say that I think you very much to blame. She has a sweet face," said Mr Brownlow, with a certain melting of tone, "and I don't say that she may not be as sweet as her face; but still, Jack, you are very young, and it's a very unsuitable match. You are too sensible not to acknowledge that; and it may injure your prospects and cramp you for all your life. In justice both to yourself and your family, you ought to consider all that."

"As it happens, sir, it is too late to consider all that," said Jack, "even if I ever could have balanced secondary motives against——"

"Bah!" said Mr Brownlow; and

then he added, with a certain impatience, "Don't tell me that you have not balanced—I know you too well for that. I know you have too much sense for that. Of course you have balanced all the motives. And do you tell me that you are ready to resign all your advantages, your pleasant life here, your position, your prospects, and go and live on a clerk's income in Masterton—all for love?" said Mr Brownlow. He did not mean to sneer, but his voice, as he spoke, took a certain inflection of sarcasm, as perhaps comes natural to a man beyond middle age, when he has such suggestions to make.

Jack once more thrust his hands into the depths of his pockets, and gloom and darkness came into his heart. Was it the voice of the tempter that was addressing him? But then, had he not already gone over all that ground?—the loss of all comforts and advantages, the clerk's income, the little house in Masterton. "I have already thought of all that," he said, "as you suggest; but it does not make any difference to me." Then he stopped and made a long pause. "If this is all you have to say to me, sir, perhaps it will be best to stop here," said Jack; and he made a pause and turned back again with a certain determination towards the house.

"It is all I have to say," said Mr Brownlow, gravely; and he too turned round, and the two made a solemn march homewards, with scarcely any talk. This is how Jack's story was told. He had not thought of doing it, and he had

found little comfort and encouragement in the disclosure; but still it was made, and that was so much gained. The lights were beginning to be extinguished in the windows, so late and long had been their discussion. But as they came up, Sara became visible at the window of her own room, which opened upon a balcony. She had come to look for them in her pretty white dressing-gown, with all her wealth of hair streaming over her shoulders. It was a very familiar sort of apparel, but still, to be sure, it was only her father and her brother who were witnesses of her little exhibition. "Papa, I could not wait for you," she cried, leaning over the balcony, "I couldn't keep Angelique sitting up. Come and say good-night." When Mr Brownlow went in to obey her, Jack stood still and pondered. There was a difference. Sara would be permitted to make any marriage she pleased—even with a clerk in his father's office; whereas her brother, who ought to have been the principal—— However, to do him justice, there was no grudge in Jack's heart. He scorned to be envious of his sister. "Sara will have it all her own way," he said to himself a little ruefully, as he lighted his candle and went up the great staircase; and then it occurred to him to wonder what she would do about Pamela. Already he felt himself superseded. It was his to take the clerk's income and subside into inferiority, and Sara was to be the Queen of Brownlows—as indeed she had always been.

CHAPTER XXVII.—SARA'S OWN AFFAIRS.

Sara's affairs were perhaps not so interesting, as indeed they were far from being so advanced, as those of Jack; but still all this time they were making progress. It was not without cause that the image of Powys stole across her mental

vision when Jack warned her to look at the beam in her own eye. There could be little doubt that Mr Brownlow had encouraged Powys. He had asked him to come generally, and he had added to this many special invitations, and some-

times, indeed, when Jack was not there, had given the young man a seat in the dog-cart, and brought him out. All this was very confusing, not to Sara, who, as she thought, saw into the motives of her father's conduct, and knew how it was; but to the clerk in Mr Brownlow's office, who felt himself thus singled out, and could not but perceive that no one else had the same privilege. It filled him with many wondering and even bewildered thoughts. Perhaps at the beginning it did not strike him so much, semi-republican as he was; but he was quick-witted, and when he looked about him, and saw that his neighbours did not get the same advantages, the young Canadian felt that there must be something in it. He was taken in, as it were, to Mr Brownlow's heart and home, and that not without a purpose, as was told him by the angry lines in Jack's forehead. He was taken in and admitted into the habits of intimacy, and had Sara, as it were, given over to him; and what did it mean? for that it must mean something he could not fail to see.

Thus young Powys's position was very different from that of Jack. Jack had been led into his scrape unwittingly, having meant nothing. But it would have been impossible for Powys to act in the same way. To him unconsciousness was out of the question. He might make it clear to himself, in a dazzled self-conscious way, that his own excellence could have nothing to do with it; that it must be accident, or good fortune, or something perfectly fortuitous; but yet withal the sense remained that he and no other had been chosen for this privilege, and that it could not be for nothing. He was modest and he had good sense, more than could have been expected from his age and circumstances; but yet everything conspired to make him forget these sober qualities. He had not permitted himself so much as

to think at his first appearance that Miss Brownlow, too, was a young human creature like himself. He had said to himself, on the contrary, that she was of a different species, that she was as much out of his reach as the moon or the stars, and that if he suffered any folly to get into his head, of course he would have to suffer for it. But the folly had got into his head, and he had not suffered. He had been left with her, and she had talked to him, and made everything very sweet to his soul. She had dropped the magic drop into his cup, which makes the mildest draught intoxicating, and the poor young fellow had felt the subtle charm stealing over him, and had gone on bewildered, justifying himself by the tacit encouragement given him, and not knowing what to think or what to do. He knew that between her and him there was a gulf fixed. He knew that of all men in the world he was the last to conceive any hopes in which such a brilliant little princess as Sara could be involved. It was doubly and trebly out of the question. He was not only a poor clerk, but he was a poor clerk with a family to support. It was all mere madness and irredeemable folly; but still Mr Brownlow took him out to his house, and still he saw, and was led into intimate companionship with, his master's daughter. And what could it mean, or how could it end? Powys fell into such a maze at last, that he went and came unconsciously in a kind of insanity. Something must come of it one of these days. Something;—a volcanic eruption and wild blazing up of earth and heaven—a sudden plunge into madness or into darkness. It was strange, very strange to him, to think what Mr Brownlow could mean by it; he was very kind to him—almost paternal—and yet he was exposing him to this trial, which he could neither fly from nor resist. Thus poor Powys pondered to himself many a time,

while, with a beating heart, he went along the road to Brownlows. He could have delivered himself, no doubt, if he would, but he did not want to deliver himself. He had let all go in a kind of desperation. It must end, no doubt, in some dreadful sudden downfall of all his hopes. But indeed he had no hopes; he knew it was madness; yet it was a madness he was permitted, even encouraged in; and he gave himself up to it, and let himself float down the stream, and said to himself that he would shut his eyes, and take what happiness he could get in the present moment, and shut out all thoughts of the future. This he was doing with a kind of thrill of prodigal delight, selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, giving up all the freshness of his heart, and all its force of early passion, for what?—for nothing. To throw another flower in the path of a girl who trod upon nothing but flowers; this was what he felt it to be in his saner moments. But the influence of that sanity never stopped him in what he was doing. He had never in his life met with anything like her, and if she chose to have this supreme luxury of a man's heart and life offered up to her all for nothing—what then? He was not the man to grudge her that richest and most useless gift. It was not often he went so deep as this, or realised what a wild cause he was embarked on: but when he did, he saw the matter clearly enough, and knew how it must be.

As for Sara, she was very innocent of any such thoughts. She was not the girl to accept such a holocaust. If she had known what was in his heart possibly she might have scorned him for it; but she never suspected what was passing in his heart. She did not know of that gulf fixed. His real position, that position which was so very true and unquestionable to him, was not real at all to Sara. He was a fairy prince, masquerading under

that form for some reason known to himself and Mr Brownlow; or if not that, then he was the man to whom, according to her father's will, she was to give herself blindly out of pure filial devotion. Anyhow something secret, mysterious, beyond ordinary ken, was in it; something that gave piquancy to the whole transaction. She was not receiving a lover in a commonplace sort of way when she entertained young Powys, but was instead a party to an important transaction, fulfilling a grand duty, either to her father menaced by some danger, or to a hero transformed whom only the touch of a true maiden could win back to his rightful shape. As it happened, this fine devotion was not disagreeable to her; but Sara felt, no doubt, that she would have done her duty quite as unswervingly had the fairy prince been bewitched into the person of the true Beast of the story instead of that of her father's clerk.

It was a curious sort of process to note, had there been any spectator by sufficiently at ease to note it; but there was not, unless indeed Mr Hardcastle and Fanny might have stood in that capacity. As for the Rector, he washed his hands of it. He had delivered his own soul just as Mrs Swayne had delivered hers in respect to the other parties. He had told Mr Brownlow very plainly what his opinion was. "My dear fellow," he had said, "you don't know what you are doing. Be warned in time. You don't think what kind of creatures girls and boys are at that age. And then you are compromising Sara with the world. Who do you think would care to be the rival of your clerk? It is very unfair to your child. And then Sara is just one of the girls that are most likely to suffer. She is a girl that has fancies of her own. You know I am as fond of her almost as I am of my Fanny, but there could not be a greater difference than between the two. Fanny

might come safely through such an ordeal, but Sara is of a different disposition; she is capable of thinking that it doesn't matter, she is capable, though one does not like even to mention such an idea, of falling in love——”

Mr Brownlow winced a little at this suggestion. I suppose men don't like to think of their women-kind falling in love. There is a certain desecration in the idea. “No,” he said, with something in his voice that was half approval and half contempt, “you need not be afraid of Fanny; and as for Sara, I trust Providence will take care of her—as you seem to think she has so poor a guardian in me.”

“Ah, Brownlow, we must both feel what a disadvantage we are at,” said Mr Hardcastle, with a sigh, “with our motherless girls; and theirs is just the age at which it tells.”

“Yes,” said Mr Brownlow, shaping his face a little, unawares, into the right look. The Rector had had two mothers for Fanny, and was used to this kind of thing; indeed it was never off the cards, as Fanny herself was profoundly aware, that there might be a third; and accordingly he had a right to be effusive about it: whereas Mr Brownlow had had but one love in his life, and could not talk on the subject. But he knew his duty sufficiently to look solemn, and assent to his pastor's proposition about the motherless girls.

“On that account, if on no other, we ought to give them our double attention,” the Rector continued. “You know I can have but one motive. Take my word for it, it is not fit that your clerk should be brought into your daughter's society. If any foolish complication should come of it you would never forgive yourself; and only think of the harm it would do Sara in the world.”

“Softly, Hardcastle,” said Mr Brownlow, “don't go too far. Sara and the world have nothing to do

with each other. That sort of thing may answer well enough for your hackneyed girls who have gone through a few seasons and are up to everything; but to the innocent——”

“My dear Brownlow,” said the Rector, with a certain tone of patronage and compassion, “I know how much I am inferior to you in true knowledge of the world; but perhaps—let us say—the world of fashion—may be a little better known to me than to you.”

Mr Brownlow was roused by this. “I don't know how it should be so,” he said, looking very steadily at the Rector. Mr Hardcastle had a second cousin who was an Irish peer. That was the chief ground of his social pretensions, and the world of fashion, to tell the truth, had never fallen much in his way; but still a man who has a cousin a lord, when he claims superior knowledge of society to that possessed by another man who has no such distinction, generally, in the country at least, has his claim allowed.

“You think not?” he said, stammering and growing red. “Oh, ah—well—of course—in that case I can't be of any use. I am sorry to have thrust my opinion on you. If you feel yourself so thoroughly qualified——”

“Don't take offence,” said Mr Brownlow. “I have no such high opinion of my qualifications. I don't think we are, either of us, men of fashion to speak of, but, as it happens, I know my own business. It suits me to have my clerk at hand—and he is not just an ordinary clerk; and I hope Sara is not the sort of girl to lose her head and go off into silly romances. I have confidence in her, you see, as you have in Fanny—though perhaps it may not be so perfectly justified,” Mr Brownlow added, with a smile. Fanny was known within her own circle to be a very prudent little woman, almost too

prudent, and this was a point which the Rector always felt.

"Well, I hope you will find it has been for the best," Mr Hardcastle answered, and he sighed in reply to his friend's smile: evidently he did not expect it would turn out for the best—but at all events he had delivered his soul.

And Fanny, in the mean time, was delivering her little lecture to Sara. They had been dining at Brownlows, and there were no other guests, and the two girls were alone in the drawing room, in that little half-hour which the gentlemen spent over their temperate glass of claret. It is an hour much bemoaned by fast young women, but, as the silent majority are aware, it is not an unpleasant hour. Fanny Hardcastle and Sara Brownlow were great friends in their way. They were in the habit of seeing each other continually, of going to the same places, of meeting the same people. It was not exactly a friendship of natural affinity, but rather of proximity, which answers very well in many cases. Probably Fanny, for her part, was not capable of anything more enthusiastic. They told each other everything—that is, they each told the other as much as that other could understand. Fanny, by instinct, refrained from putting before Sara all the prudences and sensible restrictions that existed in her own thoughts; and Sara, equally by instinct, was dumb about her own personal feelings and fancies, except now and then when carried away by their vehemence. "She would not understand me, you know," both of them would have said. But to-night Fanny had taken upon herself the prophetic office. She, too, had her burden of warning to deliver, and to free her own soul from all responsibility in her neighbour's fate.

"Sara," she said, "I saw you the other day when you did not see me. You were in the park—down there, look, under that tree; and

that Mr Powys was with you. You know I once saw him here."

"I do not call that the park—I call that the avenue," said Sara; but she saw that her companion spoke with *intention*, and a certain quickening of colour came to her face.

"You may call it anything you please, but I am sure it *is* the park," said Fanny, "and I want to speak to you about it. I am sure I don't know who Mr Powys is—I daresay he is very nice—but *do* you think it is quite right walking about with him like that? You told me yourself he was in your papa's office. You know, Sara dear, I wouldn't say a word to you if it wasn't for your good."

"What is for my good?" said Sara—"walking in the park? or having you to speak to me? As for Mr Powys, I don't suppose you know anything about him, so of course you can't have anything to say."

"I wish you would not gallop on like that and take away one's breath," said Fanny. "Of course I don't know anything about him. He may be very nice—I am sure I can't say; or he may be very amusing—they often are," Fanny added, with a sigh, "when they are no good. But don't go walking and talking with him, Sara; don't, there's a dear; people will talk; you *know* how they talk. And if he is only in your papa's office——"

"I don't see what difference that can possibly make," said Sara, with a little vehemence.

"But it does make a difference," said Fanny, once more with a sigh. "If he were ever so nice, it could be *no good*. Mr Brownlow may be very kind to him, but he would never let you marry him, Sara. Yes, of course, that is what it must come to. A girl should not stray about in the park with a man unless he was a man that she could marry if he asked her. I don't mean to say that she *would*

marry, but at least that she could. And, besides, a girl owes a duty to herself even if her father would consent. You, in your position, ought to make a very different match."

"You little worldly-minded wretch," cried Sara, "have you nearly done?"

"Anybody would tell you so as well as me," said Fanny. "You might have had that big Sir Charles if you had liked. Papa is only a poor clergyman, and we have not the place in society we might have; but you can go everywhere, you who are so rich. And then the gentlemen always like you. If you were to make a poor marriage it would be a shame."

"When did you learn all that?" said Fanny's hearer, aghast. "I never thought you were half so wise."

"I always knew it, dear," said little Fanny, with complacency. "I used to be too frightened to speak, and then you always talked so much quicker and went on so. But when I was at my aunt's in spring——"

"I shall always hate your aunt," cried Sara—"I did before by instinct: did she put it all into your head about matches and things? You were ten thousand times better when you had only me. As if I would marry a man because he would be a good marriage! I wonder what you take me for, that you speak so to me!"

"Then what should you marry him for?" said little Fanny, with a toss of her pretty head.

"For!" cried Sara, "not for anything! for nothing at all! I hate marrying. To think a girl cannot live in this world without having *that* thrust into her face! What should I marry anybody for? But I shall do what I like, and walk when I like, and talk to anybody that pleases me," cried the impetuous young woman. Her vehemence brought a flush to her face and something like tears into

her eyes; and Fanny, for her part, looked on very gravely at an appearance of feeling of which she entirely disapproved.

"I daresay you will take your own way," she said—"you always did take your own way; but at least you can't say I did not warn you; and I hope you will never be sorry for not having listened to me, Sara. I love you all the same," said Fanny, giving her friend a soft little kiss. Sara did not return this salutation with the warmth it deserved. She was flushed and angry and impatient, and yet disposed to laugh.

"You don't hope anything of the sort," she said; "you hope I shall live to be very sorry—and I hate your aunt." This was how the warning ended in the drawing-room. It was more elegantly expressed than it had been by Mrs Swayne and old Betty; but yet the burden of the prophecy was in some respects the same.

When Sara thought over it at a later period of the night, she laughed a little in her own mind at poor Fanny's ignorance. Could she but know that the poor clerk was an enchanted prince! Could she but guess that it was in pure obedience to her father's wishes that she had given him such a reception! When he appeared in his true shape, whatever that might be, how uncomfortable little Fanny would feel at the recollection of what she had said! And then Sara took to guessing and wondering what his true shape might be. She was not romantic to speak of in general. She was only romantic in her own special case; and when she came to think of it seriously, her good sense came to her aid,—or rather not to her aid—to her hindrance and confusion and bewilderment. Sara knew very well that in those days people were not often found out to be princes in disguise. She knew even that for a clerk in her father's office to turn out the heir to a peerage or even

somebody's son would be so unusual as to be almost incredible. And what, then, could her father mean? Neither was Mr Brownlow the sort of man to pledge his soul on his daughter in any personal emergency. Yet some cause there must be. When she had come this length, a new sense seemed suddenly to wake up in Sara's bosom, perhaps only the result of her own thoughts, perhaps suggested, though she would not have allowed that, by Fanny Hardcastle's advice—a sudden sense that she had been coming down from her natural sphere, and that her father's clerk was not a fit mate for her. She was very generous, and hasty, and highflown, and fond of her father, and fond of amusement—and moved by all these qualities and affections together she had jumped at the suggestion of Mr Brownlow's plan; but perhaps she had never once thought seriously of it as it affected herself until that night. Now it suddenly occurred to her how people might talk. Strangely enough, the same thought which had been bitterness to her father, stung her also, as soon as her eyes were opened. Miss Brownlow of Brownlows, who had refused, or the same thing as refused, Sir Charles Motherwell—whom young Keppel had regarded afar off as utterly beyond his reach—the daughter of the richest man, and herself one of the most popular (Sara did not even to herself say the prettiest; she might have had an inkling of that too, but certainly she did not put it into articulate thought) girls in the county—she bending from her high estate to the level of a lawyer's clerk; she going back to the hereditary position, reminding everybody that she was the daughter of the Masterton attorney, showing the low tastes which one generation of higher culture could not be supposed to have effaced! How could she do it? If she had been a duke's daughter it would not have

mattered. In such a case nobody could have thought of hereditary low tastes; but now—As Sara mused, the colour grew hotter and hotter in her cheeks. To think that it was only now, so late in the day, that this occurred to her, after she had gone so far in the way of carrying out her father's wishes! To think that he could have imposed such a sacrifice upon her! Sara's heart smarted and stung her in her breast as she thought of that. And then there suddenly came up a big indignant blob of warm dew in either eye, which was not for her father nor for her own dignity, but for something else about which she could not parley with herself. And then she rushed at her candles and put them out, and threw herself down on her bed. The fact was that she did sleep in half an hour at the farthest, though she did not mean to, and thus escaped from her thoughts; but that was not what she calculated upon. She calculated on lying awake all night and saying many very pointed and grievous things to her father when in the morning he should ask her the meaning of her pale face and heavy eyes; but unfortunately her cheeks were as fresh as the morning when the morning duly came, and her eyes as bright, and Mr Brownlow, seeing no occasion for it, asked no questions, but had himself to submit to inquiries and condolences touching a bad night and a pale face. He too had been moved by Mr Hardcastle's warning—moved, not of course to any sort of acceptance of the Rector's advice, but only to the length of being uncomfortable, while he took his own way, which is at all times the only one certain result of good advice. And he was depressed too about Jack's communication which had been made to him only two nights before, and of which he had spoken to nobody. The thought of it was a humiliation to him. His two children whom he had brought up so carefully, his only ones, in whom

he had expected his family to make a new beginning—and yet they both meant to descend far below the ancestral level which he had hoped to see them leave utterly behind! He was not what is called a proud man, and he had never been ashamed of his origin or of his business. But yet, two such marriages in one family, and one generation——! It was a bitter thought.

As for Sara, she would have said, had she been questioned, that she thought of nothing else all day; and in fact it was her prevailing preoccupation. All the humiliations involved in it came gleaming across her mind by intervals. Her pride rose up in arms. She did not know as yet about the repetition or rather anticipation of her case which her brother had been guilty of. But she did ponder over the probable consequences. The hardest thing of all was that they would say it was the fault of her race, that she was only returning to her natural level, and that it was not wealth nor even admiration which could make true gentlefolks; all which were sentiments to which Sara would have subscribed willingly in any but her own case. When Powys arrived with Mr Brownlow in the evening, she received him with a stateliness that chilled the poor young fellow to his heart. And he too had so many thoughts, and just at that moment was wondering with an intensity which put all the others to shame how it could possibly end, and what his honour required of him, and what sort of a grey and weary desert life would be after this dream was over. It seemed to him absolutely as if the dream was coming to an end that night. Jack, who was never very courteous to the visitor, left them immediately after dinner, and Mr Brownlow retired to the library for some time, and Powys had no choice but to go where his heart had gone before him, up to the drawing-room where Sara sat alone. Of course she ought

to have had a chaperone; but then this young man, being only a clerk from the office, did not count.

She was seated in the window, close to the Claude, which had been the first thing that brought these two together; but to-night she was in no meditative mood. She had provided herself with work, and was labouring at it fiercely in a way which Powys had never seen before. And he did not know that her heart too was beating very fast, and that she had been wondering and wondering whether he would have the courage to come up-stairs. He had really had that courage, but now that he was there, he did not know what to do. He came up to her at first, but she kept on working and did not take any notice of him, she who up to this moment had always been so sweet. The poor young fellow was cast down to the very depths; he thought they had but taken him up and played upon him for their amusement, and that now the end had come. And he tried, but ineffectually, to comfort himself with the thought that he had always known it must come to an end. Almost, when he saw her silence, her absorbed looks, the constrained little glance she gave him as he came into the room, it came into his mind that Sara herself would say something to bring the dream to a distinct conclusion. If she had told him that she divined his presumption, and that he was never more to enter that room again, he would not have been surprised. It had been a false position throughout—he knew that, and he knew that it must come to an end.

But, in the mean time, a fair face must be put upon it. Powys, though he was a backwoodsman, knew enough of life, or had sufficient instinct of its requirements, to know that. So he went up to the Claude, and looked at it sadly, with a melancholy he could not restrain.

"It is as you once said, Miss

Brownlow," said Powys—"always the same gleam and the same ripples. I can understand your objections to it now."

"The Claude?" said Sara, with unnecessary vehemence, "I hate it. I think I hate all pictures; they are so everlastingly the same thing. Did Jack go out, Mr Powys, as you came up-stairs?"

"Yes; he went out just after you had left us," said Powys, glad to find something less suggestive on which to speak.

"Again?" said Sara, plunging at the new subject with an energy which proved it to be a relief to her also. "He is so strange. I don't know if papa told you; he is giving us a great deal of trouble just now. I am afraid he has got fond of somebody very, very much below him. It will be a dreadful thing for us if it turns out to be true."

Poor Powys's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He gave a wistful look at his tormentor, full of a kind of dumb entreaty. What did she say it for? was it for him, without even the satisfaction of plain speaking, to send him away for ever?

"Of course you don't know the circumstances," said Sara, "but you can fancy when he is the only son. I don't think you ever took to Jack; but of course he is a great deal to papa and me."

"I think it was your brother who never took to me," said Powys; "he thought I had no business here."

"He had no right to think so, when papa thought differently," said Sara; "he was always very disagreeable; and now to think he should be as foolish as any of us." When she had said this, Sara suddenly recollected herself, and gave a glance up at her companion to see if he had observed her indiscretion. Then she went on hastily, with a rising colour, "I wish you would tell me, Mr Powys, how it was that you first came to know papa."

"It is very easy," said Powys; but there he too paused, and grew red, and stopped short in his story with a reluctance that had nothing to do with pride. "I went to him seeking employment," he continued, making an effort, and smiling a sickly smile. He knew she must know that, but yet it cost him a struggle; and somehow everything seemed to have changed so entirely since those long-distant days.

"And you never knew him before?" said Sara—"nor your father?—nor anybody belonging to you?—I do so want to know."

"You are surprised that he has been so kind to me," said Powys, with a pang; "and it is natural you should. No, there is no reason for it that I know of, except his own goodness. He meant to be very, very kind to me," the young fellow added, with a certain pathos. It seemed to him as he spoke that Mr Brownlow had in reality been very cruel to him, but he did not say it in words. Sara, for her part, gave him a little quick fugitive glance; and it is possible, though no explanation was given, that she understood what he did not speak.

"That was not what I meant," she said, quickly; "only I thought there was something—and then about your family, Mr Powys?" she said, looking up into his face with a curiosity she could not restrain. Certainly the more she thought it over the more it amazed her. What could her father mean?

"I have no family that I know of," said Powys, with a momentary smile, "except my mother and my little sisters. I am poor, Miss Brownlow, and of no account whatever. I never saved Mr Brownlow's life; nor did anything he could be grateful to me for. And I did not know you nor this house," he went on, "when your father brought me here. I did not know, and I could live without—— Don't ask me any more questions, please; for I fear I don't know what I am saying to-day."

Here there was a pause, for Sara, though fearless enough in most cases, was a little alarmed by his suppressed vehemence. She was alarmed, and at the same time she was softened, and her inquisitiveness was stronger than her prudence. His very prayer that she would ask him no more questions quickened her curiosity; and it was not in her to refrain for fear of the danger—in that, as in most other amusements, “the danger’s self was lure alone.”

“But I hope you don’t regret having been brought here,” she said softly, looking up at him. It was a cruel speech, and the look and the tone were more cruel still. If she had meant to bring him to her feet, she could not have done anything better adapted to her purpose, and she did not mean to bring him to her feet. She did it only out of a little personal feeling and a little sympathy, and the perversity of her heart.

Powys started violently, and gave her a look under which Sara, courageous as she was, actually trembled; and the next thing he did was to turn his back upon her, and look long and intently at the nearest picture. It was not the Claude this time. It was a picture of a woman holding out a piece of bread to a beggar at her door. The wretch, in his misery, was crouching by the wall and holding out his hand for it, and within were the rosy children, well-fed and comfortable, looking large-eyed upon the want without. The young man thought it was symbolical, as he stood looking at it, quivering all over with emotion which he was labouring to shut up in his own breast. She was holding out the bread of life to him, but it would never reach his lips. He stood struggling to command himself, forgetting everything but the desperation of that struggle, betraying himself more than any words could have done—fighting his fight of honour and truth against temptation. Sara saw all this, and the

little temptress was not satisfied. It would be difficult to tell what impulse possessed her. She had driven him very far, but not yet to the furthest point; and she could not give up her experiment at its very height.

“But you do not answer my question,” she said, very softly. The words were scarcely out of her lips, the tingle of compunction had not begun in her heart, when her victim’s strength gave way. He turned round upon her with a wild breathlessness that struck Sara dumb. She had seen more than one man who supposed he was “in love” with her; but she had never seen passion before.

“I would regret it,” he said, “if I had any sense or spirit left; but I have not, and I don’t regret. Take it all—take it!—and then scorn it. I know you will. What could you do but scorn it? It is only my heart and my life; and I am young and shall have to live on hundreds of years, and never see your sweetest face again.”

“Mr Powys!” said Sara in consternation, turning very pale.

“Yes,” he said, melting out of the momentary swell of excitement, “I think I am mad to say so. I don’t grudge it. It is no better than a flower that you will put your foot on; and now that I have told you, I know it is all over. But I don’t grudge it. It was not your doing; and I would rather give it to you to be flung away than to any other woman. Don’t be angry with me—I shall never see you again.”

“Why?” said Sara, not knowing what she said—“what is it?—what have I done? Mr Powys, I don’t think you—either of us—know what you mean. Let us forget all about it. You said you did not know what you were saying to-day.”

“But I have said it,” said the young man in his excitement. “I did not mean to betray myself, but now it is all over. I can never

come here again. I can never dare look at you again. And it is best so; every day was making it worse. God bless you, though you have made me miserable. I shall never see your face again."

"Mr Powys!" cried Sara, faintly.

But he was gone beyond hearing of her voice. He had not sought even to kiss her hand, as a despairing lover has a prescriptive right to do, much less the hem of her robe, as they do in romances. He was gone in a whirlwind of wild haste, and misery, and passion. She sat still, with her lips apart, her eyes very wide open, her face very white, and listened to his hasty steps going away into the outside world. He was gone—quite gone, and Sara sat aghast. She could not cry; she could not speak; she could but listen to his departing steps, which echoed upon her heart as it seemed. Was it all over? Would he never see her face again, as he said? Had she made him miserable? Sara's face grew whiter and whiter as she

asked herself these questions. Of one thing there could be no doubt, that it was she who had drawn this explanation from him. He had not wished to speak, and she had made him speak. And this was the end. If a sudden thunderbolt had fallen before her, she could not have been more startled and dismayed. She never stirred for an hour or more after he had left her. She let the evening darken round her, and never asked for lights. Everything was perfectly still, yet she was deafened by the noises in her ears, her heart beating, and voices rising and contending in it which she had never heard before. And was this the end? She was sitting still in the window like a thing in white marble when the servant came in with the lamp, and he had almost stumbled against her as he went to shut the window, and yelled with terror, thinking it was a ghost. It was only then that Sara regained command of herself. Was it all over from to-night?

CHAPTER XXVIII.—DESPAIR.

It was nearly two hours after this when Jack Brownlow met Powys at the gate. It was a moonlight night, and the white illumination which fell upon the departing visitor perhaps increased the look of excitement and desperation which might have been apparent even to the most indifferent passer-by. He had been walking very quickly down the avenue; his boots and his dress gleamed in the moonlight as if he had been burying himself among the wet grass and bushes in the park. His hat was over his brows, his face haggard and ghastly. No doubt it was partly the effect of the wan and ghostly moonlight, but still there must have been something more in it, or Jack, who loved him little, would not have stopped as he did to see what was the matter. Jack was all the more bent upon stop-

ping that he could see Powys did not wish it, and all sorts of hopes and suspicions sprang up in his mind. His father had dismissed the intruder, or he had so far forgotten himself as to betray his feelings to Sara, and she had dismissed him. Once more curiosity came in Powys's way. Jack was so resolute to find out what it was that, for the first time in his life, he was friendly to his father's clerk. "Are you walking?" he said; "I'll go with you a little way. It is a lovely night."

"Yes," said Powys; and he restrained his headlong course a little. It was all he could do—that, and to resist the impulse to knock Jack down and be rid of him. It might not have been so very easy, for the two were tolerably well matched; but poor Powys was trembling with the force of passion, and would

have been glad of any opportunity to relieve himself either in the way of love or hatred. Nothing of this description, however, seemed practicable to him. The two young men walked down the road together, keeping a little apart, young, strong, tall, full of vigour, and with a certain likeness in right of their youth and strength. There should even have been the sympathy between them which draws like to like. And yet how unlike they were! Jack had taken his fate in his hand, and was contemplating with a cheerful daring, which was half ignorance, a descent to the position in which his companion stood. It would be sweetened in his case by all the ameliorations possible, or so at least he thought; and, after all, what did it matter? Whereas Powys was smarting under the miserable sense of having been placed in a false position in addition to all the pangs of unhappy love, and of having betrayed himself and the confidence put in him, and sacrificed his honour, and cut himself off for ever from the delight which still might have been his. All these pains and troubles were struggling together within him. He would have felt more keenly still the betrayal of the trust his employer had placed in him, had he not felt bitterly that Mr Brownlow had subjected him to temptations which it was not in flesh and blood to bear. Thus every kind of smart was accumulated within the poor young fellow's spirit—the sense of guilt, the sense of being hardly used, the consciousness of having shut himself out from paradise, the knowledge, beyond all, that his love was hopeless and all the light gone out of his life. It may be supposed how little inclination he had to enter into light conversation, or to satisfy the curiosity of Jack.

They walked on together in complete silence for some minutes, their footsteps ringing in harmony along the level road, but their

minds and feelings as much out of harmony as could be conceived. Jack was the first to speak. "It's pleasant walking to-night," he said, feeling more conciliatory than he could have thought possible; "how long do you allow yourself from here to Masterton? It is a good even road."

"Half-an-hour," said Powys, carelessly.

"Half-an-hour! that's quick work," said Jack. "I don't think you'll manage that to-night. I have known that mare of mine do it in twenty minutes; but I don't think you could match her pace."

"She goes very well," said the Canadian, with a moderation which nettled Jack.

"Very well! I never saw anything go like her," he said—"that is, with a cart behind her. "What kind of cattle have you in Canada? I suppose there's good sport there of one kind or another. Shouldn't you like to go back?"

"I *am* going back," said Powys. He said it in the depth of his despair, and it startled himself as soon as it was said. Go back? yes! that was the only thing to do—but how?

"Really?" said Jack with surprise and no small relief, and then a certain human sentiment awoke within him. "I hope you haven't had a row with the governor?" he said; "it always seemed to me he had too great a fancy for you. I beg your pardon for saying so just now, especially if you're vexed; but look here—I'm not much of a one for a peacemaker; but if you don't mind telling me what it's about——"

"I have had no row with Mr Brownlow; it is worse than that," said Powys; "it is past talking of; I have been both an ass and a knave, and there's nothing for me but to take myself out of everybody's way."

Once more Jack looked at him in the moonlight, and saw that quick heave of his breast which be-

trayed the effort he was making to keep himself down, and a certain spasmodic quiver in his lip.

"I wouldn't be too hasty if I were you," he said. "I don't think you can have been a knave. We're all of us ready enough to make fools of ourselves," the young philosopher added, with a touch of fellow-feeling. "You and I haven't been over good friends, you know, but you might as well tell me what it's all about."

"You were quite right," said Powys, hastily. "I ought never to have come up here. And it was not my doing. It was a false position all along. A man oughtn't to be tempted beyond his strength. Of course I have nobody to blame but myself. I don't suppose I would be a knave about money or anything of that sort. But it's past talking of; and besides I could not, even if it were any good, make a confidant of you."

It was not difficult for Jack to divine what this despair meant, and he was touched by the delicacy which would not name his sister's name. "I lay a hundred pounds it's Sara's fault," he said to himself. But he gave no expression to the sentiment. And of course it was utterly beyond hope, and the young fellow in Powys's position who should yield to such a temptation must indeed have made an ass of himself. But in the circumstances Jack was not affronted at the want of confidence in himself.

"I don't want to pry into your affairs," he said. "I don't like it myself; but I would not do anything hastily if I were you. A man mayn't be happy, but, so far as I can see, he must live all the same."

"Yes, that's the worst," said Powys; "a fellow can't give in and get done with it. Talk is no good; but I shall have to go. I shall speak to your father to-morrow, and then—— Good-night. Don't come any further. I've been all about the place to say good-bye.

I am glad to have had this talk with you first. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Jack, grasping the hand of his fellow. Their hands had never met in the way of friendship before. Now they clasped each other warmly, closely, with an instinctive sympathy. Powys's mind was so excited with other things, and so full of supreme emotion, that this occurrence, though startling enough, did not have much effect upon him. But it made a very different impression upon Jack, who was full of surprise and compunction, and turned, after he had made a few steps in the direction of Brownlows, with a reluctant idea of "doing something" for the young fellow who was so much less lucky than himself. It was a reluctant idea, for he was prejudiced, and did not like to give up his prejudices, and at the same time he was generous, and could not but feel for a brother in misfortune. But Powys was already far on his way, out of hearing, and almost out of sight. "He will do it in the half-hour," Jack said to himself, with admiration. "By Jove! how the fellow goes! and I'll lay you anything it's all Sara's fault." He was very hard upon Sara in the revulsion of his feelings. Of course she could have done nothing but send her presumptuous admirer away. But, then, had she not led him on and encouraged him? "The little flirt!" Jack said to himself; and just then he was passing Swayne's cottage, which lay in the deep blackness of the shadow made by the moonlight. He looked up tenderly at the light that burned in the upper window. He had grown foolish about that faint little light, as was only natural. There was one who was no flirt, who never would have tempted any man and drawn him on to the breaking of his heart. From the height of his own good fortune Jack looked down upon poor Powys speeding along with despair in his soul along the Masterton

road. Something of that soft remorse which is the purest bloom of personal happiness softened his thoughts. Poor Powys! And there was nothing that could be done for him. He could not compel his fate as Jack himself could do. For him there was nothing in store but the relinquishment of all hope, the giving up of all dreams. The thought made Jack feel almost guilty in his own independence and well-being. Perhaps he could yet do or say something that would smooth the other's downfall,—persuade him to remain at least at Masterton, where he need never come in the way of the little witch who had beguiled him, and afford him his own protection and friendship instead. As Jack thought of the little house that he himself, separated from Brownlows and its comforts, was about to set up at Masterton, his benevolence towards Powys grew still stronger. He was a fellow with whom a man could associate on emergency; and no doubt this was all Sara's fault. He went home to Brownlows disposed to stand Powys's friend if there was any question of him. But when Jack reached home there was no question of Powys. On the whole it was not a cheerful house into which he entered. Lights were burning vacantly in the drawing-room, but there was nobody there. Lights were burning dimly down-stairs. It looked like a deserted place as he went up and down the great staircase, and through the silent rooms, and found nobody. Mr Brownlow himself was in the library with the door shut, where, in the present complexion of affairs, Jack did not care to disturb him; and Miss Sara had gone to bed with a headache, he was told, when, after searching for her everywhere, he condescended to inquire. Sara was not given to headaches, and the intimation startled her brother. And he went and sat in the drawing-room alone, and stared at the lights, and con-

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trasted this solitary grandeur with the small house whose image was in his mind. The little cozy, tiny, sunshiny place, where one little bright face would always smile; where there would always be some one ready to listen, ready to be interested, ready to take a share in everything. The picture looked very charming to him after the dreariness of this great room, and Sara gone to bed, and poor Powys banished and broken-hearted. That was not to be his own fate, and Jack grew pious and tender in his self-gratulations. After all, poor Powys was a very good sort of fellow; but as it happened, it was Jack who had drawn all the prizes of life. He did think at one time of going down-stairs notwithstanding the delicate state of his own relations with his father, and making such excuses as were practicable for the unfortunate clerk, who had permitted himself to be led astray in this foolish manner. "Of course it was a great risk bringing him here at all," Jack thought of saying, that Mr Brownlow might be brought to a due sense of his own responsibility in the matter; but after long consideration, he wisely reflected that it would be best to wait until the first parties to the transaction had pronounced themselves. If Sara did not mean to say anything about it, nor Powys, why should he interfere? upon which conclusion, instead of going down-stairs, he went to bed, thinking again how cheerless it was for each member of the household to start off like this without a single good-night, and how different it would be in the new household that was to come.

Sara came to breakfast next morning looking very pale. The colour had quite gone out of her cheeks, and she had done herself up in a warm velvet jacket, and had the windows closed as soon as she came into the room. "They never will remember that the summer's over," she said, with a

shiver, as she took her place ; but she made no further sign of any kind. Clearly she had no intention of complaining of her rash lover ;—so little, indeed, that when Mr Brownlow was about to go away, she held out a book to him timidly, with a sudden blush. “ Mr Powys forgot to take this with him last night ; would you mind taking it to him, papa ? ” she said, very meekly ; and as Jack looked at her, Sara blushed redder and redder. Not that she had any occasion to blush. It might be meant as an olive-branch or even a pledge of hope ; but still it was only a book that Powys had left behind him. Mr Brownlow accepted the charge with a little surprise, and he, too, looked at her so closely that it was all she could do to restrain a burst of tears.

“ Is it such a wonder that I should send back a book when it is left ? ” she cried, petulantly. “ You need not take it unless you like, papa ; it can always go by the post.”

“ I will take it,” said Mr Brownlow ; and Jack sat by rather grimly, and said nothing. Jack was very variable and uncertain just at that moment in his own feelings. He had not forgotten the melting of his heart on the previous night ; but if he had seen any tokens of relenting on the part of his sister towards the presumptuous stranger, Jack would have again hated Powys. He even observed with suspicion that his father took little notice of Sara’s agitation ; that he shut his eyes to it, as it were, and took her book, and evaded all further discussion. Jack himself was not going to Masterton that day. He had to see that everything was in order for the next day, which was the 1st of September. So far had the season wheeled round imperceptibly while all the variations of this little domestic drama were ripening to their appointed end.

Jack, however, did not go to inspect his gun, and consult with the gamekeeper, immediately on his father’s departure. He waited for

a few minutes, while Sara, who had been so cold, rushed to the window, and threw it open. “ There must be thunder in the air—one can scarcely breathe,” she said. And Jack watched her jealously, and did not lose a single look.

“ You were complaining of cold just now,” he said. “ Sara, mind what you are about. If you think you can play that young Powys at the end of your line, you’re making a great mistake.”

“ Play whom ? ” cried Sara, blushing up. “ You are a nice person to preach to me ! I am playing nobody at the end of my line. I have no line to play with ; and you that are making a fool of that poor little simple Pamela——”

“ Be quiet, will you ? ” said Jack, furious. “ That poor little simple Pamela, as you call her, is going to be my wife.”

Sara gazed at him for a moment, thunderstruck, standing like something made into stone, with her velvet jacket, which she had just taken off, in her hands. Then the colour fled from her cheeks as quickly as it had come to them, and her great eyes filled suddenly, like crystal cups, with big tears. She threw the jacket down out of her hands, and rushed to her brother’s side, and clasped his arm. “ You don’t mean it, Jack ? —do you mean it ? ” she cried, piteously, gazing up into his face ; and a crowd of different emotions, more than Jack could discriminate or divine, was in her voice. There was pleasure and there was sorrow, and sharp envy and pride and regret. She clasped his arm, and looked at him with a look which said—“ How could you ? —how dare you ? —and, Oh, how lucky you are to be able to do it ! ”—all in a breath.

“ Of course I mean it,” said Jack, a little roughly ; but he did not mean to be rough. “ And that is why I tell you it is odious of you, Sara, to tempt a man to his destruction, when you know you can do

nothing for him but break his heart."

"Can't I?" said Sara, dropping away from his arm, with a faint little moan; and then she turned quickly away, and hid her face in her hands. Jack, for his part, felt he was bound to improve the occasion, though his heart smote him. He stood secure on his own pedestal of virtue, though he did not want her to copy him. Indeed, such virtue in Sara would have been little short of vice.

"Nothing else," said Jack, "and yet you creatures do it without ever thinking of the sufferings you cause. I saw the state that poor fellow was in when he left you last night; and now you begin again sending him books! What pleasure can you have in it? It is something inconceivable to me."

This Jack uttered with a superiority and sense of goodness so lofty that Sara's tears dried up. She turned round in a blaze of indignation, too much offended to trust herself to answer. "You may be an authority to Pamela, but you are not an authority to me," she cried, drawing herself up to her fullest state. But she did not trust herself to continue the warfare. The tears were lying too near the surface, and Sara had been too much shaken by the incident of the previous night. "I am not going to discuss my own conduct; you can go and talk to Pamela about it," she added, pausing an instant at the door of the room before she went out. It was spiteful, and Jack felt that it was spiteful; but he did not guess how quickly Sara rushed up-stairs after her dignified progress to the door, nor how she locked herself in, nor what a cry she had in her own room when she was safe from all profane eyes. She was not thinking of Pamela, and yet she could have beaten Pamela. *She* was to be happy, and have her own way; but as for Sara, it was an understood duty that the only thing she

could do for a man was to break his heart! Her tears fell down like rain at this thought. Why should Jack be so free and she so fettered? Why should Pamela be so well off? Thus a sudden and wild little hailstorm of rage and mortification went over Sara's head, or rather heart.

Meanwhile Mr Brownlow went very steadily to business with the book in his pocket. He had been a little startled by Sara's look, but by this time it was going out of his mind. He was thinking that it was a lovely morning, and still very warm, though the child was so chilly; and then he remembered, with a start, that next day was the 1st of September. Another six weeks, and the time of his probation was over. The thought sent the blood coursing through his veins, as if he had been a young man. Everything had gone on so quietly up to that moment—no further alarms—nothing to revive his fears—young Powys lulled to indifference, if indeed he knew anything; and the time of liberation so near. But with that thrill of satisfaction came a corresponding excitement. Now that the days were numbered, every day was a year in itself. It occurred to him suddenly to go away somewhere, to take Sara with him and bury himself in some remote corner of the earth, where nobody could find him for those fated six weeks; and so make it quite impossible that any application could reach him. But he dismissed the idea. In his absence might she not appear, and disclose herself? His own presence somehow seemed to keep her off, and at arm's length; but he could not trust events for a single day if he were gone. And it was only six weeks. After that, yes, he would go away, he would go to Rome or somewhere, and take Sara, and recover his calm after that terrible tension. He would need it, no doubt;—so long as his brain did not give way.

Mr Brownlow, however, was much startled by the looks of Powys when he went into the office. He was more haggard than he had ever been in the days when Mr Wrinkell was suspicious of him. His hair hung on his forehead in a limp and drooping fashion—he was pale, and there were circles round his eyes. Mr Brownlow had scarcely taken his place in his own room when the impatient young man came and asked to speak to him. The request made the lawyer's hair stand up on his head, but he could not refuse the petition. "Come in," he said, faintly. The blood seemed to go back on his heart in a kind of despair. After all his anticipations of approaching freedom, was he to be arrested after all, before the period of emancipation came?

As for Powys, he was too much excited himself to see anything but the calmest composure in Mr Brownlow, who indeed, throughout all his trials, though they were sharp enough, always looked composed. The young man even thought his employer methodical and matter-of-fact to the last degree. He had put out upon the table before him the book Sara had intrusted him with. It was a small edition of one of the poets which poor Powys had taken with him on his last unhappy expedition to Brownlows; and Mr Brownlow put his hand on the book, with a constrained smile, as a schoolmaster might have put his hand on a prize.

"My daughter sent you this, Powys," he said, "a book which it appears you left last night; and why did you go away in such a hurry without letting me know?"

"Miss Brownlow sent it?" said Powys, growing crimson; and for a minute the poor young fellow was so startled and taken aback that he could not add another word. He clutched at the book, and gazed at it hungrily, as if it could tell him something, and then he saw Mr Brownlow looking at

him with surprise, and his colour grew deeper and deeper. "That was what I came to speak to you about, sir," he said, hot with excitement and wretchedness. "You have trusted me, and I am unworthy of your trust. I don't mean to excuse myself; but I could not let another day go over without telling you. I have behaved like an idiot—and a villain——"

"Stop, stop!" said Mr Brownlow. "What is all this about? Don't be excited. I don't believe you have behaved like a villain. Take time and compose yourself, and tell me what it is."

"It is that you took me into your house, sir, and trusted me," said Powys, "and I have betrayed your trust. I must mention her name. I saw your daughter too often—too much. I should have had the honour and honesty to tell you before I betrayed myself. But I did not mean to betray myself. I miscalculated my strength; and in a moment, when I was not thinking, it gave way. Don't think I have gone on with it," he added, looking beseechingly at his employer, who sat silent, not so much as lifting his eyes. "It was only last night—and I am ready at the moment, if you wish it, to go away."

Mr Brownlow sat at his table and made no reply. Oh, those hasty young creatures, who precipitated everything! It was, in a kind of way, the result of his own scheming, and yet his heart revolted at it, and in six weeks' time he would be free from all such necessity. What was he to do? He sat silent, utterly confounded and struck dumb—not with surprise and horror, as his young companion in the fulness of his compunction believed, but with confusion and uncertainty as to what he ought to say and do. He could not offend and affront the young man on whose quietness and unawakened thoughts so much depended. He could not send Powys away, to fall probably into the hands of other advisers,

and rise up against himself. Yet could he pledge himself, and risk Sara's life, when so short a time might set him free? All this rushed through his mind while he sat still in the same attitude in which he had listened to the young fellow's story. All this pondering had to be done in a moment, for Powys was standing beside him in all the vehemence of passion, thinking every minute an hour, and waiting for his answer. Indeed he expected no answer. Yet something there was that must be said, and which Mr Brownlow did not know how to say.

"You betrayed yourself?" he said, at last; "that means, you spoke. And what did Sara say?"

The colour on Powys's face flushed deeper and deeper. He gave one wild, half-frantic look of inquiry at his questioner. There was nothing in the words, but in the calm of the tone, in the naming of his daughter's name, there was something that looked like a desperate glimmer of hope; and this unexpected light flashed upon the young man all of a sudden, and made him nearly mad. "She said nothing," he answered, breathlessly. "I was not so dishonourable as to ask for any answer. What answer was possible? It was forced out of me, and I rushed away."

Mr Brownlow pushed his chair away from the table. He got up and went to the window, and stood and looked out, he could not have told why. There was nothing there that could help him in what he had to say. There was nothing but two children standing in the dusty road, and a pale, swarthy organ-grinder, with two big eyes, playing "Ah, che la morte" outside. Mr Brownlow always remembered the air, and so did Powys, standing behind, with his heart beating loud, and feeling that the next words he should listen to might convey life or death.

"If she has said nothing," said

Mr Brownlow at last from the window, speaking with his back turned, "perhaps it will be as well for me to follow her example." When he said this he returned slowly to his seat, and took his chair without ever looking at the culprit before him. "Of course you were wrong," he added; "but you are young. You ought not to have been placed in such temptation. Go back to your work, Mr Powys. It was a youthful indiscretion; and I am not one of those who reject an honourable apology. We will forget it for ever—we, and everybody concerned——"

"But, sir——" cried Powys.

"No more," said Mr Brownlow. "Let bygones be bygones. You need not go up to Brownlows again till this occurrence has been forgotten. I told you Sara had sent you the book you left. It has been an unfortunate accident, but no more than an accident, I hope. Go back to your work, and forget it. Don't do anything rash. I accept your apology. Such a thing might have happened to the best of us. But you will be warned by it, and do not err again. Go back to your work."

"Then I am not to leave you?" said Powys, sorely tossed between hope and despair, thinking one moment that he was cruelly treated, and the next overwhelmed by the favour shown him. He looked so wistfully at his employer; that Mr Brownlow, who saw him though he was not looking at him, had hard ado not to give him a little encouragement with his eyes.

"If you can assure me this will not be repeated, I see no need for your leaving," said Mr Brownlow. "You know I wish you well, Powys. I am content that it should be as if it had never been."

The young man did not know what to say. The tumult in his mind had not subsided. He was in the kind of condition to which everything which is not despair is hope. He was wild with wonder,

bewilderment, confusion. He made some incoherent answer, and the next moment he found himself again at his desk, dizzy like a man who has fallen from some great height, yet feels himself unhurt upon solid ground after all. What was to come of it all? And Sara had sent him his book. Sara! Never in his wildest thoughts had he ventured to call her Sara before. He did not do it wittingly now. He

was in a kind of trance of giddiness and bewilderment. Was it all real, or had it happened in a dream?

Meanwhile Mr Brownlow too sat and pondered this new development. What was it all to come to? He seemed to other people to be the arbiter of events; but that was what he himself asked, in a kind of consternation, of time and fate.

EGOISM.

IT naturally occurs to us after a course of modern biography, or upon otherwise coming in contact with the eccentricities and perversities of genius, to consider how far these inconveniences and defects are really, as some men say they are, an essential and necessary part of genius as such; how far there is that antagonism between domesticity and genius which has been boldly asserted; how far the affections are indeed powerless against the tyranny of ideas;—in plainer words, how far genius excuses its possessors from the obligations of ordinary morality—an exemption which the world's experience and new philosophy alike claim for it: Sydney Smith, on the one hand, admitting his fears that no one can effect great benefits to his country without some sacrifice of the minor virtues; and the apologists of Goethe arguing that genius has an orbit of its own. If, say they, it moved through the orbit of commonplace lives it would not be genius but commonplace; not that its orbit is necessarily eccentric, but it must often appear so, because its sweep is wide. Sometimes it disregards domestic duties and minor morals in obeying the law of its own movement. Hence genius and morality are not always synonymous. Genius, as such, is good and great, and in its greatness and its goodness seeks the eternal principles of order

—seeks to make life harmonious, but in a way of its own; the slenderest acquaintance with biography showing us that genius is not always found respecting minor morals, and that the biographies of men of genius are very unlike "moral tales." What is meant by these often disparaged minor morals as opposed to morality on a great scale, we do not pretend to understand, as the term evidently involves breaches of law, of truth, and of kindness, on such a scale as to injure and perhaps to ruin the happiness of others; but we gather that the licence, whatever it is, is permitted to genius, as to a higher race, just as man is permitted to sacrifice the lower animals to his needs and pleasures. The principle under which this licence is claimed and justified lies imbedded in the familiar phrase, the "egoism of genius," as though egoism were an essential property of genius, hurrying it on its relentless path with the fierce beneficence of nature, which works the greatest benefits with instruments of pain. Goethe jilted Frederica under the necessity laid on him by his powers, lest marriage should cripple his genius and frustrate his career. It was needful for the development and cultivation of his sensibility, and knowledge of the human heart, that he should make love to Annchen and Kätchen, and Maximilaine and Lili,

and dozens more, in quick succession, while a fervour of youthful poetry was upon him. It was equally necessary that when they "loved him, and showed their love, they should be forgotten," and the romance summarily brought to its close; as thus only could his mind become calm enough to weave it, while yet fresh, into a poem or a tale that should enchant his countrymen, and its publication set him at liberty to form new experiences for the benefit of the world. Lili might suffer; but what is her suffering compared to the gain to his style which he himself traces to "a something peculiar and delicate in his love for her?"—the fruit to him of that "painfully happy period." The egoism of genius once determined as a fact, bears—not the blame, but—the responsibility of the inconstancy. He was a genius, and therefore egotistical for the world's good.

Thus genius owes a duty to itself, and a respect for its own career, of which it alone can see the course, more stringent than any other obligation. If this be true we must no doubt make the best of it, as we do of an earthquake, which it is easy enough to do so long as we hear of both only through the newspapers. But the people of Lisbon would have averted the earthquake if they could; and men coming in contact with genius in any close relation are difficult to convince that their personal inconvenience is a necessary penalty for the general good. One sort of selfishness looks so very like another, when we are near enough to feel it, that we are ready then to ask what there is mystical and profound in the whole matter? is it anything more than the very familiar experience that to be able to have your own way and to take it is the same with most men? But what is there in the excellence of genius which should bring this about? What is genius itself but an excess, in one or more points, of powers inherent in humanity? The moment this

superiority is felt by its possessor or perceived by others, no doubt a position of moral trial and danger sets in, but this danger comes not from the strength but the weakness of the gifted person.

We cannot doubt that genius is a relative thing. The merely clever fellow is to all intents and purposes a genius to the dull man. He has intuitions, glimpses, perceptions, aspirations, to which our heavy friend is dead, until roused by the other's fire. We can conceive of a world in space where our most inspired poet or philosopher would be slow and torpid by comparison—beaten by everybody in the race; we can conceive of another where even ourselves might make a brilliant figure. Under this change of circumstances can we question that men's conduct and morals would change places? The genius, whatever his positive range, however far his perception, insight, and gift of expression might carry him, would be master of himself, modest in his pretensions, and alive to others' rights; while there can be no doubt that, under the supposed elevation in the scale, our own sense of justice would lose force:—that is, supposing society no wiser than we know it. All this will perhaps be granted, and yet nothing allowed to be proved by it; but if it is really a fact that the habit of comparison—that is, of adjusting claims—lies at the bottom of the supposed emancipation of genius and of all exceptional brilliancy of intellect from the received moral code, surely there is something more to be done than mere blind submission. And even if it cannot be mended, if average power will never apply good sense in time to defend itself and others from the exactions of nascent genius—if it will foster pretension and admire lawlessness in the young giant till it is too late for self-assertion, it is still something to temper idolatrous worship of force and will with some grains of self-respect, to feel the pity of it, and to specu-

late on what might have been if men had only used the intelligence and experience that was their own, while these good gifts might still have told with effect. It is one thing to submit to selfishness, another to join in its apotheosis.

Perhaps of all subjects the one inexhaustible one in which we are all along making discoveries, the one to which tend all our researches in self-study or the study of others, is that of Self; perhaps, also, there is no subject in which the conclusions of experience are more at variance with the assumptions of youth and romance. There is a conventional notion of selfishness, real and common enough, which, indeed, must always hold its ground, which exhausts the subject of inexperience; that petty form of it exhibited by ill-breeding, small tyranny, and habit of appropriation, or that amiable selfishness that can imagine no good out of a certain plane, and condemns others to what is felt the only good or the only endurable from mere narrowness of view. Selfishness of this obvious sort is amongst the first studies of the youthful observer, especially if trial quickens his perception. The selfishness that wants whatever it sees, that judges of all things solely by their power to minister to its own small desires, whose nature, indeed, is a mere blind, scarcely conscious of acquisitiveness; the tyrannical selfishness of rough unsympathising will, that prefers compelling its subjects to acts uncongenial and distasteful from mere enjoyment of power; and the comfortable selfishness that lets the world go on its way disregarded so long as an easy insignificant life is undisturbed; these all excite a strong feeling of antagonism in the young, who hate them as interfering with their own wishes and aspirations, or despise them as marks of a lower intelligence—as imparting to human nature some touch of the mere appropriating

instinct of a lower organisation. We naturally shrink from the subjection and oppression of our hopes by anything blind and merely grasping—that declines to measure or compare, but treats its own lowest wish as a thing inevitably to be considered before and beyond our highest.

Almost necessarily selfishness is apprehended in our first knowledge of life, through its lower forms, through persons who want the wit to veil their motives from others, or even from themselves; whose dull intellects act through their wants, who set themselves to gratify these wants as an insect does, and betray themselves as unconsciously to the world. We note it first in the peevish old woman tyrannising over her helpless companion, or in the hunk of a farmer who screws his labourer down to the lowest wages which can support life, and turns him off upon the parish when he has done with him; in the fine lady who cares not how the seamstress pines and wearies through her youth so her court-dress becomes her; in the father who will not let his daughter marry because he wants her services or does not want to pay her dower; in the spendthrift who ruins his family and brings them to want while he denies himself nothing; in the arrogance of rank, which allows neither feeling nor rights out of the charmed circle, and which regards the acutest suffering, bodily or mental, solely as it affects that circle—like the old dowager, turned into a proverb by Horace Walpole, who, on the occasion of her son's tutor breaking his leg, replied to all inquiries from her one point of view, "Yes, indeed, it is very inconvenient to Lord Castlecomer." Of course, in all these patent forms of the vice inexperience is not only clear-sighted but often too severe a judge; not having yet learnt to make allowances for the quaint developments of loneliness,

sickness, and sorrow in undisciplined, untrained natures. Of course, too, each is quick enough to discern in the other that egoism of vanity or priggishness which breaks out in empty boastings and the perpetual I, I, I of forward youth, till the world's lessons admonish to a more modest carriage and behaviour. Wherever society dares to administer this lesson, individual selfishness is kept within bounds, and not suffered to override the community. But "master-minds," like other young princes, too often encounter servility from the cradle, and this because their egoism assumes so grand a disguise that it may easily be mistaken for something else till too late. The consciousness of power and of great faculties, though, as we argue, not necessarily egoism, is still a great step towards it, in the sense that a claim to exceptional rights is very apt to be coincident with it. It is a temptation that needs moral training and vigilant care to counteract. When Goethe, who is put forward as the great example and justification of the egoism of genius, was a child of three or four, his mother naturally enough delighted in his traits of infantine ambition. He strutted across the street with his companions, and she asked him if he meant to distinguish himself from them by these airs of consequence? "*I begin*," said he, "with this; later on in life I shall distinguish myself in far other ways." Again, when she told him that the conjunction of the stars at his birth prefigured greatness, and he pressed her with so many questions that she asked, "Why must you have the assistance of the stars when other people get on very well without?" he replied with, "I am not to be satisfied with what does for other people." In these traits we see a just consciousness of power, but also a sense of self and of rights, which might easily develop into something gigantic if encouraged, as this *was* encouraged; and yet not show itself

by the ordinary signs. For the selfishness of genius, it must be observed, shows itself by different tokens and effects from the petty vice society hates and despises. Vulgar selfishness arises from no worshipped image of self but only of its desires; and it affects others rather through their bodies than their souls. The mind of the sufferer is free though the will is coerced, and he has the comfort of the world's sympathy and compassion; and a more subtle consolation in the knowledge that his oppressor is exposing *himself* through all the wrongs he inflicts, so that he is in a manner quits. This is the egoism of wanting to have, of wanting to rule, of wanting to enjoy, and which may be carried to extremest length without any self-estimate or self-study, without having set up an image of self at all. In the egoism of genius all this is reversed. If the tyranny goes deeper, oppressing soul and judgment as well as will and action, yet it does not irritate in the same degree; and, moreover, even if alive to his wrongs, the sufferer instinctively knows that he must swallow them, for the moral support of society is no longer on his side:—society, which naturally takes a selfish view; and believes it finds its own advantage in giving to genius its full swing.

We have already said that, to our mind, genius is a relative thing. Every family, in a small, insignificant, temporary sense, has its genius. It is that grand competitive examination called the world—the common judgment of men—which alone determines the real geniuses from the aspirants; who yet once overtopped their fellows as the elect spirit overtops the world. To drop, however, the pretentious misnomer when we speak of the lesser fry, the selfishness of *all* intellect, as opposed to that of mere desire and will, shows itself in a different form, and is sure to excite a more favourable impression on the observer. It does not begin by aggression, only

by construction; a distinct personality is formed, and this may grow to a very considerable size before the outer world is aware of it otherwise than to admire the development. In fact, from the instant especial and delightful powers show themselves for what they are, society (whether the family or a larger circle) conspire with the idol's natural bent to construct a mighty self, which shall go on swelling and overshadowing all within its shade. Where the idolatry is only a family service, time and failure in the great arena bring their salutary mortifications: the image collapses to reasonable limits. Where the early abnormal growth is assisted by success, it issues in one of these gigantic selves which men reverence or recoil from according to their views of the true purposes of life.

Exceptional intellect can scarcely exist without a sense of power, and with it we grant some right of mastery. It is hard for a man to feel in himself a deeper comprehension, a greater capacity for enjoying, a stronger affinity with the beauty and the worth of all he sees, and yet to confine himself only to his share. Up to a point, we cannot dispute that the visible world belongs in an especial manner to those who can enjoy and interpret it. Our sympathies inevitably go with those who can make us sharers of their enjoyment; in their deprivation they lose more, and we lose with them. Thus we are justified in a more lively pity for Beethoven when he pathetically laments his deafness, "But what humiliation, when every one beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard *nothing*, and when others heard a shepherd singing, and I still heard *nothing*"—than for some tuneless soul whose dulled organ causes him, it is true, as much solid inconvenience as the great master, but who has not power to turn the gift of hearing

to so noble an account. We see it is in the nature of things that those have who know how to use, and that possession slips away from the incapable; but the egoism of which we speak, and which society sanctions in its favourites, goes farther than this. It tyrannises and commits injuries; it sets itself up above law, claims to be the arbiter of its own cause, and allows no rights but its own: to quote the words of the great egotist: "All I have had to do I have done in kingly fashion, and let tongues wag as they pleased; what I saw to be the right thing, that I did." The "right thing" being to consider the cultivation and development of his powers before what other men esteem the obligations of truth and duty.

The way in which intellect, poetry, and vigorous life carry their point in these matters is the great difference between a vulgar and an ennobled egoism. And this is by a show of magnanimity and a certain lavish generosity suggesting ideas absolutely contrary to the received notions of selfishness. It may seem an invidious thing to say, and it needs caution in saying, what is nevertheless true, that time alone proves the worth of free and lavish generosity, and even of what is called self-sacrifice, as of all great feats of seeming self-devotion; and more especially when there are remarkable intellectual gifts. We say seeming self-sacrifice, for the reality is the very essence of Christian morals. Genius and youth have strong affinities, especially in a fine confidence in self and in their future. Both are impelled by a desire of distinction, a contempt for commonplace respects, and for everyday matters interesting to the generality of men: and both are influenced by a conviction, more or less reasonable, that their chances of distinction and greatness depend not at all on their belongings, but on something more immediately and intimately their own than any possession can

be. Now this state of expectation often results in very striking action, which to many would cost a strong effort of self-denial. The event alone proves how far it was so. Unquestionably retrospect shows us the fallacy and awakes distrust in the genuineness of many a spasmodic act of generosity. Not that this is always perceived. We very often say, How is such a one gone off, and how the world has spoilt him;—a generous youth has turned into a calculating old age. But, in fact, generous youth, especially youth encircled with the halo of genius, is the great deceiver of mankind. Youth calculates like old age, though its reckonings are on a grander scale. It can afford to be lavish in the present, in respect of enormous expectations, and of the insignificance of the present in comparison of a glorious future attainable, and, indeed, to hope and confidence, certain.

Experience proves the generosity, moral or pecuniary, of middle life to be worth ten times the profusion of youth, whether this be shown in lavish munificence, or in the sacrifice of prospects to a cause or self-devotion to an idea, or in rushing into the responsibilities of life; though splendour of action in the elder hero be dimmed by a touch of matter-of-fact and knowledge of what he is about. After thirty a man knows what he is giving. He knows of what he deprives himself. He has no boundless store of hopes, no limitless possibilities. The same act ten years earlier might have been done under other influences—the pride of self-confidence, a certain pleasure in showing contempt of the caution and deliberation of older men, or an enjoyment of present prestige, scarcely missing what is given, and trusting in all the resources of time to temper and avert the tedium of sustained effort. The persuasion that something will happen to preserve us from the consequences of an over-magnanimity is strong in

youth, and is encouraged by the whole tone of poetry and fiction. We do not question that it is the nobler nature, able to look beyond the present—nobler intellectually and morally—which is subject to this class of calculations, and submits itself to such chances. All we say is, that though hidden, and never reduced to a conscious principle, it is still a real motive of action; and the self-reliance which prompts it is not necessarily a virtue, though it is, we are told, necessarily at the bottom of all great undertakings, and is sure to win the world's flattering approval.

No sacrifices that are merely voluntary are of such value in forming a character and regulating the will as obedience to a common law, and submission to a rule binding on all alike. Time forces the fact upon us that people may be lavish and selfish at the same time; but they cannot be at once selfish and just. Before we have been taught mistrust, we are apt to assume those farthest from the vice who make the most showy sacrifices, till it comes now and then to most of us to perceive that a brilliant liberal profusion is no safeguard—often a subtle blind—to egoism. People who indulge in it are very apt to acquire the notion that they are exceptions to common rules—one of the first invasions of selfishness. When once a man allows himself to think that what he has done—some voluntary act—frees him from ordinary rules binding on other men, he takes a long step in the wrong direction, and may end in being a tyrant. Selfishness does not consist in a full recognition or jealous guarding of our own rights, but in a disregard of and blindness to those of others when they come in our way. Habits of profusion towards our own possessions are extremely apt to induce a general indifference to the rights of property; if we have waived our own in respect to something higher than law, we are disposed to feel the

right of others over theirs affected by our own renunciation. There may be something in it; all great reformers seem to think so; but, at any rate, the feeling of being above law is a dangerous one. We do not care to put our interests in the power of those who have it.

All men of genius are not profuse. Some, like Goethe and Swift, make no show whatever of self-sacrifice: their youth shows as keen an eye to their own individual interest as the maturity of the most calculating man of business. In their case genius is left unaided to exempt them from the obligations of justice as an actuating principle, as compelling present sacrifice;—for this we take to be the real meaning of the talk about minor morals. Abstract principles of justice may be expatiated on, and theories of wide benevolence enunciated, without interfering with a man's temper and inclinations, and all the more eloquently for being exercised exclusively on the abstract and the general, without the clog of personal application. We don't see how it will ever be otherwise. In the first place, because in this case "the world" means those who enjoy the eloquence without suffering the inconvenience, and also that we recognise a supremacy in genius and the more dazzling effusions of intellect, which will always drive mere sense and knowledge out of the field. For experience, which ought to act as tutor and guardian, is no better than an old nurse under the fascination to which it succumbs as to a finer, indeed celestial, intelligence. The precocious boy surprises his parents out of their painfully-acquired knowledge of life by the audacity of his young philosophy, or he shames their practical religion by his own lights; and the world has its spoilt favourite like the family, and follows his lead with the same misplaced docility. We see no difference between the apologist of the

man of genius proving things must be right because he does them, and the doting mother reversing her old notions of right and wrong for the sake of keeping the apple of her eye still faultless in her sight.

What is wanted in the universal system of education is that the clever ones should not swamp the rest. So far every commanding intellect involves a loss somewhere. It is a consequence of that sense of power which we all reverence, that lesser intellects should want space to expand in its immediate neighbourhood. This is felt clearly enough when we see it acted out in nature. No profusion or lavishness of nature can prevent this consequence—the big trees will overshadow the little ones. If we could look into certain growths of inner human life we should see the same. We should see the great image of some fostered self grow, swell, and expand, till lesser individualities within its influence are dwindled out of all power of self-assertion. The scene of shadows would resemble those early pictures where the heroes are giants and the mere accessories of the picture are dwarfs. Neither life nor art gains by such disproportion, and yet how the giants are encouraged in their swelling! Take, for example, the line of idolators of intellect toward religious leaders. Religion in all men's eyes implies, in the abstract, humility and obedience to the law—the submission of self to a superior power; and it is the especial function of the religious teacher to instil this duty, to enforce this attitude of mind upon others as a first indispensable step in the religious course. Submission, self-abnegation, form the key-note of his teaching—humility is the threshold of Christianity. Yet once the position of leader is granted to him—once men recognise a master-mind—once they feel or perceive a great influence at work—and the teacher of self-denial is encouraged in a degree of egoism that quite

out-tops the assumption of common men. It is expected of him that he will not tolerate opposition. What might seem exhibitions of temper, pride, sullenness, or caprice—change, desertion, direct antagonism to old forms and beliefs—all are justifiable in the man whose self has been wounded, who finds his genius cramped for room. A mind of this calibre, a will which has shown itself so powerful, *must* have liberty; whatever else gives way, his whole man must attain its full proportion. His admirers *claim* all this for him. They assume, however he has called upon *other* men to submit themselves to authority, that this is the actuating principle in himself; they lay all the blame of what follows from collision upon the intellectually weaker side, though these smaller men may simply be defending what was given them as a sacred charge, and though the matter in dispute may be visibly dear to the aggressor from its falling in with his temperament and the turn of his genius.

We know that great minds are sent into the world for great ends; that it is not meant they should leave things just as they found them; but so long as they are simply human, and not directly inspired, this tone of subservience is harmful to both sides, and has bad ends. We see it in private life and on a smaller scale. There is nothing, we believe, that more upsets the character, more unfits it for the wear and tear of life, than for it to be allowed to grow up and form itself under a habitual adulation. It is a misfortune incident to all magnificent promise, in proportion as it is bright with sweet and attractive qualities; and the worst is that the mischief does not show itself till too late. The egoism which is being so carefully fostered has few of the marks of vulgar selfishness, and scarcely shows itself to common observers, and least of all to proud and loving flatterers, until the change comes that must come

with time. The family court breaks up, its members become subject to other influences, or wake to a sudden independence; and the egoism which has been fostered into an unmanageable size, finds itself thwarted where demur or opposition is least expected. The check, the failure of the old submission, inevitable as it is, is sometimes fatal to the temper. It is intolerable, as the self-esteem grows stronger, to find its conclusions have less weight, and its verdicts powerless among those with whom they were once laws. Nor is it necessary that the missing homage shall ever have been held in high estimation; the mischief often comes from failures of due self-assertion, from false humility in others, allowing them in a tone of flattery, under the notion that their judgment is of too little weight to do harm. But, in fact, anybody's subservience can work mischief, however little gratitude it may have created. It has encouraged that inner growth of self, which is a different thing from vanity, and goes far deeper.

It is precisely at this point that so much biography fails. A character has revealed itself to the family circle in a light different from, sometimes wholly opposed to, that in which it has shown itself to the world. We read and are charmed; chance brings us acquainted with a near relation, or with one who views the character from the family point of sight, and with a knowledge of secret history; and all our ideas are turned topsy-turvy. Is this the benevolence we have admired? this the self-abnegation which has made quite a commotion in the world, and for which the ordinary trials of life did not offer field enough? Such revelations, however, act according to the temper and experience of the hearers. The same defence is applicable here which we are used to from men of genius and their advocates. The philanthropist or patriot lived, that is,

under another law altogether. His first duty was to himself identical, it is assumed, with the cause he takes up. Humanity was better served by this full development, than by any slavish subservience to a code which is yet binding on all others, and which he could enforce all the more effectively from the absence of the personal in his arguments. Recklessness to the present welfare of others is excused in men who have a boundless sense of their power to make amends; and when things come to the worst there is always the tyranny of ideas to fall back upon, which is a cloak ten times more ample than charity itself.

In this way breach of rule and ordinary duty, if there is but assumption enough, adds to prestige. All greatness is wayward; and there will always be people to estimate it according to this quality; as rustics are apt to think all the higher of their doctor's skill and penetration if these good gifts are habitually obscured and stultified by drunkenness. In the meanwhile, till memoirs come out in pairs, and we have portraits of the hero from his public and domestic side, given by men best competent by feeling and knowledge to judge, biography must be more or less a sham, and history itself the record of an ignorant or one-sided witness; the scenes played out by personages, of whom, knowing only their public side, we *may*—not necessarily, but possibly—know next to nothing.

There are times in every man's life when mediocrity ceases to be an *idea* of reproach; though the word can never enter into the vocabulary of compliment. We would rather not ourselves be described that way; but nevertheless a just balance of moderate powers carries it at times over the abnormal. We feel the world's un wisdom and caprice as Fuller felt it, when he complains, in a parable, "Men of great stature will quickly be made porters to a king, and those dimin-

utively little, dwarfs to a queen; whilst such as are of a middle height may get themselves masters where they can. The moderate man, eminent for no excess or extravagancy in his judgment, will have few patrons to protect or persons to adhere unto him." And our experience goes along with Addison, who, after a life among the wits, writes of the men best formed for private life; indirectly giving the portrait of genius in the same sentence: "Such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well-pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthiest part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination, which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities, which we express by the word neighbourhood."

If we go into this character we perceive it to be actuated by a sense of justice. Egoism is essentially an influence which exempts a man from the obligations he feels to be binding on others; the egoist stands alone in his own esteem, and the "active spirits" and warm complexions of every age neglecting the duties of life are all people of this sort, whether, with the poet, they consider it Heaven's dispensation, dispensing them from even care of themselves, arguing—

"Of all mankind beside fate had some care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and
fair;"

or for caring for anybody *but* themselves; or permitting them to seize on whatever ministers to their especial gift, and to eschew all obligations which threaten to interfere with or retard its full expansion, or alternating with habitual self-indulgence spurts and flashes of

generosity. A just man—a man to be relied on in human affairs—we must clearly look for under another training; not, we maintain, because brilliancy of intellect or wide range of thought are necessary hindrances to a just view, or to the power to act fairly under that view, but because circumstances almost universal, but yet not essential, have taught the genius a different lesson. Coleridge, says De Quincey, suffered from relaxation of the will: he could not do anything he did not like to do; therefore it followed that others had to perform all the duties that fell to his share. Where egoism condescends to argue, this necessity, this incapacity, is the argument, unless a plenary dispensation on the score of genius is the plea; and when either is fairly disputed, and the gifted being brought to bay, his astonishment finds vent and expression in unexpected ways. In all people of this temperament, however distinguished by the grace of amiability—however capable of inspiring a deep attachment, and of returning it by a show of affection—we shall see, upon provocation, traits of rude violence approaching to brutality, in seeming antagonism to their whole nature, which may well startle the observer as by some abnormal disturbance of the system. It is not really so; all such outbursts are revelations—of what, perhaps, the man himself knew nothing, but not the less of the tyranny of some ruling principle. It is indignation awakened by a claim against which the self within exalts itself. There is nothing egoism rises against with such mingled surprise, contempt, and disgust as the assertion of others' rights when these are opposed to their own pretensions or imply any forgetfulness of the distance that separates the mass from their individuality. It is held as an insolent claim to equality, as overstepping an immeasurable distance, as a particular stupidity of ingratitude. It is this fury that not seldom tempers our rever-

ence for lavish benevolence, shown as it often is in rude snubbing of reasonable expectation, and a rough demand to stand loose from all but self-imposed obligations. This sudden finding himself face to face with a claim which it is not easy to rebut, provokes many a world's or a party's hero to such fantastic asperities, such forgetfulness of decencies, as put their adherents to their wits' end for defenses. This is the point at which the biographer has to pause and arrange his line—whether to apologise, or to make a virtue of it, after Mr Carlyle's fashion. Excuses are almost out of fashion in our day: we turn to general principles, take a broad view, appeal to the many-sidedness of genius, measure not the rights but the intellectual stature of the disputants, and give it for the biggest. We see this transition and change of view in the treatment of such a remarkable egoist as Swift. Swift affected the society of clever women; to them at least he was winning and gentle when it suited him, and for them he would be lavish of his wit and liberal of choice-rhymed flatteries that conferred immortality. But a claim on their part (if so imprudent as to make a claim, which, as far as we know, Stella was not), the hint of expectations, any expression of impatience at the suspense it was his pleasure to keep them in, makes him turn upon his Varena or Vanessa with the rough side of that formidable tongue in a strain of such cold-blooded remonstrance, such bitterness of surprised contempt, as must have made these ladies speculate on the nature of genius. For this tone his earlier biographers blame the wit and pity the ladies; but a wit that can hold his ground in the world of letters for a century and a half we observe to be gradually but surely getting the right of it, and the poor pretenders to his hand to be very generally thrown over.

There is perhaps in all genius, in

all exceptional intellect, well disposed in the main, and aiming at doing mankind a wide service, a sense of boundless power to make amends, which sets the conscience at ease in the commission of (merely) temporary peccadilloes, and exempts from a nice and finical justice. A case of casuistry which long exercised a child's mind may serve as an illustration. A passenger train is snowed up for days. Some of the passengers are rich, others penniless, and the van contains an ample supply of oysters for the market. Are the rich people justified in satisfying their hunger because they can pay for the oysters ten times over? and must the poor starve because they can lay down no equivalent? The typical genius seems to us to live under the easy creed of the man conscious of a full purse: he can always make ample amends though he does commit a breach of common law; while honest mediocrity, having nothing to fall back upon, is afraid to contract obligations, scruples to prey upon what is not his own, and, in the difficulty of satisfying his own wants, learns to measure the rights of all by one common standard, from which he cannot hold himself aloof. He has no thought of making up in some imaginary period the present aggression. If he is to serve the world at all, it is by serving his nearest neigh-

bours while he can. He and they are in the same boat, and must in wisdom as well as in equity make common cause. He is just because justice is his own safeguard, and he cannot pretend to be above it.

We have no notion, by anything we can say, of modifying the enthusiasm for genius—God's gift to the world, and the delight of all not sunk below every aspiration. Genius, or what passes for such, must ever carry all before it. But, nevertheless, let those who have to be content with plain good sense for their daily fare *be* content. All reading and experience show that nobody is the better for a mere external alliance to genius or exceptional talent, for being simply an appendage in its train. And how many are sufferers! At best placed in a false position for a while; puffed up, perhaps, by a borrowed and reflected distinction, to sink at last into obscurity, their natural level, and yet to them an intolerable reverse of fortune, justifying endless fretful discontent. Those profit most by the genius who don't live too near him, as those are most loyal into whose head it never enters to go to court; and if fate does bring us in his way, it is well to respect ourselves, remembering we are no nearer reaching his height by a weak disparagement and ready surrender of our own position.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

MIRAMAR.

It was a rough gusty day of October, with an ugly sea on in the upper part of the Adriatic, that a party of Austrian naval officers on board one of the fishing craft of the gulf sought shelter from the coming "Bora." They had in succession visited creek after creek in hope of finding a spot sufficiently land-locked to ride out the gale; but such is the violence of this peculiar wind, careering down through the clefts of the bare mountains and swooping upon the sea without let or hindrance, that men who have experienced the wildest hurricanes of the tropics pronounce a Trieste Bora as far and away beyond anything they have met elsewhere.

On the occasion I have now to speak of, the wind had given an unusual amount of warning, and the party had in turn entered and left no less than five of the small bays; when at last, just as the gale had burst out with its full fury, the small fishing-vessel glided into a little narrow cleft, defended to the north by a tall wall of rock, and within which the sea lay still and waveless; while outside a tumbling mass of foam surged and boiled in all the fury of a tempest. Here the party landed and lit a fire, and while some employed themselves in cooking and others arranged their clothes to dry, one strolled carelessly along the shingle, and after a half-hour's absence came back to say that he had found a most picturesque spot to build a fishing-hut. This was the origin of Miramar, and he who discovered the spot was the Archduke Maximilian.

The rocky promontory on which the castle stands is bold and defiant, and the road by which the approach is conducted skirts the sea for a

considerable way, and is only protected by a parapet wall from the blue ocean. The grounds rise gradually as the mountain slopes, and are tastefully wooded, though in this exposed region vegetation is a matter of infinite care and cost, and every branch and twig is a conquest over nature.

The castle itself is a very handsome and imposing structure, and quite worthy, either from architectural beauty or internal accommodation, to be the residence of a prince. It contains, besides, a most choice collection of pictures selected by the Archduke himself during his residence in Italy, and an admirable library of works in every language of Europe.

So completely had the Archduke surrounded himself with all the objects of his peculiar tastes at Miramar, and so thoroughly provided himself with all the resources on which he loved to count, that it was clear he intended to have made this spot his chosen residence, and never to have quitted it during his lifetime. It was, moreover, his passion to beautify the grounds here, to steal some sheltered spot for higher cultivation, and clothe with fruit-trees the sides of every cliff and bank which lay secure against the wind. He was proud of a success which many had not hesitated to declare impossible, and pointed to his triumphs with all the zest and delight of one who really asked for no greater conquests. In any walk of life Maximilian would have been a noticeable and remarkable man; his great desire for knowledge, his unceasing thirst for acquirement, combined with great natural faculties, would have distinguished him; but to find these gifts and these tastes in a member of the Imperial house of a family

which, whatever their natural advantages, cautiously held themselves aloof from all contact with mere men of science, and lived strictly within the charmed precincts of a court, was something for which the world was not prepared.

When Count Cavour first promulgated his plan of "Italy for the Italians," he found no such obstacle in his path as the personal character of Maximilian. It would have been absurd to inveigh against the tyranny of Austrian rule in presence of a prince whose reputation for justice, tempered with mercy, was known on all sides. How harangue against perfidy and false faith where every act of the ruler gave confidence and trustfulness?

It was the great misfortune of the Austrian Cabinet not to have known and valued the sterling gifts of the man who then ruled the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. At Vienna men spoke of him as a revolutionist—one whose thirst for popular favour and applause was sure to carry him any length in concessions, and who had no other idea of government than in yielding to the pressure of the multitude. It was in vain that he represented how impossible the old system of repression had become, that the Metternich theory of keeping Italy ignorant, and consequently governable, belonged to a day that was passed and never to return; and, above all, that the men who undertook to guide the mind and direct the spirit of the nation were no fanatics, no men of wild and exaggerated opinions, full of the theories of the first French Revolution, and armed with the "rights of man," but grave, thoughtful, cautious politicians, who, in the long years of exile, had studied the working of constitutional government, and who had watched the results of liberty in England and in France. That when these men should appeal to the people of Italy to remind them that they had a soil, a race, a language, and a history,

and yet were still not a nation, the public opinion of all Europe would be with them, the Archduke well knew, and he was eager in his anxiety to impress upon the Cabinet of Vienna that this was a new peril, and one that they had never been confronted with before.

That he was not listened to, that his warnings were disregarded, is matter of history. The Archduke was discredited, and with him fell the last hope of Austrian rule in Italy.

So firmly rooted were the convictions of the Austrian mind that there was but one mode in which Italy could be held, and one measure which could be meted to Italians, that it was currently believed at Vienna the concessions of the Archduke were the sources from which all the disasters to the Imperial rule had sprung, and that, but for the lenity and mildness of his rule, Austrian supremacy in Italy would never have been endangered.

Distrusted and coldly looked on at Vienna, by some regarded as a man of unscrupulous intentions and unbounded ambition, by others as a weak-minded seeker after popularity, the Prince retired to the island of Lacroma, in the Adriatic, on which stood a picturesque old monastery of the sixteenth century. This he purchased and fitted up as a residence, apparently little sorry to give himself up to those pursuits of study and improvement which had been the passion of his earlier years.

His original profession had been the sea, and although well aware how inferior a place Austria must of necessity occupy amongst maritime nations, he laboured assiduously to render her small navy all that modern invention and skill could accomplish. Nothing can better illustrate his eagerness on this subject than the collection which his library contains of works and reports on modern shipbuilding, and on all the details of equip-

ment and armament. Wherever, too, amongst the young officers, he discovered any animated with unusual zeal for the service, or distinguished by superior ability or knowledge, he at once marked him out for especial notice, and honoured him by signs of intimacy and favour.

Of those who speedily acquired princely notice and recognition was a young lieutenant, a man of quiet reserved manner, singularly unobtrusive and modest, and yet known amongst his comrades as one of a most resolute will and unflinching determination. With Lieutenant Tegetthoff the Archduke had frequent discussions on naval matters; and as each held firmly to his own opinions, it was said that occasionally the controversies assumed a degree of warmth which threatened at least a discontinuance of the intimacy, for Tegetthoff held rigidly to his opinions, and would concede nothing in consideration of the rank and station of his opponent.

The story goes, that in a cruise, I believe, on the coast of South America, as the Prince lay one day in his hammock, slung between two trees, young Tegetthoff, unaware of his vicinity, suffered himself to speak somewhat strongly on his Highness's projects for the service, not hesitating to describe them as ill-judged and unwise, and such as, if carried out, would greatly impair the character of the Austrian navy.

The Prince took an early opportunity to let him know that he had been an unwilling listener to his censures, and was little pleased with the tone and spirit in which they were couched. Tegetthoff declared that his convictions admitted of no qualification or abatement; that he maintained what he had said, and begged to offer his resignation. His retirement was accepted, and they parted.

Some years elapsed, and the unfortunate rupture with Denmark occurred. It became necessary to send an Austrian squadron to the

Baltic, and looking to what the Danes were as sailors, the choice of an able and daring man to lead the expedition became a matter of great moment. It was in this emergency that Tegetthoff received a letter from the Archduke Maximilian appointing him to take the command—a letter so full of generous recognition, and so marked by confidence, that Tegetthoff was said to be completely overcome by it, and hastened to express his gratitude in terms not less imbued with warmth of heart than by a deep sorrow for the even passing misunderstanding that had separated them. How nobly Tegetthoff vindicated the Archduke's choice, and how splendidly he bore his flag in the north, the one great success in that brief naval struggle can testify. The *Schwartzenberg* was on fire in three places when she was towed under the cliffs of Heligoland.

It is not necessary to say how, since that time, a greater and more glorious achievement has shown how thoroughly the Archduke had appreciated the man whom he selected for honour. It was not alone a fleet numerically inferior that Tegetthoff led into action at Lissa; they were ships of deficient power in artillery and in speed, and behind all was a nation panic-stricken by defeat, and almost accepting disaster as the inevitable decree of fortune.

Tegetthoff knew this—he knew that nothing short of a transcendent victory could rally the heart of the nation. A merely drawn battle with the Italian fleet implied defeat, since no resources would remain to Austria to renew the struggle. She had no “reserves,” nor could she even refit; all, therefore, hung on one throw of the dice. They who are in his confidence assert that he never looked for such a success as he achieved at Lissa; that his whole computation was the amount of injury he could inflict on the Italian fleet at the cost of losing his

own ; that he never speculated on bringing a single ship out of action, and, naturally enough, regarded the Affondatore as fully a match for his whole squadron. The news of this glorious action was the last gleam of sunshine on the sinking fortunes of Maximilian. He read the bulletin of the battle in a perfect transport of delight, and burst out again and again into expressions of that splendid fellow Tegetthoff—that noble Tegetthoff!

It was no part of my intention, in these few words on the fate and fortunes of the Archduke, to follow him to that ill-starred expedition for which he gave his life. Its history—and it will be a dark page of treachery from the very outset—is yet to be written. Of the arguments employed to sway his mind—of the persuasions that were used to influence him—of the way in which his noblest as well as his weakest traits were worked upon—now to stimulate ambition, now to silence

scruple,—there are written records in existence—records which Imperial wealth would willingly pay heavily to acquire, and which may yet see the light.

I take my last farewell of this poor Prince as I stand in the garden of Miramar. A small inlet of the sea has been introduced through a channel of rock into a little flower-garden at the back of the castle. The cactus and the oleander bend over the blue water, and through their leafy shade a small flight of marble steps leads down to the sea. Here it was, by these same steps, he descended as he went to the boat which bore him away from home and fatherland, to tempt the fortunes of the greatest, boldest, rashest enterprise of our age.

The record of his last moments bears testimony to the noble calm of that courage which never deserted him. His last words were for her who had shared all his perils, and his dying accents murmured “poor Carlotta!”

OUR HOSPITALITIES.

Sitting here, at a little vine-curtained window, and looking out through the leaves at the blue Adriatic, that is pretending to have a tide, and surging softly amongst the rocks below me, my view of the world is of necessity a very narrow one, and I must take not only my “facts” from my newspapers, but accept their comments on them as the veritable sentiments not alone of those who write, but of those who read.

Sick of the great Bazaar at Paris and all its Barnum puffery—tired of the Imperial courtesy and the Prince Imperial’s knickerbockers—I turn to England with all the zest that a man whose stomach has been ruined by *entrées* and *hors d’œuvres* might be supposed to feel at the promise of a fried sole and a sirloin. Not that I want to follow the debates. The Reform

Bill has long since soared into a region far and away beyond me, and I know no more now what they are disputing about than I do of the geography of Central Africa. As little curiosity have I to follow that question which somebody puts every day about the Luxemburg guarantee, and always receives the same reply—that the guarantee is like Mr Walpole’s denial of right of Hyde Park to the Reformers, to be valid only so long as it should not be contested. As little do I care to read of Mr Whalley and his intolerances. Popery has been so much abused of late years, the bigotry of Romanism so cruelly belaboured and badgered, that I really begin to apprehend a reaction in its favour, simply out of that English spirit which always inclines to take part with what seems the weaker side and the

worse. Fenianism is a thing of the past; so that the only topic that remains is that of "our hospitalities," if that be the name for the attentions we have been lately extending to some distinguished guests. When I first read the newspaper comments on the mode in which it was intended the nation should receive the Pasha of Egypt—a prince whose splendid hospitalities had won a world-wide fame—I own to have gone with all the severities of the press. I concurred in every word that was said about the especial indecency of accommodating an Oriental at an inn, and repaying the courteous reception accorded to our Princes by what, to a man of his rank and race, must have appeared little else than intentional insult. Equally, too, did I feel the justice of those strictures on the indelicacy—to give it a mild name—of those urgent appeals for money to entertain the Belgians, who must have read every morning at their breakfast tables of the superhuman efforts that a few generous and patriotic gentlemen were making to move John Bull's heart to make a decent return for one of the most splendid and cordial exhibitions of hospitality the world has ever witnessed. I do not know, nor do I desire to ask, in what spirit Belgians must read these things. I can simply figure to myself how little it would contribute to the pleasure of accepting an invitation, if one were to be present while the host bargained with the butcher, or witnessed the distress of mind in which he went over the list of the guests, and discovered that he had twice as many "friends" as he knew of.

We are not permitted to know what the Pasha thinks of us, or what Belgians feel about us, and I declare I believe it is all the better that we should not. Our public moralists have told us a few wholesome truths on the subject, and they ought perhaps to be

enough for us. The Press has spoken out with great manliness and great candour. The nation has been told not only that it was very shabby and very paltry, but very short-sighted and impolitic. "That gentleman," said they, "whom you are treating so scurvily, and sending to be lodged in an ale-house, actually gave you right of way through his own grounds, when to take the ordinary highroad might have cost you irreparable loss and injury. It was something more than politeness he accorded you. It was a *bona fide* material benefit—a thing to be valued at millions." Not dwelling on the magnificent manner in which our Princes were lodged by the Pasha, the *fêtes* prepared for their reception, and the incessant details of attentions, by which their every thought or wish seemed anticipated, the writers cleverly appealed to what was the tender spot of the national temperament, and directly spoke of commercial advantages, and asked where would be the men of Manchester and Liverpool if the Pasha had closed the Overland? Now, to read of all this depressed me much, and has so far weighed upon my spirits that I have actually been forced to the excess of taking two additional glasses daily of the small Hungarian wine by which I homœopathically essay to correct a habitual acidity—a measure to which it would be difficult to apply the term of "an indulgence." I say I was sorrowful and low of heart. I felt shy of such foreigners as knew English and read the 'Times,' and dreaded the possibility of these themes turning up in conversation. For years back I have painfully experienced the changed position of the Englishman abroad. The old Rule Britannia days have long passed away—so have the Peninsular and Waterloo traditions; and though Lord Palmerston's *civis Romanus* had a sort of success, it only "ran" for a few nights, and to very empty benches

at the end of them. The truth is, that when we propounded the theory that we owned more than we were able to keep, and that we relinquished possessions because we knew we could not defend them, from that hour the world changed its opinion of us, and instead of regarding our withdrawal from Corfu as something very fine and magnanimous, treated the act as a very paltry admission of weakness and insufficiency. People continually kept telling us that we only held a high tone and brave words with small Powers, but "caved in" most ignominiously to great States; that while we bullied Greece and threatened Spain, we were meek enough with Prussia, and never presumed even to differ with France. That unlucky admission of ours, that we wanted only to be rich and didn't mean to fight any one, was about one of the most impolitic avowals a people ever made. Still, I do not believe we should have suffered to the same extent in foreign estimation if with a change of policy we had adopted a change of manner. When we had decided on becoming the nation of shopkeepers the first Napoleon called us, we ought in common fairness to have surrendered the pretensions of being the "grands seigneurs" which the world was once gracious enough to believe us; we should frankly have declared the new code by which we had determined to be guided in future, and the new rules of action to which we had resolved to conform. Had we made such a *pronunciamiento*, there would have been no mistake as to our intentions. Who could, for instance, have misunderstood us had we said, We will keep no colonies which entail any cost; we will fight nobody—we will feast nobody; we will do nothing that shall add a penny to the income-tax, and no rivalry with any foreign power shall ever tempt us into any expenditure which shall not promise at least to be remunerative?

When the celebrated Lord Castlereagh was stopping once to change horses at some very poverty-stricken post-station in Ireland, his carriage was surrounded by beggars, who implored him in all the eager accents of native entreaty for charity. Taking no notice of their appeals, he sat cold and unmoved till the horses were ready to start, when a very miserable-looking fellow approached the carriage and said, in a voice of persuasive entreaty, "One sixpence, my lord—only one little sixpence, and it will treat *all* your friends in Ireland!" Now, are we really coming to something like this? has our economy been crowned with such a triumphant success that we have actually no friends left to be treated, while our neighbour over the way has his house full of company, and is straining invention how best to entertain and amuse them? Is it to be our boast that nobody comes here, or if they do, we straightway contract with an innkeeper to keep them, and thus make their visit as little costly as may be? What a triumph to our system will it be then, when, having reduced our army and our fleet, and surrendered all our possessions beyond the seas, we shall be able to announce, perhaps in an opening speech to Parliament, that "sixpence will treat all our friends in Europe!"

These gregarious hospitalities are, besides, a great mistake. When a gentleman in an excess of post-prandial liberality invites the whole present company to come and dine with him on the following Wednesday, we can all guess how he feels about the matter when he has to break it to his wife the next morning. First of all he has not the most remote idea whom he has invited, nor how many—he only remembers how "jolly" it was, and how agreeable. The terrible thought of how to receive his guests, how to feed, entertain, and amuse them, is an after consideration, and a very crushing sort of one in its way.

It is by no means certain that the people he liked best will be amongst those who will accept the invitation; it is almost positively sure that he will have every man that he didn't care for. Last of all, these wholesale receptions are totally wanting in what constitutes the most flattering element of all intercourse—there is no selection; and what each is free to accept or decline can never confer the feeling of a personal courtesy.

I hope we have seen the last

of these international politenesses, which, even when most successfully conducted, are little else than vulgar rivalries. The boisterous joviality of such meetings leads to more headaches than friendships, and the reciprocal pledges of affection are not worth the frothy beer they are drunk in. The fact is, there is a strong taint of hypocrisy through all noisy manifestations; and the gentleman who is loudest in singing "We won't go home till morning," is usually at the moment on his way to his lodgings.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

THE deed is done—the fiat has gone forth; and even while these pages are passing through the press, the people of England have begun to live under the dawn of a new order of things. The question which had so long impeded public business, and made shipwreck of successive Administrations, is settled at last; and after the present Parliament dies, as it soon will, a natural death, we shall see of Houses of Commons elected mainly by ten-pound householders in boroughs no more for ever. What we are to get in lieu of such Houses time can alone determine. Whether or no the change was desirable for its own sake, it would be useless now to inquire. But of two facts there can be no doubt on the mind of any impartial observer: First, that the change had become inevitable, and that we, the Tory party, are but very partially answerable for bringing it about. No doubt it has fallen to our lot to carry a Reform Bill. We have done what the Liberals, with all their professions of zeal for the rights of the people, either never could or never intended to do. Yet so far are we from claiming credit to ourselves, as if the idea of trying to reform a Reformed Parliament had originated with us, that we honestly

confess to having entered into the project, and gone through with it, much against our own inclination. Not we, therefore, but they who credit us with adopting a policy which they allege not to be our own, must bear by far the larger weight of responsibility for the consequences, be those what they may. They, not we, brought the country into such a state that one of two alternatives was all that we could decide between; and we selected that which appeared to us to be the lesser evil of the two. We chose rather to be ourselves the agents in a work which, however difficult, however dangerous, could no longer be deferred, than to give it over to other hands, which might not do it either so well or so effectively.

It appears to us that, under such circumstances, the time for arguing about the wisdom or the folly of passing a Reform Bill has gone by. Indeed we may go further. It had become almost too late to stand absolutely upon the ground of established usage twenty years ago. For, the moment a great political party, headed by the Queen's Ministers, had pronounced the Constitution of 1832 to be inadequate to the wants of the nation,—from that hour a change, more or less

extensive, in the political influences of the country, became a necessity. It was not that the mere *ipse dixit* of Lord John Russell or any other Whig magnate or Radical orator sufficed to carry conviction to the minds of the instructed classes. Quite otherwise. When the author of the Constitution of 1832 first began to speak of it as a failure, the instructed classes throughout the country accepted his assertion for what it was worth. They remembered that, ten years previously, a Reformed House of Commons had placed him in a minority; and that his own constituencies, when appealed to, had confirmed instead of reversing the decree. They perfectly understood, therefore, upon what grounds a further extension of the franchise was sought in 1852; and they set themselves to resist it, because they honestly believed that no higher object was sought for by it than the restoration to the Whigs of their forfeited monopoly of place. But demands of this sort, once enunciated from high quarters, never fall quite to the ground, and others than the instructed classes were in 1852 not a little moved and impressed by them. For two years the idea fermented in the public mind, so that, when again expressed in a Speech from the Throne, as came to pass in 1854, it met with a far tenderer, as well as a more general, acceptance than previously. Now, what was this but a very manifest and effective process of political education—a systematic and organised mode of creating where it did not already exist, and enforcing where it existed already, a general desire of change? And when again, in 1858, after a fresh interval of only four years, a similar expression of opinion went forth on the authority of the Sovereign, can any rational creature suppose that it could produce other than the strongest possible effect on the mind of the nation? Surely not. A third formal repetition of a great

political doctrine enunciated by the Minister, and so far approved by the Crown, set public men on both sides of the question talking, and their talk was of Governments and Parliaments alike pledged to a policy of change. Wherever the announcement was made—on hustings, at public meetings, or through the press—it met with ready acceptance. For what was true when Hooker wrote is true to the letter still, and all experience vouches for it: "Whoso goeth about to tell a people that they be badly governed, shall never lack willing, and, we may add, credulous audiences."

There was a time when ten years counted for little in the education of nations: it is not so now. We learn and unlearn as much in one decade of this nineteenth century as our great-grandfathers a hundred years ago learned and unlearned in five decades. Remember that the Constitution of 1832 was barely twenty years old when the survivors of the statesmen who concocted and gave it to the nation professed to have lost confidence in it. Remember that in ten years more they made open war upon this Constitution, convincing, or appearing to convince, the bulk of the nation that England had outgrown its electoral system; and that, unless the system were so extended as to satisfy the people, the people would take this matter into their own hands and destroy the Constitution altogether. We are not, of course, speaking of ourselves, or of the great party to which we belong. We held no such ridiculous opinions five-and-twenty years ago, neither do we hold them now. The Constitution of 1832 had indeed deceived us almost as much as it deceived its authors, but for a very different reason. They were angry with the ten-pounders because they refused at times to follow where Whigs desired to lead. We were agreeably surprised to find among them a spirit of Conservatism towards the great institutions of the country

far more clearly marked than we had anticipated. But one effect of the revolution of 1832 undoubtedly was, that, without extending the right of the suffrage to the masses, it taught both the masses and the newly-created voters to believe that, deprived of the moral and physical support of the former, the latter were powerless. This, indeed, was the fault, the great and radical fault, rather of the process by which the measure was carried through than of the measure itself. The echoes of the cry, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," never wholly died out; and the voices which raised it in 1832 were believed in 1852, 1854, and 1858 to be as potent as they had ever been, should the occasion arise for shouting down what had formerly been shouted up. Hence the ten-pounders, conscious of their numerical inferiority, began by degrees to express themselves, especially in the great towns, converts to the Ministerial doctrine of political change. They did not, indeed, by any means delight in the thought of sharing their privileges with persons with whom they had no feelings in common; but they still less relished the prospect of getting stoned and hooted as often as they went out to exercise these privileges which the law had conferred on them.

Hence, following the lead of the Liberal representatives, they gave in, not without a pang, to a policy of which most of them in their secret souls disapproved, but from which, once their acceptance of it had been publicly avowed, there was no withdrawal. Thus, in all the most populous portions of the kingdom, the Constitution of 1832 was argued into disrepute; and to the clever and designing statesmen who had originated, fostered, and matured the programme, was left, as they themselves assumed, the care of providing something in lieu of it—such as might serve their own purposes.

The use which Liberal statesmen made of a public opinion so created was curious and characteristic. They never dreamed of getting out of the groove in which for thirty years past they had been moving, but, finding it inconvenient to abide by the arbitrary rental line which had been drawn in 1832, they proposed to go down to another exactly parallel with it. The ten-pound householders could no longer be relied upon in boroughs—they would give the franchise to persons paying six pounds, or seven. As to the fifty-pound occupants, they had always shown themselves unmanageable; the qualification in counties should therefore be brought down to a twenty or a fourteen pound holding, or, if necessary, to something lower still. Thousands and tens of thousands of Englishmen, as intelligent and trustworthy as either class, neither inhabited houses paying six pounds of rent in boroughs, nor held in counties even fourteen-pound farms. Of these, however, no notice was taken, and the statesmen who thus drew a second line as hard and fast as the first, persuaded themselves, and endeavoured to persuade others, that they were putting a stop to further agitation—at all events for a time. Their rivals knew better. They knew that the inner line would no more keep out the advancing tide than the outer line had done. Yet, without disguising their aversion to change, they so far came in to what they considered to be inevitable, that on every occasion they suffered the Ministerial measure to go to a second reading. We speak now, be it observed, of the representatives of the party in the House of Commons. They accepted the principle that, for good or for evil, a change in the settlement of 1832 had become necessary, and they reserved to themselves in committee the right of making it as little noxious as possible. It was not so with ourselves,

and, we believe, with the bulk of the party out of doors. To us change was very distasteful. Like Lord Derby, we had become convinced that an arrangement to which we had been hostile when it was first proposed was a good arrangement, and that the House of Commons framed in 1832 had from that time down to the present—though we have not always agreed with its decisions—faithfully and honestly represented the feelings and the wishes of the great body of the people. The substitution for a House so constituted, of a body elected by new men, was not, in consequence, an incident to which we could look forward with pleasure; therefore, to the best of our ability we resisted the Ministerial proposals in 1852, in 1854, and in 1855, and we should have continued our resistance down to the present hour, had not the conviction of its utter uselessness come home to our understanding. Accordingly, when, in 1859, Lord Derby stood forward as the advocate of a vast change in the electoral system of the country, and when the great Constitutional party to which it is our pride to belong supported him in the House of Commons, then the truth came home to us that old things were indeed passed away, and that if we were to be of any use in the world, we must endeavour to conform to new things, and make the most of them. We are not ashamed to acknowledge that the acceptance of this truth brought with it anything but a pleasurable sensation or a sense of pride; but when Tories, Whigs, and Radicals all alike become Parliamentary Reformers, he is at once the best man and the best patriot who makes common cause with that political section which is, in his opinion, most likely to render Reform innocuous, if it may not be made positively conducive to the best interests of the country.

The measure of 1859, with some defects, was, upon the whole, a very

good measure. Its fancy franchises, as they were called, though now out of date, were by no means the least valuable of its stipulations; and not a few members of the Liberal party, though led into the lobby by their chiefs against it at the second reading, felt that it was an excellent measure, and now regret that it had not been carried. Its defeat, however, operated neither for nor against the better success, in the same direction, of the party by whom it had been rejected. Lord Palmerston had no stomach for the work in which some of his colleagues delighted. *Pace* the Duke of Argyll, we still believe that he only played with the Reform question. He did not object to the introduction of yet another Bill by Lord John, his Foreign Secretary; but he showed little zeal to push it forward, and allowed it to be talked to death in committee. We did not think at the time—we do not think now—that this was either a judicious or a dignified policy. It tended only to keep alive and to embitter that spirit of angry opposition to all good government which bursts into life among the extreme section of the Liberal party as often as they sustain a check in any project on which they have set their hearts. It showed, however, in what direction the breeze of educated public opinion really blew. The country did not need a reform of Parliament. All the wisest and ablest of living statesmen knew this, and therefore they all alike sheltered themselves under the ægis of a popular Minister's name, and, by common consent, gave to the subject a very quiet go-by. But everybody knew—as well those who were adverse to change as those who desired it—that this state of things would not survive the aged Minister whom it was ostensibly designed to gratify. Therefore Tories as well as Whigs, though they said little, never ceased in their own minds to turn over plans for meeting with good effect the

difficulties which were sure, sooner or later, to confront them. We no more doubt that Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone, between 1860 and 1866, studied the question of electoral reform anxiously, and with an honest desire to work out some practical solution for it, than we disbelieve that the same design was churning throughout the last two years of Lord Palmerston's life in the minds of Mr Bright, of Mr Disraeli, and of Lord Derby. Indeed, it was a thing impossible that any one conversant with what had become popular opinion, fixed and immutable, could act otherwise. We all knew, in point of fact, that a Reform Bill must come, and most of us were prepared, by whomsoever it might be offered, to give it calm and dispassionate consideration.

The event so long looked forward to befell, and Lord Palmerston, ripe in years and honour, was gathered to his fathers. Of the political consequences of that event to the country and to the state of parties, it is unnecessary that we should write in detail. Lord Derby, in the speech wherewith he proposed the second reading of his own measure in the House of Lords, told the tale so well and so concisely, that the purpose of our argument will be best served if we transfer a few of his statements to these pages. After referring to Lord Palmerston's death, and the results of the general election, which gave a clear majority to the Liberal Government of seventy or eighty, Lord Derby went on :—

“The noble Earl opposite thereupon, as was his right, and no one can dispute it, succeeded to the administration of affairs, and in conjunction with Mr Gladstone, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, thought the time was come when he could again revive the dormant question of Reform ; and considering that he himself said that it was not the duty of any Government to stir such a question without a fair prospect of carrying it, he thought himself justified by the majority

of Liberals in the House of Commons in bringing forward the question. My lords, it is not for me to criticise the conduct or the tact with which the question was introduced to the notice of Parliament, or by which it was attempted to be carried through the House of Commons. It was felt by many that the question was prematurely brought before a new Parliament, which really had not had sufficient time to consider it in all its bearings. It was brought forward by a Government who thought they had the absolute control of the majority of the House of Commons, and who attempted to carry it—I may be excused for saying—in a tone and a manner which savoured much more of dictation than of readiness to yield to the feelings and wishes of the House, or make such moderate concessions as might fairly be demanded of them. (Hear, hear.) My lords, I speak with the most sincere conviction of the truth of what I am saying, when I state that if the then Chancellor of the Exchequer had known how to deal with the feelings, the prejudices, and the opinions of the House of Commons—if he had been able to make moderate concessions, to adopt a conciliatory course, and to abstain from an imperious dictation as to what the House of Commons must do under the control of the Government—I have not the slightest doubt that the House of Commons, under the auspices of that Government, would have passed a Bill of Parliamentary Reform more or less satisfactory. But, my lords, the moment the measure was introduced to the House of Commons, the Government took occasion to make use of such language as that they had ‘crossed the Rubicon,’ had ‘burnt their boats,’ had ‘broken their bridges,’ and that there was no retreat from the position they had taken up ; that the measure they had advised was the measure Parliament must adopt ; and that no alteration or modification of that measure would be submitted to by the Government. From that moment the chance of passing the measure amicably through the House of Commons was virtually at an end.”

A truer statement than this, in all its details, was never addressed to a legislative assembly. The measure of 1866 broke down, neither because the Opposition of that day was determined to resist all change, nor because the faults in the Bill itself were such

as could not admit of a remedy. It failed because the Government offered it to the House of Commons under the worst possible auspices, and assumed a tone of dictation towards the members on both sides which could not be tolerated. Lord Derby spoke the truth, we are well assured, when he said that, under different conditions, the Whig attempt at Reform would have met with a different reception. If the then Chancellor of the Exchequer had known how to deal with the feelings, the prejudices, and the opinions of the House of Commons—if he had been able to make moderate concessions, to adopt a conciliatory course, and to abstain from imperious dictation,—there cannot be the shadow of a doubt—for experience has proved the fact—that a measure of Parliamentary Reform, more or less satisfactory, might have passed a year ago. The then Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, did not understand the feelings of the House; and courting a defeat by the arrogance of his manner, he obtained it.

The abandonment by the Liberals of their measure, and of office, could not, as everybody felt, get rid of the question. The question was not even shelved for a season by these incidents, because one of two consequences was as inevitable as the progress of time. Either Lord Derby and his friends must take up the controversy where Lord Russell had laid it down, or a vote of want of confidence would, immediately the House met after the long vacation, compel them to resign. What they felt on the occasion, and how a high sense of honour constrained them to play the bolder game, Lord Derby has well explained:—

“My lords,” he said, “speaking with all frankness, I venture to say that the question upon which they were defeated was not one upon which a Ministry, sincerely desirous of carrying any effective measure of Reform, ought to have deserted their places. But at the same time I admit that, after the somewhat

imprudent declarations made in the early part of the session, that they would adhere to the Bill, and, if unable to carry it, would consider it fatal to the Administration—I admit, I say, that as men of honour they had no other alternative. But then, my lords, I am obliged to look at the position in which we and the country were placed; I was obliged, also, to look at the position of the Conservative party; I was obliged, also, to look at the position which, having the honour to possess the confidence of the Conservative party, I was bound to take in the execution of my public duty. It is quite true that I could not pretend to command a majority in the House of Commons. I entirely acquit the noble lords and hon. gentlemen, my predecessors in office, from anything so inconsistent with their character and their position as the desire to make a mock attempt to improve the representation, to be followed by a new return to office with greater strength at their command. I believe that they resigned their offices, honestly feeling that they did not enjoy the confidence of the majority of the other House of Parliament. But then came the question—the old question put by the late Duke of Wellington—How is the Queen’s Government to be carried on? My lords, I have upon former occasions, unfortunately, occupied the position of a Minister on sufferance. I have upon two previous occasions attempted to carry on the Government with a minority in the House of Commons, and upon both occasions I have failed. It was, therefore, a very hard, and I will say a very sincere triumph of duty and public over private considerations, when I felt myself for a third time called upon, under peculiar circumstances, to take the important and responsible duty of First Minister of the Crown. I did not do so without feeling fully the responsibility of the duties which devolved upon me, and the whole burden which I had to undertake. I did not intend for a third time to be made a mere stop-gap until it should suit the convenience of the Liberal party to forget their dissensions and bring forward a measure which should oust us from office and replace them there; and I determined that I would take such a course as would convert, if possible, an existing majority into a practical minority. (Hear, hear.) As our political opponents had failed in carrying a measure, the postponement of which added to the public inconvenience and embarrassment year after year, and the agitation for which was standing in the way of every meas-

ure of practical legislation, I felt it to be my duty to undertake this difficult task—a task which, as I thought, it was all but impossible to fulfil; and, despite of any taunts of inconsistency, despite of any opposition, to endeavour, towards the close of my political career, to settle one great and important question of vital importance to the interests of the country."

How this wise and patriotic determination was carried into effect, in the midst of hindrances from within and violent opposition from without, must be fresh in the recollection of all our readers. After a tentative process, not free from danger, the Cabinet offered to the House a measure of its own, neither arrogantly, nor yet with threats and menaces, as their predecessors had done, but inviting the House to co-operate with them in making it such as the needs of the country required, and expressing perfect readiness to adopt the suggestions of their most bitter rivals, so long as the principles on which the Bill was founded were preserved. They did not take this course, however, without paying the penalty. Three of their colleagues held in deservedly high esteem went from them, and two out of the three joined, we regret to say, the ranks of the Opposition.

We are free to confess that, in its progress through the House of Commons, the Ministerial Bill underwent more than one modification, from which we should have been better pleased had it escaped. We regret the loss of the voting-paper clause, which, however, we still believe to be lost but for a time. We entertain strong doubts as to the fitness of three-cornered constituencies anywhere, though, if we must have them, it is better to have them as the House of Lords has given them to us than as Mr Bright expected them to be. Still the measure, in spite of these and other defects which it would be idle to dwell upon or even to enumerate, has our frank acceptance. We do not mean to say that it is

free from hazard. All such changes in the constitution of a country as this measure brings about must be attended with hazard. But it is surely better to face the risk at once, and do our best to diminish if we cannot quite remove it, than to go on year after year proposing and rejecting schemes, the only effect of which is to keep the minds of men in a state of chronic expectation, and to render wise legislation, and that which is still more urgently needed, administrative reform, impossible. That we are sustained in this view of the case by the opinions of the great Conservative party in Parliament late events have shown. Household suffrage, guarded by the payment of rates, was pressed upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer by his own supporters. The lodger franchise he could not possibly avoid, because it was favourably regarded by a large majority in the House; and having accepted that, it would have been labour lost to stand out for either the savings bank or the educational franchise. But this is not all. On these two points—household and the lodger franchise—the secessionists from the Cabinet took an attitude hostile to the Government. How many votes did they carry with them? Two only! Now, a Minister who loses but four votes from his own side on a division and wins over perhaps four more on the other side, can hardly be said to have betrayed his party, especially after his party had, at a large and influential meeting, agreed to press on his adoption that very policy which the seceding Ministers declined to sanction.

We are not going to say again what we have said more than once already, that the tact and temper displayed by the leader of the House of Commons throughout the whole progress of the session go beyond all praise. In looking back upon the debates, we cannot discover a single instance in which,

baffled, perplexed, and misrepresented as he often was, Mr Disraeli once forgot himself. His retort when Mr Beresford Hope committed the silly solecism of an allusion to the Eastern mystery, might be sharp, but it was not unmannerly. It was a fair Roland for an Oliver, which was the better received by the House that the graces of Mr Hope's person and manner attract a large share of notice there, and indeed wherever he goes. So, also, in replying to Lord Cranborne's un-called-for charges, Mr Disraeli was always gentle and considerate, as becomes a debater who is engaged in controversy with one beside whom he had recently sat in Cabinet. Even Mr Gladstone's violence of language and demeanour never provoked him to imitate the one or assume the other. It was enough that he had got the head of the irritable member for South Lancashire into chancery. He was content to keep it there without pummelling the right honourable nose or cheeks into a jelly. Verily he had his reward. An assembly which will not endure to be bullied is invariably won by frankness and candour, and the Bill passed without, in the end, so much as a solitary voice being raised against it. Nor, upon the whole, has the reception accorded to it by the peers of England been less satisfactory. Powerful as Lord Derby is in the House of Lords, he could not expect, probably did not desire, that his measure should escape criticism there, at least as sharp and as logical as it had outlived elsewhere. Even more than the House of Commons the House of Lords is an independent body, whose judgment in great questions is far more likely to be genuine than that of an assembly of persons constrained in very many instances to express the views of their constituents rather than their own. Yet, in analysing all that was said with a view to introduce changes into details (for none of the Lords could expect

or probably desire to reject the Bill altogether), we cannot find a single argument which had not been used and refuted over and over again in the House of Commons. We speak, of course, of arguments directed against the leading principles of the measure; for as to Lord Grey's first motion, it carried, in the vagueness of the conclusion to which it was directed, the seeds of a prompt rejection. But take the reasonings of men not abler, perhaps, than Lord Grey—for few abler men sit in the House of Lords—but less crotchety, more persuasive in their eloquence, better tempered, or at all events better mannered, and to what do they amount? Here is Lord Shaftesbury, for example, one whose praise is in all the conventicles—a thoughtful and benevolent person—once a Tory of the Tories, but now, as he shall describe himself presently, what says he?—

“My lords, this Bill comes to us under very peculiar circumstances. It comes to us from the House of Commons without a division upon the second reading, without a division on the main principles—the household suffrage and the lodger franchise—without a division upon the redistribution clauses—without a division on the third reading. It is therefore, in appearance, whatever it be in reality, the unanimous expression of the opinion of the House of Commons, and as such entitled to homage and respect. It was elaborated during a period of six months by the House of Commons; to us will be allowed for its consideration about six days. It is impossible, therefore, to discuss the principle of the Bill in its fullest extent. We cannot consider all the various plans of Reform, and then select the one best adapted to the necessities of the country. We are shut up to the four corners of this Bill, to say whether it be good or bad; and I should not have ventured to trespass upon your lordships' attention had I not felt—though this, perhaps, is one of the exaggerated opinions which I may hold—that this is one of the last opportunities we shall have of expressing our opinions in a free and independent Parliament, uncontrolled by a powerful democratic element. Now, I do not entertain any hostility to Reform—very far from it. I have long been of opinion that Reform, though not

necessary for good government, had become indispensable, indeed inevitable. It is not necessary to enter into the various causes which have made it so, but I readily admit that some measure of Reform was inevitable. I should have wished, however, to proceed more carefully and gradually. I should have wished to hold up the suffrage as a great object of ambition to the working man."

Does Lord Shaftesbury suppose that on the Ministerial benches, on the seats behind them, or throughout the country, there lives and breathes a single Tory politician whose abstract opinions are at variance with what we assume to be the gist of this somewhat complicated announcement? Have we not all of us, for twenty years and more, been contending that you reverse the natural order of things when, instead of inducing the non-electors to raise himself by thrift and industry to the condition of a voter, you bring the vote down to his level? But who were they that scouted this idea, and so worked upon the public mind as to get it condemned, leaving neither to us nor to themselves any choice, except to carry into effect some project for reduction of the franchise more or less well arranged? We have no dispute, therefore, with Lord Shaftesbury about principle; we differ from him only as to the best and least perilous means of effecting the object. Now, hear him again:—

"I should have wished to hold it up as the reward of thrift, honesty, and industry. We have examples before us of what may be done by working men. If we turn to the Potteries we there see a large body of intelligent men, who by their own act, by their own thrift and industry, have raised themselves to the possession of the suffrage. There are in that district about 9000 potters, men in the receipt of high wages, and I am told that very nearly 3000 of these, by their own industry and care, have purchased their own freehold, and are now living in their own houses. Those 3000 working men by their own act have done that which every working man in the receipt of good wages might have

done had he been so inclined. That is to a considerable extent my notion of Reform; but I would have gone further. I would not have kept the suffrage at £10. I would have taken it as low as the Bill of last year proposed—viz., to £7; and on this ground—though working men are able in many instances by their own efforts to reach the line of £10, we must recollect that there are differences of position. A man with a family earning £2 a-week, is not in the same position as a man without any family with £2 a-week. To meet that difference I should have been glad to bring down the limit to £7. In this respect I have always been a very considerable Radical. A Radical I am now, and a Radical I shall be to the end of my days. That of all things which I most rejoice at is to see the working man rising by his own industry and exertions from the lowest point in the scale of society to the very highest point (hear, hear); and if a man whom I had known as originally a chimney-sweeper filled the office of Prime Minister of this country, I should see in that one of the noblest proofs of the freedom and generosity of our institutions, and of their possessing such breadth and expansion that we ought to maintain them in spite of all opposition. (Hear, hear.) But to proceed as is done by this Bill—to lift, by the sudden jerk of an Act of Parliament, the whole residuum of society up to the level of the honest, thrifty working man—I believe that to be distasteful to the working men themselves. I am sure it dishonours the suffrage, and that you are throwing the franchise broadcast over the heads of men who will accept it but who will misuse it. I do not say this in any spirit of recrimination. God forbid that I should speak in that spirit when our dearest interests are at stake! I have no charge to make against one side or the other. It may have been perfectly right for the late Government to introduce a measure of that nature into the House of Commons. It may have been perfectly right for the present Government to oppose it by every means in their power—to turn out that Government, to take their offices, and then to bring in a measure ten times more sweeping. It may have been perfectly right in the present Opposition in the House of Commons to declare that measure to be too extreme, and yet by every means in their power to prevent any limitation of it. The measure proposed by Mr Gladstone would at least have had this one beneficial effect—it would

have been a gradual change. It would have given us something like breathing-time. It would have given us time to accommodate the people to the change and the change to the people. The transition might not have been agreeable, but it would have been easy. But this measure proceeds in a rough-and-ready way to carry us to the edge of the Tarpeian rock—it topples us over like criminals—and future generations will have to ascertain the extent of the change. We are brought to household suffrage as near as possible, pure and simple, because the payment annexed to it is the very smallest payment that could well be selected. We are told that the Government came to household suffrage because they were quite sure to come to it at last. Now, there can be no doubt about that. No thinking man conversant with the state of things in this country—no man seeing the progress of opinion, and seeing how the notions of social and political equality are rapidly developing themselves—could have had any doubt whatever that in the course of a short time we must have come to the point at which we have now arrived. But why are we to jump out of the window when we can go safely down-stairs? (A laugh.) Why are we to take all at once, as was remarked by Lord Chesterfield, that peek of dirt which should be diffused over our whole life? We could have safely arrived at the same end with equal contentment to the people. I believe the measure proposed by Mr Gladstone, however extreme it might have been according to the notions of that time, would have been accepted by the people, and that they would have been contented with it. (Hear, hear.)

If the noble and benevolent speaker had ended his oration at the point which brought the merits of the potters prominently into view, we venture to say that he would have carried the House of Lords, as he certainly would have carried us, heartily along with him. He adduced then a practical example of what could be done under the Constitution of 1832, and we wanted nothing more. But the moment he got beyond that part—the moment he avowed himself the advocate of the Whig device of last year, the £7 franchise—then he quitted his vantage-ground. Is he not aware—was he

ignorant of the fact till it was stated to him, first by the Lord Chancellor, and next by Lord Clanricarde—that the franchise of which he expressed his approval, and which the late Government had proposed to adopt, was vehemently, we may say fiercely and contemptuously, rejected, except as a stepping-stone to something else, by the very persons whom a Reform Bill was intended to propitiate?—

“My lords,” said Lord Chelmsford, replying in part to this appeal, “I think it has been clearly established that any franchise based on a fixed line of rating or rental contains within itself elements of instability; and I was perfectly astonished to learn my noble friend seems to apprehend in the democratic influence a power which would go to the extent of dissolving this House. He said he approved the measure of 1866, which we all know was one to establish a £7 rental qualification, which, as my noble friend said, would gradually lead to further reductions. In this latter fact lay the objection to the measure. I find, in a speech delivered by a Reformer in the Reform League, these remarkable expressions, which I commend to the attention of my noble friend:—

“‘A Reform Act which pushes the line back from £10 to £8 or £6 is a mere halt—a timid staggering step to universal suffrage.’”

So also Lord Clanricarde, whose previous connection with Lord Palmerston's Administration gives to his opinions additional value on this head. He also notices the proposal to go down by degrees to a level which must be reached at last, but after a fashion somewhat different from that which found favour with Lord Shaftesbury:—

“He could not concur with those who thought that the position of the Reform question had not so changed as to make it necessary for the Government to take up the matter with a view to a settlement. Their lordships must recollect that the most able and eloquent man in this country aroused the people of the north of England last year on the occasion when in five days he made six speeches, any one of which any man might have been proud to be able to deliver. Then there had been proces-

sions, with banners bearing such inscriptions as 'Bright, Gladstone, Russell, and Manhood Suffrage.' (A laugh.) Under those circumstances, could it be said that we were in the same position as we had been at the time of the lamented death of Lord Palmerston? Though not in any way connected with the Conservative party, he had been glad to see them come into power, because he knew they must take up the question of Reform and bring it to a settlement. As for the Bill before their Lordships, he thought that, whatever might be its demerits, the Government were right in adopting household suffrage, because it was the only resting-place. He believed that to be the opinion generally entertained throughout the country, and that there was no fear of class acting against class, as some persons seemed to apprehend. Therefore, though he thought the Bill required amendments, he hoped that with amendments it would be passed cordially and without delay. (Hear, hear.)"

Lord Shaftesbury reasons like one who is unable to look beyond the horizon of party. He may be right in much that he says about the intractability of the working classes—though we confess that we do not agree with him; but when he gravely tells us that it would have been better to borrow from the Whigs a franchise which the great Liberal party more cordially approved, and which has, within the last eight months, been repeatedly denounced as illusory, then we see that his eyes are blinded. We leave him to himself, therefore, and turn to another critic of the measure, himself not long ago a Reform Minister.

We do not profess to hold the Duke of Argyle in very high respect as a statesman. Nature has given him abilities, which he has done his best to improve; and his speeches, though not always models of wisdom, have usually something in them. He did not, like Lord Shaftesbury, express regret that the Tories had declined to take the Whig scheme and make it their own; he went beyond this. He charged them with borrowing their main idea from Mr Bright,

and was satisfied by heaping upon the Adullamites the vials of his wrath. Now, anybody could do this; and it scarcely fits in with the social and political status of the Duke of Argyle to rant instead of reason. Let us do him justice, however. He candidly admits that the Whigs brought all their misfortunes upon themselves, and infers that they did so, not because, but in spite of, Lord Palmerston's attempt to guide them aright:—

"My lords, I am willing to admit so far that I think it was a mistake on our part—a mistake in something more than policy—not again to revive the question of Reform before the dissolution of that Parliament. I think, my lords, that our trumpet gave an uncertain sound, and who could then have prepared himself for battle? In passing, I wish to make a remark which is suggested to me by something that dropped from the noble lord opposite last night in regard to my noble friend Lord Palmerston. The noble earl chose to assume that Lord Palmerston was personally opposed to any revival of the Reform question. My lords, it is perfectly well known, it is no secret, that Lord Palmerston came, late and reluctantly, to the conclusion that the great settlement of 1832 required revision and readjustment. But he did at last come to that conclusion, and nothing which I know or have ever heard induces me to believe that he ever recalled that opinion, or reconsidered it in the sense of being adverse to Reform. (Hear, hear.) Of this I can inform the House on my own personal knowledge, that shortly after the Bill of 1860 was dropped, Lord Palmerston expressed to me his conviction that the question must after no long interval be again dealt with, and he even indicated to some extent the principles on which he thought a measure should be founded."

If the Duke of Argyle means by all this that Lord Palmerston ever became, in the sense applied to the term by Mr Bright and Mr Gladstone, a zealous reformer, we beg leave most respectfully to deny his conclusion. Lord Palmerston was too sagacious a man not to perceive that, after all that had occurred, a change, and a great change, in the manner of electing members to serve in Parliament, had become a

necessity. Probably he saw, as Lord Derby did, that agitation had gone too far to be allayed by any such half-measure as his colleagues suggested to him. But he was as full of regret at the necessity as he was ready at a convenient moment to deal with it—deferring that moment, however, as long as it was possible to do so—much longer than we consider to have been judicious. What the Duke gains by these admissions for himself or his party is more than we can guess. He is probably more just in his observations on what he calls the third political party in the State, and on the occasion which called it into being :—

“Now, I am bound to admit that, as we did not raise the question of Reform in the last Parliament, the present Parliament was not elected on the question of Reform. It was perfectly fair and perfectly open to any member of that Parliament who might entertain an individual opinion against the question of Reform, to oppose any Bill which the late Government might have brought in. But this I will say, that the present Parliament, partly in consequence of our conduct I admit, inherited all the timidity, all the faint-heartedness, and all the weakness of the last Parliament in regard to Reform. Under these circumstances, when the Government of my noble friend (Earl Russell) determined to introduce a Bill, we knew very well the risk we were incurring. That Bill was drawn up—I am not now going into any defence of its details—with a studious regard to moderation; and we were perfectly aware of two things—the one was, that its introduction involved the greatest risk to our existence as a Government; and the second was, that if that measure was refused, no proposal of similar moderation would again be offered to the acceptance of the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) My lords, the spirit of the late Parliament almost immediately broke out in that to which I mainly attribute the difficulties that have now arisen—namely, the attempt to frame a third party in resistance of Reform. I have heard that a right hon. friend of mine—a member of that third party—upon a recent occasion has declared that it is with rage and grief and shame that he regards the present position of affairs. And well he

may. My lords, it is a hard thing for a man of first-rate ability to find out that all his eloquence and all his exertions—perhaps I may say without offence all his manœuvring—has ended in nothing else than this—the precipitation of those very changes which he was most anxious to avoid, and the proposal by his own confederates in what I think was a Parliamentary sin, of the very measures which he was endeavouring to resist. (Hear, hear.) But if my right hon. friend had studied Parliamentary history, I think he might have made pretty sure of what would be the result of his exertion. Third parties have never succeeded in our Parliamentary history; and why have they not succeeded? Because, my lords, they produce an anarchy of parties; and who gain the advantage in times of anarchy? Is it not the men of extreme opinions, who take the opportunity of marching to victory? (Hear, hear.) My lords, I doubt whether in the whole course of our Parliamentary history there has been such a complete collapse of any party as there is of that which endeavoured to form a third party on the question of Reform during the last session. They are utterly gone, leaving not even a glimmer of the dream of things that were; they have not even left behind them any trace to mark where a bubble that was unusually large has burst. Their very language is forgotten.”

But the Duke is not content to deplore the misconduct of his allies, and to arraign and condemn the proceedings of renegades from Liberalism; he is eloquent in his denunciation of the baseness of the Tories for taking up the question of Reform at all. “My lords, the noble earl has told us why he did not choose to be made a stop-gap—he has not stated the reasons which induced him to become a weather-cock.” A very pretty antithesis well spoken, and compressing into short compass a great deal that has been said elsewhere. It lacks, indeed, that urbanity which constitutes a principal ingredient in the lectures which we receive from day to day and from week to week in other quarters; yet what is wanting in tenderness is more than made up in wit, and, above all, it is candid. Contrast it with Lord Russell’s gloomy foreboding of the conse-

quences to the Tory party of their success, and observe the difference. "My belief," said the Coryphæus of the house of Bedford, "is, that the noble lord and his colleagues are entirely mistaken in thinking that these householders will always remain dependent on their Conservative leaders. I believe that a time will come when this Conservative Government, however successful they may have been for the moment, or for a single session, will have ruined the Conservative cause in the country."

It is curious to observe in how many quarters, and with an astounding sameness of phraseology, the sentiment implied rather than expressed in this sentence is repeated. You cannot unfold a Liberal journal, you cannot read an article in a Liberal review or magazine, without discovering that to the great Liberal party nothing is in reality more dear than the public or private honour and the legitimate political influence of their rivals throughout the country. No doubt they have hitherto shown the depth of their affection in a somewhat original manner. Every sentiment of which the Tories approved it was their custom to condemn; every scheme proposed for the better government of the country they have resisted. The mildest terms applied to the principles of the faction were bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and tyranny. Yet somehow or another this narrow-minded set of men appear to have filled all the while a warm corner in the affections of their impugnors. Well, there was immense liberality in all this—a prodigious amount of Christian forbearance and charity. But what have the Tories done to forfeit the good opinion of so many loving and generous hearts? Changed their views—overcome their prejudices—got rid of the mistaken belief that the people cannot be safely intrusted with power—come, in short, nearer in their political creed to the

creed which is professed by their quondam admirers, and in their practice gone considerably beyond it! Is it reasonable to be angry with this? Am I to become the enemy of a man to whom, while his principles were antagonistic to my own, I was sincerely attached, only because he has seen the error of his ways and adopted my principles? Or must we look below the surface of things for evidence that not they who make the loudest professions of regard for the people are most inclined to trust them? The truth is, that between the Tory party and the people—not, be it observed, the Dissenting shopocracy, but the working men in towns as well as in the country—there has always been a tie of closer kindliness than between the people and the Whigs. Possibly the Tories up to the present time may have been indisposed to risk the rupture of that tie by bringing the people too much or too suddenly within the reach of corrupting political influences; and on that account, so long as resistance to the extension of the franchise was practicable, they may have resisted it. But finding further resistance impossible, they took at once the common-sense view of their situation, and gave, with a liberal hand, what their rivals, as far as they proposed to go, gave grudgingly. We can quite understand how they should have incurred the hatred of the Whigs. But, for heaven's sake, let us not be at once abused and commiserated! What is done was done with the eyes of the party open. We are quite ready to stand by the consequences, but we object to being pitied as the authors of our ruin.

The members of the late Administration do themselves and their party no good by utterances of this sort. They simply make apparent the depth of their mortification, and dishearten more than they encourage their followers. The journals which usually sup-

port them likewise commit a great mistake in following their lead ; they cease to be public advisers by degenerating into partisans. This is no concern of ours, because the country neither gains nor loses by it. But the case is different when men like Mr Lowe, Lord Cranborne, and Lord Carnarvon, persist in delivering themselves of opinions which are as extravagant as they are now uncalled for. Granting that their views were sound—that they have seen, from first to last, more distinctly into the future than anybody else—what we want to know is this, whether they believe that the commonwealth is likely to be benefited by the iteration and reiteration of jeremiads which come too late. So long as they believed it possible to stay the progress of Reform—if, indeed, any such extravagant idea could have dwelt permanently in their minds since the session fairly began—then it was allowable, by every means within their reach, to put impediments in the way of what they held to be a national misfortune. But to persevere in prophesying evil, now that Reform has become an established fact, is to insure, so far as the ability of the prophet extends, the ills that are foretold. It is possible that the Constitution may prove unequal to the strain which coming changes shall put upon it ; and that, in spite of all that can be done to keep its timbers together, the vessel of the State may go to pieces. This is possible ; we by no means assume that it is probable. But if anything can tend to merge a possibility in a probability, it is the rash declarations of men of high character, like the individuals whom we have named, whose judgment in other matters all classes hold in respect. Why do they keep out of view truths which, to minds less prejudiced than their own, are clear as the sun at noonday ? The Tories could

not act otherwise than they did without abdicating their functions as members, not of the Legislature only, but of society. A Bill must have passed this session with or without their co-operation, at least as extensive as that which has now become law ; and had they, imitating Mr Lowe or Lord Cranborne, permitted the enemy to pass it against their opposition, there would have been left for them ever after no choice except to withdraw entirely from the management of public affairs. Now, we can imagine no misfortune heavier than this to the country—no occurrence more sure to lead at once to a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated. The Americans live amid anarchy and misrule, because the gentry—the educated classes of the community—keep aloof from politics altogether. If the Tories had allowed the present opportunity to escape them, they too—for they make up the majority of the gentry in this country—must have withdrawn from public affairs. How long the Constitution would survive that blow we leave our enemies themselves to declare.

But it was not so while the question was under discussion, and it must not become so now the question is settled. More than one duty requires that Sir Robert Peel's dictum (which he borrowed, by the way, without acknowledgment, from Sir Archibald Alison) should be treated by the gentlemen of England as their battle-cry. In the registration courts, the great institutions of the country are to be defended ; and they who value and desire to maintain these institutions must forget all differences among themselves, if any such should survive the session. We are no advocates of corruption or bribery. These, as recent inquiries show, have been for the most part rather the weapons of Whigs than of Tories. But without bribery, without corruption in any shape,

the influence of the upper upon the humbler classes of society in this country is very great ; and it must be now exercised in every legitimate way towards working the Bill for the country's good. If this be done fairly, vigorously, and sinking all minor controversies, the results will more than justify our most sanguine expectations ; if we join heartily in the opinion, or, to speak more accurately, the hopes, which the first Minister of the Crown gave utterance to on a late occasion at the Mansion House. It is as manly as it is well expressed :—

“My Lord Mayor, this is not a time to discuss the merits of particular measures, and yet, as your lordship has alluded to that great question which has occupied during the whole session of Parliament the greatest portion of the attention of the House of Commons, and latterly of the House of Lords, I may be permitted to say that, entering on it with great apprehensions, with great anxiety as to the possibility of bringing it to a successful result, we have been encouraged by the manner in which Parliament received our overtures, by the manner in which those who did not altogether agree with us in political opinion generally, cordially joined with

us in endeavouring to come to an arrangement which, bringing adverse parties to unite in one course of action, should once for all settle a question which, while unsettled, tended to prevent any wholesome and useful legislation in other respects, which it was of the utmost importance to the country should be settled. (Hear, hear.) My Lord Mayor, we have made sacrifices, we have incurred taunts, we have incurred obloquy, but I must honestly say that none of these things move me (cheers), so long as I feel in my own conscience that I have in the slightest degree contributed to effect a great object on which the heart of this nation was set. (Cheers.) I will not, my Lord Mayor, enter into the details of that great question. I will only express a hope, which I am sure will be shared by all those who are present, and all who wish well to the institutions of the country, whatever their opinions as to the hazard of the step we have taken, whatever may be their anticipations, whatever their apprehensions—I am sure in the mind of every loyal Englishman there is this predominant feeling, that the liberal franchise we have extended to the people of this country may find that people worthy of its exercise (cheers) ; and that, as we have extended the rights and liberties of the people, we may also have extended the security and the strength of the institutions of the country.”

QU'IL MOURÛT.

[The words, "*Qu'il mourât*," put by Corneille into the mouth of the elder Horace, in one of his finest tragedies, have always been considered peculiarly noble and characteristic. The actual conduct, however, of the Champion of the family, though not so sublime, was more practical, and thoroughly successful. There seems a certain analogy between the stern declaration of the old Roman and the ultra-chivalry of some of our Tory dissentients in the late debates.]

THE patriarch of the Gallic stage
Depicts the Roman father's rage,
On hearing that his son had fled,
When both his brothers now lay dead.
But three to one! what could he do?
The Roman answers, "*Qu'il mourût!*"

So now when an unlooked-for hour
Again gave Derby place and power :
When loud, or deep, the gathering storm
Foretold the coming of Reform :
What is it you'd have had him do ?
Carnarvon answers, "*Qu'il mourût.*"

" Offer Reform, if that's expected :
Offer what's sure to be rejected :
Repeat the game of '59 :
Propose, be beaten, and resign.
This, this was Derby bound to do."—
In plainer language, "*Qu'il mourût!*"

But really, friends, it stands to reason
That *dying* has its time and season.
Those who this troublous job would settle
Must work with much more pliant metal.
Try what good management will do ;
And don't at once say, "*Qu'il mourût.*"

No great mistake I think we're making
To bend sometimes instead of breaking.
I hold that young Horatius rather
Was wiser than his worthy father :
And, knowing what he hoped to do,
I can't so soon say, "*Qu'il mourût.*"

A ROYAL IDYLL.

It has been often said that the most interesting narrative that can be offered to public attention is the true story of a man's life, however homely and however plainly set forth—so often that the saying has fallen into that reservoir of truisms which forms the conversational treasury of matter-of-fact people. The saying is as false as it is true, for there are masses of mortal creatures who could not in any shape, living or dead, produce anything but weariness to their fellow-creatures; but there are occasions when it leaps into veracity, and proves itself in the sight of all men. Such an occasion has just occurred. The first fair chapters of a blameless life, set forth with a simplicity and openness, practicable perhaps only on the very highest level of society, have just been offered to England; and the interest with which everybody has seized upon them has not been equalled by the highest work of art produced in recent days. The charm of reality and human sympathetic feeling has no doubt been enhanced by the lofty rank and special circumstances of the hero of the tale; but as that rank and those circumstances could alone have made such a revelation possible, this point of attraction drops naturally into the wider general interest. It is because of the one life in it, now ended and rounded into perfection, and because of the shadow of another life, yet spared, but brought to one of those conclusions which make past existence almost as perfect as if rounded by death, that "*The Queen's Book*" has a claim upon us all. And there is, in the first volume, an interest more special still. No doubt mature life, with all its responsibilities and trials, is more important and of greater

weight in history; but it is youth which is catholic. We have not all been elevated into the high places of this world, nor done great deeds, nor conceived plans such as may act upon our fellow-creatures for generations: but we have all been young; we have all had our little romance of happiness or of disappointment; we have been in Arcadia, like the rest; and therefore the story of a young life, in its freshness, in its early stir of thought, in its love and hopeful setting forth, is germane to us all.

Such is the volume which her Majesty has just given to the world, and which is full of traces of her own hand and supervision. It is not the life of the Prince Consort;—that graver story still remains to tell. It is the story of a blue-eyed boy born over the seas and plains in a little German principality, near half a century ago, with the best blood in Christendom in his veins, and one of the solidest, best-conditioned, most wholesome of souls within his handsome form; of how he made youth's unconscious progress through all the pleasant ways of congenial learning, taking in knowledge and culture along with the sweet air and daily sunshine, and strayed at last into fair manhood and into England, and to his love; and so came to the wedding, which is the conventional conclusion of romance, and left the primrose paths and early pleasures behind him, and put his hand seriously to the work of life. Her Majesty was well-advised to give this little instalment first to the world. No doubt the after volumes will be much the more important; but this has a charm which it would be impossible to

put into the graver records of middle age. The father of our kings to be has a right to our respectful regard—but the young Prince coming out to seek his fortune, to win his lady, to carve out his career for himself, is something nearer to us. We can go heartily into all the vicissitudes of his adventures; we hold our breath in his suspense, and understand the fulness of his triumph. It is the perennial hero, the youth of every age and nation. He would be interesting to us as a peasant, and he is interesting as a prince. But the prince has so far the advantage of the peasant that the frank belief in the sympathy and interest of all men which comes natural to those who have been born to receive perpetual homage, is wanting in other classes of society. On our lower levels a hundred little restrictions are sensible to us. We are jealous over our secrets, defending them from the strictures of our neighbours, from the very prying of the daylight. We are conscious that there are few people who would care to know about us, fewer still who would sympathise, many who would sneer. And it is the nature of the common mass, at least when that mass is English, to be a little ashamed of its own best affections. But at the height of royalty these petty hesitations vanish. The Queen has, and has with reason, a royal confidence in the interest of her subjects. A life that has to be lived in sight of the world has a noble prerogative of explaining itself to the world. Thus out of the very publicity of royal existence arises a fresh simplicity of self-exposition, a frank candour and openness which belong to the best and purest side of human nature—as if the exceptional and isolated place conferred also, when in conjunction with a sweet and unworldly nature, a certain exceptional freshness and unsophistication. The royal maiden in all sweet modesty and womanliness

has yet the burden laid upon her of saying the first words of love which no man without that warrant might venture to address to her; and it is natural that when all the tale is told, and the seal of earthly conclusion has been put upon that early romance, her own lips should not hesitate to tell the tender idyll. A thousand hesitations would overwhelm a woman of humbler rank in a similar narrative—so that it is only from a Queen that her people can receive the touching and sympathetic story of her own heart and love.

The prince presented to us in this volume is not, accordingly, the mature and mellowed man, full of experience, wisdom, and discretion, who is suggested to us by the name of Albert. He is a boy who has not yet had time to grow into perfection; a creature who plays tricks and does naughtinesses, and gets into trouble; though at the same time he shows in his unformed character the germs of that wonderful self-control and dutifulness from which all his after greatness grew. We know how good he was; it is, therefore, a kind of pleasure to find that he was not always nor unchangeably good, but had fits of petulance and temper, and especially of open boyish mischief, like other people. They lived a pleasant homely life those German princes, loving the *Heimath* with Saxon devotion, yet mingling with that love a sociability and a sentimentalism which are far from having any reflection in our insular nature. The Coburg family seems to have been rich above all in grandmothers, in that vivacious, warm-hearted, long-lived, potential development of woman whom we have all known, but whom, it appears probable, our grandchildren will never know. One of these old ladies, and the one whose influence and love lasted longest, was but the step-mother of the unhappy princess who brought Prince Albert and his brother into the world; but notwithstanding

the divorce and early death of their mother and their father's second marriage, the maternal step-grandmother kept up, as is evident, the closest relations with the family, and was looked upon with respect and affection as complete as if the link of blood had been perfect. This patriarchal permanence of all family ties and apparent possibility of keeping the family peace, which is so fine a feature in the life of the Continental nations, is one of the most deplorable wants in our English code of domestic traditions. The education of the boys at Coburg was conducted with true German method and application; though the caprices of the Grand-Ducal papa, who would breakfast out of doors, and carried his children about, now to the gardens of the Rosenau, now to the heights of the Festung, here and there and everywhere as fancy dictated, wasting the morning hours, troubled the soul of their tutor. They grew up working hard, yet playing too—going the little round of pleasant little palaces, having a collection of noble young Teutonic lads like themselves to share their sports as methodically as the lessons, and living, it is evident, a very pleasant natural sort of life. There were but two boys, and they were inseparable. Their father was kind and fond, though perhaps not so wise as other members of the family. The distinction between their comrades and themselves was not so great as to prevent a degree of affectionate equality and friendship; and the world was all before them where to choose their future career. Such claims of state as are made by a German principality fell upon the elder; the younger had the example of his uncle, already one of the most eminent names in Europe, to encourage and guide him. Thus the position itself was a kind of ideal position for a high-spirited and ambitious youth, even had there not been hovering over all his

life that shadow of English royalty which in the strangest mournful way had for a moment crossed the path of his uncle Leopold, as if to enable him to be the future guide and counsellor of the husband of a British Queen. For this position the young Albert of Saxe-Coburg was trained, if not consciously, yet in the most effectual way; his education, though conducted naturally, and without any apparent speciality, being of a certain broad and princely character. "He liked above all things to discuss questions of public law and metaphysics, and constantly during our many walks juridical principles or philosophical doctrines were thoroughly discussed," says one of his fellow-students. In his letters, though they are few, are gleams of the same inclination of mind. The pleasures of art and general literature, though he was fond of both, never seem to have drawn him into carelessness of this great and lofty profession of politics to which he was in a manner born. His own boyish remarks on the events going on round him, convey already the expression of a clear intelligence, in which germs of statesmanlike insight are apparent. In other matters it is evident that a certain gravity and sobriety of mind were always characteristic of him. His was one of those rare natures which are intolerant only of the useless and unnecessary. Eating he thought a "waste of time," and to be got through with all expedition; the lighter intercourse of society bored him. When Duke Leopold of Tuscany remarked admiringly, "*La belle danseuse l'attend, le savant l'occupe*," he meant the highest praise; but in reality he noted a peculiarity of character, by no means absolutely admirable, but quite individual. State-balls, after all, are a useless sort of ceremonies, and the young man born to so much work in the world had little leisure for the "*belle danseuse*." He could be merry with his fellow-students and

mimic his masters and keep the princely Burschenschaft in laughter in the intervals of their grave discussions ; but it went against him to make a business of pleasure. When nothing else was to be done he endured it, or went behind a curtain and dropped asleep. Other symptoms of that impatience of the conventional which so often, in youth, accompanies the development of a superior intelligence, are manifest as we go on. He will not be tempted into any stereotyped raptures—and his nature is not of the kind which goes of itself into the deeper enthusiasm which such raptures simulate. There is nothing in him vague, nothing wordy and effusive. He has to see everything, to note everything, as if with a prescience of the time when it will be necessary for him to know everything, and when he will have little time to learn in. Even fine scenery does not move him to any outburst of feeling. Rome itself makes at the first glance an impression “rather unfavourable ;” but on the other hand he lingers with loving diligence among the pictures everywhere, and inhales great draughts of the pure country air whenever he can come by it, with unfailing delight. Thus the young man reveals himself un-awares. A man of the present, full of hearty admiration for all great things achieved in the past, but in no wise drawn to it by sentimental or poetic ties ; a little impatient of everything that does not commend itself to his sense of what is needful, enduring it, not versatile enough to take any pleasure in it ; full of good sense, and a dutiful consciousness of his own position and powers and their responsibilities ; if with any fault, perhaps a little too free of any temptation to nonsense and its accompaniments—but fond of every simple, natural, healthful pleasure, of the fresh air, the stillness, the fair gardens, and singing birds, the freedom of the country. We should have said, indeed, judging

him by what is apparent of his character rather than by his history, that freedom was the great personal necessity of this noble young man—freedom to be himself, to work and think and study and execute, to take such simple delights as pleased him by the way, and to have no chains of ceremony or useless necessities enforced upon his life. This is the impression conveyed by the story of his early years ; and if we judge truly it throws a yet finer light upon all the repression and self-control of his actual career.

The great event in which his youthful life culminated becomes of greater and greater weight in the story as the years go on. There were obstacles, it appears. The Queen—it is herself who tells the tale—was disinclined to a very early marriage, and upbraids herself for her delay with a singular and tender simplicity which proves what we have already said, that a heart may keep its freshness on the highest elevation better than among the more homely complications of ordinary life. With that remorseful love which dwells upon and blames itself for any trifle which could have caused a moment's pang to the dead, her Majesty herself interposes to acknowledge this venial shortcoming of her youth. “Nor can the Queen,” she says, “think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry ! . . . The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen regnant at the age of eighteen, put all idea of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly regrets. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the

position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

Happy is the wife, happy the husband, who has no heavier sin to regret and repent! The manifestation of a spotless conscience in this touching self-apology is one of the most delicate suggestions in the book of a perfect union. How little there can have been in it to vex the tenderest scrupulousness when this girlish hesitation shows half like a crime! The position of "a queen at eighteen" thus modestly brought before us might well have excused a more serious fault. Her Majesty gives us further indications of a young, joyous, natural heart, in the midst of that early royalty, which will make many a reader smile and sigh. In those days a great many of us liked London and amusement better than the country and quiet and home duties. Such youthful likings go by, even without the sweet inducement which turned the young monarch's heart to better pleasures. When State-balls and Drawing-rooms come to be duties, they are not likely to be very amusing; and the chances are that by this time most people of her generation care as little for them as she does. These and their corresponding ceremonies are but duties, and no more, to most persons of mature age; and personal happiness and misery come to have very little to do with them, as we all know. The Prince did his duty—as soon as it came to be his duty—heroically in this way as in all others. He sat out or stood out, at no small cost to himself, the lingering entertainments demanded by State necessities. Though he was a lover of early hours and simple habits, he put his neck under the yoke with his usual steady perception of what was needful, seeing the entertainments and

Royal gaieties to be as much a part of the day's work as any graver duty; but it was his influence, her Majesty tells us, which turned the happy young Queen from too great a devotion to the amusements so natural to her age; as no doubt it will be the influence of his self-denying and temperate wisdom which will bring the mistress back to the head of her table, and the Queen to the splendour of her throne.

A love-story is about the most universal thing in existence. Few indeed are the individuals who come to years of discretion without that inevitable episode; but it is very seldom that the tale is told except to those ears to which it specially belongs. Death, which lifts those tender youthful recollections into a pensive heaven of happiness past, alone brings the sacred story within the range of narrative. But the circumstances of the romance which forms the chief attraction of this volume are as strange in their familiarity as is the simple frankness of the tale. Throughout both these young lives the shadow of this coming alliance had fluttered in the early sunshine, now coming close, now receding—a visionary link. A former Coburg, King Leopold, had made, as is well known, a curious and sad study, as it were, of the position. He, too, had married a girl-princess, who was to be, although she had not then attained, the rank of Queen; and had prepared himself for the difficult position of Prince Consort. But Providence had balked this scheme, and turned his hopes and happiness to destruction. He had gone away again with all his unfulfilled thoughts in his sagacious mind, and he had done his best to train another Coburg for the same position. It will perhaps never be known how much Prince Albert was indebted to his wise uncle, who had, at such sorrowful cost to himself, made, as it were, a sketch of the situation

which his kinsman was afterwards to fill ; but there can be no doubt that it was King Leopold who made the marriage between his nephew and niece. It was he who conducted the negotiation on both sides with a paternal desire for their mutual benefit and an equal interest in both parties which it is hard to find in any ordinary case. They were still very young both when the Prince came over to put his fortune to the touch—very young, and as yet free to choose or reject the contemplated match. The story is so like and so unlike all ordinary experiences that it attracts the reader like something new in life, though it is at the same time so full of the nature which makes all things kin. The princely lover arrives, but not in the wild suspense of passion—interests more important than that of selfish inclination are concerned. He comes gravely, with a thrill of expectation which communicates itself to the spectator, and with a certain serious youthful dignity, resolved to waste no more time in preliminaries. The royal lady receives him not with the palpitating uncertainty of an ordinary woman, but with a serious sweet composure too, and that noble modesty which is not shamefacedness. The picture is very curious, very touching, and might be amusing too, had not all ended so over-soon. The youth and maiden could not have been more truly represented. Every line in this book, every expression communicated by herself, her entire attitude in respect to him, make it apparent that nothing could have been more “pure womanly” than the mind and feelings of the young Majesty towards her betrothed. Her dependence on him, the graceful humility of her tone, her girlish sense of the “sacrifice” he is making, her exultation in his goodness, and anxious fears that she is not worthy, are as maidenly, as womanly, as girl-like as it is possible to conceive ; and

it is curious to see, as she permits us to see, this young creature, her royalty giving a certain exquisite touch to her simplicity, sending queen-like for the expectant lover, and offering in regal fashion her hand and her heart, and all but her crown. If the revelation had been made by a strong-minded personage with a harsh sense of supremacy, it might have been merely an unpleasant revelation ; but the perfect womanliness of the story makes it strangely attractive. The newspapers have rendered it so familiar even to those who have not had the opportunity of reading the book, that we will not repeat the details which have already been so often quoted. It is easy to imagine the hush of expectation which must have run through historic Windsor when the door of his lady’s presence - chamber closed upon the young Prince, and the two were left alone to decide their fate. When that moment had passed, and the lovers had explained themselves, and the first thrill of feeling was over, the beloved brother, the tender and inseparable companion, was sent for to rejoice with them. It is from him that we quote, among the many testimonies of triumph and joy, a letter, which shows his warm appreciation of the bridegroom ; and no one could have had more perfect experience of his character and thoughts. It is thus Prince Ernest writes from Dresden, having returned to his duties a month or two after he had shared with his cousin and his brother the first joy of their betrothal :—

“Albert is my second self, and my heart is one with his. Independently of his being my brother, I love and esteem him more than any one on earth. You will smile, perhaps, at my speaking of him to you in such glowing terms, but I do so that you may feel still more how much you have gained in him.

“As yet you are chiefly taken with his manner, so youthfully innocent, his tranquillity, his clear and open mind. It is thus he appears on first acquaint-

ance. One reads less in his face of knowledge of men and experience, and why? It is because he is pure before the world, and before his own conscience. Not as though he did not know what sin was—the earthly temptations, the weakness of man. No; but because he knew, and still knows, how to struggle against them, supported by the incomparable superiority and firmness of his character.

“From our earliest years we have been surrounded by difficult circumstances, of which we were perfectly conscious, and perhaps more than most people we have been accustomed to see men in the most opposite positions that human life can offer.

“Albert never knew what it was to hesitate. Guided by his own clear sense, he always walked calmly and steadily in the right path. In the greatest difficulties that may meet you in your eventful life, you may repose the most entire confidence in him. And then only will you feel how great a treasure you possess in him. He has, besides, all other qualities necessary to make a good husband. Your life cannot fail to be a happy one.

“I shall be very glad when the excitement of the first days is over, and all is again quiet; and when papa shall have left England, to be a distant and unintruding spectator of your new life! But how I shall then feel how much I have lost! Time will, I trust, help me also. Now I feel very lonely!

“ERNEST.”

How entirely this letter was justified, everybody knows. And it may be added that few men have been so appreciated and understood by all his kindred and surroundings, as the subject of this memoir. From the first all his own people seem to have given him a kind of spiritual allegiance from which they never failed. He was the best, the wisest, the most noble among them, and all receive and acknowledge his excellence with affectionate loyalty. In the congratulations addressed to the Queen there is a heartiness and effusion which even such a moment does not often produce. His brother's generous and warm-hearted testimony comes first among these congratulations. The elder was about to be left behind

in the race—he was going back to an unchanged position and to pettier cares; while his brother was mounting the steps of a throne as powerful as any in Christendom—perhaps at that moment the most powerful in the world. But no trace of jealousy or bitterness, or even of the sense of contrast, comes into his tone. Honest family joy and sorrow, thorough heart-warm satisfaction and approval, are in the letter. It was a gain to England, to Queen Victoria, and the world. But it was a loss to Ernest, to Coburg, to the people who loved him and should have him no longer. When the conscript passes through his native village a general, no doubt it is a glory to everybody belonging to him; but that is not much comfort to the old mother in her cottage, who sits and weeps and has lost him. The contrast is not so sharp and so marked, but yet it is clear enough. The old Duchess at Gotha rushes to her window calling upon “Albert, Albert,” as naturally as if she had been the grandmother at the fire-side corner in any cottage; and the one who is left behind of the pair of princely brethren feels “very lonely.” This tender naturalness is quite open to the misconception of any hard-hearted critic who may choose to remember that towards the piece of splendid good-fortune which took away their son and brother, all this loving Coburg family had been aiming since his birth; but its truth is not the less true nor tender for that surface contradiction. We all move heaven and earth for appointments and commissions and what not for our boys, and set up shouts of triumph when they are procured; and then fall weeping and bewail the day, without any fear for our consistency. This is what these noble Germans did, exulting and lamenting in a breath—being creatures of flesh and blood, and very warm, homely, human affections like ourselves.

We are not called upon, any

more than the Prince's biographer feels himself called upon, to enter into the splendid pageant of the royal marriage. For the wedding favours and the confectionary General Grey falls back upon the 'Times,' in which we don't doubt many readers will follow him. There were painful circumstances about even so perfect a union. The Prince's allowance was squabbled over with that clumsy ungracefulness peculiar to English state arrangements. Probably it did nobody much harm, for he was not of extravagant tastes, nor had he been trained in a prodigal way; but it was an ugly welcome to give to a bridegroom, and it is very doubtful, we should imagine, how far the country was the better of the £20,000 a-year professedly saved to it. But it was a way like any other of giving the new Prince a taste of our quality. Naturally her Majesty suffered more from this piece of shabby economy, and resented it more deeply, than did her husband. The Queen tells us she was a political partisan in those days. The suave guardianship of Lord Melbourne had naturally prepossessed the royal neophyte in favour of his party. We hear with doffed bonnet and bent knee that her Majesty was irritated and prejudiced against the Tories. It is the only unreasonable and incomprehensible sentiment which we have had the pain to hear from the lips of our Sovereign. But our liege Lady was young, and youth, even when most perfect, is liable to hallucinations. And the party then in power may have felt themselves safe in prepossessing her mind against their political rivals; for what would shake *our* loyalty to the Crown? We have the best authority for assuring ourselves that such a feeling exists no longer. The clear eye of the new-comer at once, with a rare impartiality, discerned that no want of respect to himself was implied even in those suggestions which seemed

most against him, and not only was there no rancour in his own mind, but he exerted himself to remove it from the naturally more susceptible feelings of the young wife who loved him. And thus the two entered upon their joint career.

The position of the Prince was a splendid one, but his path was not strewed with roses. He was a man, every inch of him; and yet his was to some extent, at least to begin with, a woman's place. His income and his household were spoken of as being necessarily formed on the model of those of a Queen Consort. The only direct precedent that could be found was, as her Majesty says, with a charming touch of wifely contempt, the case of Prince George of Denmark, "the stupid and insignificant husband of Queen Anne." If Prince Albert had been stupid and insignificant, like his predecessor, it might have been easy enough to put him on a shelf and ignore him. But he was a clear-sighted, intelligent, and able man, and could not be kept in the Queen Consort's place. These difficulties surrounded the beginning like so many clouds. The position had not only to be filled with dignity, it had to be made. His value had to be proved to sceptical Ministers, to the great popular observer, to all the severe critics who stand round a throne; and the first opening of their eyes was heavy work. So far as the public were concerned, it was a work only fully accomplished by death; but into this question it is not necessary to enter. All that is told us in this volume is that the undertaking was commenced. The idyll ended, not sadly, but in the happiest way; the pleasant paths of youth sloped downwards, and led the young travellers to that great highway in which we all have to bear the burden and heat of the day. In some respects their work must have been harder than ours; but yet that it has been

less sordid, less prosaic, less full of common cares and struggles, is apparent from the freshness of heart which shines through this narrative at every point. Domestic happiness must have kept a perpetual youth in those pleasant royal houses where, when the big concerns of State were over, the pair could stray aside and listen to the nightingales on the soft island shore, or tread down the fragrant heather on the Scotch braes. Such is the short and pleasant story conveyed to us in this volume: a happy youth; a quaint little romance of royal love and courtship; a happy marriage, the beginning of a great life.

"The tools to him that can handle them," says the proverb; and though it is but partially true, there are instances which fully carry it out. Prince Albert, who was wise by nature, and knew how to understand and act upon advice, was blessed with wise counsellors to a degree which is rarely given to man, and never to a foolish man. He had, as we have already said, his uncle Leopold, the counsellor of all Europe, for his special guide; and he had a subordinate but not less prized adviser in Baron Stockmar, who accompanied him to England. His was a nature which it was worth while to counsel, and, with the modesty of sound understanding, he felt the importance of sound advice. During the exciting interval between his betrothal and his marriage, and in the beginning of his career as the Queen's consort, his mind seems to have been full of many ponderings over his position. Here, in a letter to Baron Stockmar written immediately after the preliminaries were concluded, is a wonderful sketch of the character to which he afterwards grew:—

"I have laid to heart your friendly and kind-hearted advice as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already privately (*im Stillen*) framed for myself. An individuality (*Persönlich-*

keit), a character which shall win the respect, the love, and confidence of the Queen and of the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions; and even should mistakes occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character, while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.

"If, therefore, I prove a noble prince (*ein edler Fürst*) in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings. I will not let my courage fail."

This is the true secret of his singular success in a difficult position. It was that he aimed less at details than at principles. To be "a noble Prince" was his noble ambition. Good fruit would naturally spring from the good tree, and sweet waters from the pure fountain. There is a certain profound Teutonic principle in this expression of the young man's ideal—and if ever man carried out a plan of life, and realised an ideal, Prince Albert was that man. His was not a character about which the distant spectator can swell into enthusiasm. It is too calm, too broad, too undemonstrative, for partisanship. A life in which impulse tells for little, which is full of unconscious, unthought-of heroism, careless of credit to itself, indifferent to everything that is without use, full of patience, steadfastness, and the quiet of wisdom. A soul more impatient and contradictory might have won to itself a more eager following; but no other fashion of man could have left behind him a memory more spotless, a dignity more perfect. Even with its early ending, and the difficulties which attended its course, he has had a rare lot; he lived to enjoy all the blessings of life, to overcome all prejudices, to impress a conviction of his true character and worth upon the world, to win such love as few men are blessed with.

He died before the current of his days began to grow feeble, while yet life was sweet and happiness undiminished, having had all the wine and none of the dregs of existence. We say it is sad ; and it is sad for the world, terrible for the survivor ; but not sad for the man thus spared all the trials, all the infirmities of age. Such a life is perfect, and fills the spectator with a sense of its perfection. He lived and loved ; he did his day's work manfully—no labourer in all God's great vineyard more devoted ; then put his tools down and died ; all sickness and trouble and complications of domestic care, and lingering decadence spared him. Love must weep ; but we, the spectators of the great arena, before whom the combatants do their battle and win their laurels, what can we say but that it is well ? we see him now as

he was, a noble prince, a perfect life, an existence with no downfall nor weakness in it. They to whom it is given to have a career so full and round and perfect, must ever die in the middle of their days.

To this conclusion, however, nothing in the volume before us leads. It is, as we have said, the story of youth. It is a narrative of that point in existence when everything looks sweetest, and hope is in the very air we breathe. It is the beginning of the serious life which is about to be unfolded in graver colours and with a more weighty meaning ; but it is the end of the idyll of individual existence ;—an idyll all the more frankly told, all the simpler in its strange freshness and youthfulness, that it comes to us from the very steps of the throne.

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VOL. CII.

LINDA TRESSSEL.—PART I.

THE PERSONS OF THE STORY.

HERR MOLK,—*A Magistrate at Nuremberg.*

PETER STEINMARC,—*Town-Clerk to the City Magistrates.*

MADAME STAUBACH,—*A Widow living in the Red House.*

LINDA TRESSSEL,—*Her Niece.*

LUDOVIC VALCARM,—*A Young Man of Nuremberg, cousin to Steinmarc.*

JACOB HEISSE,—*An Upholsterer at Nuremberg.*

FANNY HEISSE,—*His Daughter—afterwards married to Max Bogen.*

TETCHEN,—*Servant to Madame Staubach.*

STOBE,—*A Brewer's Hacker.*

MAX BOGEN,—*A Young Lawyer of Augsburg.*

CHAPTER I.

THE troubles and sorrows of Linda Tressel, who is the heroine of the little story now about to be told, arose from the too rigid virtue of her nearest and most loving friend,—as troubles will sometimes come from rigid virtue when rigid virtue is not accompanied by sound sense, and especially when it knows little or nothing of the softness of mercy.

The nearest and dearest friend of Linda Tressel was her aunt, the widow Staubach—Madame Charlotte Staubach, as she had come to be called in the little town of Nu-

remberg where she lived. In Nuremberg all houses are picturesque, but you shall go through the entire city and find no more picturesque abode than the small red house with the three gables close down by the river-side in the Schütt island—the little island made by the river Pegnitz in the middle of the town. They who have seen the widow Staubach's house will have remembered it, not only because of its bright colour and its sharp gables, but also because of the garden which runs between the house and the water's edge. And yet the gar-

den was no bigger than may often nowadays be seen in the balconies of the mansions of Paris and of London. Here Linda Tressel lived with her aunt, and here also Linda had been born.

Linda was the orphan of Herr Tressel, who had for many years been what we may call town-clerk to the magistrates of Nuremberg. Chance in middle life had taken him to Cologne—a German city indeed, as was his own, but a city so far away from Nuremberg that its people and its manners were as strange to him as though he had gone beyond the reach of his own mother-tongue. But here he had married, and from Cologne had brought home his bride to the picturesque, red, gabled house by the water's side in his own city. His wife's only sister had also married, in her own town; and that sister was the virtuous but rigid aunt Charlotte, to live with whom had been the fate in life of Linda Tressel.

It need not be more than told in the fewest words that the town-clerk and the town-clerk's wife both died when Linda was but an infant, and that the husband of her aunt Charlotte died also. In Nuremberg there is no possession so much coveted and so dearly loved as that of the house in which the family lives. Herr Tressel had owned the house with the three gables, and so had his father before him, and to the father it had come from an uncle whose name had been different,—and to him from some other relative. But it was an old family property, and, like other houses in Nuremberg, was to be kept in the hands of the family while the family might remain, unless some terrible ruin should supervene.

When Linda was but six years old, her aunt, the widow, came to Nuremberg to inhabit the house which the Tressels had left as an only legacy to their daughter; but it was understood when she did so that a right of living in the house for the remainder of her days

was to belong to Madame Staubach because of the surrender she thus made of whatever of a home was then left to her in Cologne. There was probably no deed executed to this effect; nor would it have been thought that any deed was necessary. Should Linda Tressel, when years had rolled on, be taken as a wife, and should the husband live in the red house, there would still be room for Linda's aunt. And by no husband in Nuremberg, who should be told that such an arrangement had been anticipated, would such an arrangement be opposed. Mothers-in-law, aunts, maiden sisters, and dependent female relatives, in all degrees, are endured with greater patience and treated with a gentler hand in patient Bavaria than in some lands farther west where life is faster, and in which men's shoulders are more easily galled by slight burdens. And as poor little Linda Tressel had no other possession but the house, as all other income, slight as it might be, was to be brought with her by aunt Charlotte, aunt Charlotte had at least a right to the free use of the roof over her head. It is necessary that so much should be told; but Linda's troubles did not come from the divided right which she had in her father's house. Linda's troubles, as has before been said, sprang not from her aunt's covetousness, but from her aunt's virtue—perhaps we might more truly say, from her aunt's religion.

Nuremberg is one of those German cities in which a stranger finds it difficult to understand the religious idiosyncrasies of the people. It is in Bavaria, and Bavaria, as he knows, is Roman Catholic. But Nuremberg is Protestant, and the stranger, when he visits the two cathedrals—those of St Sebald and St Lawrence—finds it hard to believe that they should not be made to resound with masses, so like are they in all respects to other Romanist cathedrals which he has seen. But he

is told that they are Lutheran and Protestant, and he is obliged to make himself aware that the prevailing religion of Nuremberg is Lutheran, in spite of what to him are the Catholic appearances of the churches. Now the widow Staubach was among Protestants the most Protestant, going far beyond the ordinary amenities of Lutheran teaching, as at present taught, in her religious observances, her religious loves, and her religious antipathies. The ordinary Lutheran of the German cities does not wear his religion very conspicuously. It is not a trouble to him in his daily life, causing him to live in terror as to the life to come. That it is a comfort to him let us not doubt. But it has not on him generally that outward, ever palpable, unmistakable effect, making its own of his gait, his countenance, his garb, his voice, his words, his eyes, his thoughts, his clothes, his very sneeze, his cough, his sighs, his groans, which is the result of Calvinistic impressions thoroughly brought home to the mind and lovingly entertained in the heart. Madame Staubach was in truth a German Anabaptist, but it will be enough for us to say that her manners and gait were the manners and gait of a Calvinist.

While Linda Tressel was a child she hardly knew that her aunt was peculiar in her religious ideas. That mode of life which comes to a child comes naturally, and Linda, though she was probably not allowed to play as freely as did the other bairns around her, though she was taken more frequently to the house of worship which her aunt frequented, and targed more strictly in the reading of godly books, did not know till she was a child no longer, that she was subjected to harder usage than others endured. But when Linda was eleven, the widow was persuaded by a friend that it was her duty to send her niece to school; and when Linda at sixteen ceased to be a

school girl, she had learned to think that the religion of her aunt's neighbours was a more comfortable religion than that practised by her aunt; and when she was eighteen, she had further learned to think that the life of certain neighbour girls was a pleasanter life than her own. When she was twenty, she had studied the subject more deeply, and had told herself that though her spirit was prone to rebel against her aunt, that though she would fain have been allowed to do as did other girls of twenty, yet she knew her aunt to be a good woman, and knew that it behoved her to obey. Had not her aunt come all the way from Cologne, from the distant city of Rhenish Prussia, to live in Nuremberg for her sake, and should she be unfaithful and rebellious? Now Madame Staubach understood and appreciated the proneness to rebellion in her niece's heart, but did not quite understand, and perhaps could not appreciate, the attempt to put down that rebellion which the niece was ever making from day to day.

I have said that the widow Staubach had brought with her to Nuremberg some income upon which to live in the red house with the three gables. Some small means of her own she possessed, some few hundred florins a-year, which were remitted to her punctually from Cologne; but this would not have sufficed even for the moderate wants of herself, her niece, and of the old maid Tetchen, who lived with them, and who had lived with Linda's mother. But there was a source of income very ready to the widow's hand, and of which it was a matter of course that she should in her circumstances avail herself. She and her niece could not fill the family home, and a portion of it was let to a lodger. This lodger was Herr Steinmarc—Peter Steinmarc, who had been clerk to Linda's father when Linda's father had been clerk to the city ma-

gistrates, and who was now clerk to the city magistrates himself. Peter Steinmarc in the old days had inhabited a garret in the house, and had taken his meals at his master's table; but now the first floor of the house was his own, the big airy pleasant chamber looking out from under one gable on to the clear water, and the broad passage under the middle gable, and the square large bedroom—the room in which Linda had been born—under the third gable. The windows from these apartments all looked out on to the slow-flowing but clear stream, which ran so close below them that the town-clerk might have sat and fished from his windows had he been so minded; for there was no road there—only the narrow slip of a garden no broader than a balcony. And opposite, beyond the river, where the road ran, there was a broad place,—the Ruden Platz; and every house surrounding this was picturesque with different colours, and with many gables, and the points of the houses rose up in sharp pyramids, of which every brick and every tile was in its place, sharp, clear, well formed, and appropriate, in those very inches of space which each was called upon to fill. For in Nuremberg it is the religion of the community that no house shall fall into decay, that no form of city beauty shall be allowed to vanish, that nothing of picturesque antiquity shall be changed. From age to age, though stones and bricks are changed, the buildings are the same, and the medieval forms remain, delighting the taste of the traveller as they do the pride of the burgher. Thus it was that Herr Steinmarc, the clerk of the magistrates in Nuremberg, had for his use as pleasant an abode as the city could furnish him.

Now it came to pass that, during the many years of their residence beneath the same roof, there grew up a strong feeling of friendship between Peter Steinmarc and

the widow Staubach, so strong that in most worldly matters the widow would be content to follow her friend Peter's counsels without hesitation. And this was the case although Peter by no means lived in accordance with the widow's tenets as to matters of religion. It is not to be understood that Peter was a godless man,—not so especially, or that he lived a life in any way scandalous, or open to special animadversion from the converted; but he was a man of the world, very fond of money, very fond of business, doing no more in the matter of worship than is done ordinarily by men of the world,—one who would not scruple to earn a few gulden on the Sunday if such earning came in his way, who liked his beer and his pipe, and, above all things, liked the fees and perquisites of office on which he lived and made his little wealth. But though thus worldly he was esteemed much by Madame Staubach, who rarely, on his behalf, put forth that voice of warning which was so frequently heard by her niece.

But there are women of the class to which Madame Staubach belonged who think that the acerbities of religion are intended altogether for their own sex. That men ought to be grateful to them who will deny? Such women seem to think that Heaven will pardon that hardness of heart which it has created in man, and which the affairs of the world seem almost to require; but that it will extend no such forgiveness to the feminine creation. It may be necessary that a man should be stiff-necked, self-willed, eager on the world, perhaps even covetous and given to worldly lusts. But for a woman, it behoves her to crush herself, so that she may be at all points submissive, self-denying, and much-suffering. She should be used to thorns in the flesh, and to thorns in the spirit too. Whatever may be the thing she wants, that thing she

should not have. And if it be so that, in her feminine weakness, she be not able to deny herself, there should be those around her to do the denial for her. Let her crush herself as it becomes a poor female to do, or let there be some other female to crush her if she lack the strength, the purity, and the religious fervour which such self-crushing requires. Poor Linda Tressel had not much taste for crushing herself, but Providence had supplied her with one who had always been willing to do that work for her. And yet the aunt had ever dearly loved her niece, and dearly loved her now in these days of our story. If your eye offend you, shall you not pluck it out? After a sort Madame Staubach was plucking out her own eye when she led her niece such a life of torment as will be described in these pages.

When Linda was told one day by Tetchen the old servant that there was a marriage on foot between Herr Steinmarc and aunt Charlotte, Linda expressed her disbelief in very strong terms. When Tetchen produced many arguments to show why it should be so, and put aside as of no avail all the reasons given by Linda to show that such a marriage could hardly be intended, Linda was still incredulous. "You do not know aunt Charlotte, Tetchen;—not as I do," said Linda.

"I've lived in the same house with her for fourteen years," said Tetchen, angrily.

"And yet you do not know her. I am sure she will not marry Peter Steinmarc. She will never marry anybody. She does not think of such things."

"Pooh!" said Tetchen; "all women think of them. Their heads are always together, and Peter talks as though he meant to be master of the house, and he tells her everything about Ludovic. I heard them talking about Ludovic for the hour together the other night."

"You shouldn't listen, Tetchen."

"I didn't listen, miss. But when one is in and out one cannot stop one's ears. I hope there isn't going to be anything wrong between 'em about the house."

"My aunt will never do anything wrong, and my aunt will never marry Peter Steinmarc." So Linda declared in her aunt's defence, and in her latter assertion she was certainly right. Madame Staubach was not minded to marry Herr Steinmarc; but she might have done so had she wished it, for Herr Steinmarc asked her to take him more than once.

At this time the widow Staubach was a woman not much over forty years of age; and though it can hardly be said that she was comely, yet she was not without a certain prettiness which might have charms in the judgment of Herr Steinmarc. She was very thin, and her face was pale, and here and there was the beginning of a wrinkle telling as much of trouble as of years; but her eyes were bright and clear, and her smooth hair, of which but the edge was allowed to be seen beneath her cap, was of as rich a brown as when she had married Gasper Staubach, now more than twenty years ago; and her teeth were white and perfect, and the oval of her face had not been impaired by time, and her step, though slow, was light and firm, and her voice, though sad, was low and soft. In talking to men—to such a man as was Herr Steinmarc—her voice was always low and soft, though there would be a sharp note in it now and again when she would be speaking to Tetchen or her niece. Whether it was her gentle voice, or her bright eyes, or the edge of soft brown hair beneath her cap, or some less creditable feeling of covetousness in regard to the gabled house in the Schütt island, shall not here be even guessed; but it was the fact that Herr Steinmarc had more than once asked Madame Staubach to be his wife

when Tetchen first imparted her suspicion to Linda.

"And what were they saying about Ludovic?" asked Linda, when Tetchen, for the third time came to Linda with her tidings. Now Linda had scolded Tetchen for listening to her aunt's conversation about Ludovic, and Tetchen thought it unjust that she should be interrogated on the subject after being so treated.

"I told you, miss, I didn't hear anything;—only just the name."

"Very well, Tetchen; that will do; only I hope you won't say such things of aunt Charlotte anywhere else."

"What harm have I said, Linda? surely to say of a widow that she's to be married to an honest man is not to say harm."

"But it is not true, Tetchen; and you should not say it." Then Tetchen departed quite unconvinced, and Linda began to reflect how far her life would be changed for the better or for the worse, if Tetchen's tidings should ever be made true. But, as has been said before, Tetchen's tidings were never to be made true.

But Madame Staubach did not resent the offer made to her. When Peter Steinmarc told her that she was a lone woman, left without guidance or protection, she allowed the fact, admitting that guidance would be good for her. When he went on to say that Linda also was in need of protection, she admitted that also. "She is in sore need," Madame Staubach said, "the poor thoughtless child." And when Herr Steinmarc spoke of her pecuniary condition, reminding the widow that were she left without the lodger the two women could hardly keep the old family roof over their head, Madame Staubach acknowledged it all, and perhaps went very suddenly to the true point by expressing an opinion that everything would be much better arranged if the house were the property of Herr Steinmarc himself. "It isn't good that women should

own houses," said Madame Staubach; "it should be enough for them that they are permitted to use them." Then Herr Steinmarc went on to explain that if the widow would consent to become his wife, he thought he could so settle things that for their lives, at any rate, the house should be in his care and management. But the widow would not consent even to speak of such an arrangement as possible. She spoke a word, with a tear in her eye, of the human lord and master who had lived with her for two happy years, and said another word with some mystical allusion to a heavenly husband; and after that Herr Steinmarc felt that he could not plead his cause further with any hope of success. "But why should not Linda be your wife?" said Madame Staubach, as her disappointed suitor was about to retire.

The idea had never struck the man's mind before, and now, when the suggestion was made to him, he was for a while stricken dumb. Why should he not marry Linda Tressel the niece; gay, pretty, young, sweet as youth and prettiness and gaiety could make her, a girl than whom there was none prettier, none sweeter, in all Nuremberg—and the real owner, too, of the house in which he lived,—instead of the aunt, who was neither gay, nor sweet, nor young; who, though she was virtuous, self-denying, and meek, possessed certainly but few feminine charms? Herr Steinmarc, though he was a man not by any means living outside the pale of the Church to which he belonged, was not so strongly given to religious observances as to have preferred the aunt because of her piety and sanctity of life. He was not hypocrite enough even to suggest to Madame Staubach that any such feeling warmed his bosom. Why should not Linda be his wife? He sat himself down again in the arm-chair from which he had risen, and began to consider the question.

In the first place, Herr Steinmarc

was at this time nearly fifty years old, and Linda Tressel was only twenty. He knew Linda's age well, for he had been an inhabitant of the garret up-stairs when Linda was born. What would the Frau Tressel have said that night had any one prophesied to her that her little daughter would hereafter be offered as a wife to her husband's penniless clerk up-stairs? But penniless clerks often live to fill their masters' shoes, and do sometimes marry their masters' daughters. And then Linda was known throughout Nuremberg to be the real owner of the house with the three gables, and Herr Steinmarc had an idea that the Nuremberg magistrates would rise up against him were he to offer to marry the young heiress. And there was a third difficulty: Herr Steinmarc, though he had no knowledge on the subject, though his suspicions were so slight that he had never yet mentioned them to his old friend the widow, though he was aware that he had barely a ground for the idea, still had an idea, that Linda Tressel's heart was no longer at Linda's own disposal.

But nevertheless the momentous question which had been so suddenly asked him was one which certainly deserved the closest consideration. It showed him, at any rate, that Linda's nearest friend would help him were he inclined to prosecute such a suit, and that she saw nothing out of course, nothing anomalous, in the proposition. It would be very nice to be the husband of a pretty, gay, sweet-tempered, joyous young girl. It would be very nice to marry the heiress of the house, and to become its actual owner and master, and it would be nice also to be preferred to him of whom Peter Steinmarc had thought as the true possessor of Linda's heart. If Linda were once his wife, Linda, he did not doubt, would be true to him. In such case Linda, whom he knew to be a good girl, would overcome any

little prejudice of her girlhood. Other men of fifty had married girls of twenty, and why should not he, Peter Steinmarc, the well-to-do, comfortable, and, considering his age, good-looking town-clerk of the city of Nuremberg? He could not bring himself to tell Madame Staubach that he would transfer his affections to her niece on that occasion on which the question was first asked. He would take a week, he said, to consider. He took the week; but made up his mind on the first day of the week, and at the end of the week declared to Madame Staubach that he thought the plan to be a good plan.

After that there was much discussion before any further step was taken, and Tetchen was quite sure that their lodger was to be married to Linda's aunt. There was much discussion, and the widow, shocked, perhaps, at her own cruelty, almost retreated from the offer she had made. But Herr Steinmarc was emboldened, and was now eager, and held her to her own plan. It was a good plan, and he was ready. He found that he could love the maiden, and he wished to take her to his bosom at once. For a few days the widow's heart relented; for a few days there came across her breast a frail, foolish, human idea of love and passion, and the earthly joy of two young beings, happy in each other's arms. For a while she thought with regret of what she was about to do, of the sacrifice to be made, of the sorrow to be endured, of the deathblow to be given to those dreams of love which doubtless had arisen, though hitherto they were no more than dreams. Madame Staubach, though she was now a saint, had been once a woman, and knew as well as any woman of what nature are the dreams of love which fill the heart of a girl. It was because she knew them so well, that she allowed herself only a few hours of such weakness. What! should she hesitate between heaven and hell, between God and devil,

between this world and the next, between sacrifice of time and sacrifice of eternity, when the disposal of her own niece, her own child, her nearest and dearest, was concerned? Was it not fit that the world should be crushed in the bosom of a young girl? and how could it be crushed so effectually as by marrying her to an old man, one whom she respected, but who was otherwise distasteful to her—one who, as a husband, would at first be abhorrent to her? As Madame Staubach thought of heaven then, a girl who loved and was allowed to indulge her love could hardly go to heaven. "Let it be so," she said to Peter Steinmarc after her few days of weak vacillation,—“let it be so. I think that it will be good for her.” Then Peter Steinmarc swore that it would be good for Linda—that it should

be good for Linda. His care should be so great that Linda might never doubt the good. “Peter Steinmarc, I am thinking of her soul,” said Madame Staubach. “I am thinking of that too,” said Peter; “one has, you know, to think of everything in turns.”

Then there came to be a little difficulty as to the manner in which the proposition should be first made to Linda Tressel. Madame Staubach thought that it should be made by Peter himself, but Peter was of opinion that if the ice were first broken by Madame Staubach, final success might be more probably achieved. “She owes you obedience, my friend, and she owes me none, as yet,” said Peter. There seemed to be so much of truth in this that Madame Staubach yielded, and undertook to make the first overture to Linda on behalf of her lover.

CHAPTER II.

Linda Tressel was a tall, light-built, active young woman, in full health, by no means a fine lady, very able and very willing to assist Tetchen in the work of the house, or rather to be assisted by Tetchen in doing it, and fit at all points to be the wife of any young burgher in Nuremberg. And she was very pretty withal, with eager, speaking eyes, and soft luxurious tresses, not black, but of so very dark a brown as to be accounted black in some lights. It was her aunt's care to have these tresses confined, so that nothing of their wayward obstinacy in curling might be seen by the eyes of men; and Linda strove to obey her aunt, but the curls would sometimes be too strong for Linda, and would be seen over her shoulders and across her back, tempting the eyes of men sorely. Peter Steinmarc had so seen them many a time, and thought much of them when the offer of Linda's hand was first made to him. Her face, like that of her aunt, was oval in its form, and her complexion was dark

and clear. But perhaps her greatest beauty consisted in the half-soft, half-wild expression of her face, which, while it seemed to declare to the world that she was mild, gentle, and, for the most part, silent, gave a vague, doubtful promise of something that might be beyond, if only her nature were sufficiently awakened, creating a hope and mysterious longing for something more than might be expected from a girl brought up under the severe thralldom of Madame Charlotte Staubach,—creating a hope, or perhaps it might be a fear. And Linda's face in this respect was the true reflex of her character. She lived with her aunt a quiet, industrious, sober life, striving to be obedient, striving to be religious with the religion of her aunt. She had almost brought herself to believe that it was good for her to be crushed. She had quite brought herself to wish to believe it. She had within her heart no desire for open rebellion against domestic authority. The world was a dangerous,

bad world, in which men were dust and women something lower than dust. She would tell herself so very often, and strive to believe herself when she did so. But, for all this, there was a yearning for something beyond her present life,—for something that should be of the world, worldly. When she heard profane music she would long to dance. When she heard the girls laughing in the public gardens she would long to stay and laugh with them. Pretty ribbons and bright-coloured silks were a snare to her. When she could shake out her curly locks in the retirement of her own little chamber, she liked to feel them and to know that they were pretty.

But these were the wiles with which the devil catches the souls of women, and there were times when she believed that the devil was making an especial struggle to possess himself of her. There were moments in which she almost thought that the devil would succeed, and that, perhaps, it was but of little use for her to carry on any longer the futile contest. Would it not be pleasant to give up the contest, and to laugh and talk and shout and be merry, to dance, and wear bright colours, and be gay in company with young men, as did the other girls around her? As for those other girls, their elder friends did not seem on their account to be specially in dread of Satan. There was Fanny Heisse who lived close to them, who had been Linda's friend when they went to school together. Fanny did just as she pleased, was always talking with young men, wore the brightest ribbons that the shops produced, was always dancing, seemed to be bound by no strict rules on life; and yet everybody spoke well of Fanny Heisse, and now Fanny was to be married to a young lawyer from Augsburg. Could it be the fact that the devil had made sure of Fanny Heisse? Linda had been very anxious to ask her aunt a question on that subject, but had

been afraid. Whenever she attempted to discuss any point of theology with her aunt, such attempts always ended in renewed assurances of the devil's greediness, and in some harder, more crushing rule by which the devil's greed might be outwitted.

Then there came a time of terrible peril, and poor Linda was in greater doubt than ever. Fanny Heisse, who was to be married to the Augsburg lawyer, had long been accustomed to talk to young men, to one young man after another, so that young men had come to be almost nothing to her. She had selected one as her husband because it had been suggested to her that she had better settle herself in life; and this special one was well-to-do, and good-looking, and pleasant-mannered, and good - tempered. The whole thing with Fanny Heisse had seemed to go as though flirting, love, and marriage all came naturally, without danger, without care, and without disappointment. But a young man had now spoken to her, to Linda,—had spoken to her words that she did not dare to repeat to any one,—had spoken to her twice, thrice, and she had not rebuked him. She had not, at least, rebuked him with that withering scorn which the circumstances had surely required, and which would have made him know that she regarded him as one sent purposely from the Evil One to tempt her. Now again had come upon her some terrible half-formed idea that it would be well to give up the battle and let the Evil One make free with his prey. But, in truth, her heart within her had so palpitated with emotion when these words had been spoken and been repeated, that she had lacked the strength to carry on the battle properly. How send a daring young man from you with withering scorn, when there lacks power to raise the eyes, to open or to close the lips, to think even at the moment whether such scorn is deserved, or something very different from scorn?

The young man had not been seen by Linda's eyes for nearly a month, when Peter Steinmarc and Madame Staubach settled between them that the ice should be broken. On the following morning aunt Charlotte prepared herself for the communication to be made, and, when she came in from her market purchases, went at once to her task. Linda was found by her aunt in their lodger's sitting-room, busy with brooms and brushes, while Tetchen on her knees was dry-rubbing the polished board round the broad margin of the room. "Linda," said Madame Staubach, "I have that which I wish to say to you; would you come with me for a while?" Then Linda followed her aunt to Madame Staubach's own chamber, and as she went there came over her a guilty fear. Could it be that her aunt had heard of the words which the young man had spoken to her?

"Linda," said Madame Staubach, "sit down,—there, in my chair. I have a proposition to make to you of much importance,—of very great importance. May the Lord grant that the thing that I do shall be right in His sight!"

"To make to me, aunt?" said Linda, now quite astray as to her aunt's intention. She was sure, at least, that there was no danger about the young man. Had it been her aunt's purpose to rebuke her for aught that she had done, her aunt's manner and look would have been very different,—would have been hard, severe, and full of denunciation. As it was, Madame Staubach almost hesitated in her words, and certainly had assumed much less than her accustomed austerity.

"I hope, Linda, that you know that I love you."

"I am sure that you love me, aunt Charlotte. But why do you ask me?"

"If there be any one in this world that I do love, it is you, my child. Who else is there left to me? Were it not for you, the

world with all its troubles would be nothing to me, and I could prepare myself to go in peace when He should be pleased to take me."

"But why do you say this now, aunt Charlotte?"

"I will tell you why I say it now. Though I am hardly an old woman yet——"

"Of course you are not an old woman."

"I wish I were older, that I might be nearer to my rest. But you are young, and it is necessary that your future life should be regarded. Whether I go hence or remain here it will be proper that some settlement should be made for you." Then Madame Staubach paused, and Linda began to think that her aunt had on her mind some scheme about the house. When her aunt had spoken of going hence or remaining here, Linda had not been quite sure whether the goings and remainings spoken of were wholly spiritual, or whether there was any reference to things worldly and temporal. Could it be that Tetchen was after all right in her surmise? Was it possible that her aunt was about to be married to Peter Steinmarc? But she said nothing; and after a while her aunt went on very slowly with her proposition. "Yes, Linda, some settlement for your future life should be made. You know that the house in which we live is your own."

"It is yours and mine together, aunt."

"No, Linda; the house is your own. And the furniture in it is yours too; so that Herr Steinmarc is your lodger. It is right that you should understand all this; but I think too well of my own child to believe that she will ever on that account be disobedient or unruly."

"That will never make a difference."

"No, Linda; I am sure it will not. Providence has been pleased to put me in the place of both father and mother to you. I will

not say that I have done my duty by you——”

“You have, aunt, always,” said Linda, taking her aunt’s hand and pressing it affectionately.

“But I have found, and I expect to find, a child’s obedience. It is good that the young should obey their elders, and should understand that those in authority over them should know better than they can do themselves what is good for them.” Linda was now altogether astray in her thoughts and anticipations. Her aunt had very frequently spoken to her in this strain; nay, a week did not often pass by without such a speech. But then the speeches would come without the solemn prelude which had been made on this occasion, and would be caused generally by some act or word or look or movement on the part of Linda of which Madame Staubach had found herself obliged to express disapprobation. On the present occasion the conversation had been commenced without any such expression. Her aunt had even deigned to commend the general tenor of her life. She had dropped the hand as soon as her aunt began to talk of those in authority, and waited with patience till the gist of the lecture should be revealed to her. “I hope you will understand this now, Linda. That which I shall propose to you is for your welfare, here and hereafter, even though it may not at first seem to you to be agreeable.”

“What is it, aunt?” said Linda, jumping up quickly from her seat.

“Sit down, my child, and I will tell you.” But Linda did not reseat herself at once. Some terrible fear had come upon her,—some fear of she knew not what,—and she found it to be almost impossible to remain quiet at her aunt’s knee. “Sit down, Linda, when I ask you.” Then Linda did sit down; but she had altogether lost that look of quiet, passive endurance which her face and figure had borne when she was first asked to

listen to her aunt’s words. “The time in your life has come, my dear, when I as your guardian have to think whether it is not well that you should be—married.”

“But I do not want to be married,” said Linda, jumping up again.

“My dearest child, it would be better that you should listen to me. Marriage, you know, is an honourable state.”

“Yes, I know, of course. But, aunt Charlotte——”

“Hush, my dear.”

“A girl need not be married unless she likes.”

“If I were dead, with whom would you live? Who would there be to guard you and guide you?”

“But you are not going to die.”

“Linda, that is very wicked.”

“And why can I not guide myself?”

“Because you are young, and weak, and foolish. Because it is right that they who are frail, and timid, and spiritless, should be made subject to those who are strong and able to hold dominion and to exact obedience.” Linda did not at all like being told that she was spiritless. She thought that she might be able to show spirit enough were it not for the duty that she owed to her aunt. And as for obedience, though she were willing to obey her aunt, she felt that her aunt had no right to transfer her privilege in that respect to another. But she said nothing, and her aunt went on with her proposition.

“Our lodger, Peter Steinmarc, has spoken to me, and he is anxious to make you his wife.”

“Peter Steinmarc!”

“Yes, Linda; Peter Steinmarc.”

“Old Peter Steinmarc!”

“He is not old. What has his being old to do with it?”

“I will never marry Peter Steinmarc, aunt Charlotte.”

Madame Staubach had not expected to meet with immediate and positive obedience. She had thought it probable that there might be

some opposition shown to her plan when it was first brought forward. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, when marriage was suggested abruptly to such a girl as Linda Tressel, even though the suggested husband had been an Apollo? What young woman could have said, "Oh, certainly; whenever you please, aunt Charlotte," to such a proposition? Feeling this, Madame Staubach would have gone to work by degrees,—would have opened her siege by gradual trenches, and have approached the citadel by parallels, before she attempted to take it by storm, had she known anything of the ways and forms of such strategy. But though she knew that there were such ways and forms of strategy among the ungodly, out in the world with the worldly, she had practised none such herself, and knew nothing of the mode in which they should be conducted. On this subject, if on any, her niece owed to her obedience, and she would claim that obedience as hers of right. Though Linda would at first be startled, she would probably be not the less willing to obey at last, if she found her guardian stern and resolute in her demand. "My dear," she said, "you have probably not yet had time to think of the marriage which I have proposed to you."

"I want no time to think of it."

"Nothing in life should be accepted or rejected without thinking, Linda,—nothing except sin; and thinking cannot be done without time."

"This would be sin—a great sin!"

"Linda, you are very wicked."

"Of course, I am wicked."

"Herr Steinmarc is a most respectable man. There is no man in all Nuremberg more respected than Herr Steinmarc." This was doubtless Madame Staubach's opinion of Peter Steinmarc, but it may be that Madame Staubach was not qualified to express the opinion

of the city in general on that subject. "He holds the office which your father held before him, and for many years has inhabited the best rooms in your father's house."

"He is welcome to the rooms if he wants them," said Linda. "He is welcome to the whole house if you choose to give it to him."

"That is nonsense, Linda. Herr Steinmarc wants nothing that is not his of right."

"I am not his of right," said Linda.

"Will you listen to me? You are much mistaken if you think that it is because of your trumpery house that this honest man wishes to make you his wife." We must suppose that Madame Staubach suffered some qualm of conscience as she proffered this assurance, and that she repented afterwards of the sin she committed in making a statement which she could hardly herself have believed to be exactly true. "He knew your father before you were born, and your mother; and he has known me for many years. Has he not lived with us ever since you can remember?"

"Yes," said Linda; "I remember him ever since I was a very little girl,—as long as I can remember anything,—and he seemed to be as old then as he is now."

"And why should he not be old? Why should you want a husband to be young and foolish and headstrong as you are yourself;—perhaps some one who would drink and gamble and go about after strange women?"

"I don't want any man for a husband," said Linda.

"There can be nothing more proper than that Herr Steinmarc should make you his wife. He has spoken to me, and he is willing to undertake the charge."

"The charge!" almost screamed Linda, in terrible disgust.

"He is willing to undertake the charge, I say. We shall then still live together, and may hope to be

able to maintain a God-fearing household, in which there may be as little opening to the temptations of the world as may be found in any well-ordered house."

"I do not believe that Peter Steinmarc is a God-fearing man."

"Linda, you are very wicked to say so."

"But if he were, it would make no difference."

"Linda!"

"I only know that he loves his money better than anything in the world, and that he never gives a kreutzer to any one, and that he won't subscribe to the hospital, and he always thinks that Tetchen takes his wine, though Tetchen never touches a drop."

"When he has a wife she will look after these things."

"I will never look after them," said Linda.

The conversation was brought to an end as soon after this as Madame Staubach was able to close it. She had done all that she had intended to do, and had done it with as much of good result as she had expected. She had probably not thought that Linda would be quite so fierce as she had shown herself; but she had expected tears, and more of despair, and a clearer protestation of abject misery in the proposed marriage. Linda's mind would now be filled with the idea, and probably she might by degrees reconcile herself to it, and learn to think that Peter was not so very old a man. At any rate it would now be for Peter himself to carry on the battle.

Linda, as soon as she was alone, sat down with her hands before her and with her eyes fixed, gazing on vacancy, in order that she might realise to herself the thing proposed to her. She had said very little to her aunt of the nature of the misery which such a marriage seemed to offer to her,—not because her imagination made for her no clear picture on the subject, not because she did not foresee un-

utterable wretchedness in such a union. The picture of such wretchedness had been very palpable to her. She thought that no consideration on earth would induce her to take that mean-faced old man to her breast as her husband, her lord—as the one being whom she was to love beyond everybody else in this world. The picture was clear enough, but she had argued to herself, unconsciously, that any description of that picture to her aunt would seem to suppose that the consummation of the picture was possible. She preferred therefore to declare that the thing was impossible,—an affair the completion of which would be quite out of the question. Instead of assuring her aunt that it would have made her miserable to have to look after Peter Steinmarc's wine, she at once protested that she never would take upon herself that duty. "I am not his of right," she had said; and as she said it, she resolved that she would adhere to that protest. But when she was alone she remembered her aunt's demand, her own submissiveness, her old habits of obedience, and above all she remembered the fear that would come over her that she was giving herself to the devil in casting from her her obedience on such a subject, and then she became very wretched. She told herself that sooner or later her aunt would conquer her, that sooner or later that mean-faced old man, with his snuffy fingers, and his few straggling hairs brushed over his bald pate, with his big shoes spreading here and there because of his corns, and his ugly, loose, square, snuffy coat, and his old hat which he had worn so long that she never liked to touch it, would become her husband, and that it would be her duty to look after his wine, and his old shoes, and his old hat, and to have her own little possessions doled out to her by his penuriousness. Though she continued to swear to herself that

heaven and earth together should never make her become Herr Steinmarc's wife, yet at the same time she continued to bemoan the certainty of her coming fate. If they were both against her—both, with the Lord on their sides—how could she stand against them with nothing to aid her,—nothing, but the devil, and a few words spoken to her by one whom hitherto she had never dared to answer?

The house in which Linda and Madame Staubach lived, of which the three gables faced towards the river, and which came so close upon the stream that there was but a margin some six feet broad between the wall and the edge of the water, was approached by a narrow street or passage, which reached as far as the end of the house, where there was a small gravelled court or open place, perhaps thirty feet square. Opposite to the door of the red house was the door of that in which lived Fanny Heisse with her father and mother. They indeed had another opening into one of the streets of the town, which was necessary, as Jacob Heisse was an upholsterer, and required an exit from his premises for chairs and tables. But to the red house with the three gables there was no other approach than by the narrow passage which ran between the river and the back of Heisse's workshop. Thus the little courtyard was very private, and Linda could stand leaning on the wicket-gate which divided the little garden from the court, without being subject to the charge of making herself public to the passers-by. Not but what she might be seen when so standing by those in the Ruden Platz on the other side of the river, as had often been pointed out to her by her aunt. But it was a habit with her to stand there, perhaps because while so standing she would often hear the gay laugh of her old friend Fanny, and would thus, at second hand, receive some impress from

the gaiety of the world without. Now, in her musing, without thinking much of whither she was going, she went slowly down the stairs and out of the door, and stood leaning upon the gate looking over the river at the men who were working in the front of the warehouses. She had not been there long when Fanny ran across to her from the door of her father's house. Fanny Heisse was a bright broad-faced girl, with light hair, and laughing eyes, and a dimple on her chin, freckled somewhat, with a pug nose, and a large mouth. But for all this Fanny Heisse was known throughout Nuremberg as a pretty girl.

"Linda, what do you think?" said Fanny. "Papa was at Augsburg yesterday, and has just come home, and it is all to come off the week after next."

"And you are happy?"

"Of course I'm happy. Why shouldn't a girl be happy? He's a good fellow and deserves it all, and I mean to be such a wife to him! Only he is to let me dance. But you don't care for dancing?"

"I have never tried it—much."

"No; your people think it wicked. I am so glad mine don't. But, Linda, you'll be let to come to my marriage—will you not? I do so want you to come. I was making up the party just now with mother and his sister Marie. Father brought Marie home with him. And we have put you down for one. But, Linda, what ails you? Does anything ail you?" Fanny might well ask, for the tears were running down Linda's face.

"It is nothing particular."

"Nay, but it is something particular—something very particular. Linda, you mope too much."

"I have not been moping now. But, Fanny, I cannot talk to you about it. I cannot indeed—not now. Do not be angry with me if I go in and leave you." Then Linda ran in, and went up to her bedroom and bolted the door.

INROADS UPON ENGLISH.

THE English-speaking people of the nineteenth century, whether they live at home in the British Isles, emigrate to America, Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape, or are the descendants of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen who have emigrated a hundred or two hundred years ago, are continually making additions to their admirable mother-tongue. The English language is endowed with a higher vitality than any other now spoken upon the globe, and begs, borrows, steals, and assimilates words wherever it can find them, without any other rule of accretion than that the new word shall either express a new idea or render an old one more tersely and completely than before. Literature very justly refuses to receive these new-comers, until after a long period of probation, just as a common soldier does not rise from the ranks and become a general at one bound, but has to prove his worthiness on well-fought fields, and mount to the higher place through successive grades of favour and acceptance. It is not every man who wills that can add a word to our or any other language; for the best coinage of foreign gold does not of necessity pass as current money, and may be refused in the market-place; neither are the critics or lexicographers all-powerful to deny literary honours to a word if it becomes popular, and maintains its place in the speech of the multitude. In the appendix to the fourth edition of Phillips's 'World of Words,' published in 1678, the compiler presents the reader with "a collection of such affected words from the Latin or Greek as are either to be used warily and upon occasion only, or totally to be rejected as barbarous, and illegally compounded and derived." Among the words which he thus places under ban, are such

now familiar and absolutely indispensable friends and instruments as *Autograph*, *Bibliography*, *Evangelise*, *Ferocious*, *Inimical*, *Misanthropic*, *Misogynist*; while amongst the others in the same category which have never succeeded in obtaining favour, are *Abdominous*, having a great paunch; *Circumstantiation*, making out by circumstances; *Flexilloquent*, speaking so as to bend or incline the minds of others; *Multivolent*, willing or desiring many things; *Spurcical*, talking obscenely; *Voluptable*, causing pleasure and delight, and many others that appear as unnecessary now as they did at that time. Chaucer introduced many hundreds of words from the Norman-French, which not even his great example was sufficient to naturalise; and at a later day Spenser made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to revive from the ancient Anglo-Saxon many excellent words which never should have been allowed to perish. Yet notwithstanding these illustrious and many other failures, the language has continued to grow, expanding like a tree by its own inherent vigour, and only resisting additions that are clearly unnecessary, or that, if necessary, are made too lavishly or suddenly by rash, unpopular, or incompetent teachers.

One great advantage which the English possesses over every European tongue is that it is twofold. Like the star in the great constellation of Orion, which seen by the naked eye appears single, but which observed through the telescope is found to consist of two equally bright orbs that revolve round each other, our speech may be described as *binary*. Within its broad and yearly expanding circumference are contained two separate forms of expression,—the one simple, home-

ly, strong, solemn, poetical, passionate, and Saxon; the other refined, colloquial, argumentative, and Latin. He who would without much trouble perceive the great difference and yet the close relationship between the two, has but to read a chapter of the Old Testament in the recognised English translation of the reign of James I., and compare it with the same chapter in modern French. The English version will be found full of dignity, solemnity, and grandeur; the French will be found easy, colloquial, familiar, almost flippant. Yet the story and the ideas are the same. The superiority of the English is wholly due to the Saxon element of the language. The literature of England is for this reason under such heavy obligations to the Bible (independently altogether of questions of morality and religion) that it is impossible to believe that our poetry could be, as it is, the noblest body of poetry in the world, if the pious divines and ripe scholars of King James's era had taken it upon themselves to translate the Bible into the polite language of the Court, or into any other than that employed by the plain-minded common people. Next to the Bible, and influenced by its literary example, the poets have been the great conservators of the English language. The business of poetry being above all other things to appeal, in the first instance, to the heart, and rather to that than to the fancy or the imagination, the true poets choose of necessity the simplest and most passionate words for their purpose. The great poet speaks to all his countrymen and countrywomen, and not merely to scholars. If he would be understood of all, he must use the best and strongest words, and such as express most emphatically the most precise shades of meaning. It is the poets who make one word do the office of a whole sentence, who crystallise ideas into the most

compact forms, and who give their countrymen in one immortal line the quintessence of a thought which ordinary prose writers might spread over whole pages.

In the present day in the English portions of the world—European, Asiatic, African, Australian, and American—all educated people use three different kinds of English: Bible, or old Saxon English, when they go to church or read good poetry; vernacular or colloquial English, not altogether free from slang and vulgarity, when they talk to one another in the ordinary intercourse of life; and literary English, when they make speeches or sermons, and write or read articles, reviews, or books. This threefold division of the language has always existed, though the great bulk of the people, up to very recent times, may have only been familiar with the first and its limited range of nouns, verbs, and adjectives, chiefly composed of strong plain monosyllables of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian origin and their immediate derivatives.

At a very early period of English literary history many of these excellent Saxon words, whether used by the peasantry or in the colloquial intercourse of the upper classes in remote country districts, were not considered proper for the purposes either of polite conversation, of pulpit oratory, or of the poet or prose writer. Puttenham, in his '*Arte of English Poesie*,' published in 1582, eleven years before Shakespeare had given to the world "the first heir of his invention," his beautiful poem of '*Venus and Adonis*,' defines the somewhat narrow topographical limits of the current literary English of his time, and prescribes to the neophyte in poetry what language he shall employ. "Our writer, therefore, at these days, shall not follow Piers Ploughman, nor Gower, nor Lydgate, nor yet Chaucer, for their language is now out of use with us; neither

shall he take the terms of Northmen, such as they use in daily talk, whether they be noblemen, or gentlemen, or their best clerks (clergy), nor in effect any speech used beyond the river of Trent; *though no man can deny that theirs is the purest English Saxon at this day.* Yet it is not so courtly nor so current as our Southern English is; no more is the far Western man's speech. Ye shall, therefore, take the usual speech of the Court, and that of London, and the shires lying about London, within sixty miles and not much above."

All our greatest writers from the days of Shakespeare to our own have, consciously or unconsciously, acted upon Puttenham's advice; and notwithstanding the boasted increase of education amongst us and the flood of newspapers and periodicals poured out daily and weekly over the country, it is to be doubted whether the bulk of the peasantry, except perhaps in Scotland, understand literary English, or could make much, if any, sense out of Pope, Addison, or Johnson; Thackeray, Grote, or Macaulay; or the leading articles of the daily papers. But in the United States of America other influences have been at work. There is no London and no Court to give the fashion in literature. The same words and the same ideas are current all over the immense domain, and many of those words and ideas are derived from the lowest substrata of English life as it existed two or three hundred years ago; and with a republicanism in language as well as in politics, the Americans consider the word that is good enough for the field, the shop, or the warehouse, to be quite good enough for literature.

The United States, in throwing off the political restraints that, in the days before the declaration of independence, attached them to

the mother-country, threw off the restraints of fashionable English as spoken at home; and as the population was from year to year increased by immigration, mostly of persons without education, who brought with them the local words of the English counties, and of the sister kingdoms of Scotland and of Ireland, the language received a constant accession from this source. Thus, although the influence of English literature has been great in America, it has not been great enough to keep American writers within the customary limits of the language as spoken and written in the Old World. Such a result would neither have been natural nor desirable; and the vast number of words, obsolete or provincial with us, that were carried to America generations ago—that have cropped up amongst them—and that, when met with in American writers, come back upon us unfamiliarly, or are no longer recognised, are a clear gain to the language. These words and phrases have often received, but very unjustly, the name of Americanisms, many of them being not only pure Anglicisms, but made English for evermore in the pages of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson. There are, however, two other classes of words which are daily growing up amongst our American cousins, and passing not only into colloquial, but into literary use, which more properly deserve to be called Americanisms, inasmuch as they are racy and of the soil, and are produced and generated by circumstances out of the reach of European and English experience, and descriptive of things, and modes of life and thought, not existent amongst ourselves. Some of these words are pure inventions; some are perversions and caricatures, more or less grotesque, of pre-existing words or phrases;* some are affectations that happen to hit the

* While we write, a remarkable instance of the creation of a new word comes
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fancy of the vulgar, in a country where the vulgar form a much larger majority than elsewhere; and some are adaptations from the language of the aboriginal Indians, and of German, French, and other immigrants. Words of all these classes are so numerous in the American newspapers, that are for the most part conducted by men of very little education, who care more for the thing they have to say than for the mode of saying it—that English in America threatens to become, at no distant day, a very different language from English in England. When the late Emperor Nicholas, smarting more or less under the sense of the defeat he had suffered in the Crimea at the combined hands of the English and French, decreed that certain documents should be translated from the Russian into the “*American*” tongue, he was, as Mr R. W. Emerson might say, “wiser than he knew,” and unconsciously uttered a half truth. Of late years, partly in consequence of the great interest excited by the Civil War, and the more than usually copious extracts made by the English newspapers from those of America, and partly in consequence of the popularity achieved by many American books—such as ‘Sam Slick,’ ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin,’ the ‘Biglow Papers,’ and the jests of Artemus Ward—a large number of American words and phrases, that ought not to be admitted into English literature, have been creeping into use amongst us, and exercising an influence upon the style of our popular journalists, our comic writers, and even of our ordinary conversation, that ought not to be encouraged by

any one who desires that our noble language should remain undefiled. It is our purpose to note the arrival of some of the most prominent of these strangers amongst us, to point out such of them as seem to be worthy of acceptance and hospitality, and to place a mark of reprobation against those vulgar interlopers for whom the language can neither find room nor countenance, though a knowledge of their meaning is necessary if we would thoroughly understand American politics, and appreciate either the wit or the wisdom that comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic.

Where the Americans borrow words local in England or Scotland, such words being good in themselves, and expressive of meanings not otherwise to be rendered so forcibly or completely, English writers and speakers, so far from condemning the practice, ought to be glad to follow the example set by their use. Mr Marsh, an American author, in his ‘Lectures on the English Language,’ says, very truly, that “so complete is the Anglo-Saxon tongue in itself, and so much of its original independence is still inherited by the modern English, that if we could but recover its primitive flexibility and plastic power, we might discard the adventitious aids and ornaments which we have borrowed from the heritage of Greece and Rome, supply the place of foreign by domestic compounds, and clothe again our thoughts and our feelings exclusively in a garb of living organic native growth. Such, then, being the relations between Anglo-Saxon and modern English, it can need no argument to

before us in the American press. The American Government, as every one knows, has recently purchased from Russia a large extent of barren land in the extreme north-west of the continent, known to geographers as “Russian America.” This purchase has been condemned by many as worthless; and one opponent of its completion designates the country as unfit for human habitation, and only fit for the white bear, the seal, and the *walrus*. The last word struck the imagination of some one or other, and through him that of the people; and Russian America is now called “*WALRUSSIA*.” The name is likely to be permanent.

show that the study of our ancient mother-tongue is an important—I may say an essential—part of a complete English education; and though it is neither possible, nor in any way desirable, to reject the alien constituents of the language, and, in a spirit of unenlightened and fanatical purism, thoroughly to Anglicise our speech, yet there is abundant reason to hope that we may recover and reincorporate into our common Anglican dialect many a gem of rich poetic wealth that now lies buried in more forgotten depths than even those of Chaucer's 'well of English undefiled.'

Among the many old English words current in America, but little known in England, and erroneously considered as Americanisms, it may suffice if we quote the following out of hundreds that are continually making their appearance in books and newspapers:—

Bender.—To go on the *bender*—i.e., to go on a course of drinking, derived from *bend*, to crook the elbow in lifting the glass to the mouth. Mr Bartlett, in his 'Dictionary of Americanisms,' describes a *bender* as meaning in New York a "sport," a "frolic;" but the word appears to have been originally introduced by the Scotch, and to be by no means peculiar to New York, and to signify a hard drinker as well as a course of drink.

"Come, gie's the other *bend*;
We'll drink their health, however it may
end."
—Allan Ramsay.

"Now lend your lugs, ye *benders* fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine."
—Allan Ramsay.

"The friends of the new-married couple did nothing for a whole month but smoke and drink metheglin during the *bender* they called the honeymoon."—Sam Slick, 'Human Nature.'

Fall, autumn.—This beautiful word, once as common in England as in America, has become so rare amongst us as to be unfamiliar in

all but local and provincial English. It once enjoyed literary honours, and is quite worthy of them.

"A honey tongue and heart of gall,
Is fancy's *spring*, but sorrow's *fall*."
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how last *fall* he raised the weekly bills."
—Dryden.

Meech or *Mich*, to skulk.—This old Shakespearian word, says Mr Bartlett, is still heard occasionally in New York and New England. "Oh, brethren! I warn you not to make too sure of success, for you may be disappointed. When you fall short of the object for which you jump, you go *meeching* off, like a cat that missed her mouse."—Dow's 'Sermons.' In Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.,' Part I., Falstaff says: "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*?" Lyly, in 'Euphues,' has, "What made the gods so often truant from heaven, and *mich* here on earth?" One of the characters in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'The Scornful Lady,' asks—"Surely she has some *meeching* rascal in the house." Spenser, in his 'Account of Ireland,' speaks of "fellows who straggle up and down the country, or *mich* in corners among their friends idly."

Mung.—This word, the preterite of the old English word *ming*, to mix—whence *mingle*—appears to have been carried to America by some of the earliest emigrants, and to have survived in a form that puzzles the grammarians. Mr Bartlett, under the phrase *mung news*, in his Dictionary, defines it to mean "false," "fictitious," and adds that he does not know its origin. *Mung news* does not mean false news, but confused, mingled, mixed up, and contradictory statements, all of which cannot be true.

Muss.—Mr Bartlett designates this word as a corruption of *mess*, a squabble, a row, a confusion, and declares it to be a common vulgarism. He quotes the following ex-

ample from the 'New York Spirit of the Times': "When near their place of debarkation they came across a gang of boys, with whom they came into collision; and as that class of individuals are always inclined to have a bit of a *muss*, that result was soon accomplished." In Shakespeare's time, and in England, *muss* was not a vulgar word.

"Of late, when I cried Ho!
Like boys into a *muss*, kings would start
forth

And cry, Your will!

—Antony and Cleopatra."

Platform, the principles agreed on by a political party, on which the party stands.—This word is universally used in America, from whence it has been of recent years reimported into England, and employed so often as to be familiar to all readers and speakers. Though considered American, it is of English origin, and was common to the writers of the period of the Commonwealth. "And lay new *platforms* to endamage them."—Shakespeare's 'Henry VI.' "Conformably to the *platform* of Geneva."—Hooker. A *plank* of the platform is a phrase peculiarly American, not yet naturalised in England, meaning one of the principles of which the platform is constructed. "Every *plank* and splinter of the *platform*."—'Providence Journal.'

Rile.—This old English word, more correctly written *roil* or *royl*—and meaning, to stir up the waters until they become turbid; and, metaphorically, to vex any person by stirring up his opposition and exciting his temper—is almost obsolete in England, but is very common in America. The word is useful, and is gradually making its way back into colloquial English. The Americans have made an adjective out of it, and speak of an ill-tempered person as being *riley*.

Sag, to bend in the middle like an extended rope; to give way under pressure, like marshy ground under the foot.—"That it may not *sag*

from the intention of the founders."—Fuller's 'Worthies.' "The heart I bear shall never *sag* with doubt."—Shakespeare. From "sog," the preterite of "sag," comes soggy, applied to marsh or bog. "We marched ten miles over a *soggy* wilderness."—'New York Tribune.'

Slick.—This word, rendered familiar to English readers by Judge Haliburton in his immortal 'Sam Slick,' is supposed, both by Americans and Englishmen, to be an American corruption of the English word "sleek"—smooth, glossy. That this supposition is not correct, and that slick and not sleek is the ancient English pronunciation in use before America was discovered, appears from the following quotation from Chaucer's 'Romaunt of the Rose,' where it rhymes to *chick* :—

"Her flesh tender as is a chicke,
With bent browes, smoothe and *slike*."

The Americans have given a meaning to *slick* somewhat different from that conveyed by *sleek*, such as quick, easy-going, facile, as in the following:—"I've hearn (heard) tell that courtin' is the hardest thing in the world to begin, though it goes *slick* enough afterwards."—"Traits of American Humour." Thus an American may say that a man has a sleek and glossy appearance, and that he goes *slick* about his business. In this sense, the English language may be well content to borrow back its own child.

Slide, to disappear from sight, to go out of one's thought or concern.—To let a thing *slide*, is a very common expression in America. "If California," said a senator in Congress, "is going to cost the Union so much, it would be better to let California *slide*." The phrase occurs both in Chaucer and Shakespeare. Dorigene, in the 'Franklin's Tale,' "let her sorrow *slide*," and Lord Walter, in the 'Clerke's Tale,' was so fond of hawking, that he "let all other cares *slide*." Shakespeare, in the 'Taming of the

Shrew,' has the still stronger expression, "Let the world *slide*."

Sliver, a long shred or slice.—In England this word, which is seldom used, is pronounced with the *i* long, in America with the *i* short. Chaucer rhymes the word to deliver, which proves the Americans to be right.

"She that herself will *sliver* and distraut
From her maternal sap, perforce must
wither." —King Lear.

"As there was nothing else to get hold of, I just *slivered* a great big bit of the leg off the chair."—Sam Slick in England.

Splurge, to flounder about in the water with a great noise and splash; to swagger and make a great fuss and display of one's wealth and importance; to cut a dash.—Mr Halliwell, in his 'Archaic Dictionary,' cites *splairge* as a Northumbrian word with the same meaning. "Cousin Pete was there, *splurging* about in the biggest, with his dandy-cut trousers and big whiskers."—'Major Jones's Courtship.' "Our would-be fashionables and shoddy aristocrats are off to Newport or Saratoga to make a *splurge*."—'New York Herald.'

Squelch, to crush any soft substance, animate or inanimate.—An English word now almost obsolete, but of daily use in America.

"He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welsh;
But St George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguy *squelch*."
—'St George and the Dragon.'

Squirm, to wriggle like an eel or a worm.—This is a purely English word, little used at home, but constantly employed in America. "The gentleman is suddenly seized with the retrenchment gripes, and *squirms* around like a long red worm on a pin-hook."—Speech of Mr Pitt in the Legislature of Missouri.

Stent, an allotted portion of work; that portion which, when he has completed, the worker may leave off, *cease*, or *stint*.—Both *stent* and

stint in this sense have dropped out of current English, though once common. Swift uses the word *stint* as an allowance or portion when he says, "'How much wine do you drink in a day?' 'My *stint* in company is a pint at noon.'" "Little boys in the country working against time, with *stents* to do."—Theodore Parker's 'Oration on the Death of Daniel Webster.'

Wilt, to droop, to decay.—Webster, who admits this to be an English word, though not recognised as such by previous lexicographers, denies that it is synonymous with *wither*, as commonly supposed, and defines it to mean, "to begin to wither," to lose freshness, and become flaccid as a plant when exposed to heat in a dry day. "A *wilted* plant," he says, "often revives and becomes fresh, not so a withered plant." With this meaning the word is worthy of a place both in colloquial and literary English, and is a clear gain. The late Artemus Ward uses it, *more suo*, in a ludicrous sense—"I said to her, 'Wilt thou?' and she *wilted*."

All these words, with the exception perhaps of "bender," which partakes of slang, are worthy of the favour of English writers and speakers, and can boast, as will have been observed in our quotations, an ancient, and in some cases an illustrious English ancestry. Among Americanisms, more properly so called—words that were invented in the country, that grew out of its social and political life and manners, that have passed into books and conversation, and that the purists at home cannot for ever shut out of the dictionary, especially since we have begun to Americanise our politics, and to travel down the greasy slope that leads to universal suffrage—are such political words and phrases as "buncombe," "caucus," "lobbying," "wire-pulling," "log-rolling," "axe-grinding," "mass-meeting," and "indignation-meeting." Many of these are already current

among us; and the last meeting under the auspices of the persistent, not to say the impudent Beales, which was held in Hyde Park on the 5th of August, for no other purpose than to insult and defy the Government, was placarded all over the metropolis as a "mass-meeting." The "indignation-meetings" held in the same place, and elsewhere, under the auspices of the vulgar demagogues of the League and the Trades-unions, have been numerous during the progress of the Reform Bill; and we shall doubtless have more of them under the same title whenever his majesty the Mob shall see fit to be displeased with the progress of public affairs. "Wire-pulling" is so useful a phrase, that we who know the thing, in all our little boroughs and parishes, will doubtless borrow it from the Americans, who know so much more of it. "Axe-grinding" and "log-rolling" are phrases derived from the rural life of the Americans, and are picturesquely expressive of the little jobs which "wire-pullers," who move the puppets of the Legislature, attempt, "for a consideration," to "lobby" through the House. To "lobby," says Mr Bartlett, "is to attempt to exercise an influence over the members of a legislative body by besieging them in the lobbies of the houses where they meet. So necessary has this business become amongst us, that when a petition is sent to a legislature, particularly for an act of incorporation, it is very common for one or more individuals to take it in charge for the purpose of *lobbying it through*." When a committee proceeds on an errand of this kind, it is usually well supplied with funds. If copious "drinks" of champagne or whisky will do the business, and purchase or influence the votes of the members to be "*lobbied*," no greater expense is incurred than a large hotel bill; but if the "*lobbied*" are poor men, as many of them are, having nothing perhaps to live upon

but the salary—or, as the Americans call it, the "compensation"—of a member of the Legislature, which is four dollars a-day, or double that sum if he be a member of Congress, payment in cash is all but openly offered and accepted. "Log-rolling" differs from "axe-grinding." The latter merely signifies the axe or measure which an individual or a political party has to grind or carry through the Legislature; whereas *log-rolling* means a system of mutual help, in which one member says to another, "Vote for my bill and I'll vote for yours;" or, in other words, "Help me to roll my log, and I'll help you to roll yours." "For instance," says Mr Bartlett, "a member from St Lawrence has a pet bill for a plank-road which he wants pushed through. He accordingly makes a bargain with a member from Onondaga, who is coaxing along a charter for a bank, by which St Lawrence agrees to vote for Onondaga's bank, provided Onondaga will vote in return for St Lawrence's plank-road." If we may judge from some recent disclosures as regards the passing of railway and gas bills in the British Parliament, and from the late meeting in the Tea-room of the Commons, we have arrived already at "axe-grinding," "log-rolling," and "lobbying;" and will perhaps advance still farther in the same direction under the auspices of a reformed Parliament. The phrases are already familiar, and will as certainly take root in England as the practices they describe.

"*Caucus*" is another political word, which expresses a meaning for which there is no purely English equivalent, and which threatens to be adopted amongst us, along with the political intrigues in which the idea originated. The word appears—for an Americanism—to be venerably old; older, in fact, than the Republic. It dates from so early a period as 1763, where, in Adams's 'Diary,' mention is made of a "caucus club."

Gordon, in his 'History of the American Revolution,' 1788, sends it still farther back into antiquity. He says, "This word is not of novel invention. *More than fifty years ago* (i.e., 1738), Mr Samuel Adams's father, and twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town (Boston, Massachusetts), where all ship business is carried on, used to meet, make a *caucus*, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power." The word is supposed to be derived from meetings held by ship *caulkers* on strike or with a grievance; and to have gradually assumed its present meaning of a private meeting of the leading politicians or members of a party, to agree upon a course of public action that shall bind the whole party. When Mr Gladstone and Lord Derby summon their followers to meet them in their private houses, to expound a course of action, and agree to a course of public policy, they summon what in America is called a Caucus. Doubtless this word will creep into English parlance. We had almost omitted to include in this list the phrase "political capital," which is of purely American growth, though long since transplanted to England, and so common amongst us as to be familiar to everybody. As the phrase has been accepted, it is no longer of any use to carp at it, though we might just as correctly use the epithets "moral," "religious," or "intellectual," in this sense, and speak of a man's good conduct as his "moral capital." "On the fence" is another political phrase which deserves mention. "To be on the fence," or to "ride on the fence," is to be neutral, until you see which is going to be the stronger party, with the intention of voting for the winner. "The South will not vote for a Northern candidate who is nominated as such, nor the North for a Southern man who is nominated on exclusively Southern principles. In this

matter there can be no neutral ground. The dividing line is narrow, but distinct. It admits of no fence-riding. The candidate must be on one side or the other; and when the time shall come that either the North or the South adopts a candidate on sectional grounds, it will not be difficult to foretell the issue."—'New York Mirror,' 1856.

Among pure Americanisms that have no relation to politics, there are three words which are knocking loudly at our gates for admission, and which are certain to be admitted sooner or later on their merits; and these are *bogus*, *ske-daddle*, and *deadheads*. Bogus means sham, spurious, counterfeit, and, like the useful word "*burke*" amongst ourselves, originated in the name of an individual—a very patrician and noble Italian name, though it was sorely metamorphosed by the popular tongue. In the year 1837 there appeared in the Western and South-Western States a person calling himself Borghese—pronounced by the Americans Borgus, or *Bogus*—who drew large numbers of fictitious cheques, notes, and bills of exchange upon the principal bankers and traders, and succeeded in swindling the public out of large sums. His operations were so extensive, and the distrust caused in all commercial circles was so great when his forgeries were discovered, that it became a common phrase in the South-West, and from thence spread over the whole Union, to describe any doubtful commercial paper or forged note as *bogus*. The word took the fancy of the people, and was speedily applied to everything supposed to be unreal, spurious, or fraudulent. Thus a member of a legislature supposed to be unfairly elected was called a "bogus representative;" a woman with false teeth and hair, painted, or otherwise got up to look young when she was old, was called a "bogus beauty;" and a Mrs Cunningham, who, like Joanna Southcote,

pretended to have had a child when such was not the fact, was declared to have been delivered of a "bogus baby." The word is used in a great variety of ways and with much greater effect than any of its recognised and legitimate synonyms, and such phrases as "bogus diamonds," "bogus jewellery," and "bogus gentleman" (for an overdressed and affected "swell"), "bogus leg" (a cork leg), "bogus eye" (a glass eye), "a bogus accusation" (a trumped-up charge), are of constant occurrence.

"*Skedaddle*," to run away, to desert, to make off furtively, was invented, no one knows how or by whom, in the army of the Potomac, in the days when General McClellan was vainly hurling his hosts against those of General Lee, in the summer of 1863. The word no sooner appeared in print than everybody who had occasion to write, make a speech, or interchange a thought with his fellows, hastened to re-echo it. Much controversy arose as to its origin—some deriving it from the Greek *skedanimi*, to disperse tumultuously; others from a Scottish word employed in Dumfriesshire and Ayrshire to describe the escape of water or milk from a pail, when too full and unskilfully carried; and others from the Gaelic *sgudalair*, a mean fellow. Whatever may be its origin, there is something so descriptive in the word as to compel favour in spite of the grammarians, and it is to all appearance so firmly fixed in American English as to be proof against all attempts to remove it.

Deadhead means a person who has free admission to theatres, concerts, exhibitions, and places of amusement, or who, either from his connection with the press, or with the management of a railway or a line of steamers, can travel without payment of his fare. The word *Deadheadism* is also used to signify the practice of travelling with free tickets. Mr Bartlett

quotes from the 'Washington Evening Star' the following anecdote:—

"The principal avenue of our city, writes a learned friend in Detroit, has a toll-gate just by the Elmwood Cemetery Road. As the cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank-road, it was made one of the conditions of the company's charter that all funeral processions should go back and forth free. One day, as Dr Price, a celebrated physician, stopped to pay his toll, he remarked to the gatekeeper, 'Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let me pass free of charge.' 'No, no, doctor,' the keeper replied, 'we couldn't afford that. You send too many *deadheads* through here as it is.'

Among the common, and, to educated Englishmen, the offensive Americanisms which, clamour as they will for admission into the language, ought not to be allowed to pass the threshold of that stately house, are such words as *orate*, to make a speech or oration; *donate*, to make or give a donation; and *approve*, to approve. *Locate*, to place, a word of a similar origin and growth was long resisted in England, but has forced its way into the dictionaries. It has not, however, been applied in such a variety of senses as in America, where it means not only to place, but to seat, as in the following quotation from Gilliam's 'Travels in Mexico': "The mate, having *located* himself opposite to me at the table, began to expostulate with me." Equally inadmissible are such words as *balance*, and *on hand*, except when they are used in a commercial sense, such as the *balance* of an account or a stock of goods *on hand*. The Americans write and talk of a part of anything as the *balance*—e.g., "We listened to Mr Phillips for about half an hour, and, having an engagement elsewhere, we were forced to leave, and so lost the *balance* of his oration." "Most of the respectable inhabitants held commissions in the army, or gov-

ernment offices ; the *balance* of the people kept little shops, or cultivated the ground." "The ferry-boats forced their way through the ice, and kept up the communication for the *balance* of the day." "A great many people assembled at the church ; a part got in ; the *balance* went away." "Mr Johnson, in consequence of a great crime and an awful calamity, has to serve as President for the *balance* of Mr Lincoln's term." "The Anti-Sabbath meeting, so long talked of, has taken place ; about three hundred females were *on hand*." "A broker from Wall Street was *on hand* and tried to pray." "Be *on hand* early and vote the democratic ticket." To *post*, or *post up*, a person, is to bring his knowledge up to the newest fact and the latest date—a phrase derived from the operations of the counting-house. "Our press is not usually well *posted* on European affairs."—"New York Daily News." "Mrs Fudge has kept a close eye on equipages, caps, cloaks, and summer recreations. She is well *posted up* on these matters."—"Ike Marvel, Fudge Doings." Worse even than this slang is the use of passive and neuter verbs in the active sense, as, "This steamboat can *sleep* (*i.e.*, give sleeping accommodation to) three hundred passengers ;" or, as a boarding-house keeper in New York said, "I can *eat* fifty people in my house, but cannot *sleep* above half the number ;" or the labourer in the West, dissatisfied with his wages, who said to his employer, "Why, squire, I was told you'd give us two dollars a-day and *eat* us."

Among common Americanisms found in every newspaper, though not in the magazines that have any literary pretensions, are such phrases as "he was *acquit*," for "he was acquitted ;" "he *quit*

the room," for "he *quitted* the room ;" "he *pled* guilty," and sometimes "he *plead* guilty," for "he pleaded guilty ;" "he *wed* the garden," for "he weeded the garden ;" "he happened along," for "he happened to come along ;" "I was standing *around* the street," for "standing about the street ;" "he was *illy* prepared for the work," for "ill prepared ;" "a *thrifty* tree," for "a thriving tree ;" "right away," for "immediately ;" "declension," for "refusal ;" "he asked me to drive with him to-day, but I was obliged to send him a *declension* ;" "he said he would go into the *timber* for shelter," for "into the wood for shelter ;" "a human," for "a human being,"—as "I did not expect to meet a *human* in such a place" (Hammond's 'Wild Northern Scenes'), "Parson Brownlow is just as fierce upon dogs when they annoy him, as he is upon *humans* when they cross his path" ('Harper's Magazine') ; "of that *ilk*," for "of that sort or kind ;" "hurry up," for "make haste ;" "dry up" or "shut up," for "be silent" or "hold your tongue ;" "elegant" for "good or excellent,"—as "elegant butter," "elegant water," "elegant cabbage," &c. ; "handsome," for "beautiful," as "the Falls of Niagara are very *handsome* ;" "retiracy," for "seclusion, retirement, or a fortune sufficient to retire upon"—"Yes, Mr Speaker, I'd a powerful sight sooner go into *retiracy* among the red wild aborigines of our wooden country, nor consent to this bill" (Carlton's 'New Purchase') ; "to loan," for "to lend ;" "he availed of the offer," for "he availed *himself* of the offer ;" "avails," for "proceeds or profits"—"Expecting to subsist on the bounty of government rather than on the *avails* of their own industry" (Stoddard's 'Louisiana') ; "a *pike*," for "a turnpike road ;"

* This form is sometimes used in Scotland, but never by good writers, who remember that verbs derived from the French, Latin, or any foreign language, cannot take the Saxon or strong inflection.

"a *few*," for "a little"—"Were you alarmed? No; but I was astonished a *few*!" "item," for "information"—"the minute you get *item* that I'm back, set off for the cross roads" ('New York Spirit of the Times'); "he done it," for "he did it"—"the prisoner made no defence—she only said, I done it;" "quite," for "very" or "very large." This misapplication of a good word has lately become common in England—one eminent member of Parliament having declared that an event "had happened *quite* recently;" and another, that "*quite* a number of people assembled in Trafalgar Square." Such phrases as "quite warm," "quite cold," "quite extraordinary," are heard every day, and are sometimes inadvertently employed by writers of otherwise irreproachable English. *Quite* means completely, entirely, wholly; and if we use either of these synonyms in the phrases "quite recently," "quite a number," "quite cold," &c., we shall very easily discover, not only how inelegant, but how unnecessary and incorrect it is to use *quite* for *very*. "*Quite* a number" should either be a large or a very large number; for, in point of accuracy, "ten" is as wholly or completely a number as ten thousand or ten million. A more disagreeable perversion of language even than this is to be found in the use sometimes made of the word *persuasion*. In the sense of religious belief, "*persuasion*" is correctly employed when a person is said to be of the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, the Jewish, or the Mormon "*persuasion*;" but when the 'New York Herald' states that "the passengers in the car were chiefly of the *female persuasion*," or the 'Daily Telegraph' says that "Mr Harper, a speaker at a public meeting, complained of the absence of reporters, when a *gentleman of that persuasion* was actually taking notes of what he said," they make use of a word which is even more

offensive than slang. Two other Americanisms, which, although considered vulgar even in the land of their origin, are daily coming into more extended use, are "*cuss*" and "*critter*." *Cuss*, originally a mispronunciation of "curse," has gradually come to signify a low, vile, bad person of either sex. A miser or very parsimonious person is called a "mean cuss." "I had often heard tell of Yankees, but never knew what mean *cusses* they were until I met a few of them at Washington."—Letter in the 'New Orleans Picayune.' *Critter*, at first a mispronunciation of "creature," has been adopted as a separate word. It is invariably used in a contemptuous sense; while creature is applied respectfully. General Squash, of Connecticut, describes, in 'The Gouty Philosopher,' the shades of difference between the two words, and makes out a very good case for "*critter*."

"The word '*creature*,'" said the General, "implies a certain amount of goodness, beauty, respect, and love, as when we talk of any of God's *creatures*; whereas *critter* is always associated with some idea of inferiority in the person so designated, and of good or even ill-natured contempt on the part of the speaker. Thus, when I tell you that Miss or Mrs A—— is a creature, you will learn, if you do not interrupt me before I have finished speaking, that I consider her lovely either in her mind or person, or both. But were I to call her a '*critter*,' and no more, you would be justified in believing that, in my opinion, she was either a slut, a scold, a scandal-monger, a fool, a tippler, or a flirt, and that I had no respect for her. If I said to you in the street, 'Look at that lovely creature!' it would probably be to direct your attention either to a fine woman or a beautiful child. But if I said, 'Look at that pretty critter!' the words might apply to a pet poodle, or a prancing horse. If I say that Mr B's grandmother is a good old *creature*, I mean that she is and has been good in the highest sense of the word, and that she is still in possession of those faculties of heart and mind which inspire respect and affection; but if I say that she is a good old *critter*, I imply some deficiency of character or intellect

which may have pertained to her all her life, or be the result of old age and infirmity. So, when I call a man a *critter*, you may be sure that I think him a cheat, a fool, or a mean fellow; a man that I could not fight with if he challenged me, but whom I could treat, in case of need, to a taste of a cowhide. Ours is a great country, sir, a very great country, but it swarms with *critters*, as you will see, if you travel much amongst us, and open your eyes as you go. They are the unwholesome growth of our over-ripe civilisation, and of our too much liberty."

A similar mispronunciation of the word "burst" has produced the common Americanism "to bust" or "bust up," to become bankrupt. "I *busted* for the benefit of my creditors." "He is a rich man now, because he has *bust* up two or three times."

"Lengthy," meaning tediously long, is generally considered to be an Americanism. The question of the origin of the word has never been satisfactorily decided. Though as little to be commended as *strengthly* would be in the sense of strong, this daring interloper has made good its place in the language. A lengthy discourse, or sermon, and a lengthy article, are phrases that would be ill rendered by the word "long." Expressive of a new meaning, the word must be accepted, whether or not the grammarians and the lexicographers approve; and "lengthy," whether of American or English origin, will probably remain English while the language lasts.

The Americans have three words descriptive of three several kinds of oratory that prevail among them; "*stump-oratory*," "*high-faluten*," and "*spread-eagleism*." "Stump-oratory" takes its name from the stumps of trees that are generally left in newly cleared and settled land, and on which, as affording a moderate elevation to the speaker, he can take his stand and overlook the crowd whom he wishes to address. To "stump" a State is to make an electioneering

or political tour through it, or to "stump it" simply means to make electioneering speeches in favour of one's self. *Stump-oratory* is by no means unknown in the British Isles, and the phrase might perhaps be adopted, in default of a better, to describe the kind of speech which tickles the fancy or pleases the judgment of a miscellaneous crowd, but which the orator, if he be a member of Parliament, would take especial care not to deliver in that or any other assembly of men of cultivated minds. The late Daniel O'Connell, Daniel Whittle Harvey, and Thomas Wakley the coroner, were excellent specimens of the "stump-orator;" while in our day Mr John Bright may lay claim to a similar distinction, if it be one, though it must be admitted that Mr Bright is a true orator, and speaks to the refined as effectively as to the roughs. "We had, of course, a passion for *stump* speaking. But recollect, we often mount the *stump* only figuratively; and very good stump speeches are delivered from a table, a chair, a whisky-barrel, and the like. Sometimes we make our best stump speeches on horseback."—Carlton's 'New Purchase.' "When you see a politician extra full of patriotism, and stuffed with *stump* speeches, you may take it for granted he wants office, either for himself or some particular friend."—Dow's 'Sermons.'

"*High-faluten*" describes a kind of oratory that is not always to the taste of the plain-spoken multitudes who delight in the oratory of the stump, and is commonly addressed to educated or semi-educated audiences, either legislative or general, who are supposed to appreciate bombast, exaggeration, high-sounding phrases, and big words, with or without a meaning. Mr Bartlett says there can be little doubt of its derivation from "high-fighting;" while others suggest "high-floating," and "high-verlooten," from the Dutch—

without explaining what verlooten means. A recent specimen of the true "high-faluten" may be found in a lecture on the Puritans delivered in Boston, Massachusetts, before a large and fashionable assembly in Faneuil Hall, by an eminent public functionary. "A charge," said the lecturer, "has been brought against the Puritans, of disloyalty. I deny that charge. It is false. It shall not be made in my hearing while I have a tongue to hurl back the foul slander and cram it down the utterer's throat. Ay, were that charge to be made at the great day of judgment, in the face of the assembled multitudes of the human race, amid the blaze of firmaments and the crash of stars and planets, suns and systems; and were the person who made the accusation to be no other than the Archangel Michael himself; I would appeal against the judgment of the great Archangel, and assert, though eternal perdition were to be the punishment for my daring, that the Puritans were *not* disloyal."

"*Spread-eagleism*" is a variety of high-faluten, with this difference, that the high-faluten orator speaks on any subject he pleases—political, religious, or literary—while the spread-eagle orator must of necessity take for his subject the greatness, power, and glory of the United States. The 'North American Review' for October 1858, defines Spread-eagleism to be "a compound of exaggeration, effrontery, bombast, and extravagance, mixed metaphors, platitudes, defiant threats thrown at the world, and irreverent appeals flung at the Supreme Being." The course of education through which English gentlemen invariably pass, prevents them in public life from making such displays of bad taste as are involved in the commonest proficiency either in "high-faluten" or in "spread-eagleism."

"Boss" is a word that has become part of the language in the

Northern and Western States, though not adopted in the South. The proud Yankee calls no man "master," which is a word that, when slavery existed, he thought none but a slave should employ. As the relation between employer and employed required a word, that of "boss," instead of master, was either coined or discovered. Mr Bartlett says the word is derived from the Dutch "baas," a master. *Bas* in Danish has the same meaning; and M. Francisque Michel, in his 'Dictionnaire d'Argot,' has "*Beausse, un riche bourgeois; terme des voleurs flamands.*" A master carpenter, shoemaker, or barber, is a "boss carpenter," a "boss shoemaker," a "boss barber," &c. To "boss" a job, is to contract and superintend it; and to "boss" the house, whether in the case of the husband or the wife, is to rule and manage it. "The Pope has returned to Rome; but he has no money, and Rothschild refuses to let him have any. The fact is, Rothschild is the real Pope and Boss of all Europe."—"New York Herald."

"Smile" is a common euphemism to avoid the use of "a drink," or a "drain," when taken in the morning, as is but too usual. It is also used as a verb. "There are many fast boys about, some devoted to the fair sex, some to horses, some to *smiling*."—"Baltimore Sun." A lady named Christie having sent a present of some fine old rye whisky to an English traveller, the recipient of the gift, unconscious of the pun, said to his travelling companion, an American, "This cannot be called *lacrymæ Christi*, suppose we call it the *smiles* of Christie." "Good!" said the American, "I see you are learning our language."

But it is not only in isolated words, but in phrases, that the Americans are making daily inroads upon the speech of their English forefathers, imitating our own example in this respect, for slang un-

fortunately grows somewhat too luxuriantly at the present day in both hemispheres. The Americans, however, are more independent than the English in the manufacture of slang, and generally prefer the home-made to the imported article. To go through the list of such expressions as are common in American books, newspapers, and colloquial intercourse, would occupy far more space than we can command. We can but select a few that either by their oddity or their humour are most remarkable to Europeans. Where an Englishman in a fit of ill temper would threaten to give his opponent a thrashing, an American threatens to "give him Jessie," or "particular Jessie," or "d—d particular Jessie," according to the greater or lesser violence of his feelings. Sometimes the phrase is varied into "to give him fits," or "very particular fits," or "d—d particular fits." But the *ne plus ultra* of rage is expressed in the threat to make your enemy "smell hell." Another favourite phrase is "to be death" on anything; meaning, says Mr Bartlett, "to be completely master of it—a capital hand at it; like the quack doctor who could not manage the hooping-cough, but was, as he expressed it, *death on fits*." To be *death* on anything, also means to be very fond of it, as, "Your friend Silas is *death* on sherry-cobblers and gin-slugs;" "Sally was *death* on lace; and old Aunt Thankful goes the whole figure for furs."—Sam Slick. "To dress to *death*," signifies to dress with too much finery and display; while to "dress up drunk," and "dress to kill," are attenuated varieties of the same meaning.

"*At that*" is a very common addendum to any assertion that can be made, and is used to intensify or define more accurately something that has just been said, thus: "He has a scolding wife, and an ugly one *at that*." "Now then, gentlemen, drinks all round; and

cobblers *at that*." "He made a mistake, and a big one *at that*." "He's a down-east Yankee, and a smart one *at that*."

"*Big bugs*," "*some pumpkins*," and "*small potatoes*," are phrases that imply the social importance, or want of importance or position, of the persons to whom they are applied. "Bug" in America means a beetle, winged or otherwise, and not as with us the most disgusting of insects. The fire-fly is called "the lightning-bug," and a "big bug" means a large beetle, or, metaphorically, a person of wealth or station. "I street in Washington [in that city resort is had to the letters of the alphabet in default of imagination or invention for street nomenclature] is inhabited by the foreign ambassadors and other *big bugs*." "Miss Samson Savage is one of the *big bugs*—that is, she's got more money than almost anybody else in town."—'Bedott Papers.' "Then we'll go to the Lords' House; I don't mean to the meeting-house, but where the nobles meet, pick out the *big bugs*, and see what stuff they're made off."—'Sam Slick in England.' "Some pumpkins," is a phrase of similar meaning. "Franklin was a poor printer-boy, and Washington a land-surveyor, yet they grewed to be *some pumpkins*."—'Sam Slick.' "General Cass is *some pumpkins*, and will do the needful if elected."—'New York Herald.' "A Mexican woman is *some pumpkins*, as the Missourians say when they wish to express something superlative in the female line."—Ruxton's 'Adventures in Mexico.' "Small potatoes" means the reverse of "big bugs" and "some pumpkins," and signifies petty, mean, contemptible. "Give me an honest old soldier for the Presidency—whether a Whig or Democrat—and I will leave your *small potato* politicians and pettifogging lawyers to those who are willing to submit the destinies of this great nation to such hands."—'New York Herald.'

"The Presbyterian minister here is such *small potatoes* that it wasn't edifying to sit under his preaching."—"Bedott Papers." "All our American poets are but *small potatoes* compared with Bryant."—"New York Tribune."

"*To be a caution*," to be a warning, is a phrase very ludicrously applied, and intensely American. "To see the women eat at breakfast at the hotels and boarding-houses *is a caution*."—"Letters from New York." "The way she screeched and hollered when she attempted to sing, was a caution to *rusty gates*."—"Carleton." "The way the Repealers were used up *was a caution* to the trinity of O'Connell, Repeal, and Anti-slavery, when they attempt to interfere with true American citizens."—"New York Herald." "There's a plaguy sight of folks in America, Major, and the way they swallow down the cheap books *is a caution* to old rags and papermakers."—"Downing, 'May-Day in New York.'" "Moses wound up his description of the piano by saying that the way the dear critters could pull music out of it *was a caution* to hoarse owls."—"Thorpe's 'Mysteries of the Backwoods.'" "A large portion of Captain Marryatt's 'Travels of Mons. Violet' is stolen from the 'New Orleans Picayune,' and it will not be surprising if Kendall (the author) lets his sting into this transatlantic robber. He can do it in a way that will *be a caution*."—"Providence Journal." "Our route was along the shore of the lake in a northerly direction, and the way the icy blast would come down the bleak shore *was a caution*."—"Hofman, 'Winter in the West.'" "Sound on the goose" formerly signified, among the democratic and pro-slavery party, to be sound on the negro question—to be opposed to the abolition of slavery. Now that slavery is dead and buried, the phrase means to be staunch to the party-question, whatever it may happen to be.

"*To row up Salt River*" signifies to incur a political defeat; to row a long way up Salt River is to be very severely defeated; and to row up to the very head-waters of Salt River is to be entirely ruined as a political party. "Judge Clayton made a speech that fairly made the tumblers hop. He rowed the Tories (the royalists) up and over Salt River."—"Crockett's 'Tour Down East.'" "During the late civil war, "*to spell nigger with two g's*" was a phrase applied to a member of the Democratic party, or any other politician, who did not believe in the natural equality of the white and black races, and who was opposed to the grant of any social status or political privilege to a negro. The word is still used, and no one who spells nigger with two g's, if nominated to office by President Johnson, has any chance of having his nomination approved by the Republican majority and the Senate.

The American vocabulary is peculiarly rich in words descriptive of what are called the "roughs." In England, the "rough" is scarcely known except in London, and in the small boroughs at election times, where he is sometimes called a "lamb;" but in America persons of this turbulent class form a large percentage of the youth of the labouring and commercial population. They drink, they swear, they fight, but they do not steal, and are for the most part affiliated to one or other of the two contending political parties. Mr Bartlett gives a formidable list of the names by which these troublesome citizens choose to call themselves. In New York they are known as "Dead Rabbits," "Bowery Boys," "Forty Thieves," "Skinners," "The Robin Hood Club," "The Huge Paws," "Short Boys," "Swill Boys," "Shoulder-Hitters," and "Killers." In Philadelphia they are called "Schuylhill Annihilators," "Moyamensing Hounds," "North-

ern Liberty Skivers," "Killers," and "Peep-of-Day Boys;" and in Baltimore, "Plug-Uglies," "Rough Skins," "Double Pumps," "Tigers," "Black Snakes," "Stay-Lates," "Hard Times," "Little Fellows," "Blood Tubs," "Dips," "Ranters," "Rip-Raps," and "Gladiators."

A convention of these persons, under the name of the "American Clubs," was held at Baltimore in September 1857, under the plea of rallying for some political campaign. In commenting on this meeting, the 'Baltimore Clipper' pertinently inquired, "Should not every true-hearted American blush to acknowledge that any portion of his countrymen glory in such barbaric and degrading names?" It is not likely, the Reform Bill notwithstanding, that the English people will borrow any of these names from their American cousins—though it should be noted that the word "rowdy" has lately crossed the Atlantic, and promises to retain its place in English parlance.

"*To run the machine*" is a phrase derived from the rowdy life of the great cities, where the young men of this class delight, as some of our very upper-class people are unfortunately learning to do in England, to officiate as firemen, and drag the engines, the hose, the ladders, and other paraphernalia through the streets. To run the machine now signifies, in political parlance, to run the machine of Government. "Now, look you," said the late President Lincoln to a visitor, who presumed to give him a little too much advice as to what he should and should not do in the conduct of the Civil War, "if I have to run this machine, I shall run it in my own way, and be accountable to God, my conscience, and the people, but not to you." To "run" a bank or a business, is to conduct a bank or a business; while to "*run one's face*" is a peculiar phrase for getting credit on the faith of one's honest looks or respectable appearance.

"Any man," says the 'New York Tribune,' "who can *run his face* for a card of pens, a quire of paper, and a pair of scissors, may set up for an editor, and by loud incessant bragging may secure a considerable patronage."

The word "go," and the phrase "to go it," are used multifariously enough in English slang, but the Americans, if they have not improved upon British teaching, have certainly increased the misapplications to which the word is liable. The verb "go ahead," together with the adjective "go-aheaditive," and the noun "go-aheaditiveness," are well-known Americanisms familiar to everybody. "Go to grass" signifies get out, be off, go away; to "go it blind," to act without thought; "to go it with a rush," to act in a headlong manner; "to go the big figure," to do things on a large scale. "Some of our Senators go the big figure on fried oysters and whisky-punch." — 'Burton's Waggeries.' "To go the whole hog," or "to go the entire animal," is no longer a strange figure of speech in England. The Americans claim its parentage, and no Englishman of any taste is likely to dispute it with them. "To go through the mill," signifies to learn experience from adversity. "A gone coon," "a gone goose," "a gone gander," are three phrases signifying a ruined man. "I've generally noticed that if a man begins to gape at church when the preacher comes to seventhly or eighthly, it is a *gone goose* with him before he comes to tenthly." — Seba Smith, 'Yankee Life.' "Goner" or "gonner," from gone, has the same meaning as "gone coon." To say of a man that "he's a gonner," signifies that he is sick, past recovery, or that he is ruined. "A gonner" also means a bad debt, lost without hope of payment. "Done gone" expresses the last stage of discomfiture, personal or national. "The surrender of General Lee settles the business. The Confederacy is *done gone*, and Jeff Davis may go to

Mexico as soon as he likes."—"New York Herald."

"*Backbone*" and "*weak knees*" are two phrases continually used in political discussion, and in criticism upon the characters of public men. Backbone, according to Mr Bartlett, signifies moral stamina, strength of will, firmness of purpose. "Men do not know how to resist the small temptations of life from some deficiency in their *dorsal* arrangements. *Backbone* is the material which makes an upright man; and he must be firm on all points if he would pass scatheless through the struggle of life."—"The Republic," 1857. "General M'Clellan cannot end the war. He has no *backbone*."—Wendell Philips. "If Mr Lincoln had *backbone* enough—but he hasn't—he would not tamper or treat with slavery, but abolish it at one stroke—at once and for ever."—Anna Dickenson. "*Weak knee'd*" has a meaning directly opposite to that of backbone, and is applied to persons who are infirm of purpose, or unsettled in their political or religious convictions. "We do not join in the complaints made against Ben Butler. The ladies of New Orleans probably deserved all he said of them; but whether they did or did not, it is the duty of the Government to stand by him. He is setting a good example to the *weak-knee'd* brethren, which will do them good."—"New York Times."

A favourite expression of the Americans to denote place, thing, or person, that is small or of little account, is "*one-horse*." In the West, says Mr Bartlett, by an obvious agricultural figure, this term is applied to anything small or diminutive, as "a *one-horse* bank—a *one-horse* church," meaning a little bank or church. So the phrase "a *one-horse* lawyer" is applied to a mean contemptible pettifogger. A clergyman deprecating the use of such expressions as "dang it," "confound it," called

them "one-horse oaths." "Liverpool," said a newly-arrived New-Yorker, "is a poor *one-horse* kind of a place." In contradistinction to one-horse, some wag of the West invented the phrase "a whole team," to signify a man of wealth or importance, or a good fellow generally. "I like the Judge; he's none of your one-horse lawyers, but a *whole team*." The phrase took the popular fancy, and received successive additions from the rough humorists of the day—such as "he's a whole team, and a horse to spare;" or the *ne plus ultra* of commendation, "Grant's the man for next President; he's a whole team, a horse extra, and a big dog under the waggon!"—Letter in "New York Herald." Another common Americanism, derived from rural life, though not so racy as the foregoing, is, to "hitch horses," or more tersely "to hitch," to agree or consort with a person. "After he poked his fist in my face at the election, we never *hitched* horses together."—M'Clinck's Tales. "I have been teaming (driving a waggon) for old Pendleton, but I guess we shan't *hitch* long."—Mrs Clavers's "Forest Life." Among agricultural phrases that are useful and not vulgar, and commonly heard in America, are, "to draw a straight furrow," to walk in the paths of rectitude, to live up-rightly.

"Governor B is a sensible man,
He stays to his home and looks arter his
folks;
He draws his furrow as straight as he
can."
—'Biglow Papers.'

And "a hard row to hoe," a difficult matter to accomplish; "I never opposed Andrew Jackson for the sake of popularity; I knew it was a *hard row to hoe*."—Crockett.

Among the variations of old English phrases current in America, may be mentioned, "there are no two ways about it," for "there's no mistake about it;" "he rings his own bell," for "he blows his own trumpet;" "the longest pole knocks

down the persimmons (nuts)," for "the early bird gathers the worm;" "every man skin his own skunk;" for "wash your dirty linen at home;" "acknowledge the corn," for "admit the soft impeachment;" "to bark up the wrong tree," and "wake up the wrong passenger," for "to be in the wrong box."

But we need cite no more; the subject is large, and would require a dictionary to exhaust it. We have quoted enough to show that there are action and reaction between the English literatures of the two sides of the Atlantic, and to put English writers, who desire to preserve the purity of the language, on their guard against the fascinating vulgarisms which have too much charm for the "fast" people of this age—quite as fast in England as they are in America, though the Americans, to use their own hideous phrase, may think themselves far more go-aheaditive than we are. It must not be understood, however, from any remarks that we may have made, that we desire to restrict the legitimate expansion of modern English, whether the expansion come from the new

or the old home of the race. A language that has ceased to grow has already begun to perish. But while allowing and even encouraging its growth, those who employ that rich and abundant vehicle of spoken and written thought should take especial care not to corrupt and vulgarise it, and should avoid words that are neither consistent with its genius nor its structure. The English at home do more than enough of mischief in this respect—an additional reason, if one were wanted, why we should not suffer the American English to aid in the evil process. If we require new words we have an immense mine of treasure in the English of the days of *Piers Ploughman*, from which we can advantageously borrow

"Ancient words
That come from the poetic quarry
As sharp as swords,"

as William Hamilton well expresses it, in an epistle to Allan Ramsay. Into this treasure the Americans are dipping more deeply than we; and so far the influence of their example upon the mother-tongue must be recognised as both legitimate and beneficial.

AT THE ALPS AGAIN.

LONG years ago, at the time of life when the capacity for the enjoyment of all pleasures, intellectual as well as physical, is at its zenith, it happened to me to feel the intoxicating influence of a holiday ramble in the Alps. Impressions were then made on the mind never to be effaced—so ever present, indeed, that they demanded over and over again to be verified as it were by comparison with the reality. This has caused at intervals a powerful longing for the peaks and snows, a longing which has strengthened with the advance of years. When I have been so tempted as to give way to it, you have on other occasions been good enough to afford room for some casual sketches of my adventures and experiences; and these I believe you have found that your readers have not disliked, even although the ground has been thoroughly trodden over and over again for more than a century.

I now trouble you again in the old shape, and in the hope that, sinner as I have been, I may yet be tolerated. I believe that there is always something to be made of a ramble wherever it takes one—that, should it even be over the sandy plains of northern Prussia or the Polders of Holland, the wanderer who chats to you unobtrusively of the oddities and peculiarities he has seen will be listened to. The leading defect, according to my notion of books of travel, is that they are too good—their authors aim at accomplishing too much. The literary tourist should know his place, which is a very humble one. Let him be content with chat and gossip, and not aim at instructing or astonishing. Let him remember that in the present age there are gazetteers and systems of geography which render it unnecessary that he should give us the history and statistics of all the

places he honours by a visit. Perhaps we don't know them, but what then? We can, if we wish, and we don't choose to be forced. In the pleasantest collections of letters—Madame de Sevigné's, Grimm's, and Walpole's—we read superficial touches of incident or character about persons known to both the writer and receiver of the letter. Perhaps we know them too, but even if we don't, we are scarcely thankful to the solemn editor who interrupts the light flow of easy chat by telling us the pedigree belonging to the object of each sarcastic touch or funny anecdote. The letter-writer is supposed not to be an aspirant after public fame. He is writing for one reader—his own familiar friend; and therefore, although he may on other occasions be a man of solemn affairs, he is for the time a trifler. That is the rank of the literary tourist, and I don't profess to be above it.

The first thing that strikes me as worth noting is the facilities now opened for provincial folks getting across the Channel. Some twenty years ago we had all to make an expensive journey to London, and then get over to Calais or Ostend. Now steamers cross from many ports on the east coast, and I think I have seen advertised a vessel from Glasgow to France. If you glance at the map of Europe you will find that this is not so preposterous a voyage as you might suppose it to be. The fares of all these steamers are very moderate, almost nominal. The reason of this is that their fundamental object—that by which they are supported—is the transport of goods. At present they bring over to us the heaps of cheap fruit which they make abundant in our seaports, and return with manufactured goods. The passenger traffic is a mere casual

adjunct to this—almost an act of courtesy and benevolence to the public, as the owners of these vessels would sometimes make out. They are going at any rate, and so they do us the favour to take us with them. The affair has its advantages and its defects. Paying so little as we do, we have no right to be critical; and if we should complain that the cabins are close and evil-flavoured, or should make a representation about the transcendent filthiness of the steward who helps us to our victuals, and, as we cannot help knowing, though ignorance would be great bliss, also cooks them, the attempt would be a mere waste of correspondence. There is no rival who will promise you better treatment for your twenty or thirty shillings, and you must rest thankful that you have accomplished the transit of the Channel for so small a consideration.

On the present occasion it was not unnatural to expect to pass some novelties on the way up to the Alps. It is not often in the course of life that one crosses districts recently ravaged by war, or has an opportunity of seeing how a newly conquered state takes with the change of conditions. Hajji Baba, when he entered England after a commercial crisis which had scattered pecuniary ruin over the country, expected to find the marks of the event in deserted villages, ruined granges, and dead bodies by the roadside. The expectation of finding any deep mark left by the war in Germany is about as futile as Hajji's was. Nothing can be more closely alike to the Germany of 1864, when I had last seen the country, than the Germany of 1867. Still Herman sits down to his mid-day meal at twelve or one, and rises not till he has, with all due leisure, consumed his five courses. Still he gives twenty per cent of his daily time and work to the ending of his pipe. Still he has his old horror of fresh air, and

insists on closing the railway sash where the hot sun pours in: he and six fellow-countrymen are smoking with all their might, an unhappy Briton, male or female, making the eighth. Still the man of business holds his communications with you by opening a window-pane which lets forth from the interior recesses in which he passes his days a puff of hot smoke mingled with the ancient and fish-like smell with which you have become too familiar in your particular gasthouse. Still, if you desire to purchase a match-box or some penny trifle which you see in a shop-window, the presence of the dealer may be evoked by a bell, which, after he has seen to the condition of his pipe, may bring him in ten minutes to transact business with you. Still Herman is as incapable as ever he was of passing a full hour without beer and sausages—so at the great stations the sacred word “*Restauration*” inspires him with unwonted activity, while at the less blessed smaller stations boys and women run about with jugs and platters providing the all-necessary viands. Still do betrothed and newly-married couples conduct their unseemly endearments under your eyes, in the railway coaches and elsewhere, showing their tender sentiments by feeding each other with the greasy sausages which they hold in their dirty hands. Still may be seen the Herr Professor striding in solemn pomp with his great pipe borne like a mace of office, while his wife and daughters toil after him carrying the gepaek in globular bundles. To those to whom these specialties bring a pleasing association with old times and sympathies they are still all available.

As far as the personal experience of the stranger goes, the most noticeable relic of the war seemed to me to be the state of the Austrian money market. Living where I had to cross the frontier in my daily walks, the depreciation of the notes—worth twopence-halfpenny

at par—was unpleasantly perceptible. Nothing else could conveniently be used within the empire; but the Bavarian on the other side of the toll would have none of them. In Austria the normal condition of the exchange creates what may be called a steady suction, extracting from you all your metallic money and replacing it with paper. On this occasion, however, I found the phenomenon affected by disturbing influences owing to the fluctuation and uncertainty of the relative values of paper and bullion. Innkeepers and dealers would readily take gold as a speculation—keeping a margin in their own favour in the estimate of probable fluctuation, in a sort of petty stock-jobbing. People who had to account accurately, however, like the receivers of money at railway stations, were actually shy of gold. The ticket-distributor at one remote station refused to take it, an incident that never occurred to me before. He gave a fair enough reason for the refusal. It would be some time before he would have to account for it, and he could not tell how much it might be then worth, so as to hand me the precise change. On the ground of my experience, I offer the following solemn advice to all persons going to Austria. Change your large money with the Geld wech'sler. He is continually trafficking with money, and knows its actual value on the day. Then provide yourself with what notes you need in Austria, and with silver florins for the other southern states.

The war seems to have driven all spirit out of Austria, and made the Government languid and torpid. There is a visible decrease of the old fussy arrangements for checking the motions of travellers and detecting those whose objects are dangerous and questionable. I remember an old lady of extreme innocence and utter ignorance of all political or other science, having her room burst into one morning

by a body of Austrian soldiers and police, who, after rummaging among her effects, put them under the seal of the police, and hustled them along with their harmless and astounded owner off to Britain. When Lord Aberdeen, then our Foreign Secretary, asked for an explanation of this rather astounding proceeding, all kinds of apologies were made, and the affair was shown to have arisen from the excessive zeal of the police in the fulfilment of the letter of their duty. The worthy lady's name happened in every respect—even to the title of her husband as an officer in the army—to correspond with that of a lady very notorious in her day, who was connected with the escape of Lavalette. Instructions had been given to the police to turn that lady back if she were found travelling in Austria; and so, five-and-twenty years afterwards, when the real culprit had long been in her grave, did they give effect to the instruction.

I was not once asked to show my passport in Austria. There is a reversal of the old practice, for in the newly-annexed Prussian states I found an access of the vigilance which seemed to have departed from Austria. There was, it is true, no demand of passport in these provinces, but the *Fremden Buch* at each inn was kept with minute attention to the title and condition of the traveller, his business or object in travelling, and the places he was journeying between.

Even on the actual line of operations the war has left faint traces. The town of Aschaffenburg, we are told, was stormed. The print-shops have powerful pictures of the storming, just in the old conventional style of other such terrible affairs, as like the storming of Seringapatam or Badajos, as one battle on the stage of Drury Lane is like another. The gateway with its two picturesque towers is the central point of the struggle. From the tremendous human storm of which it is the centre, you would expect to find

the work a heap of ruins. But I could find no mark of the terribly destructive missiles of modern warfare—not even a bullet-mark in the wood-work of the gate. There was no appearance of destruction around—not even of broken windows. It seemed strange, when one has noted what Hougomont and La Haye Sainte were a quarter of a century after a contest which could not have been more ferocious than the artist has attempted to make the storming of Aschaffenburg. Strangely enough, the only indication of anything military that came across me in Aschaffenburg was some extremely sweet and plaintive music from a band playing in the yard of the large barrack there. It is like recalling a nightmare dream in the sunshine of a summer morning, to think that this spot, which has so much the character of “a home of ancient peace,” was so recently the scene of such active mischief as the following passage describes:—

“The Federal troops here consisted of the Austrian division under General Count Neipperg, formed of troops which had originally garrisoned Mainz, Rastadt, and Frankfort. There were also some of the Hesse-Darmstadt troops here. The infantry fire of the Federal soldiers caused the Prussians little loss; but an Austrian battery, posted on a hill south of Aschaffenburg, and admirably served, annoyed them much. The Prussian artillery could find no favourable position from which to attack this battery with clear advantage, and the Austrian guns for some time had the best of the action. At last three battalions of the 15th Prussian regiment were pushed along the stream nearer to the village of Daurm, and made themselves masters of a hill on which stood a tower surrounded by a wall. Protected by this, the infantry succeeded by its musketry fire in forcing the enemy’s artillery to retire. The advance of some Federal cavalry was also stopped by the same means before the squadrons could attack. As soon as the Austrian battery drew back, a general advance was made against Aschaffenburg, which is surrounded with a high wall that offered the

Austrians cover and a convenient opportunity for defence. The Prussian artillery, coming into action on the top of a hill, soon showed itself superior to that of the Austrians. After long firing in the environs of the town, and the gardens which lay in front of the walls, the Prussians advanced to storm, and although they were received with repeated salvos, forced their enemy out of his strong position without suffering very severe loss. At the railway station there was a sharp combat, but at no other point was the resistance very determined. The town of Aschaffenburg has only two gates. In consequence, as the retreating Austrians were hurrying towards the bridge over the Maine a block occurred. The Prussians pushing forward, entered the city with the rearmost ranks of the enemy, and made two thousand prisoners. These were for the most part Italians, who defended themselves without much energy. General Goeben occupied the bridge by which the railway to Darmstadt crosses the Maine, with three battalions, two squadrons, and a battery. These pushed reconnaissances towards Frankfort. The rest of his troops he cantoned in the town of Aschaffenburg.

“The losses of the Prussians in the capture of the town were not severe. Those of the Federal troops were considerable; as there were many killed and wounded, besides the large number of prisoners. A large quantity of material of war fell also into the hands of the conquerors. A regiment of hussars of Hesse-Cassel, which Prince Alexander had attached to his Austrian division, lost five officers and one hundred and eighty non-commissioned officers and men, in its attempt to cover the retreat of the infantry through the streets.”*

One would naturally suppose it to be among the most devastating processes of warfare when an army after a victory pursues a beaten enemy, which is still capable of resistance, from point to point. So was it between Aschaffenburg and Laufach, where the critical and conclusive battle of the Saxon side of the war was fought. Yet there were no visible traces of mischief. The smooth road passed between the unfenced fields, which on either side were under heavy crops, chiefly of potato. The unfenced character

* ‘The Seven Weeks’ War.’ By H. M. Hozier, F.C.S. F.G.S.

of the country may account for the rapid disappearance of all vestiges of devastation. The soil has to be ploughed and planted, and so all testimony to the carnage is buried out of sight. Shall we ever have to see what it is to fight an invading enemy in the network of enclosures with which our own country is covered? There are several villages on the way, but in them even there were no marks of mischief having befallen them. The inquisitive eye might find walls freshly built, and houses which, at a recent period, had been largely altered or repaired; but none of these things were prominent objects that would have attracted notice had not the eye been in search of something unusual.

I noticed afterwards that from mere accident the day of my walk to the field was the anniversary of the battle. Yet there seemed little interest about it among the peasantry, and you would find much more keenness and decisiveness of information were you asking your way to the field of Killiecrankie or of Culloden. I found a rough, ill-conditioned old peasant herding geese, and felt sure that the meadows on which they fed had been well wetted with blood. I made inquiry of him whether I was on the field, but he could not tell—he knew nothing about a *Schlacht-feld*. But he knew one thing very well—he knew that he was poor—would I give him a kreutzer? The request was modest, since the coin he named represents the third part of a penny. It is the beggar's etiquette so to limit his demand, but it infers sometimes a good deal more; just as when your friend asks you to come with him and take a chop you expect some additional culinary preparations to be made for you. On my return I found the old man taking his rest on a mound which, from the information I had in the mean time got, I knew to be one of the graves of the slain. This very trifling incident impress-

ed itself on me strongly as a symptom of what we call the phlegmatic in national character. The man was not an idiot, or a "natural," as we call a creature of imperfect intellect. He was attending in his own way to his business; while he spoke he administered, for some transgression, correction with a switch to one of his flock of geese, and he was obeyed. I never happened before to see corporal discipline inflicted on a feathered animal. Probably the man did not belong to the spot; he seemed to be shifting his charge along the road, and pasturing them as he went, in the grass growing on either side.

As in the line of retreat, so also on the battle-field there was a heavy crop, chiefly of potatoes. The only testimony that war had been there was the graves; they were pretty, with some monumental work of a permanent character, bearing apt texts from Scripture. The Germans are adepts in the art of sentimental commemoration. Among the potato stems you might find a bone or so here and there, but unless you were learned in osteology you could not decide that it had not belonged to the commissariat. The village, where the thick of the fighting must have been, seemed as uninjured as those on the line of retreat. I saw a small crowd round a narrow stage with a screen behind it, on which there hung a row of pistols. Is this an establishment for the sale of relics of the battle, such as used to be, and for all I know to the contrary still is, at Waterloo? No—it is the booth of one of the itinerant lottery-men who feed the gambling craving of the Germans. The pistols are rubbish, probably made in our own Birmingham; they are the great prizes, and that is the reason why the populace crowd round them.

And all these testimonies to indifference were on the spot where, as the historian of the war tells us

"the advantage of the needle-gun in a defensive position was well demonstrated at Laufach. Whole ranks of corpses lay in front of the position, and until early morning wounded men were found." Perhaps close to the neighbourhood of the fields of Dettingen and Hanau, such a battle as Laufach is counted a trifle, and in one respect the ground is so different from that of Dettingen, or Waterloo, or any of the spots chosen for a deliberately pitched battle, that it was an affair of a totally different kind. The two historic fields look as if they were made for such struggles. You see that neither party would fight the other if posted on ground much stronger than his own: at length has been found the spot where, by a sort of compromise, each consents to fight—a broad, gently and equally sloping valley, each bank exactly like the other. But at Laufach there are inequalities of many kinds: a steep descent to the stream; a road with high banks; everything calculated for a surprise, or the reverse of a surprise; the attack on a well-prepared army on impregnable ground—and so it was in the battle of Laufach. It was one that a competent general never would have fought against the Prussians.

In what we may term the social impressions of the war, the tone taken about it in the many indefinable and indefinite echoes of public opinion, it was easy to see a great difference from the influence of the Schleswig-Holstein war. I happened to be in Northern Germany soon after this was over, and felt an intense loathing towards the mad exultation of the Germans over the mischief and misery they had wrought on poor Denmark. Our plethoric cousin of the Teutonic race was excited into vivacity at last, and difficult as it was to accomplish that condition, tremendous were his plunges of liveliness when it was accomplished. The whole community were drunk

with victory, and an exceedingly unseemly drunkenness they had of it. It was different altogether about the later war. A few pictures of the chief battles in the shop windows were nearly the sum of the visible announcements that such a chapter in history was remembered. There seemed among the people a general tendency to give it the go-by, whether from indifference or reticence arising out of hidden feelings. An innkeeper, I remember, whose establishment was in one of the annexed provinces, and on the line of march, was bitterly complaining to me of the usage he had got from the Prussians, when, seeing a third party enter the room, he suddenly stopped, looking at me with eyes that said he must be discreet. I daresay, for all that we hear of the moderation and orderly conduct of the Prussians, many tales of hardship and injustice could be told even of this war, but it was not of a kind to stir much national feeling either of exultation or of hatred.

Among the scanty vestiges of the war, one had a pleasing effect to the outer eye—it was an access or fresh outblow of gaudy uniforms. The dull grey old town of Harburg, the first part of the annexed districts touched by me, had undergone a change such as comes to a winter Dutch garden when spring covers it with gaudy tulips and anemones. There used to be seldom a soldier there, now it swarms with them. Then civilians, such as customhouse officers, postmasters, and the like, who of old were out of livery, are now in uniform jackets and regulation flat-topped caps, all brilliantly new. This uniforming is part of the excessively orderly system of everything under Prussian rule. That Government cannot be ranked among the most despotic of powers, but it is the most complete and absolute in its centralised orderliness which takes everything in hand. I daresay, too, there is a policy in very distinctly marking

off the servants of the Government from other people in these newly-acquired territories.

An interesting inquiry might be made about official costumes, grouping them under the several heads of the robe, the uniform, and the livery. They would be found curiously to blend into each other. Whether the costume is a mark of honour or of lowliness of place is often so nice a distinction that what one person considers it a distinction to be permitted to assume another counts it hardship or degradation to be compelled to wear. I question if any of our leading physicians would feel it an honourable distinction to have to visit their patients in a light-blue shell-jacket with epaulets and broadsword by his side, as the Herr Medicinal Rath visits his. But he has substantial reason on his side, for these are the symbols of power. They are the mark of superiority and rule in the profession to which he belongs, as you will find if you don't like his treatment, and try that of any other professional man not authorised by him.

There are practical views about the Uniform system which we of this easy, slouching, undrilled community cannot easily realise. We wonder how that man in the square-topped cap and showy tawdry jacket—somebody in the position of a letter-carrier or of a policeman—finds his way into a first or second class carriage. But he is a man of consequence, whose dignity must be supported; and though you would feel a thrill of compassion on knowing the yearly amount of his salary, and the number he has to feed with it, he must be kept ostensibly and before the world in the position of a gentleman, and has privileges accordingly. Our travellers sometimes misunderstand, as in other matters, the real import of the hat-touching and bowing that goes on so affluently around them. That railway porter who has just given you a profound salute—don't ima-

gine that it is in deference to your broadcloth and British pomposity of demeanour. Civilities have previously passed between you and him, and he is pleased to do you the honour of counting you as a sort of acquaintance. If you return his compliment with the brief mixture of wink and nod wherewith the deferential obeisance of the inferior is noticed in this country, he will pity you as one whose breeding has been woefully neglected. For you will observe that he is Koeniglich or Kaiserlich—he is a Government officer. There is a halo about him containing a percentage of the divinity that doth hedge a king. True, you may possibly be higher in your own service at home than he is in his. But then you choose to dispense with the insignia of rank. You are a prince incognito, who submits to be treated like a common man, whereas all his royalty is in full vitality.

There are few British travellers that might not perhaps get the precedence of him were it necessary. Besides those practically in the public service, most people of this country have something or other in the way of title—justice of peace, deputy-lieutenant, or the like—which comes of royal authority. I have known great effect produced by the use of the Koeniglich in such cases. It may not produce the startling consequences that the London citizen brought upon himself when he declared that he was an Elector of Middlesex, but it has sometimes a wonderful effect in overcoming petty difficulties with the public departments.

By the way, let me note that in such official costume as the casual traveller sees, Bavaria shows a picturesqueness and sublimity infinitely beyond the flat caps and limp jackets of Prussia. At certain points on each Bavarian railway a man appears on a conspicuous point and solemnly salutes the train as it passes. The hat wherewith he performs the salute is

broad and red, like a cardinal's. I suppose the ceremony imports an intimation that the line is clear. To see this figure against the warm sky, giving us his courteous salute as we sweep past in a fine sunny evening, has not only a pleasantly picturesque effect, but has in it something agreeably assuring, as an intimation that a friendly eye is looking after our safety in that railway train sweeping through fields far distant from home. But on these Bavarian lines one may see a more sublime official spectacle. It is the practice that when a train is going to start, notice shall be given of the event to the assemblage labouring hard at the consumption of sausage and beer in the Restauration, in order that all concerned may know the fact. In other places the notice is given by an ordinary porter-looking functionary without ceremony. In Bavaria, instead of a mere intimation, it may be counted a proclamation, made by a man in long blue and white robes, standing under the shadow of a vast and gorgeous cocked hat, and holding in his hand a long pole with a silver coronet on its top, something like a gigantic mace stretched out to the length of some eight or ten feet. I don't know where anything else so sublime is to be seen, unless perhaps it may be among the satellites of the Lord Mayor of London. Having long looked at it with respectful awe, it was my good fortune on my last trip to have an opportunity of seeing its getting up in a sort of incidental peep behind the scenes. I was speaking to a shabbyish and insignificant-looking porter. Hearing the sound of wheels he started, and, as if seized with sudden mania, tore off his jacket and pitched away his cap. Then he arrayed himself in the solemn robe of blue and white, mounted the brilliant cocked hat, took into his hand the wondrous staff of office, and walked into the Restauration with solemn stride to make proclamation.

But this is going too far afield—we were on the external tokens and vestiges of the war, and may as well finish what remains to be said about them. In Hanover the old white horse had fled, and been superseded by the black eagle. One has naturally a sympathy with the poor horse, were it but for his connection with this country. He may be seen yet upon the old half-crowns as a bearing personal to the kings of Britain as electors of Hanover. As to the heraldic spread-eagle, though he is not a sightly spectacle, it is difficult to look on him with a recollection of his history without some sentiment of awe. He is not sublime, perhaps, on a toll-house, or a Government tobacco-store, or a bank-note value twopence-halfpenny. But his appearance anywhere may happen to remind you of his history as a symbol—the symbol of universal empire over the human race, as asserted by old Rome. The reigning houses which carry the spread-eagle on their arms assert, so far as heraldry now asserts anything, that they inherit the fortunes of the old Empire. Ever when any of them had a predominance in the balance of European powers, its tendency has been to restore the Roman Empire as it professed to be when Cæsar decreed that all the world should be taxed. The house of Brandenburg has not yet had its turn in such promotion, but its day seems to be coming. We need not fear that a proconsul and a commander-in-chief will be sent to rule Britain as in the days of Domitian, but we may see a new empire in Germany more solid and strong than that over which the house of Hapsburg presided in late years. The latest born of the great powers is to have an access of power and territory that will make it greater still—perhaps greatest of all the Continental powers; but after what fashion is its greatness to wax? Is it to be like our own constitution, a monarchy endowed by the reliance

of the community, with an executive as swift and strong for all purposes of justice and goodness as the most absolute despot ever wielded, while for all purposes of mischief it is controlled by an irresistible democracy deep rooted in the national will? Is it to have a public opinion which, like ours, is a court of last appeal against any act of meanness, dishonesty, or oppression which incidental defects in our constitution sanction? Are there not reasons too many to anticipate in it a prying, meddling bureaucracy, jealous of all free action and individual enterprise, classifying and cataloguing the people, assigning to them their stations and their functions, destitute of all sympathy with free thought and untrammelled action—a state divided into two great forces—the army of soldiers for war—the army of Government officers for the victories not less renowned of peace—victories over freedom, progress, and the general comfort and happiness of the community?

We hear much of the Prussian system of education having prepared her soldiers for gaining their victories. Remember, however, that those victories were gained over fellow-Germans and Slavonians. The Prussian has not yet crossed bayonets with the best wielders of that weapon in the world; nor is it for the sake of either party to be desired that he should. But suppose that the education is of a kind that has made the pupil serviceable in war, does it follow that it is an education suited to promote the best objects of peace? Is not the schoolmaster brigaded like the soldier? Has the one any more free will in what and how he is to teach than the other has over his motions? It is possible to give instruction which shall be no better than ignorance—instruction which restricts the mind to particular grooves of thought and belief. Surely it is sufficient to show this that there exists in the Christian community a vast body of men,

many of them extremely learned, the essence of whose learning it is to abjure the lessons of science and history, and find all wisdom in the internal traditions of their order, and in a complex organisation of symbols and ceremonies and official costumes. The Prussian peasant, is he not, after all, in his narrow education, a monk trained to the belief that the two organisations, the civil and the military, with all their complex sub-organisations, are the substance of the destiny which the Deity has designed for mankind? that, in familiarity with these, he possesses the sum of all legitimate human knowledge, applying that creed to himself and his neighbours in the maxim that it is his duty to fulfil that part in the total organisation which his superiors have assigned to him?

The Bavarian organisation is said to be a caricature of the system which assigns to every one by State requisition his precise position and duties. But there is little to fear and little to hope from poor Bavaria, and one may even enjoy the contemplation of its complete little system as a fossil relic of old times and ways. We are amused by the story of an Englishman who wanted to get a barrow made according to his own independent notions, and who found that he must himself buy the wood from the timber-merchant; that then he had to employ the carpenter to make the body of the barrow. That functionary could not make the whole, however; it was the wheelwright's privilege and duty to make the wheel. When he had done the wood-work of it the blacksmith must be the person employed to do the iron-work; and, when the fabric was completed, if the employer desired that it should be painted, he had to take it to the establishment of the painter. This is thorough Germanism, though, no doubt, in caricature dimensions. It is no great evil, perhaps, that as a caricature it should remain a source of merriment to others, in one second-

ary state. But it is sad to think of a future of this hue for united Germany; for a people with aspirations so strong in the direction of what is noble and generous—with spirits indeed willing, but flesh weak.

History already tells us what the result will be. A bureaucratic Germany will keep the great bulk of her lazy contented citizens, but lose all her finer spirits—the men of practical energy—the natural leaders of opinion and action. How is it that the Germans, keeping as they do to so dead a level at home, make fortune and eminence to themselves abroad? It is because those who emigrate are the men sick of the close stifling atmosphere and limited action at home—the men who desire a free field and no favour, that they may reap the legitimate fruit of their talents and enterprise. Don't we see how in all ages, when the Empire or any other Government became offensively strong and oppressive among the Teutonic people, the best of them moved off elsewhere for the sake of freedom, first to Britain, and when Britain became full, then to Greenland, Iceland, and America? It is from our thus having drained the northern continent of its noblest spirits that we are the most powerfully Teutonic of all the Teutonic populations.

But let us turn to other topics and pleasanter, for, behold, the train stops at Innsbruck, the farthest point of the railway system of Western Europe; and see, it has brought us into the very heart of the Alps. Tired of ranging over churches, palaces, galleries, and museums, you feel a sort of thankfulness that indoor sight-seeing is now over. No; there is here one interior that the stranger must positively go to see—that he who is no stranger to it will assuredly return to with real zest. This is the Franciscan church, wherein the Emperor Maximilian built himself a tomb. This is a project of a kind which a man cannot render quite complete by taking possession. Gorgeously as he had it

decorated, to become his rank and power, his dust was not laid within it. The tomb, though a fine work, would be little worthy of note, but for the two rows of colossal bronze statues that form as it were the body-guard for the intended tenant of the tomb. The whole group, statues and tomb, form a work of art peculiar, ambitious, and unlike anything else in the world. From this cause there has been a sort of hesitating approval of them by critics, who have generally saved their responsibility by the admission that they are very creditable as works of native art so early as the middle of the sixteenth century. Having no reputation as a critic to risk in the matter, I do not hesitate to give my vote for counting them one of the finest groups of statuary in the world. They are not in the least classical; they have not a shade of that tone of the classical which modern sculptors, on account of their training, cannot help imparting to works which profess to be Gothic. Maximilian and his companions are thoroughly Gothic. The artist, Loeffler, seems to have been saturated with the spirit of the medieval art, which was just departing, and at the same time to have possessed what other Gothic sculptors had not, a power of representing the human body alike gracefully and naturally. I never felt so distinctly that bronze is the material to bring out the powers of Gothic statuary art with its full rich details, just as statuary marble is the proper material for giving effect to the cold, severe purity of the perfectly classic. There is another school of sculpture in which the same reality—the reality of representing the costume of the time—prevailed. This is the school well known in Westminster Abbey, of which Roubilliac was the master. The realities of the time, however—small-clothes, full-bottomed wigs, and single-breasted coats—were not so favourable to artistic effect as the armour and imperial and heraldic

robes with which Loeffler and his assistants had to deal. It is in the minute reality that the grandeur of the scene exists. The bronze gives us alike the hardness of the armour, weapons, and jewels, and the flow of the robes. The armour, in fact, is real armour. Perhaps Mr Ruskin would like to take it off, and give the work his approval only if he found real limbs cast in bronze and completely finished within the outer casing. Indeed, so real is this outer covering, that such a discovery is exactly what one would expect.

These figures are very real, and yet are not all portraits. They are the personages recognised in the sixteenth century as the most eminent in the various parts of the world. Our own country is represented by King Arthur. If he ever existed, which is a good deal more than doubtful, he would have dressed himself as much like a Roman Emperor as circumstances permitted. Here, however, he is a noble specimen of a man-at-arms in the costume and armour that prevailed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and was just about to disappear when this group, so well fitted to preserve its characteristics, was executed. There are others who, had they been represented in their fashion as they lived, would not have been as they are here; such are Clovis of France, Rudolph of Hapsburg, and Theodoric King of the Ostrogoths. To keep himself familiar with realities, however, the artist had Charles the Bold of Burgundy, Ferdinand the Catholic, and Maximilian himself, with several of his relations. Probably nowhere else is there such an opportunity for the study of that Gothic art which is now in the ascendant. The group alike shows the resources possessed by that style, and affords examples of minute and intricate details. Whether he be sculptor or painter, the artist who aspires to the medieval should study devoutly in this gallery.

And now let us step forth from this triumph of art and look at what nature has to show us around it. On one who has never before been in the Alps, to be swept by railway train into Innsbruck must have a startling and exciting effect. It is a town on the flat haugh of the river Inn, with many of the picturesque, quaint, carved houses, the upper storeys overlapping the under, as if the opposite sides of the narrow streets had at some time tried to meet and had nearly accomplished their wish. To these effects, picturesque as they are, the traveller has got accustomed almost to satiety before he has got thus far into the heart of Europe. But what will alike surprise and delight him here, is the mountain panorama. Stand under the shadow of the church; throw your head back and look up to the steeple—right over its head you see the precipices and the snows as you see the dome of St Paul's swelling above the churchyard railing. How close everything seems to be. It would not surprise me if our friend the typical Cockney—on whom it is usual to lay the weight of all tourist mystifications and follies—should congratulate himself on his nearness to that snow, and talk of stepping up after dinner to have iced grog on the spot. It is his good fortune that he will be unable to get far enough afield even to fall into a scrape. To get to the top of the sand-hill spur, where houses and tobacco-fields are plentiful, will exhaust his energies; and when he has panted up so far, the snow seems to be a good deal farther off from him than it appeared when he saw it from the window of his gast-hof. The man who can go a good deal farther is the one most likely to get into danger; but we must presume him able to take care of himself. If he is wise he will know that it will never do to treat these hills as he has been accustomed to treat those of the Scots Highlands or of the Lakes. If they seem to be close at hand and easy

of access, it is on account of the magnitude of all the objects, and the rarity of the air. It will take you a hard pull to reach that snow, and when you have attained your object and made your grog, you will be still more reminded of the distance you have come when you are returning, and the excitement of contending with the space is over. The town, with all its white marble houses, is quite distinct under your feet, but observe what a toy of a thing it is. You cannot see the human beings swarming in its chief street; you cannot see the windows; you can scarcely distinguish the public buildings. Before you can distinguish the human beings like moving dots, weary hours have passed, first over rock and snow—then over turf—then through forests of dwarf pines some two feet high, their stature gradually stretching as you get down to the true forest girdle.

Looking up the Inn you see an abrupt projection of rock, a sort of bluff. It seems a trifle, and close at hand; but it is eight miles off, and seven hundred feet in perpendicular height. That is not a great thing in the Tyrol, but it is a great thing that it is within an easy walk of a city—that it starts right up from the side of a turnpike road, instead of being reached by a heavy climb like most of the Alpine precipices, and that you can look at it from the inn just at its base while you are imbibing an excellent dinner. The precipice is called the Martinswand. Like the hero of many battles, it is decorated with crosses, chapels, and consecrated grottoes, on account of a meritorious miracle performed on it. The Emperor Maximilian, when hunting up the hill, got himself into such a condition on the edge that he must inevitably have tumbled over, had he not been rescued by a poacher who was hiding there to escape the punishment due for his offences against that very Emperor. His Imperial Majesty got warning of the coming help by a loud hullo;

and, as the story goes, he conferred on his rescuer the title of Hollauer von Hohen-felsen. There are here many fine clefts in the mountain, with a peculiar and in some measure provoking character. In the lower ranges you think that when you walk up a little you may get across the stream and pass to the other side; but as you ascend, the bed of the water does not ascend with you. It lies in a cleft the precipitous sides of which grow higher and higher the farther up you climb. It is a gentle slope that you have left behind, but you now look down into a deep wild ravine.

All attempts to reach the higher ranges require a good deal of circumsppection, unless you encumber yourself with a guide—and to rightly-constituted minds that is a sacrifice of by far the larger part of the enjoyment of such an expedition. To the uninitiated there will appear many paths, leading straight up the mountain, which yet he will do well to avoid. Such a path presents an easy gradient, and is notably distinct and broad; yet, if it lead not to destruction, it will invariably bring the hapless wanderer to obstruction. You will observe that the path, broad and clear as it is, is seamed with cuts and deep scratches, as if it had been swept by giants with brooms made of pine trees, vestiges of which are strewn about upon the surface in fragments of timber and crushed branches. These well-defined paths are, in fact, the grooves by which the timber is hurled down from the higher forests. The lower reach, which seems so reasonable and easy a road, has a gentle decline to bring the mass which has thundered down the mountain-side gradually to a stop. As you go upwards, you find the rut get steeper and steeper, for the course selected for it is an abrupt uninterrupted descent. When the wanderer discovers what kind of groove he has got into, his next pleasant consideration will be, what if he

should encounter on its way down a sample of the merchandise for the conveyance of which the abrupt path has been prepared?

But it is the glory of this district that the scenery dispersed over it is so abundant and so various that there is no need of climbing or extra exertion of any kind. Lounge about where you will, there is always something to feast the eye. There is a ramification through all the valleys of good easy roads. The southward direction is the more profitable, as it leads to the passes into Italy, and to the highest ranges—to the backbone of the Alps. Thus a few miles' walk by the Still Thal or the Stubay discloses new successions of snowy summits. You can easily vary your starting-point by the railway, and soon this service will be greatly enlarged by the line across the Brenner to Verona. It is impossible to see this line, so far on as it now is, without a tribute of admiration for the boldness of the project. As much of the line seems to go under as above ground. The tunnelling is of the most difficult kind, being in great part through sand-hill spurs, where a lining is necessary sufficiently strong to meet the pressure of the loose material of the hill. From the surrounding heights these tunnels look like the earth-holes of moles or rats, or rather, perhaps, of gnomes or cobolds, represented by the swarms of pigmy-looking creatures who are busily at work around them. There is a curious cataract at Berg-Isel, close to the beginning of the line. It comes over a ridge so straight and flat as to seem like an artificial dam. One can hardly doubt that it has been tampered with; yet, on the other hand, it is not easy to conceive how human hands got access to it, since in a narrow channel it carries with it about as much water as the Tay at Perth. The old road winds round the spur of the mountain, so as to avoid the river near the fall, where the banks are very steep; but the railway is

cut into the rock close beside it. The other lines, passing though they do through grand scenery, have an easy business of it. They are laid on the broad meadow or haugh by the side of the great rivers, and they have little more to contend with in the way of interruption than the gradient of the river's own descent. These rivers—the Salz, the Inn, and the Iser—hurl downwards with tremendous currents; yet the slope sufficient to give them their impetuosity is a moderate pressure on a railway. The new lines through the central passes are affairs of a different character, and will add new dangers, such as that of the avalanche, to railway travelling.

Free passage through this country is met by one rather provoking difficulty in these same rapid rivers. Bridges are only at long intervals. There are also for your accommodation a few stated ferries. But you do not, as in the home rivers, see a small boat here and there nestled under the trees. The rivers are too impetuous for such craft to live in them. Hence close neighbours are irretrievably severed from each other—an impassable sea rolls between. It is observable, whether from this cause or not, that the Tyrolese are not a people of a nautical or aquatic character. On their large lakes the boats are generally heavy masses cut out of logs of wood like the one made by Robinson Crusoe which he found too large to be floated. Thus in naval affairs the mountaineers of the Alps have made no progress since the Romans knew them, and are at present far behind the New Zealanders.

Innsbruck, by the way, is not exactly the spot where one who desires quietness should set up his tabernacle. It has a Babylonish air as if frequented by all nations and languages. This has its advantages for some. In the heavy uniform German towns it is provoking to find that some little divergence from the conventional³ cos-

tume makes you a monster which all stare at and some deride, as the people of Vanity Fair treated Christian. But so motley and varied is the costume here, that I question if you would attract much notice though you appeared in a kilt and top-boots with a cocked hat above them. This variety of characters gives the place its noisy Babylonish tone. Then all day there is ceaseless rifle-shooting—for this is the headquarters of the famed Tyrolese marksmen. The night has its own noises, which come to you through the window, which the heat requires you to keep open. There are some six or eight church clocks, all deep toned; they strike not only each hour but each quarter of an hour, and not being unanimous in the time they keep, their chimes are tolerably continuous. Then every now and then, for some special ecclesiastical reasons unknown to the uninitiated heretic, some great bell is set in motion, "swinging slow with sullen roar." Then a practice of old times, which has dropped out of use here within the memory of some old people, is still in fresh observance there, and in obedience to its dictates a watchman with tremendous power of lungs assures you at the conclusion of every hour that you may rest in safety. The thorough seasoned wanderer who has had his day of hard trudging will be above minding these things. They will lull him to sleep, and perhaps give a touch of reality to the fairy dreams they mingle with. To such a person there is no recollection of bed and its surrounding conditions, but the perfectness of the sleep there enjoyed. A bad sleeper, however, had better not select Innsbruck as his place of refuge from wakefulness and nightmare—he will find plenty of quiet country inns not far away.

It is among the things not easily to be accounted for why the professors of "the gentle craft," as they cynically term it, have not found their way to the Tyrol and

the Salz-Kammer-Gut. These are places far more accessible than Norway, which has many pilgrims of the fishing order. We associate the Alps with sports of a higher flavour—chamois-hunting and the like; but there are many difficulties in the way of the stranger turning jäger. There are the high prerogative privileges of sport, not to be easily bought; and there are the difficulties attending the practice of the sport, not easily to be overcome by a stranger. Your southern Saxon, who has got the length of setting out with his gillie to stalk in the glens of Inverness and Western Ross, will not have yet educated himself for dealing with the chamois in the high Alps; but I do not see why he could not as easily fish in the lakes and streams of these Alps as in Scotland. Your fisher professes to be under a sort of vow of poverty and simplicity. His is the cheap sport proper to the poor man who is content with his little. The idea has probably been fostered by the remembrance that apostles were fishermen. The practice has not been driven to asceticism. Anglers don't restrict themselves to pulse and water, but will betake themselves to roast veal and wine, if not to stronger liquors if they can get them cheap, and without infringement of the vow of economy. Now this is just the feature that should recommend our district to them. If it would be a costly affair to hire a band of jägers to stalk for you in the high Alps, down where the fishing waters are, comfortable inns abound—inns where you can live cheaper than at Tibbie Shield's, or the Nest. To the abundance of the fish there is the most lively testimony. In the clear shallows you see the trout at any time. For instance, in a runnel from the river Inn, passing round a village where it makes a sort of gutter in which the people washed their clothes and dishes, I have seen the trout swarming thick, as one sometimes sees min-

nows in a mill-lead. You get delicious specimens of the species at the inns if you have the good sense to ask for "forellen." In some places too you may see portraits of prize-catches—twenty and thirty pounders. Why, I repeat, is so goodly a field uncultivated? Does Piscator care for noble scenery, or does he deem it a mere vanity, which, if it have any influence, will disturb him in the earnest pursuit of his solemn duty?

At the risk of incurring his contempt, if such be his humour, I beg to introduce him to one or two of the scenes in which his vocation may be followed in this region. The Achen See holds among Alpine lakes somewhat the same rank as Loch Katrine in the Highlands, and Windermere in England—it unites the soft and warm with the wild and mountainous. It is nearer to the snows than the Geneva, Lucerne, Neuchatel, and other known lakes in Switzerland. The lakes at Interlachen, to be sure, reflect abundant snows, but they are themselves in a flat, amid meadows and gardens. The Achen See is high up, yet not too high to have rich vegetation in its sheltered nooks. It is very accessible. It is but six miles from a railway station—Jembach, on the line between Kuffstein and Innsbruck. Few people at home have heard of Jembach, yet it has several inns of pretty large size. The village is one of those which cling to the steep ascents rising from the borders of the rivers, sending their houses forward to cling to every spot where standing-room can be had on the steep ascent. So you mount, corkscrewing through abrupt winding lanes; and ever as you think you are surely above all human habitation, you come to another dwelling and another. A roaring stream dashes down through the village, seeming as if it were resolved and able to go where it would, in spite of all efforts to lead it on in an orderly manner for useful purposes, which

are here chiefly for driving the mills in which the steel, for which Jembach has a local celebrity, is manufactured. So you see it here spurting forth in a fountain from some crack in a trough, and there tumbling in a great cataract over its side. There is an immense waste of water-power, but there is still no doubt enough kept to serve the capital at the disposal of the iron-masters. Many of the lateral glens along the great rivers of the district are thus invaded, as it were, by sweltering waters. They are one of the features which struck the picturesque eye of Prout, the water-colour painter; and next only to the refreshing effect of passing among them in a hot dusty day, was that of seeing the rendering of the excited waters by his free transparent touch in a collection of dry conventional landscapes. The stranger feels naturally curious as to how it is that children are reared to maturity in these valleys. There is a story about a man with a too numerous family taking lodgings beside the sixteen locks of the Union Canal, and furnishing each of his children with a fishing-rod; but a residence in Jembach would be a more promising speculation.

The six miles of ascent to the lake are steep—so steep that the light pedestrian has the infinite satisfaction of passing the heavy four-horsed vehicles with which the native Dons get their frousy and well-born selves conveyed to the spot which, by the laws of local touring, they are doomed to visit—for, remark, Germany has a tourists' code just as we have, and it must be obeyed.

The first glimpse of the lake may, perhaps, be a little disappointing if expectations have been much excited. The visitor has been ascending for some miles, and, therefore, the heights just at hand are not so great as they appeared from below, and there is nothing very remarkable in the little bay of smooth water winding in among them. But let him take a leisurely

walk along the brink, and he will find a sense of enjoyment gradually stealing over him. The scenery is infinitely varied; in some places soft with feathery verdure—in others as grand and majestic as the greediest eye can demand. The water, of the lovely beryl blue peculiar to the district, darkens in colour with its depth till it becomes almost black, but still with the tone of blue. I don't know any class of scenery that becomes so much our companion for the time as a fine lake, or so much the treasured object of after-recollection. I can assure every one who has the faculty of enjoying mountain scenery that he will walk along the whole length of the Achen See with ever-increasing pleasure; and if he refresh himself with a jug of wine at the good inn of the Achen Thal, he will take the road back with renewed capacity for enjoyment. In the end, it will be with a reluctance partaking of sadness that he bids farewell to so endearing a spot. When he returns to the inn at Jembach and plans a pedestrian route for his return westward, it will be to pick up the train at Miesbach, taking the Achen See on his way.

The great rival of the Achen See—its far distant superior in the eyes of those who admire only the grand and terrific—is the Koenigs See, in the Bavarian Highlands. This has, perhaps, the rockiest setting among all the lakes of Europe—at least among those which are large enough to command the scenery. To do this, the sheet of water must be something far beyond a mere tarn in the lap of some mountain. It must be on such a scale that the mountains belong to it as the predominant feature. The sternness of the setting, as we may call it, of this See is attested by its inaccessibility to human foot where it stretches round the folds of the mountains. It thus forfeits one feature in the æsthetics of scenery—the faculty of being

visited by the wanderer alone and at his will. True, it may be counted “a scene alike where souls united or lonely contemplation” may stray. But even though in your case there may be no cry for the “ceaseless vulture” ceasing to prey on self-condemning bosoms, yet boatmen, or boatwomen either, who are the majority here, may perhaps not happen to make “souls united” for the wanderer. But there is no remedy at the Koenigs See—he must submit to the stern conditions in which nature has imbedded the noble waters. Where the lake empties there is a patch of flat sward where boats are to be had. Some two-thirds or so of the distance to the other end there is another smooth patch of brilliant sward, and a third landing-place is at the head. But elsewhere there is hardly standing-room to be had on the edge, so abruptly do the precipices plunge down. You see them in the transparent water running straight and perpendicular without a bend into the unknown depths.

That there may be any point high up among the mountains, where a native conversant in their inner geography could get a view of some considerable part of the lake, is a possible supposition; but I convinced myself, by an inspection of angles and gradients, that any attempt by a stranger to reach such a stand-point would be a vain and disappointing expenditure of labour. There was nothing, therefore, for it, if I were really to see what I had gone to see, but submission to the conditions of the spot. There is, after all, too, a kind of mysterious grandeur about this proud reserve which denies the enjoyment of the scene to all but those who trust themselves upon the bosom of its own dark waters; for the lovely blue in which they bask in the shallow where the boats lie deepens almost to blackness under the shadows of the mighty precipices. The oracular

Murray says, "The scenery of the lake is wonderfully grand and impressive by reason of the great height of the mountains which wall it in on all sides, rising 5000 feet perpendicular from its margin." Mural precipices 5000 feet high are not to be lightly and readily spoken of. The sides are not perpendicular, but run up in slopes and terraces quite abrupt enough to satisfy the most rapacious eye. Perhaps spots might be found whence, if you let yourself off, a few molluscos fragments plunging down three or four thousand feet might reach the lake, and make for the moment an ugly spot in its transparent waters, and this is enough to make very superb mountain scenery. There is snow wherever there is a sufficient level to retain it; and in places too abrupt for snow you see the forest climbing up as far as it can. A green patch here and there, looking like a fungus, would, if you were up at it, turn out a goodly stretch of wood in which you might lose yourself.

To my eye, the geological character of a rock has much influence on its effect as a piece of scenery. Here all is hard crystalline limestone—that is to say, marble. It is sometimes pure white, whence it merges through delicate pink into a rich red, which seems to deepen its fiery colour in the hot rays of the sun. The crystalline rocks—the marbles, traps, porphyries, and granites—have something in their shape and character which gives them the same sort of relation to the sedimentary rocks which gems have to inferior stones. There is a hardness and clearness of outline which no buffeting of winds and waters can abrade—which resists even the rubbing shoulders with the human race. The crystalline rock yields to outward force only in its own crystalline manner, reserving its special form of fracture, if break it must. A good study of this characteristic is to be seen in the Castle Rock of Edinburgh, especially those parts of it

near the base, which are subject to the manipulation of a sordid community. Where sandstone would be abraded and take a dirty smoothness on its surface, the black trap breaks in its own cubical crystalline form, and ever presents flat surfaces and clean angles. The same feature on a great scale gives a character to the mountains round the Koenigs See. Up to the very highest points you see the crystalline character of the rock in its grand flat slopes and abrupt precipitous edges.

There is no lingering about the Koenigs See. The rowers pull to shore as hard as they can. You land out of the deep pit in the mountains, step ashore on the flat patch of grass, and pay your fare; but you have seen something that will fill the memory with pictures never to be effaced. And in the neighbourhood you may indulge in a perpetual feast of such scenery, minus the lake. The touring station to which the Koenigs See belongs is Berchtesgaden, about fifteen miles from Salzburg. No railway touches this remote village; you reach it by walking, or by the old-fashioned *schnell* post. The glimpses you catch at Salzburg of snows and spiked summits beckon you onwards. The flat haugh on the edge of the Salz is much wider than you thought, the actual hills much further off, and very provocative and tantalising. At length you skirt the mighty Unterberg, the foremost bastion of the actual Alps. In the caverns piercing its ample sides the people believe that the spirits of two of the mightiest of monarchs, Charlemagne and Charles the Fifth, repose. They are some day or other to waken simultaneously, and resume government business.

Hitherto the world had not been precisely informed of the situation or political conditions which so curious a resuscitation is to produce; but it has just been revealed. Since I saw the mountain, two Emperors have been holding counsel

under its shadow ; and in a popular political pamphlet, which has been widely strewn about in Austria, Charles the Fifth has been mythically brought forth from his cavern to make a third with them. It is there explained that the event which will bring him forth in the body is the creation of a compact and united Germany. Every hundred years the Emperor lifts his head and asks if that event has yet arrived. Next time when he varies the monotony of his existence by putting this question, it will be answered in the affirmative. The result of the Salzburg meeting will be a grand European war, in which France and Prussia will each exhaust itself. Then will Austria step forward to the rescue, declaring that not a single German village shall be ruled by a stranger, and the house of Lorraine will again be the head of a German Empire more compact and national than that of the past.

Berchtesgaden is surely one of the most delightful spots upon the crust of the earth—so secluded is it, and so affluent in noble scenery. It may be counted as entirely exempt from English tourism, and it is less sought by Austrian and Bavarian pleasure-seekers than the Saltz Kammer-Gut and Innsbruck. I pitched my camp here at the inn of the Lauthaus, in pursuance of a policy which I have generally found to be successful. The 'Murray' I possessed—an edition a year or two old—had passed on this house the ominous sentence, "dirty and dear." The result was that I found it to be clean and reasonable. All things about it and its management were well-favoured and pleasant, down to its two imp kellners—boys some ten or twelve years old, inspired by an attentiveness that amounts to pertinacity, and with such a superfluity of energy, that, while serving you effectively and readily, they extract from you the history of your past life and future prospects, with an exact and particular account of what you are about day by

day—if you are going to sail on the Koenigs See or to climb the Watzman. "Hollo !" says one of them, who finds you deficient in punctuality, "here waits your breakfast. Ah, I see you have been tempted to spend your money at the horn-ware shop yonder. So you were not so busy, then ; you were only promenading to get an appetite, which your breakfast awaits." To a person with an imperfect colloquial supply of German, such active curiosity gives a good deal of hard work ; but it is a sort of training, and may in this view be thankfully endured.

Berchtesgaden has its special sights ; but the glory of the place is that you can go nowhere in the group of mountains wherein it nestles without beholding an infinity of what is noblest and most beautiful in scenery. It is to be found among the various folds of the mountains, with their spiked tops, their snowy aprons, and their deep green forest girdles. But to those who have a special craving for penetrating the dark recesses of nature there are opportunities also. Wherever the word "klamm" occurs in a map, one is sure to find a deep dark cleft with a white roaring torrent hurrying through it. One of these, the Wimbachklamm, is within two or three hours' walk of the village. You take the road to Ramsau, and turn off where a stream descends from a valley leading to the Yagdschloss or hunting-lodge of Wimbach. After mounting a little way up, you find the rocks rising black and perpendicular above you, while the stream whirls down below, a succession of cataracts. A very attractive feature of this klamm is a row of tiny waterfalls dropping over the face of the rock into the principal stream. They are lined by wild flowers and brilliant mosses, a gentle and beautiful fringing to the tossing cataracts below. They reminded me of the Linn of Corriemulzie, near Braemar.

(*To be continued.*)

MONETARY REFORM.

ANY one who watches the signs of the times, the material wants and intellectual movements of the age, must feel assured that a revision of our Monetary System will be one of the first questions forced upon the attention of, if not spontaneously taken up by, the reformed Parliament. There is certainly no lack of remedies proposed. The difficulty of the case lies rather in the number and diversity of the new systems which are already advocated. In truth their name is legion; and this very multiplicity and diversity is probably the greatest obstacle to the success of the movement. A Minister who has but little time to examine the remedies proposed, and to think out for himself the practical effects of each, is apt to turn away from the problem in despair; and to infer, with easy rapidity, that all of the proposals alike must be wrong or seriously imperfect, seeing that they differ so widely from one another. Any statesman, however, who argues in this superficial way will certainly find himself in the wrong. He will find that though for the sake of ease he himself has shrunk from mastering the problem, there will be many members in the new House who have carefully investigated the subject, and who will press their views with an earnestness of spirit and cogency of reasoning that will compel the Government to deal with the question.

It is true that the study of the currency question, to one who does not think out the problem for himself—who does not laboriously set himself to master the mazy multitude of facts, and to ascertain their precise significance, but who seeks to understand the question by accepting the statements and opinions of the many writers on the subject—is at present but a listening to a

chorus of discordant cries. The cry "Eureka!" is raised now in one part of the wide field, now in another, till the hunt after the truth terminates in disappointment. It is like the hunt after the fairy fox, whose various parts appeared to the hunters each in a different part of the field,—his brush in one direction, his head in another, his fore-legs in one place, and his hind-quarters in another; and each hunter, as he descried a part of the animal, raised the "view-halloo," and started off in pursuit as if the whole fox were actually before him, "the field" being immediately broken up, and starting off in different directions; and even if successful, the pursuers found at the last that they had captured but a fragment of the animal, while the real object of their pursuit was still beyond their reach. So it is with the vast body of "currency doctors." Even if they successfully run down the object of their pursuit, it proves to be a mere fragment,—of no use of itself as long as the other parts are not equally mastered and combined with it as a living whole.

At the present time, the uppermost thought in the minds of practical men is to devise a plan which will give to our monetary system a suitable power of expansion, to meet the severe strains which ever and anon are made upon it. How to obtain an elastic monetary system: this is the main problem with practical men. They do not care much as to the terms upon which this elasticity or expansibility is to be procured. They have got so accustomed to high rates of discount—eight, ten, or even twelve per cent—that they would be thankful if currency in adequate amount to the wants of the community could in times of difficulty be obtained even upon those exorbitant terms. The most

pressing defect of the present system is, that even upon those terms an adequate supply of currency is sometimes not to be obtained,—so that substantially good securities cannot be converted into currency; and mercantile houses, financial companies, and even banks, have to come to the ground, owing to a temporary impossibility of converting their assets into currency.

This, we say, is at present the starting-point in all plans put forward by practical men for a reform of our monetary system. Beyond this, few of the “practical men” venture to go. Engrossed in business, they have little time, and few of them have the capacity, to enter upon the science of the question, and to ascertain how much further a reform of our monetary system may be carried. They are confident that their rudimentary proposal is desirable; and they also see how beneficial it would be to get rid of the perplexing fluctuations and excessive elevations of the rate of discount,—in other words, to keep steady the value of the currency, which is the measure of value.

Under a perfect monetary system, the value of the currency should always be the same. As Leon Fauchet remarks in his ‘Political Economy,’ a fixity in the value of the currency is a mark of civilisation, and a currency which fluctuates in value is a barbarism. Under the erroneous and altogether absurd system established in 1844, we have become so accustomed to variations in the value of the currency, and of the charge for banking accommodation, disastrous as those variations have been, that we have almost lost sight of the true object of currency. The currency is the Measure of Value—the circulating medium by which the value of all other kinds of property is represented in a negotiable form. If the currency fluctuates in value, all monetary contracts are thereby vitiated. Under the present system in this country, it is no exaggeration to say that a merchant

who gives his bill or promise to pay £1000 three months after date, may find that, owing to a change in the value of money, he has to pay £1250; and it is quite a common case if he has to pay £1100 instead of £1000. Say that a merchant, when the Bank-rate is 4 or 5 per cent, purchases a thousand pounds’ worth of goods, and gives a bill for £1000 payable at three months after date. In the interval, the Bank-rate is doubled—is raised to 9 or 10 per cent; in consequence, the markets are depressed to the extent of 20 or 25 per cent below their former ordinary price: and thus, in order to get money to meet his bill, the merchant must sell not only the thousand pounds’ worth of goods which he received, but a fifth or a fourth part more, before he can obtain the £1000 which he promised to pay. This is a great evil. It indicates a glaring defect in our present monetary system. It is a barbarism. And the only wonder is, that habit should have accustomed the present generation to regard such a system as tolerable in any degree. By our ancestors such a system would have been scouted as a barbarism: and the thinking men of the new generation now rising up regard it in exactly the same light.

The grand object of all plans of Monetary Reform is to prevent or minimise fluctuations in the Measure of Value,—in other words, to insure steadiness in the value of the currency, in which all contracts are made; so that those contracts may not be vitiated owing to a change in the value of the circulating medium by which they are payable and must be discharged. This is a most important object. It is of momentous importance to the community that the sum (the amount of currency) which a man promises to pay at a certain date—whether it be a yearly rent for house or land, or a three months’ bill—should represent the same value or purchasing power, should be convertible into the same quantity of merchan-

dise or other property, at the time of payment as at the time when the contract was made.

It is impossible, of course, to prevent fluctuations in the value of the ordinary kinds of property, for all kinds of property vary more or less from time to time, and in some cases suddenly, owing to a change either in the amount of supply or in the extent of the demand. Such changes are inevitable, and no one imagines that they can be prevented. But what is desired is, that changes of price should not be occasioned merely by a temporary excess or deficiency of the currency. The amount of the supply, and the extent of the demand, for any kind of property remaining the same, the price of that property should be unaltered. Yet at present, in such circumstances, the price of goods is vastly enhanced or lowered owing to a wholly extraneous cause—viz., the fluctuations in the Measure of Value, a change in the purchasing power of the currency, owing to the supply of currency becoming greater or less than usual in proportion to the demand for it.

We cannot prevent fluctuations in the price of goods—corn, cotton, houses, or land—because it is impossible to increase the supply of them at all times when the demand increases, or to diminish the demand for them at all times when the supply of them falls below the ordinary amount. If the harvest is bad, the price of corn must rise; so must the price of cotton, or any other kind of goods, if the supply from any cause falls short of the demand. In like manner the price of corn or cotton, or any other commodity, must fall if, from any cause, the supply is greater than the usual demand. Such changes, we say, are acknowledged to be inevitable. But the value of the currency is another matter. Paper-money, especially in the form of banking-currency, is the offspring of civilisation, devised for the very

purpose of keeping steady the Measure of Value: it is a means by which the supply of currency may be kept always commensurate with the demand for it,—increasing if the demand for it increase, and diminishing when the demand diminishes. When the community require more currency, they obtain it from the banks in the form of additional loans and discounts: if less currency is needed, the fewer notes are taken from the banks. Hence it follows that if the currency be issued by the banks always on the same terms—that is to say, if the Bank-rate, the charge for banking-accommodation, remains always the same—the Measure of Value will be perfect; the relative proportion between the amount of the currency and the requirements of the public will be always preserved; and consequently the purchasing power of the currency (not indeed as regards any particular kind of goods, but as regards property in general) will at all times be alike,—so that all monetary contracts will be equitably maintained, and no man will have to pay more value or receive less than he bargained for when his contracts were made. The attainment of this end is indispensable to a perfect monetary system. And it is the grand object which all currency-reformers have, or ought to have, specially in view.

There are two broad, and in some respects rough-and-ready, ways in which it has been sought or proposed to impart steadiness to the currency,—i.e., the Measure of Value. One of these is, by fixing the rate of discount; the other is, by fixing the amount of the currency. The former of those means was in use in this country for nearly a century and a half after the establishment of banks and banking-currency; and it was adopted, *sua sponte*, by the great Napoleon in founding the Bank of France. The latter system was advocated by Cobbett, one of the shrewdest prac-

tical men which our country has produced; it also finds favour with some writers of the present day. But neither of those systems is perfect of itself, and the latter is wholly untenable.

1. The proposal of Cobbett—which is now advocated afresh—to preserve fixity in the Measure of Value by always keeping the currency fixed at a certain amount, although specious in appearance, will not stand examination. The value of the currency (like that of every other thing) depends not merely upon the amount of the supply, but upon the extent of the demand. There are two factors in the calculation, and Cobbett looked only at one. If the requirement for currency remained at all times the same, and if the amount of the supply remained likewise the same, the value of the currency would consequently be perfectly steady. But, as every one knows, this is not the case. The requirement for currency varies greatly from time to time. Hence to fix the amount of the currency, instead of being a means of insuring its uniform value, would ever and anon cause the latter to fluctuate to a serious extent. In truth, if the amount of the currency were fixed (though it is not easy to see how it could be fixed), our country would be subjected to even greater monetary embarrassments than at present. The defect of our present currency-system is a want of elasticity—it cannot expand freely in accordance with the wants of the community: but if the currency were absolutely fixed in amount, we should be even worse off than we now are. Hence, whatever arguments may be advanced in support of a steady Bank-rate, as a means of insuring steadiness in the value of the currency, no such argument is tenable in support of fixing the amount of the currency. With a fixed amount of currency we could not possibly have a fixed or steady Bank-rate. The two things are incompatible.

2. Napoleon I., when founding, or at least reconstituting, the Bank of France, said to the Governor and Directors: "Write up in letters of gold these words—What is the object of the Bank of France? *To discount commercial securities at four per cent.*" Quoting this maxim, and appealing also to the established practice in our own country previous to 1844, during which long period the Bank-rate never varied more than one per cent, some writers now propose that a fixed Bank-rate should be substituted for the ceaseless fluctuations in the charge for banking-accommodation which have prevailed under the new system, established by the Bank Act of 1844-45. That such fluctuations are exceedingly detrimental to the interests of trade and industry of all kinds is indisputable. But the question is, How far is it practicable to abolish them, by establishing a fixed Bank-rate?

If the Bank-rate were fixed—if the charge for making loans and discounts to the public were always the same—the steadiness in value of the currency would be fully insured. For, in such a case, the cost to the public of obtaining currency would be at all times the same; so that the value of the currency would always be the same. Now, the desirableness of securing a uniform value for the currency is indisputable; and certainly, those who maintain that it is practicable to have a fixed Bank-rate, have a strong basis of facts to argue upon. They can point to the historical fact, that for 150 years after the establishment of Banking in this country, the Bank-rate never varied more than one per cent—ranging from 4 per cent to 5. Or they can point to the case of France, where, for half a century after the founding of the Bank of France by Napoleon I., a similar practice was steadily adhered to. In truth, it is a remarkable fact that, with a fixed Bank-

rate of 4 per cent, specie payments were fully maintained by the Bank of France during all the great wars and terrible national emergencies that took place during the reign of the First Napoleon. It is true that Napoleon always tried to make war support war, by levying forced contributions of money and supplies from the conquered countries; nevertheless, even after making allowance for this, it is a striking fact that the Bank of France, during those critical years, should have never failed to meet its liabilities to pay specie on demand, while its charge for loans and discounts never altered from 4 per cent.

But a great change has taken place since then—indeed within the last quarter of a century—which must not be overlooked. It is only recently that the foreign trade of France has assumed large proportions; and the foreign trade of our own country has likewise attained a magnitude far exceeding that of former times. This vast expansion of International trade has occasioned a greater demand for specie—the only form of currency which is available in settlement of the international balances. Hence, it may be argued that, although a fixed Bank-rate of 4 or 5 per cent was practicable in former times, when there was little international trade, it would be quite impracticable now. On the other hand, it is to be noted that the supply of specie, the annual addition to the world's stock of the precious metals, has since 1848 increased in a ratio quite equal to, if not greater than, the increase of international trade. In truth, the vast increase in international trade is in great part merely a consequence of the augmented supply of specie, without which such an expansion of trade could not have taken place. On the whole, therefore, it is very doubtful if there has been any change in the circumstances of the case sufficient to render a steady Bank-rate of 4 or 5

per cent a whit less practicable now than it was in former times. But there are other considerations which have to be taken into account, and which seriously conflict with the proposal for a legally fixed Bank-rate.

The Bank-rate is, presumably, the charge at which Banks can profitably carry on their business,—which business is to supply the public with the banking-currency (notes and cheques) and specie, in exchange for good negotiable securities deposited with the banks. This charge represents the cost which a banking-company incurs (1) in keeping up its establishment,—the rent of the premises, salaries of its clerks and managers, &c.; and (2) the cost of supplying banking-currency and specie in exchange for commercial currency (bills) and other kinds of negotiable property. The first item of this charge is easily understood: it is the *second* alone which requires elucidation. Banking-accommodation, as we have said, may be given either in banking-currency (notes and cheques) or in specie: and the cost to the bank of giving this accommodation depends upon the extent to which the bank is drawn upon in one or other of those three ways. Thus:

(1) It is obvious that if the customers of the bank (the persons who deposit with it bills and other negotiable securities in exchange for a power of drawing upon it for the amount) take payment only by drawing cheques upon it, and if these cheques be paid into it again by the receivers, the process entails no expense upon the bank at all. In such a case it can discount bills to any extent at no expense to itself, save the ordinary cost of the establishment. Or if those cheques were paid into other banks, the result would be practically the same, inasmuch as the cheques which each bank holds against its neighbours usually balance the cheques which its neighbours hold against it. Speaking roundly, then,

as long as the public take payment of the discounted bills, &c., only by drawing cheques, the process entails no cost upon the banks at all. (2) If payment of discounted bills, &c., be taken in the form of a bank's own notes, the cost to the bank in this case also is almost nominal: for the notes of a bank of good repute are *never* cashed, save (when no £1-notes are allowed to be issued) as a means of getting "small change." (3) On the other hand, if payment of the loans and discounts be demanded from the bank in specie, the cost of giving the accommodation is great. To meet such cases banks must keep in hand a stock of specie, which yields no interest; or they must provide themselves with specie by the sale of their securities (abroad), upon which a certain amount of loss may be expected.

Now, it is true that, in ordinary times (as shown by the statistics of Sir John Lubbock), fully nine-tenths of the drafts upon banks are made only in the form of cheque payments—which occasion no cost to the banks at all. Nevertheless, banks are always *liable* to be called upon to pay the amount of their loans and discounts in specie,—so that they must keep a stock of the precious metals; and also at certain times this demand for specie becomes of serious magnitude, thereby rendering the giving of banking-accommodation a costly process. The inference from these facts is important. Since the demand for specie (which is the greatest element in the cost of banking) greatly varies from time to time, it appears impossible that the charge for banking-accommodation—in other words, the Bank-rate—can always remain the same.

Drains of specie from the banks arise wholly in connection with our foreign trade and investments: the home trade, which supplies by far the larger amount for loans and discounts, needs only cheques and notes. Now it is true that those

foreign drains of specie are merely exceptional occurrences,—specie usually flowing into this country in greater amount than it is exported. Hence it may be said—"Why do not the banks act accordingly? why do they not treat those foreign drains according to their real character—namely, as exceptional occurrences, which can be taken into account in fixing the charge for banking-accommodation? Why do banks not act as Life Assurance Companies do? When a visitation of the cholera or other deadly epidemic occurs, those companies do not charge more for insuring a man's life than in ordinary times: they adhere to their ordinary rate, which is calculated to meet those exceptional times. Why should not banks do the same?" It must be admitted that there is much to be said in favour of such a proposal. Moreover, it is not a novel one, for it was the established practice of our banks for a century and a half; and it worked with better results to the community than the new system of 1844 has done. The old system was this:—The banks found by experience how much specie was requisite to carry on their business safely, on the average of years; and they fixed their charge (the bank-rate) accordingly. They found that 4 or 5 per cent was adequate to do this; and they charged this rate at all times. They did not raise their charge when an exceptional drain of specie took place; neither did they lower their charge when their power of giving banking-accommodation was greater than usual. They struck an average, and they adhered to it, just as a Life Insurance Company does.

This is unquestionably by far the better course as regards the interests of the community. And it is quite an intelligible and reasonable process as regards the banks. At the same time, on purely banking grounds (*i.e.*, apart from considerations of the public

weal) it is more natural that banks should vary their charge according to the circumstances of the time, —raising it or lowering it in proportion as the cost of giving banking-accommodation to the public increases or diminishes. The banks may revert to the old system—which in point of principle there is nothing to object to: but what if they refuse to do this? Would it be right to compel them to do it by Act of Parliament? We think not: for in such a case Parliament would have to fix at a definite point the charge at which banking-accommodation is to be given; and we think that is a matter which banks ought to be free to decide themselves.

But then, there must be freedom and competition. If the State is not to interfere with the bank-rate, there must be no monopoly: there must be perfect freedom in banking as in all other kinds of trade. We shall examine the effects of such a system in the sequel; but we have first to consider a proposed reform of a very different kind, which seeks to cure the evils of the present system, and to keep steady the measure of value, by means of a system of *inconvertible* paper-money. And as a prelude, let us say a word on the general principle of inconvertible paper-currency.

The necessity for a general suspension of payments in specie in any country only arises in highly exceptional times. Hitherto, it has occurred chiefly, if not always, as a consequence of a great war. At such times it may arise from two different causes. It may arise either—as in England in 1797—in consequence of an unusual absorption of specie in military operations and in foreign loans connected with the war; or, as in France in 1793, and as recently in the United States, from the necessary expenditure of the Government exceeding not only the revenue but also the largest amount which the Govern-

ment can obtain by means of loans. In this latter case, the Government makes up the deficiency by an issue of inconvertible State-notes—a process which is equivalent to a forced loan, to be gradually redeemed by the State after the country has returned to its normal condition of peace and prosperity. This case is substantially a financial one; and it is more instructive to consider the other one, which comes more purely within the consideration of monetary science.

When the operations of war and military loans produce an excessive export of specie, the power of the banks to pay their liabilities in coin is gradually exhausted, and the result is a general suspension of specie-payments. The Government raises large loans, and withdraws the amount in specie from the banks for the purposes of export; the contractors who have to supply the army abroad act in like manner; until there is no more specie left in the banks. It is a demand for payment of deposits in specie which compels the banks to suspend cash-payments. The note-circulation of the banks (as shown in 1797) has nothing to do with it. It is true that as, when such a suspension takes place, the banks pay their depositors in notes, the note-circulation also must be made inconvertible, otherwise the process would be illusory. But as regards the note-circulation pure and simple, no specie is asked for it, or only as a means of procuring "small change" in countries like France and England, where no small notes are allowed to be issued.

The inconvertibility of the note is unquestionably a great evil; nevertheless, in certain circumstances it is a lesser evil than others for which it affords a remedy. For example:—when (as in England during the great war with France under Napoleon I.) specie in some country rises exceptionally in

value, owing to the unusual amount of it required to be sent abroad, the alternative arises, either to suspend cash-payments, or to restrict the usual loans and note-issues of the banks to such a degree as to enable these establishments to meet their liabilities in specie. The latter course is really not practicable: for a great contraction of loans naturally (as in England in 1797, and in a lesser degree in 1825, and in the United States in 1857) produces such a panic and "run" for deposits on the banks that these establishments are forced to suspend specie-payments. An internal "run" for specie is produced by the panic in addition to the external demand. The principle of self-preservation, in fact, leads every community in such circumstances to a suspension of specie-payments, as the only means of escaping a tremendous and most disastrous convulsion. Were the opposite course to be tried, what would follow? (1) The value of the currency and the rate of interest would be enormously raised. The whole monetary engagements of the community would be vitiated. One class would greatly gain unjustly, and the others would greatly lose unjustly. This would be a revolution of the very worst kind. But this would not be all. For (2) the whole industrial energies of the country would be paralysed. The merchants, the manufacturers, and traders of all kinds (who carry on their business by the aid of credit) would be ruined. Producers and others, having to pay an exorbitant rate for their loans, would be unable to compete with those of other countries. And the very export-trade, by a great development of which alone specie could be brought into the country to replace the sums

ceaselessly sent abroad to support the war, would be diminished beyond the ordinary amount.

Moreover, a suspension of specie-payments at such a time, what would it produce? Suppose all the specie in a country were withdrawn, and its place exactly supplied by notes, the currency would not be depreciated in any way below its ordinary value. The notes would purchase exactly the same amount of goods or labour as the coins did. The currency would not *rise* in value with the abnormal price of specie: but it would maintain its usual value—which is much better. Indeed, this is the very thing wanted. The notes would buy exactly as much as the coins did before—neither more nor less,—and just as the coins will do when they come back, when the currency will return to its normal condition.* And specie will so come back. It went away, not owing to any depreciation of the currency, but because, as in England in 1797, there was an exceptional demand for it, in order to make payments abroad, which could only be made in specie. And the specie will come back in like manner,—without any rise in the value of the currency, and simply because the exceptional demand for it has ceased.

True, the safeguard against over-issues which "convertibility" affords would be temporarily withdrawn: but it does not necessarily follow that over-issues would take place—that the value of the currency would be depreciated below its former level. In judging of this matter, we must not confound two very different things. Issues of State paper-money—in the form of assignats or greenbacks—always depreciate the currency: not necessarily, it may be, but practical-

* For example, this is what actually occurred in the United States in 1857. Moreover, the notes of the New York banks circulated freely at par—they were actually as good as English sovereigns or American eagles—during the whole time of the suspension of payments in specie.

ly this has always been the result. Why? Because these State-notes are an addition to the ordinary currency, and the Government can issue any amount of them it pleases. In issuing them, the Government does not consult the monetary requirements of the community, but its own exigencies. The whole of the Government expenditure is made in inconvertible notes: and there is no natural check upon such issues. They may be continued—as in France in 1795, and previously in the United States during the War of Independence—until the notes do not bear the hundredth part of the value which they originally possessed. And in a lesser degree the same tendency to a vast depreciation of State-notes was exemplified during the recent Civil War in the United States.

On the other hand, a temporarily inconvertible Banking-currency is not prone to any such depreciation. And for these reasons. It can only be issued in answer to the demands of the community itself. It can only be issued in the form of discounts and loans; and no man will pay for money which he does not want. This makes a fundamental difference between an inconvertible currency issued by banks, and an inconvertible currency issued by the State. The State has a necessity to depreciate the currency, as (in its estimation at least) the lesser of two unavoidable evils. Banks have no inducement to do so. The only way in which banks can get out a larger issue of notes than usual is by reducing the rate of interest which they charge for their loans. And no bank is willing to do this. On the contrary, banks naturally seek to keep the rate of discount (the charge which they make for loans of their money) as high as possible. In fact, we question whether any depreciation of the currency will take place, owing to the note-circulation being made temporarily inconvertible, so long as the notes are issued by banks,

and not by the State. The notes, no doubt, may cease to be equal in value to specie, but this occurs only when specie has exceptionally and temporarily risen in value. At such times, specie loses its prime quality as currency—namely, its steadiness of value; and still to adhere to it, in such circumstances, is to forget the real use of money, as the measure of value. Because a bit of metal was once a pint-pot, is certainly no reason for continuing to use it as a measure after its cubical capacity has been altered. To adhere (if adherence were practicable) to specie-payments, in those highly exceptional periods, would be to adhere to a means which has become vitiated, and which, in fact, has ceased to be a (proper) means at all. Logically absurd, the process, at the same time, would be practically disastrous. It would sacrifice alike the interests of the community and the power of the State.

So much for the general question. As regards the proposals now made for a reform of our monetary system by means of an inconvertible paper-currency, what is proposed, in order to keep steady the measure of value, is a State-issue of notes inconvertible into specie, but valid in payment of taxes and of all other payments to or by the State, and made a legal tender in all payments between man and man. There are various forms in which such a proposal has been made; but these (so far as they are entertainable at all) may be summed up under two heads:—

Firstly, there is the proposal that such an issue of inconvertible State-notes should be made to the amount of each year's taxation; the notes being cancelled when received by the State in payment of taxes, and fresh notes issued to the amount of the next year's taxation. Such a plan is manifestly based on the idea that, if the Government taxation amounts to 70 millions, an equal amount of notes will be

needed in payment of taxes. But every practical man knows that this idea is totally unfounded. At present, of the 70 millions of taxation, certainly not one-tenth part is paid in notes,—nine-tenths being paid to the tax-collectors either in bank-cheques or in coin. And even if the inconvertible State-notes were to be for £1, still probably one-half of the taxation would be paid in cheques and coin. In fact, the amount of the Government taxation is no index whatsoever to the amount of money (notes and coin) required in revenue payments: so that the principle upon which this proposal is based is wholly fallacious.

Secondly, It has been proposed that, instead of making these inconvertible State-issues, equal in amount to each year's Government taxation, only a fixed amount (say 20 millions) of such notes be issued. Not to raise theoretic difficulties, we may say frankly that we have no doubt that such notes would circulate as freely as bank-notes convertible into specie on demand. Neither shall we lay stress upon the fact that such inconvertible issues would import another anomaly into our already sufficiently anomalous monetary system. The banks, when a depositor applied to them for payment of a certain sum in specie, would be entitled to refuse, and would give him simply those inconvertible notes, leaving him to provide himself with specie as he best could. But, putting aside such objections, what, after all, would such a system accomplish? It would be a monetary gain of so many millions to the State; but it would be of not the slightest use as a remedy for our monetary difficulties.

It is quite obvious that an issue of inconvertible notes would effect a gain to the State, equal to the amount of those note-issues. It is also true that, if the amount of those note-issues were kept clearly within the amount of note-currency

required by the country, those State-notes (although not legally convertible into specie) would circulate as freely as the convertible notes now issued by the banks. But this gain to the State would be just like that upon any issue of inconvertible paper-money,—like the assignats of France, or the greenbacks of America, which were issued under the pressure of a great national emergency, and as a means of raising forced loans from the community. Every one knows how liable such a system is to abuse. But even supposing it were not abused—even supposing that no more State-notes were issued than would naturally circulate at par with the specie which they represent,—still it is obvious that such a gain can be made only once. Those notes, being a legal tender, would take the place of coin. The banks would be entitled to pay these State-notes to their depositors instead of specie: accordingly, they would keep less specie on hand than at present: and the coin so displaced would be exported, or partially absorbed in jewellery and ornamentation, so as to be rendered unavailable for further use as currency. Such a gain, therefore, we repeat, could be made only once; and hence it ought to be reserved (as has been the case with all such inconvertible State-issues in other countries) as a resource in great national emergencies.

This gain to the State is the only advantage which such a system could accomplish. The system would not diminish in the slightest degree the defects of our present monetary system. It would not help us in the least to meet the fluctuations in the supply of gold which constitute the root of our ever-recurring difficulties. It would certainly let loose, once for all, a certain amount of gold at present held in the banks: but that gold would thereupon disappear from the circulation: and

thereafter we should be in no better plight (if not in a worse one) than before, when a foreign drain of gold took place. Hence, as a plan of monetary reform—as a means of remedying the defects of our present monetary system (and it is solely in this light that it is advocated),—this plan of an issue of inconvertible State-notes is wholly worthless. It is inadmissible upon the following grounds:—(1) The amount of each year's taxation is in no way necessarily commensurate with the monetary requirements of the community: it may be too much, or it may be too little, for the ordinary wants of the public. (2) Such a system is quite incapable of meeting the *variations* which so frequently take place in the requirements for currency. So that the root of the evil, the chief cause of the present changes in the measure of value, remains wholly untouched. And as to the proposal that only a certain fixed amount of those inconvertible State-notes should be issued, once for all,—the issue being made in the form of Government expenditure, and the notes thereafter remaining in constant use, either circulating in the hands of the public, or deposited in (and kept as a reserve by) the banks; this plan is, obviously, liable to nearly the same objections as the other. In both cases there would be a gain to the State—and more or less to the community,—as these notes would take the place of an equal amount of coin; but in neither case would there be any remedy for the fluctuations in the value of the currency, which in both cases is the special object sought to be attained.

Neither of these plans, we say, is admissible. But there is one way—and as it seems to us only one—in which a State issue of inconvertible notes can be adopted with advantage to the country, and so as to insure stability in the value of the currency. It is as fol-

lows:—In the first place, the State must issue these notes to the banks,—leaving the banks thereafter to issue them to the public in the form of loans and discounts, to an amount corresponding with the actual requirements of the community. Secondly, the conditions of issue by the State should be that the banks, in exchange for a supply of those notes, shall deposit with the State an equal (or somewhat larger) amount of Government securities. The notes, since they would thus come to represent Government debt, would be received by the State in payment of taxation, &c.;—on this ground, and also because their substantial value is secured by the State, they may also be made a legal tender throughout the community; and finally, in the event of a bank becoming insolvent, the State will return to the creditors the Government securities which the bank had deposited in exchange for the notes. Thirdly, all the banks would then hold their reserves in Consols, instead of by a credit at the Bank of England. Each bank, in short, would then keep its own reserve (which is the right plan); and, moreover, they would do so more profitably than at present, inasmuch as they would get 3 per cent interest upon their reserves (as interest on their Consols), instead of no interest at all, as is the case with the amount which they keep in reserve in the Bank of England.

Now let us see how such a system would work.

1. The banks, as a whole, would hardly require to make any addition to their stock of Government securities. The Bank of England already holds fully 25 millions of Government stock (15 millions in its Issue department, and 10 or 12 in its Banking department); and the other 400 banks of the kingdom probably hold at least 15 millions of Government securities;—in all, fully 40 millions, which is

equal to the whole amount of bank-notes at present required by the community. But say that they keep 10 or 20 millions more in the form of Government securities than at present, as a reserve: this amount would suffice to meet the largest possible increase in the monetary requirements of the community, and yet the gradual purchase of this amount of Consols by the various banks would be so small an affair, that it would make no appreciable change in the price of the Funds. If the National Debt of this country were of small amount, the purchase of Consols necessary on the adoption of the new system might have a considerable effect on the price of the Funds: though only in a beneficial form—namely, by enhancing their price, by increasing the demand for them; but this effect (which some persons might object to, even though it is beneficial to the State) could not be produced by the gradual purchase of the 10 or 20 millions of Consols required by the banks, seeing that the amount of the Funds is so great (nearly 800 millions), and also that upwards of 200 millions of this Government stock are sold and bought every year even in ordinary times.

2. The banks would obtain 3 per cent interest on their stock of Government securities, just as any private person, or non-trader, would do. But as the banks would make these securities the basis of their trade, of their note-issues, a portion of this interest would be absorbed by the costs inseparable to such trade. A percentage of this revenue would be swallowed up by the cost of the banking establishments, and by the allowance which they would have to make for loss arising in connection with the issue of the notes,—that is to say, from some of the bills, &c., in exchange for which they issued their notes, proving bad. Moreover, the banks would naturally require one per cent of net profit on their note-

business. In countries where deposit banking exists to but a small extent, as in many parts of America and in other countries, and where nearly the whole amount of a bank's profits arises from the issue of notes, one or two per cent would be quite inadequate. But in this country the profits of all the banks (except the Bank of England) depend chiefly, in many cases entirely, upon their deposit business, irrespective of their note-issues. Hence, in this country, one per cent would probably be found an ample profit on the issue of these State-notes. Say, then, that (deducting one per cent for the cost of the establishment, &c.) the banks derived a net return of two per cent from the Consols which they held as a basis of their note-issues, and that they charged 4 per cent on their loans and discounts, this would yield them one per cent more on their investments in Consols than the interest on these Consols would yield to a private person. In other words, the banks would thereby make one per cent of net profit on their note-issues; and the bank-rate would be 4 per cent.

3. But, whatever might be the fair rate of profit on such note-issues (which would soon be settled by the action of free competition among the banks), one important result would be accomplished. The bank-rate would be *fixed*. Moreover, it would be fixed not arbitrarily by legislation, but naturally by the facts of the case. The cost to the banks of obtaining a supply of notes would be always the same,—hence their power of supplying these notes to the public would always be the same: as a natural consequence, their charge for the supply would likewise be the same at all times. Of course, this would not prevent banks charging a higher rate than the ordinary one for risky loans,—if they chose to engage in such business: just as they at present charge higher terms for

such advances than the "bank-rate" or ordinary charge for banking-accommodation. But the *ordinary* charge, or bank-rate, under this new system, would be always steady and uniform, owing to the causes above stated.

4. As a corollary, or concomitant result of this new system, the amount of the currency would always be exactly commensurate with the requirements of the community—increasing or diminishing with the variations in those requirements, so that the measure of value would be fully maintained free from all fluctuations. Not only should we escape the inordinate rise in the measure of value which ever and anon affects the country under the present system, owing to the currency becoming at times inadequate to the wants of the community, but we should also escape the opposite tendency towards a redundancy of the circulation, which likewise results from the operation of the present Bank Acts. The Bank of England is the great fountain of currency—its power of issue is dependent upon the amount of gold which it holds, and also as it is compelled to receive all the gold that may be brought to it, and it occasionally happens, as at present, that the Bank has a stock of gold far exceeding its requirements; and upon which, of course, it gets no interest. Hence, at such times the Bank is induced to lower the Bank-rate to 2 or 2½ per cent, thinking it better to increase its note-issues, even at this low rate, rather than get no profit at all upon its surplus stock of gold. Hence, as in 1852, and again now, the Bank does its best to make the currency redundant; and although, practically, little or no harm is done by this process in itself (*i.e.*, apart from the variations in the Bank-rate, which such a process necessarily increases, and which are exceedingly mischievous to honest trade), still it is a practice to the adoption of which no

artificial inducement should be given. It is possible that under the new system the Bank-rate might fall to 3 per cent, owing to the fact, that by far the largest amount of the banking loans and discounts are made without the use of notes at all—only by cheques. But it is perfectly certain that, under the new system, no bank would ever issue *more notes* than usual at 3 per cent, seeing that it would only make a loss upon such transactions. It would not only make no profit on such note-issues, but it would lose all the costs of issuing such notes (equal, say, to 1 per cent); so that it would only get 2 per cent for its investment in Government securities, whereas any private person or non-trader would get 3 per cent.

5. Under this system the precious metals (gold and silver) would resume their natural places as ordinary commodities. They would be bought and sold just like corn, cotton, coal, or iron. Like these and all other commodities, they would sometimes rise in value, sometimes fall. But those variations in their market price would no longer suffice to alter, as at present, the measure of value. The measure of value (*i.e.*, the currency) would then remain perfectly steady, and the contracts between man and man would be freed from the anomalies produced by the present variations of currency. Men would then have no more difficulty in providing themselves with gold or silver than they have at present in buying corn or cotton, or any other kind of property.

Such is a very effective plan of monetary reform, upon the basis of a system of a State-secured, inconvertible currency. Since several writers, both at present and in past times, have suggested the adoption of an inconvertible currency system, in various ways, all of which appear to us objectionable and unworkable, we propound this plan of our own, as one which not only renders the

adoption of an inconvertible currency perfectly practicable, but, in many respects, most advantageous. At the same time we do not believe that the country is ripe for such a system: and hence it is not in this form that we advocate a change in our present monetary laws.

Under a system of monopoly, the State is not only justified in interfering with the Bank-rate, but it is imperatively called upon to do so in the interests of the community. This principle is fully recognised and acted upon in France and Belgium, in each of which countries the power of issuing notes is confined to one privileged bank. In those countries, the State, while conferring this monopoly, takes care to prevent its abuse. The Banks of France and Belgium are not allowed to profit by charging more than 6 per cent upon their business transactions—upon the loans and discounts which they make to the public. If they think it needful for their own safety to charge more than this rate, they are perfectly at liberty to do so; but their shareholders are not allowed to pocket the gains made by this extra charge. After the crisis of 1857, the Bank of France for some years adopted the practice of the Bank of England, in raising its charge for banking-accommodation whenever a drain of specie occurred, though it never carried this practice to the extreme of the Bank of England. But experience has shown the fallaciousness of this system, and for three years past the Bank of France has repudiated it—nor is it likely that it will ever again have recourse to it. The Bank of France has found (what is also sufficiently proved by the experience of the Bank of England) that a great elevation of the bank-rate has no effect in attracting specie from other countries, yet produces widespread distress at home. In fact, a great elevation of the bank-rate, by ruining traders and shaking credit, actually intensifies in some cases

the foreign drain of specie, by destroying the credit of bills, and thereby inducing other countries to demand payment from us in specie instead of in bills.

A monopoly of the right of issuing banking-currency in the form of notes exists also in this country, though not to the same extent as in France; yet the State takes no means of guarding against the abuse of this monopoly. The right of issuing bank-notes is restricted to those banks which issued notes previous to 1844; and the restriction has also been made in such a way as to give a practical monopoly to the Bank of England. No other great bank in England is allowed to issue notes at all: it is only the small banks in the provinces which are permitted to issue notes; and, moreover, they are not allowed to extend their issues upon any terms beyond the average of their note-circulation in 1844. The great London banks, which alone could effectually compete with the Bank of England, are entirely prohibited from issuing notes of their own: they have to go to the Bank of England for a supply of notes whenever an unusual demand for such currency takes place. The Bank of England is allowed to issue 15 millions of notes upon Government securities—a power which is wholly denied to all its great rivals.

Such being the case, the State would be perfectly justified in imposing a limit upon the rate of profit which the Bank of England makes upon its loans and discounts. And, if the present system were to be maintained, we think that the State, in the interests of the community, ought unquestionably to take this course. But we look for a remedy in another direction. The system of monopoly is wholly out of date: it has been abolished in every kind of trade except banking. And we are confident, not only that the system of monopoly ought to be abolished in banking also,

but that it will be so abolished at no distant date. Hence, we look for a remedy of the great fluctuations and inordinate elevations of the bank-rate (which have been the bane of this country since 1844)—not to a system of regulated monopoly—not to a perpetuation of the present system of monopoly, safeguarded by a limit imposed by the State, but to the abolition of monopoly altogether, and the establishment of a system of perfect freedom and competition in banking, as in other trades.

The advantages of a system of freedom and competition in the supply of banking-accommodation to the public, would not be merely theoretical. Such a system would have a most powerful effect in steadying the value of the currency: it would greatly diminish the ceaseless fluctuations of the bank-rate, and it would almost wholly put an end to the inordinate elevations of the bank-rate, which at present inflict such terrible calamities upon the community. It would do so in the following manner:—

In the first place, suppose that, owing to an increase of trade and employment (which requires more notes in payment of wages and small salaries), or from any other cause, the internal or domestic requirement of bank-notes increased. Under the present system this augmented demand for notes, even to the extent of a million or two, suffices to send up the bank-rate with fearful rapidity. But under the new system it would have no such effect. Notes are never taken from the banks in order to be cashed—they suffice perfectly for all the requirements of a home trade; and as a matter of fact, they are never cashed, unless as a means of procuring “small change.” Hence, when more notes were needed by the public, the banks could meet this demand without any increase of the bank-rate. Indeed, the additional banking-accommodation at such times

required by the public would be a pure profit to the banks. It would simply be an extension of their business,—which they would gladly make, and with ample profit to themselves, at the ordinary charge. This would be a most beneficial change from the present system: it would allow the industrial energies of the country to develop themselves freely, untrammelled by the fetters at present imposed upon them,—and it would at the same time leave an ample profit to the banks upon their share of the business.

In the second place, suppose an external drain of specie occurs,—in other words, an increased requirement on the part of our merchants for specie for export. This drain, as at present, would fall only upon those banks whose customers are connected with foreign trade. By the great majority of banks in the country such a drain would not be felt at all. They might continue their loans and discounts to the home trade (meaning by that term the wants of the whole community, except that small portion of our foreign traders who required to export specie) upon the ordinary terms. Moreover, as regards the particular banks upon which this increased demand for specie would be made, what would be the effect of the new system? At present, when more specie is required by its customers, the Bank of England takes no steps at all to meet the demand. It does not stir a finger to supply itself with more gold. It simply increases its charge for banking-accommodation. It raises the bank-rate exorbitantly, and upon all its customers alike, whether they want payment of the discounts, &c., in specie or not. But under a system of freedom and competition a very different practice would be established. If the Bank of England did not choose to supply itself with more specie to meet the wants of its customers, other banks would do so: and since many of the Lon-

don banks are most powerful establishments able to compete with the Bank of England, the Bank would soon be compelled to take means to supply itself with more gold from abroad, when more gold was needed.

This change would go far to nullify the fluctuations and elevations of the Bank-rate which, under the present system, afflict the country whenever a temporary drain of specie occurs. But the banks connected with the foreign trade of the country, and all the new ones which might be established for this purpose, would keep a portion of their Reserves invested in the securities of Foreign Governments—especially in the Government stock of those countries to which our drains of specie usually flow: for example, at Paris, New York, and Calcutta. And when a demand for specie for export occurred, the banks would either cash a portion of those foreign securities, and bring the specie to this country; or—which practically would be the course adopted—they would give their customers drafts upon the banks of the countries to which they desired to export specie, which drafts would render any export of specie unnecessary.

Hence the cost to the banks of cashing a portion of their foreign securities would constitute the only cause for raising the Bank-rate. The rise of the Bank-rate, in fact, would only take place to such an extent as to recompense the banks for the loss, if any, which they might sustain on the sale of a portion of their reserve of foreign stock. Now, as such sales would be made in countries to which specie was flowing, and where in consequence prices would be high, it is probable that no loss would accrue to our banks from such sales. But even say there was a considerable loss upon such sales. Say that the Bank of England were in need of five millions of gold, and that, in order to procure this

amount of specie, it had to incur a loss of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, or £75,000. This is a very high estimate of the loss on such operations: indeed, Mr Reuben Browning states that in 1825 Baron Rothschild supplied upwards of nine millions of specie to the Bank of England upon those terms. Well, then, a rise of the Bank-rate to the extent of even $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent would more than cover the whole cost of the transaction! As the loan and discount business of the Bank of England ordinarily amounts to fully 20 millions sterling, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent—say from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent—would yield to the Bank £100,000 in twelve months, as a set-off against the £75,000 which it spent in supplying itself with five millions of additional specie.

Such is our plan of Monetary Reform—a measure as requisite for the material wellbeing of the country as Parliamentary Reform is for the political wants of the nation. By this plan, the whole note-circulation of the country would be placed on a solid basis, and at the same time the currency would be allowed to expand and contract freely with the varying circumstances of the community. Every bank would, as at present, be bound to pay gold for its notes when required, with the additional safeguard that all the notes would be secured by a more than equal amount of Consols. The antiquated and injurious system of monopoly would also be replaced by a system of perfect freedom and equality. And at the same time, the currency of this country would acquire that elasticity which is so greatly wanted, and which would enable us to tide over with ease the temporary difficulties which thrice during the last twenty years, under the present vicious and antiquated system, have inflicted such terrible disasters on the trading-classes, and have done so much damage to the credit of the country.

A CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

IN these much-travelling days the formal descriptions of scenery, which once held so great a place in literature, have either ceased entirely or died away into those suggestions which recall a landscape to eyes which have seen it, but convey little idea to the stranger. "You remember?" is often more eloquent than pages of what is called word-painting, though it affords small information to the mind of the home-staying, if such there still be. But yet most people who have roamed about the loveliest scenes on earth take a pleasure, which it is difficult to account for, in every tyro's new-recorded opinion of them, and like to see wherein his experience differed from their own, whether he noted their favourite points of view, and appreciated their favourite phases of native character or atmospheric influence. This feeling perhaps exists nowhere so strongly as among the crowd of Italian travellers, and especially among those who have spent some part of their lives about Rome and its charmed neighbourhood. Even people who have gone there for a few weeks, as people begin to do in these fast days—even probably Cook's Tourists, whom that remarkable individual carries through Italy as he might take them to Margate or to the Great Exhibition—even they possibly will seize, all their lives henceforward, upon every scrap of print which treats of the scenes of their travels, and fondly recall and compare and criticise the record from that in their own memory. Not to such rapid visitors, however, can we address ourselves when we leave the great City of Sorrow and Decay, and turn our steps over the wide Campagna towards the Alban Hills. Who does not remember them, with the white towns on their slopes like a perpetual smile, with their villas and

their shadowy olive-gardens, their blue lakes and their mouldering palaces, and the sun that burns on Monte Cavo, blazes on the classic heights of Tusculum, and makes such great poems among the clouds, over the Campagna, as the dullest eye can scarcely fail to mark? It is to the leisurely visitors of times when there were no organised excursions—to the Forestieri, who have spent many a heavenly day of spring upon those sweet hill-sides, and learnt their charms by heart—that we say, Do you remember?—thinking less, however, at this moment, of the familiar pleasant places than of the sudden wild blast of calamity and awful visitation which has of late disturbed their peace.

We will not pretend to remind the student of all the classic memories that linger about these hills, for, after all, to-day is to-day, and a Frascati woman, majestic in her white veil, or an Albanese, with her red ribbons, and her dark little house and her bambini, appeals more closely to one's heart at the present moment than Hadrian or Horace. Nothing is so remarkable in Italian scenery as that sweet strain of universal population that gives animation and a voice to every stretch of beautiful country the traveller lights upon; no doubt with grand exceptions, epic and solemn like the Campagna, tragic and awful like the Pontine Marshes—but still so general in every spot specially favoured by nature. As you mount the soft Alban slopes at the point nearest Rome, it is Frascati (you remember?) that you come upon with all that girdle of noble villas, with that terrace on the wall from which (if you are English enough not to fear the sunset) you can watch such goings-down of the great potentate of the sky as perhaps are to be seen nowhere else on earth; when the

wide vault of heaven gleams with almost insufferable glories, with vast belts and zones of every gorgeous colour; and the wide plain lies silent under the slant illumination; and candid Soracte rises lonely out of the distance; and away to the left hand, in purple glooms and wistful light, lie the Sabine and the Latin Hills; and St Peter's in the golden mists stands out insignificant but mighty, as if it stood alone amid the stillness of the Campagna, and there was no such thing around its skirts as Rome. The great basilica never looks so impressive, never so grand, so small, so wonderful an emblem of the might yet insignificance of man. Many a human association too clings to the little town. To the English, and still more to the Scottish pilgrim, it has an interest apart from all others. In the cathedral sleeps Prince Charlie, call him Pretender if you will—no name can take away from the pathos and the pitifulness of his story; he who led the wild Highland bands, and held state at Holyrood, and had dreams of British empire, and was chased through all the northern wilds, and died, dead out, life and fame, as a man so deeply fallen, so cursed for his fathers' sake, the last of such a hapless race, might well do, and yet deserve more sympathy than blame. We know no two places upon earth which a philosophic and wandering Prince, if such a pilgrim exists, should find more full of sad suggestions than the terrace at St Germain, on which one Stuart, banished, wore out his heart in fictitious state; and that at Frascati, on which Charles Edward, with his sun going down amidst the confusion and wild storm-clouds of a lost life, must have looked out many a day to see the foreign world that thought not of him, living its homely life, and taking no account of kingdoms lost or won. His name is writ there in stone over him, with the most pitiful and touching of all pious falsehoods,

with the name and state of King of Great Britain and Ireland—an inscription which will not fail to fill many a wayfarer with strange thoughts.

And then the road goes winding along the hillside through the belt of villas, through the sweet glimmer of the olive groves, through the vineyards and fields of rustling corn, a mile or so on to Grotta Ferrata, where you all, you remember, went to the great fair, and wore paper roses in your hats, and bought penny trumpets, and the bright kerchiefs of the contadine, and saw the great pigs roasted whole at every corner; and, perhaps, on some quieter excursion, visited the Dominichinos in the fortified monastery which Pope Julius built, and which of itself is well worthy of note. Then is it San Martino that comes next, with nothing curious at all about it except itself, a little ancient, wild, rugged, strong, dilapidated, lovely village, the sort of place where, in defiance of all comfort and sanitary regulations, and even of a smell or two caught in passing, one's heart somehow takes up its abode at, seizing some Gothic window or cloistered nook to build a nest in, in defiance of all reason. And then the landscape widens, and a gleam of blue strikes the eye; of such a blue as never was seen before, as never perhaps will be seen again—bluer than the sky, bluer than the Mediterranean, bluer than any human eyes that ever shone; the Alban Lake, metallic, volcanic, shimmering under the sunshine in its round profound basin, and with the towers of Castel Gandolfo shining in the sun above. It gleams blue in the air, and it is water, and ought to refresh the eyes; and when we ride along the galleries, as they are called, under the trees, with glimpses now and then of the lake, and the towers above, and the Campagna below, the prospect is magical; but from the road, as you pass by, the sight of the Lake of Albano is not refreshing. There is something weird

and mystic and out of nature about it—volcanic, a freak of fire, some rude Titan's sudden work, and not the slow sweet toil of nature. To Castel Gandolfo the Pope comes for his holidays when the work of the sacred year is over in the Vatican, and it throws up a dome and sundry towers into the sky, which is nearly as blue as the lake. And then comes Albano, the chief town of all, with its miles of Roman causeway, making for it a separate way out of imperial Rome, and its wooded slopes, and its narrow clamorous streets, and those stately gardens of the Doria villa, and the bishop's palace, which has now gained a sacred fame. The road winds through it and comes upon one of the grandest viaducts ever made, the magnificent bridge which crosses the narrow, rugged, wooded ravine which once divided Albano and L'Ariccia. The two towns are now linked together by this noble link of stone, and through them both and over the bridge you go on to Nemi and Genzano, and the wild solitary way where once soldiers kept guard and brigands flourished before the railway made the road to Naples swift and safe.

Such is the line which marks the undulations of the Alban range, now mounting near the clouds, now stooping down towards the plain. The English community which lives in Rome, and the visitors whom good or evil fortune detains there after the dangerous moment when wise Forestieri fly, take refuge all along the range from the scorching tropical heats of an Italian summer, in all sorts of nooks and corners. While we write there rises before us woven in with many memories, the great airy naked rooms, full of windows and lights and bits of fresco, and the great landscape of the Campagna, in the upper floor of the Casa Pentini at Frascati; and farther on, at the gates of the little town of Nemi on the higher side of the lake, the pretty painted chambers of another old

palace, full of wall-pictures, not great in point of art, but sweet in colour, with glimpses from every window sheer down into the blue, blue lake, and abroad upon its rich wooded margin, and the big palace on the other side—places to spend a summer in as different as can be conceived from an English country-house or seaside residence, but so quaint, so beautiful, so full of memories, so strange, yet so home-like. There the unaccustomed Northern lives, shut up in his bare stately rooms, with closed windows and closed shutters, keeping out the insupportable glare and heat of day, until the sun sinks and a breeze springs up which bears you a whisper of the distant sea—the sea which you can think you see, and which sometimes flashes out in answer to the sun on the horizon like the silver string of a bow. Then the windows are flung open, the balmy air comes in, the prisoner shakes himself free of his fetters, and goes forth to watch the nightly pageants of sunset and moonrise, and to hear the Ave Maria sound from the churches, and the village girls sing their evening hymn, and the good people sit round the café door babbling and smoking and fanning themselves (according to their respective sexes), and doing all that has to be done by mutual calls and mutual weariness in other regions. At every step you take in the Piazza there is a new picture. The women go past in their pretty costumes, with the white drapery about their heads which makes them Madonnas up to middle-age, and weird Sibyls after. The peasants from the plains or the mountains in their many-laced buskins and conical hats, who have been hanging about the steps of the church all day to be hired like the labourers in the parable, lie down there on the same liberal portal for their night's rest. And the big mellow moon mounts up with genial eye; and tinkles of music are about, and voices, not softened

so much by the fact that it is Italian they speak, as by the magical Italian air which takes the jars and discords out of them. And the coolness, and the shade, and sense of refreshment steals into the parched traveller's soul; and the sight does not pass away, but remains with him for ever, a picture on his wall, to which he can turn when he pleases, years or continents away, when the snow is beating on his island windows and the east wind cutting to his bones.

Thus it used to be on the Alban Hills, in the old days that are dead and gone. But it has not been thus in this sad year. It is because we feel sure that the late catastrophe at Albano must have moved with a special thrill of emotion the many people who have lingered upon those hills in the best moments of their lives, and received the image of them into one of the most cherished places of recollection, as well as for the tragic and striking character of the incident itself, that we call the attention of our readers to those soft Italian mountains and the tragedy which has been recently enacting there. All had gone on as usual in the little Alban capital in this present summer. The time of the *villeggiatura* had come, and the usual lively crowd had swarmed out to the hills. Romans of all classes — nobles and artists and tradesfolk, English residents and American visitors — they had all come out and established themselves, glad to escape from the town, where the air burned like a furnace, where the great centenary festival was just over and all the ceremonies past; and the authorities, having now no particular reason for denying it, had reluctantly admitted that cholera had appeared in Rome. The Albano *villeggiatura* is never uncheerful. The circle is limited, yet people meet each other there in greater intimacy who have been meeting each other all the winter, and the Doria gardens in the cool

evenings are better than Hyde Park, or even Pincio. Whispers there might be among them of malady in Rome, but nobody feared it on the cool hillside where the sea-breezes came full of health and healing. Thus matters went on till the beginning of August. Traditions already have grown around the day, which it is difficult to trace to distinct evidence, but which, like so many other traditions, have received the seal of popular belief. Upon that fatal morning it is said a sudden thunderstorm burst over the hills. The air grew dark, a wild wind rose and chilled the thinly-clad inhabitants to the bone. It came upon them without warning, like a sudden doom, and drove the village folks indoors, to hug their winter cloaks to them, and seek warmer clothing. It is said that, with this storm, there came a sudden pestilential smell, which made itself felt over all the neighbourhood; and it is also said that the wind and the ill odour came from the island of Sardinia—a curious notion, in which something symbolical seems to be conveyed. That day there were seventy deaths from cholera in Albano, and all the wild incidents of a plague-stricken city were brought into immediate life in the little town which, but a day before, had been so pleasant and cheerful. The account we add of this most amazing and deplorable visitation has been sent by an eyewitness. The writer is a lady from whom the correspondent of the 'Times' received, as he says, some of the details he published—a woman of a high courage, not easily to be daunted, and one whom no alarm nor danger could prevent from helping her neighbours in trouble. We subjoin, without further explanation, her account of the dreadful scene, from the midst of which she has lately come. It reads like a chapter from Defoe's *History of the Plague*, and it has the advantage over that wonderful romance of being literally true:—

“ROME, *August.*

“DEAR M.,—I suppose you remember Albano, our favourite town among the Alban Hills for the summer villeggiatura, with its long and uneven Corso, or High Street, and its generally lively and dirty appearance; how the women invariably sat outside their doors, with their knitting or whatever work they had in hand, serving them as an excuse for an eternal interchange of village gossip, while innumerable children scrambled and quarrelled round the maternal chair, every moment seeming in the most imminent peril of their lives from some one or other of the carriages, wine-carts, and donkeys perpetually passing? What with these open-air nurseries, fruit-stalls, itinerant haberdashers, and the stands of the frigitori and limonari, cobblers, coopers, and saddlers, all of whom pursue in summer time their various occupations out of doors, the chief street of Albano was a busy place enough, and a progress through it in any sort of vehicle a matter of difficulty and a source of much violent language between drivers and foot-folk. Our present abode looks out upon this Corso, and the idler members of our family found a constant distraction from the occupation of the hour in rushing to the windows to witness some disturbance at the osteria over the way, or an arrival at the ‘*Locanda del Chiavarino*,’ likewise opposite, or some one of our neighbours engaged in a struggle with refractory oxen, donkeys, or children, or screaming after strayed fowls of migratory tendencies. It is wonderful how little would excite one’s serious interest through the slow summer days in Albano. But a change has come over the spirit of the place now, overtaken as it has been by sudden and unexpected calamity. I had been in Rome for a couple of days, and on Wednesday, 7th August, was returning to our country quarters, as usual by the railway, when, to my surprise, at the station I met about

fifty or more of the villeggiatura, all well-known Roman faces, hurrying away, some towards Velletri (the next station on the Naples line), others back into Rome, anywhere away from the cholera-stricken town. Fancy my horror on learning that this dreaded pestilence had burst like a thunderstorm over Albano the previous afternoon, and that already in twenty-four hours there had been seventy deaths and as many more new cases. I naturally thought of my own household first; but there was no one to give me any particulars, so I tried to remember that in all this there might be great exaggeration, and encouraged myself by the recollection of how timid and impressionable a people these Romans for the most part are. However, on reaching the town by means of the omnibus—which is our only conveyance up the three miles of ascent from the station—I found the whole aspect of the place utterly changed. No noise or confusion, no women sitting round their doorsteps, not a carriage of any kind save that which was conveying us past closed shops and empty stalls, and here and there a group of solemn-eyed Albanese, who stared at us with astonishment on seeing people actually arriving at their town, instead of participating in the general flight. Thank God! when I reached our home all was well there. But death had been busy around us. Across the street lighted tapers in the drawing-room of our Roman friends the F—s showed where a little shrouded figure lay, the lively boy who used to beckon to mine from their windows. His pretty young mother lay in a dying state in an adjoining chamber. The Locanda opposite was shut up with four dead bodies, that must be carried away ere the police stationed at their gates allowed communication from without. The ‘*Insalatara*’ (or vegetable merchant) at the corner of the street, our noisy neigh-

bour the tinsmith, the laundress, and many another of 'the old familiar faces,' all in our immediate vicinity, were all dead, and not an hour passed without some fresh announcement to fill our hearts with regret or compassion. Still I did not realise danger for ourselves; knowing, too, that cholera had existed in Rome for the last two months, though not to an alarming extent, and not knowing exactly where else we could betake ourselves at a moment's notice, I concluded to remain, taking every possible precaution as to our food. The two other families, Anglo-Romans like ourselves, in *villeggiatura* in Albano, were of the same way of thinking, and we proposed to remain, and, should the disease continue gaining ground, then to leave together for Rome. That evening, when the Ave Maria rang out from the three or four churches of the town, down the street came little processions of men and women, barefooted, and headed by a Franciscan friar or two, all chanting litanies, directing their steps towards the small church of St Roch, by the Roman Gate, to pray for his intercession as patron-saint against plague and pestilence. Many of the shrines of the Madonna were lighted up with tiny lamps and tapers, and the people, chiefly women and children, were on their knees before them, beseeching heaven's pity. Their cry of 'Grazia, grazia!' uttered in thrilling tones, which were almost shrieks in their appeals for mercy, went to one's heart. The scene was soon rendered as striking to the eye as to the ear, for in all the piazzas, large and small, huge bonfires were presently lighted, and the sulphur that was every now and then thrown in, sent up blue flames that lighted up the kneeling figures with a ghastly radiance. The light fell too on a cart here and there, of the commonest description—a few boards nailed together on wheels, such as are used for carrying vegetables to the Roman market, which

now, instead, were to carry away the stiffening bodies of the latest victims. Some few were put into hastily-constructed coffins; others, and the greater number, were rolled up in the sheet they died on, caught together with a bit of twine at the neck and feet. In the course of the night one of the regular 'becca-morti,' or bearers of the dead, having been seized with cholera, the courage of these professionals gave out, and they refused to perform their duties; and many of the dead lay all night and next day in their houses, until help came from the company of Zouaves stationed in Albano, who volunteered to perform the somewhat perilous office of interring the dead.

"Next morning brought me the sad tidings of the seizure of one of the little twin boys of my friends the I——s, and a request from the mother that I would come to her. I got up as quickly as I could, and stayed there till the poor child died, ten hours after he was first taken ill, and then for the first time realised what cholera really was. After much difficulty and delay we got a doctor, who pronounced the case not hopeless, left a few simple remedies, and promised to return as soon as he could. This was about ten o'clock in the morning, and he never came back at all, and at five in the afternoon the dear little fellow was dead. To watch the sad change worked hour by hour, as the bright rosy face turned livid and hollow-eyed, and the round white limbs grew colder and more rigid and purple, despite our efforts to rub life and warmth into them again, was unspeakably painful, oppressing our hearts with a sense of the inevitable end. About half an hour before death, came apparent insensibility; the awful gasping for water and convulsive biting at glass or spoon, that indicated a suffering it was agonising to witness, ceased, and it was almost with thankfulness we saw the last breath leave those poor parched lips.

"That night the deaths were

still on the increase, and a new phase occurred in the progress of things. At first, as I told you, the people went in crowds to the churches and altars, beseeching God's mercy on their unhappy city. Now there came through the hitherto empty streets troops of men and boys (ne'er a woman amongst them), with tambourines, triangles, and castanets, howling out wild songs, dancing and embracing each other, and stopping at the doors of each little drinking-cavern to call out those from within, to come out and drink and shout with them. These were chiefly the poorer artisans, bricklayers, carpenters, smiths, and others of the townsfolk, who, refusing work of any kind, pawned whatever they found eligible for that purpose, and proposed to 'keep their hearts up' and drink themselves into a state of indifference to cholera and death. In their excitement they uttered all kinds of blasphemy, and their cries of scornful defiance rang fitfully down the street. This Saturnalia was by far the most painful and shocking feature of the whole. To see, as we did, among these ghastly revellers one man whose mother had died that morning—another whose family were one or more at that moment in the death-pang, and to know that the sounds of their fearful merriment were resounding in the ears of many a heartbroken mourner for dear ones snatched from them in their prime by a cruel and sudden death, was too horrible. In contrast to these demons, came now and again the dead-carts with their solemn burden, led by some half-dozen of the young Zouaves, whose heroic conduct in this emergency must claim respect from all, putting party-spirit aside for the nonce. M. de Charette, their colonel, left Rome at once to join that portion of his troop which was garrisoned in Albano, to encourage them to continue in their noble acts of self-sacrifice; for, unfortunately, more than one fell victim to the conse-

quences of their self-elected office of burying the dead.

"By the following morning, Friday, our courage had reached its lowest ebb, and we concluded to return at once to Rome. The great difficulty was about a coffin for the child who had died the previous afternoon. A lead coffin was ordered and promised, but no workman was forthcoming, and that had to be given up. We then tried to find a carpenter to make a strong wooden one, to be pitched all over, the body having to be brought secretly into Rome for burial in the Protestant cemetery; but after much search, we only found one man left to undertake the work, and he asked and obtained a fabulous price. The other carpenter had fled into the Campagna, and had left one unfinished coffin in his workshop. The I——s and ourselves returned to Rome that afternoon. The family and brother of our Scottish sculptor, Lawrence Macdonald, followed the next day; but, as you may perhaps have heard, John Macdonald, the brother, was taken ill and died the next day but one of cholera, and was buried on the Wednesday morning at the English cemetery. So well known an old Roman will be remembered and regretted by most of our Roman visitors, especially those of the old times, when people came to winter in Rome, and learned to know the artist-world here, and note quaint ways and peculiarities that, in more busy capitals, there is no time to think of, nor opportunity to remark: formerly, I mean, when Rome was not considered as a fortnight's excursion from home—one among a thousand places to be visited on a short holiday expedition. Many others besides our old friend died in Rome within twenty-four hours of their arrival. Others who have remained actively engaged, like our friend Luigi Napoleoni, in offices of mercy and charity, have hitherto escaped contagion. But, perhaps, it is only natural that, in reckoning up the names of those who fell in

the cause of humanity and Christian charity, the death of the Cardinal Bishop of Albano, Altieri, should have made special impression upon us all. The news of the cholera having burst forth with such terrible fury among his flock reached the Cardinal by telegram on Tuesday evening, while present at an examination in the Clementine College in Rome, of which his Eminence was director. He immediately returned to his palace, near the Gesù, collected what ready money he had, sent word to the Holy Father of his determination to fly to the assistance of his people, and took his departure from Rome with two doctors whom he brought away at his own expense. On reaching Albano he did not go on to his episcopal residence, but left his carriage and began at once to exhort the people to courage, and to give orders that every means might be taken to calm down the universal terror. He then immediately proceeded to visit those attacked by cholera, to distribute alms, administer the sacraments, and do all that lay in his power to relieve and comfort his flock. From the hour of his arrival till the Saturday following, when he was seized by the fatal malady, he was occupied in charitable efforts to assuage the horrors of the pestilence. Calling to mind the example given by the Archbishop of Milan, San Carlo Borromeo, during the great plague there, the Cardinal carried about the Holy Sacrament, barefooted, as an act of penance, 'to appease the divine wrath.' He scarcely slept, and abandoned all idea of regular meals; his every thought was for the spiritual and corporal good of his people. At one o'clock on Sunday morning, his life being entirely despaired of, he received the last sacrament, together with the especial apostolical benediction sent him by Cardinal Sacconi from the Pope;

and, an hour afterwards, he expired in full possession of his senses, and perfectly tranquil, with the crucifix which he still held in his hand so closely clasped that it was found impossible to remove it. Orders were given that his body should be transferred at dusk to the cemetery silently and without followers, as the sanitary edict demanded. A car was prepared within the palace-gates, to be drawn by a couple of horses, led by the Zouaves, who claimed as their privilege the removal of the corpse. But at dusk a crowd of people—in fact, all the Albanese who were in a condition so to do—assembled in front of the bishop's palace with lighted torches in their hands, all ready and anxious to accompany their beloved pastor to the grave. It was in vain to quote sanitary laws or attempt to dissuade the populace from violating them at such a time of extreme peril. Directly the doors were opened, the young men crowded in, and, detaching the horses, drew the car along bareheaded, and with a silence and decorum remarkable in this excitable people.* The remainder of the crowd followed, likewise all bareheaded, and, chanting hymns and prayers, accompanied the body to the grave. Thus died Luigi Altieri, the prince of whose noble house may henceforward pride themselves on the cardinal of their name as the Borromeos boast of their Cardinal San Carlo. He was the intimate friend of Pius IX., as was likewise another illustrious victim, the late Queen-Dowager of Naples, Maria-Teresa, who took the malady while in close attendance on her youngest-born, Don Gennaro, a boy of ten years of age, who was among the earliest victims in Albano. Upwards of 500 persons of all ranks and conditions of life have been snatched away in these few days, the cholera still continuing its ravages. After

* A similar incident occurred many years ago in Rome, at the funeral of the Princess Borghen, a daughter of the noble English house of Talbot, much beloved and regarded as an angel of charity by the Roman people.

declining till the cases were not more than seven or eight a-day, the last reports showed between forty and fifty. Many houses are tenantless, and the keys deposited at the police by the Zouaves or gendarmes till some one be found to substantiate a claim to the property of the dead. No shops are open, no business transacted; an ominous silence reigns over the once cheerful town. It used to seem like entering into new life when the traveller's carriage rattled in at the Porta Romana, and he came upon the busy existence and active cheerful doings of the season of villeggiatura in Albano. It seems now but a dreary continuation of the long road over the desolate Campagna which leads up to it from Rome. . . .

"G. M.

"P.S.—I have not alluded to one or two points which seem inevitable to such visitations: that, for instance, of the vultures which hover about the place, lying in wait for prey, for they were not worse in Albano than in other places under the ban of Providence. Many medical men of intelligence have been there engaged in the care of patients, but few, indeed, who have taken up the cause *con amore*. On the contrary, they do harm by their cowardice. Looking at the patient as if through a telescope, they stretch out their fingers, having already stretched out their bodies to the utmost, barely venturing to touch the pulse of the sufferer. I owe it to truth to mention that the priests have signalised themselves in watching to the last by many a bedside."

Nothing can add to the effect of such a simple and heartrending tale. Some of the details, especially one of those just touched on in the postscript, appal the reader beyond all words. The wild processions with their flickering torches and barefooted penitents winding along the sharp and painful causeway—the kneeling crowds at the

dim shrines with those cries for mercy, which all who know that people will be able to realise to themselves, have still a pathos of helpless terror in them which is human. But the horror of the wilder bands that followed, most dreadful of all the vicissitudes of insane panic—the revellers who, like the drunken sailors in a lost ship, would at least drown their own consciousness of misery—is scarcely less awful than the dread suggestion of the vultures about the place. The sight of those foul birds alone, the frightful hint to the imagination given by their presence, the dreadful calm of the statement that they were "no worse there than in other places," makes the mind sick with horror. Such was the scene enacted in the month just past, in one of the fairest of earthly landscapes, a spot associated with everything that is bright and pleasant to so many. The villeggiatura of 1867 will long be remembered in the little city, and with terrible reason. Since then the scourge has abated—"ceased entirely," say the last accounts—but leaving what gaps, what terrors, what recollections behind it! The plague in London, and the plague in Milan, and the plague in Florence, have all been described to us in the words of Genius; but a hand unpractised is capable of setting beside them an almost equally impressive picture, truth in its intense reality having a force above art.

The fate of Cardinal Altieri has, as is natural, been received by some with exaggerated plaudits and lamentations, by others with the usual revulsion of cynicism and opposition to what other people say. Our sympathetic and liberal-minded press, after recording his heroism and martyrdom one day, declares the next that it must be an extraordinary thing for a bishop to do his duty, or his act would not be regarded as anything out of the way. But the fact is that, except parish doctors and parish priests

now and then, who do the deed very quietly without knowing it, but few people nowadays die for the sake of their fellow-creatures; and it is still true that greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. He might have done it moderately, taken his dinner, and put on his shoes, say our comfortable critics. But then, as it happened, this bishop was one of the same race as those who shrieked *Grazia* at the dimly-lighted shrines, and danced wildly through the lurid streets when the bonfires blazed at the street-corners, and the carts went by with the dead. Moderation had no existence in the region or the moment, as indeed it has not in these quarters at any moment. The Italian prelate perhaps was not sorry, in a time so out of joint, to prove by the sacrifice of his own life that the life and soul of old still existed in the Church of Carlo Borromeo and Francis Xavier. In such crises, amid such calamities, it is rarely, very rarely, the priest who fails, and most rarely of all the Catholic priest, who, according to his own belief, carries salvation to his penitent in his sacred pyx. A Protestant clergyman has a less urgent impulsion to the deathbed of the dying, but still Protestant clergymen seldom fail. It is the doctors and the priests who do it with us. It was the priests and the soldiers at Albano. Everybody, or almost everybody, of the educated as well as uneducated classes, yielded to the panic. Nobles, gentlefolks, artisans, all rushed forth in an indiscriminate crowd—last height of human cowardice and weakness. The healers of men's bodies fled too, carrying with them all hope of human help, and the strongest incentive to courage and exertion. But the poor priests stood fast, and even the poor monks, the burly Franciscans, who lounge in the sun about the convent walls, and the proud scarlet cardinal, who never moves without lackeys behind him. The bishop's

bare feet, we think ourselves, would do little to "appease the wrath of God;" but what is done according to a man's light and character and nation, especially when sealed by the sacrifice of his life, is not an offering to be sneered at. And the soldiers did not bear a high character about. There are men among them who wear our Crimean medal, and a finer brogue was never heard than might be heard about the slopes of Tusculum, when the reckless, picturesque band of Free Lances were quartered thereabouts. But when trouble came the lawless rose to the occasion. If the Pope's cause is sinking (which we doubt) it was an unhopèd-for piece of good fortune on his part to be thus enriched by the sacrifice of Cardinal Altieri, and the devotion of the Zouave troop.

It is hard to believe that such a scene can have happened in our own day—that only yesterday, so to speak, little more than a month ago, those bonfires were flaming about the streets, those tapers burning in the death-chambers, those wild cries rending the air, those vultures hovering over the plague-stricken town. Other places, many in our own country, have been visited with similar calamity; but rarely, thank Heaven, does a similar wild outburst of human selfishness and terror fall into the common placid tenor of modern life. Honour, meanwhile, to those who have kept their post—to the humble priests, and the wild Zouaves, and such a kindly soul as the *Avvocato*, with an imperial name and warm Italian heart, who is named in the letter we have just quoted. The vultures have flown away, and the cloud dispersed from over the white villas and the olive gardens; but it is a tragic association which has thus been thrown suddenly, without any warning, to overshadow many a tender and pleasant recollection of the little towns and scattered villages among the Alban Hills.

BROWNLWS.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXIX.—NEWS.

It was the beginning of September, as we have said, and the course of individual history slid aside as it were for the moment, and lost itself in the general web. Brownlows became full of people—friends of Jack's, friends of Mr Brownlow, even friends of Sara—for ladies came of course to break the monotony of the shooting-party—and in the press of occupation personal matters had to be put aside. Mr Brownlow himself almost forgot, except by moments when the thought came upon him with a certain thrill of excitement, that the six weeks were gliding noiselessly on, and that soon his deliverance would come. As for Sara, she did not forget the agitating little scene in which she had been only a passive actor, but which had woven a kind of subtle link between her and the man who had spoken to her in the voice of real passion. The sound of it had scared and perplexed her at first, and it had roused her to a sense of the real difference, as well as the real affinities, between them; but whatever she might feel, the fact remained that there was a link between them—a link which she could no more break than the Queen could—a something that defied all denial or contradiction. She might never see him again, but—he loved her. When a girl is fancy-free, there is no greater charm; and Sara was, or had been, entirely fancy-free, and was more liable than most girls to this attraction. When the people around her were stupid or tiresome, as to be sure the best of people are sometimes, her thoughts would make a sudden gleam like lightning upon the man who had said he would

never see her face again. Perhaps he might have proved tiresome too, had he gone out in the morning with his gun, and come home tired to dinner; but he was absent; and there are times when the absent have the best of it, notwithstanding all proverbs. She was much occupied, and by times sufficiently well amused at home, and did not feel it in the least necessary to summon Powys to her side; but still the thought of him came in now and then, and gave an additional zest to her other luxuries. It was a supreme odour and incense offered up to her, as he had thought it would be—a flower which she set her pretty foot upon, and the fragrance of which came up poignant and sweet to her delicate nostril. If anybody had said as much to Sara it would have roused her almost to fury; but still such were the facts of the case.

Jack, for his part, was less excusable if he was negligent; and he was rather negligent just then, in the first fervour of the partridges, it must be allowed—not that he cared a straw for the ladies of the party, and their accomplishments, and their pretty dresses, and their wiles, as poor Pamela believed in her heart. Apart from Pamela Jack was a stoic, and wasted not a thought on womankind; but when a man is shooting all day, and is surrounded by a party of fellows who have to be dined and entertained in the evening, and is, besides, quite confident in his mind that the little maiden who awaits him has no other seductive voice to whisper in her ear, he may be pardoned for a little carelessness or unpunctuality—at least Jack thought he ought to be pardoned,

which comes very much to the same thing. Thus the partridges, if they did not affect the affairs of state, as do their Highland brethren the grouse, at least had an influence upon the affairs of Brownlows, and put a stop, as it were, to the undivided action of its private history for the time.

It was during this interval that the carrier's cart once more deposited a passenger on the Brownlows road. She did not get down at the gate, which, she already knew, was a step calculated to bring upon her the eyes of the population, but was set down at a little distance, and came in noiselessly, as became her mission. It was a September afternoon, close and sultry. The sky was a whitish blue, pale with the blaze that penetrated and filled it. The trees looked parched and dusty where they overhung the road. The whole landscape round Brownlows beyond the line of these dusty trees was yellow with stubble, for the land was rich, and there had been a heavy crop. The fields were reaped, and the kindly fruits of earth gathered in, and there seemed no particular need for all that blaze of sunshine. But the sun blazed all the same, and the pedestrian stole slowly on, casting a long oblique shadow across the road. Everything was sleepy and still. Old Betty's door and windows were open, but the heat was so great as to quench even curiosity; or perhaps it was only that the stranger's step was very stealthy, and until it suddenly fell upon a treacherous knot of gravel, which dispersed under her weight and made a noise, had given no sign of its approach. Betty came languidly to her door when she heard this sound, but she went in again and dropped back into her doze upon her big chair when she saw it was but the slow and toiling figure of a poor woman, no way attractive to curiosity. "Some poor body a-going to Dewsbury," she said to herself; and thus Nancy stole on unnoticed.

The blind was down in the parlour window of Mrs Swayne's neighbour, and her door closed, and Mrs Swayne herself was out of the way for the moment, seeing to the boiling of the afternoon kettle. Nancy crept in, passing like a vision across Mrs Preston's open window. Her step madenoappreciable sound even in the sleepy stillness of the house, and the sole preface they had to her appearance in the parlour was a shadow of something black which crossed the light, and the softest visionary tap at the door. Then the old woman stood suddenly before the mother and the daughter, who were sitting together dull enough. Mrs Preston was still poorly, and disturbed in her mind. And as for Pamela, poor child, it was a trying moment for her. As from a watch-tower, she could see what was going on at Brownlows, and knew that they were amusing themselves, and had all kinds of pleasant parties, in which Jack, who was hers and no other woman's, took the chief part; and that amid all these diversions he had no time to come to see her though she had the only right to him, and that other girls were by, better born, better mannered, better dressed, and more charming than her simple self. Would it be his fault if he were fickle? How could he help being fickle with attractions so much greater around him? This was how Pamela was thinking as she sat by the sofa on which her mother lay. It was not weather for much exertion, and in the peculiar position of affairs, it was painful for these two to run the risk of meeting anybody from Brownlows; therefore they did not go out except furtively now and then at night, and sat all day in the house, and brooded, and were not very cheerful. Every laugh she heard sounding down the avenue, every carriage that drove out of or into the gates, every stray bit of gossip about the doings at the great house, and the luncheon parties at the

cover-side, and the new arrivals, sounded to poor little Pamela like an injury. She had meant to be so happy, and she was not happy. Only the sound of the guns was a little comfort to her. To be sure when he was shooting he was still amusing himself away from her; but at the same time he was not near the fatal beauties whom every evening Pamela felt in her heart he must be talking to, and smiling upon, and growing bewitched by. Such was the tenor of her thoughts as she sat by the sofa working, when old Nancy came in so suddenly at the door.

Pamela sprang up from her seat. Her nerves were out of order, and even her temper, poor child! and all her delicate organisation set on edge. "It is *her* again! and oh, what do you want?" said Pamela, with a little shriek. As for Mrs Preston, she too sat bolt upright on the sofa, and started, not without a certain fright, at the sudden apparition. "Nancy Christian!" she said, clasping her hands together—"Nancy Christian! Is this *you*?"

"Yes, it's me," said Nancy; "I said I would come, and here I am, and I've a deal to say. If you don't mind, I'll take a chair, for it's a long way walking in this heat, all the way from Masterton." This she said without a blush, though she had been set down not fifty yards off from the carrier's cart.

"Sit down," said Mrs Preston, anxiously, herself rising from the sofa. "It is not often I lie down," (though this was almost as much a fiction as Nancy's), "but the heat gets the better of one. I remember your name as long as I remember anything; I always hoped you would come back. Pamela, if there is anything that Nancy would like after her long walk——"

"A cup of tea is all as I care for," said Nancy. "It's a many years since we've met, and you've changed, ma'am," she added, with a cordiality that was warmer than

her sincerity; "but I could allays see as it was you."

"I have reason to be changed," said Mrs Preston. "I was young when you saw me last, and now I'm an old woman. I've had many troubles. I've had a hard fight with the world, and I've lost all my children but this one. She's a good child, but she can't stand in the place of all that I've lost—— And oh, Nancy Christian, you're a woman that can tell me about my poor old mother. Many a thought I have had of her, and often often it seemed a judgment that my children should be taken from me. If you could but tell me she forgave me before she died!"

Nancy made no direct answer to this appeal, but she looked at Pamela, and then at her mother, with a significant gesture. The two old women had their world to go back into of which the young creature knew nothing, and where there were many things which might not bear her inspection; while she, on the other hand, was absorbed in her own new world, and scarcely heard or noticed what they were saying. She stood between them in her youth, unaware of the look they exchanged, unaware that she was in the way of their confidences—thinking, in fact, nothing of much importance in the world except what might be going on in the great house over the way.

"Pamela," said Mrs Preston, "go and see about the tea, and run out to the garden, dear, and get a breath of air; for I have a deal to ask, and Nancy has a deal to tell me; and there will be no one passing at this time of the day."

"If they were all passing it would not matter to me," said Pamela, and she sighed, and put down her languid work, and went away to make the tea. But she did not go out to the garden; though she said it did not matter, it did matter mightily. She went up-stairs to the window and sat down behind the curtain, and fixed her hungry

eyes upon the gate and the avenue beyond; and then she made little pictures to herself of the ladies at Brownlows, and of how Jack must be enjoying himself, and gathered some big bitter tears in her eyes, and felt herself forsaken. It was worse than the Peri at the gate of Eden. So long as Jack had come to the cottage, it mattered little to Pamela who was at the great house. In those days she could think, "They are finer than I am, and better off, and even prettier, but he likes *me* best;" but now this was all changed—the poor little Peri saw the blessed walking in pairs and pleasant companies, and her own young archangel, who was the centre of the Paradise, surrounded and taken possession of by celestial sirens—if such things can be. To be sure Jack Brownlow was not much like an archangel, but that mattered little. What a change it was! and all to come about in a week or two. She, too, was like the flower upon which the conqueror sets his foot; and Pamela was not passive, but resisted and struggled. Thus she was not curious about what old Nancy could be saying to her mother. What could it be? some old gossip or other, recollections of a previous state of existence before anybody was born—talk about dead things and dead people that never could affect the present state of being. If Pamela thought of it at all, she was half glad that poor mamma should have something to amuse her, and half jealous that her mother could think of anything except the overwhelming interest of her own affairs. And she lingered at the window unawares, until the tea was spoilt, oblivious of Nancy's fatigue; and saw the gentlemen come in from their shooting, with their dogs and guns and keepers, and the result of their day's work, and was aware that Jack lingered, and looked across the road, and waited till everybody was gone; then her heart jumped

up and throbbed loudly as he came towards the house. She was about to rush down to him, to forget her griefs, and understand how it was and that he could not help it. But Pamela was a minute too late. She was on her way to the door, when suddenly her heart stood still and the colour went out of her face, and she stopped short like one thunderstruck. He was going away again, astonished, like a man in a dream, with the birds in his hand which he had been bringing as a peace-offering. And Pamela heard her mother's voice, sharp and harsh, speaking from the door. "I am much obliged to you, Mr Brownlow, but I never eat game, and we are both very much engaged, and unable to see any one to-day;" these were the words the poor girl heard; and then the door, which always stood open—the fearless hospitable cottage door, was closed sharply, and with a meaning. Pamela stood aghast, and saw him go away with his rejected offering; and then the disappointment and wonder and quick change of feeling came raining down from her eyes in big tears. Poor Jack! It was not his fault—he was not unfaithful nor careless—but her own; and her mother to send him away! It all passed in a moment, and she had not time or self-possession to throw open the window and hold out her hands to him and call him back, but only stood speechless and watched him disappearing, himself speechless with amazement, crossing the road backwards with his birds in his hand. Then Pamela's dreams came suddenly to an end. She dried her eyes indignantly—or rather the sudden hot flush on her cheeks dried them without any aid—and smoothed back her hair, and went down flaming in youthful wrath to call her mother to account. But Mrs Preston too was a changed creature. Pamela did not know what to make of it when she went into the little parlour. Old Nancy was sitting on a chair by the wall,

just as she had done when she came in, and looking the same; but as for Mrs Preston, she was a different woman. If wings had suddenly budded at her shoulders the revolution could scarcely have been greater. She stood upright near the window, with no stoop, no headache, no weariness—ten years younger at least—her eyes as bright as two fires, and even her black dress hanging about her in different folds. Pamela's resentment and indignation and rebellious feelings came to an end at this unwonted spectacle. She could only stand before her mother and stare at her, and wonder what it could mean.

"It is nothing," said Mrs Preston. "Mr Brownlow, who brought us some game—you know I don't care for game; and then people change their minds about things. Sit down, Pamela, and don't stare at me. I have been getting too languid about everything, and when one rouses up everybody wonders what one means."

"Mamma," said Pamela, too much astonished to know what to answer, "you sent him away!"

"Yes, I sent him away; and I will send any one away that I think mercenary and selfish," said Mrs Preston. Was it she who spoke? Could it be her mild uncertain lips from which such words came; and then what could it mean? How could he be mercenary—he who was going to give up everything for his love's sake? No words could express Pamela's consternation. She sat down weak with wonder, and gazed at her mother. The change was one which she could not in any way explain to herself.

"Old Mrs Fennell was very rude to me," said Mrs Preston. "I fear you have not a very comfortable place, Nancy Christian; but we can soon change that. You that were so faithful to my poor mother, you may be sure you'll not be forgotten. You are not to think of walking back to Masterton. If I had known

you were coming I would have spoken to Hobson the carrier. I never was fond of the Fennells from the earliest I remember; though Tom, you know, poor fellow—— But he was a great deal older than me."

"He was nigh as old as your mother," said Nancy; "many's the time I've heard her say it. 'He wanted my daughter,' she would say; 'her a slip of a girl, and him none so much younger than I am myself; but now he's catched a Tartar;' and she would laugh, poor old dear; but when she knew as they were after what she had—that's what drove her wild you may say——"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs Preston—"yes, yes; you need say no more, Nancy; I see it all—I see it all. Wherever there's money it's a snare, and no mortal that I can see escapes. If I had but known a month ago! but after this they shall see they can't do what they please with me. No; though it may be hard upon us—hard upon us—— Oh, Nancy Christian," she said, flinging up her arms into the air, "if you had but come to tell me a month ago!"

Pamela listened to this conversation with gradually-increasing dismay. She did not know what it meant; but yet, by some instinctive sense, she knew that it concerned herself—and Jack. She rose up and went to her mother with vague terrors in her heart. "Mamma, what is it? tell me what it is," she said, putting two clinging hands round her arm.

At these words Mrs Preston suddenly came to herself. "What is what?" she said. "Sit down, Pamela, and don't ask foolish questions; or rather go and see after the tea. It has never come, though I told you Nancy was tired. If you left it by Mrs Swayne's fire it will be boiled by this time; and you know when it stands too long I can't bear it. Go, dear, and get the tea."

"But, mamma," said Pamela,

still clinging to her, and speaking in her ear—"mamma! I know there must be something. Why did you send him away?"

Mrs Preston gave her child a look which Pamela, driven to her wits' end, could not interpret. There was pity in it and there was defiance, and a certain fierce gleam as of indignation. "Child, you know nothing about it," she said, with suppressed passion—"nothing; and I can't tell you now. Go and get us the tea."

Pamela gazed again, but she could make nothing of it. It was, and yet it was not; her mother—not the old, faded, timid, hesitating woman who had nothing in the world but herself; but somebody so much younger, so much stronger—with those two shining, burning eyes, and this sudden self-consciousness and command. She gave a long look, and then she sighed and dropped her mother's arm, and went away to do her bidding. It was the first appeal she had ever made in vain, and naturally it filled her with a painful amaze. It was such a combination of events as she could not understand. Nancy's arrival, and Jack's dismissal, and this curious change in Mrs Preston's appearance. Her little heart had been full of pain when she left the room before, but it was pain of a very different kind. Now the laggard had come who was all the cause of the trouble then, and he had been sent away without reason or explanation, and what could it mean? "If I had but known a month ago!"—What could it be that she had heard? The girl's heart took to beating again very loud and fast, and her imagination began to work, and it is not difficult to divine what sort of theories of explanation rose in her thoughts. The only thing that Pamela could think of as raising any fatal barrier between herself and Jack was unfaithfulness or a previous love on his part. This, without doubt, was Nancy's mission. She had come to tell of

his untruthfulness; that he loved somebody else; perhaps had pledged himself to somebody else; and that between him and his new love, instant separation, heartbreak, and despair must ensue. "He need not have been afraid to tell me," Pamela said to herself, with her heart swelling till it almost burst from her breast. All her little frame, all her sensitive nerves, thrilled with pain and pride. This was what it was. She was not so much stunned by the blow as roused up to the fullest consciousness. Her lip would have quivered sadly had she been compelled to speak; her voice might have broken for anything she could tell, and risen into hard tones and shrieks of pain. But she was not obliged to speak to any one, and so could shut herself in and keep it down. She went about mechanically, but with nervous haste and swiftness, and covered the little table with its white cloth, and put bread on it, and the tea for which Nancy and her mother sighed; and she thought they looked at her with cruel coldness, as if it was they who were concerned and not she. As if it could be anything to anybody in comparison to what it was to her! As if she must not be at all times the principal in such a matter! Thus they sat down at the little round table. Nancy, who was much in her ordinary, ate and drank and was very comfortable, and pleased with the country cream in her tea; but the mother and the daughter neither ate nor drank. Mrs Preston sat, saying now and then a word or two to Nancy which Pamela could not understand, but mostly was silent, pondering and full of thoughts, while Pamela, with her eyes cast down, and a burning crimson colour on her cheeks, sat still and brooded over the cruelty she thought they were showing her. Nancy was the only one who "enjoyed," as she said, "her tea."

"You may get a drop of what's called cream in a town, but it ain't

cream," said Nancy. "It's but skim-milk frothed up, and you never get the taste of the tea. It's a thing as I always buys good. It's me as lays in all the things, and when there ain't a good cup o' tea at my age, there ain't nothing as is worth in life. But the fault's not in the tea. It's the want of a drop of good cream as does it. It's that as brings out the flavour, and gives it a taste. A cup o' good tea's a cheering thing; but I wouldn't say as you was enjoying it, Mrs Preston, like me."

"I have other things in my mind," said Mrs Preston; "you've had a long walk, and you must want it. As for me, my mind's all in a ferment. I don't seem to know if it's me, or what has happened. You would not have come and told me all this if you had not been as sure as sure of what you had to say?"

"Sure and sure enough," said Nancy. "I've knowed it from first to last, and how could I go wrong? If you go to London, as you say, you can judge for yourself, and there won't be nothing for me to tell; but you'll think on as I was the first—for your old mother's sake——"

"You'll not be forgot," said Mrs Preston—"you need not fear. I am not the one to neglect a friend—and one that was good to my poor mother; you may reckon on me." She sat upright in her chair, and every line in her face had changed. Power, patronage, and protection were in her tone—she who had been herself so poor and timid and anxious. Her very words were uttered more clearly, and with a distincter intonation. And Pamela listened with all her might, and grew more and more bewildered, and tried vainly to make out some connection between this talk and the discovery which she supposed must have been made. But what could Jack's failure in good faith have to do with anybody's old mother? It was only Nancy who was quite at

her ease. "I will take another cup, if you please, Miss Pamela," said Nancy, "and I hope as I'll live to see you in your grandeur, feasting with lords and ladies, instead of pouring out an old woman's tea—for them as is good children is rewarded. Many's the day I've wished to see you, and wondered, how many of you there was. It's sad for your mother as there's only you; but it's a fine thing for yourself, Miss Pamela—and you must always give your mind to do what your mamma says."

"How should it be a fine thing for me?" said Pamela; "or how should I ever feast with lords and ladies? I suppose you mean to make fun of us. As for doing what mamma says, of course I always do—and she never tells me to do anything unreasonable," the girl added, after a momentary pause, looking doubtfully at her mother. If she were told to give up Jack, Pamela felt that it would be something unreasonable, and she had no inclination to pledge herself. Mrs Preston was changed from all her daughter's previous knowledge of her; and it might be that her demands upon Pamela's obedience would change too.

"It's nigh my time to go," said Nancy. "I said to the carrier as he was to wait for me down the road. I wouldn't be seen a-getting into the waggon here. Folks talks awful when they're so few; and thank you kindly, Mrs Preston, for the best cup of tea as I've tasted for ten years. Them as can get cream like that, has what I calls some comfort in this life."

"Pamela," said Mrs Preston, "you can walk along with Nancy as far as Merryfield Farm, and give my compliments, and if they'd put a drop of their best cream in a bottle—— It's all I can do just now, Nancy Christian; but I am not one that forgets my friends, and the time may come——"

"The time *will* come, ma'am," said Nancy, getting up and making

her patroness a curtsy, "and I'm none afraid as you'll forget; and thank you kindly for thinking o' the cream—if it ain't too much trouble to Miss Pamela. If you go up there, as you think to do, and find all as I say, you'll be so kind as to let me know?"

"I'll let you know, you may be sure," said Mrs Preston, in her short decisive tones of patronage. And then the girl, much against her will, had to put on her hat and go with Nancy. She did it, but it was with an ill grace; for she was longing to throw herself upon her mother and have an explanation of all this—what had happened, and what it meant. The air had grown cool, and old Betty had come out to her door, and Mrs Swayne was in the little garden watering the mignonette. And it was not easy to pass those two pairs of eyes and preserve a discreet incognito. To do her justice, Nancy tried her best; but it was a difficult matter to blind Mrs Swayne.

"I thought as it was you," said that keen observer. "I said as much to Swayne when he told me as there was a lady to tea in the parlour. I said, 'You take my word it's her as come from Master-ton asking after them.' And I hope, mum, as I see you well. Mrs Preston has been but poorly; and you as knows her constitootion and her friends——"

"She knows nothing about us," said Pamela, with indignation—"not now; I never saw her in my life before. And how can she know about mamma's constitution, or her friends either? Nancy, come along; you will be too late for Hobson if you stand talking here."

"It's never no loss of time to say a civil word, Miss Pamela," said Nancy. It's years and years since I saw her, and she's come through a deal since then. And having a family changes folks' constitootions. If it wasn't asking too much, I'd ask for a bit o' mignonette. Town

folks is terrible greedy when they comes to the country—and it's that sweet as does one's heart good. Nice cream and butter and new-laid eggs, and a bit o' lad's love, or something as smells sweet—give me that, and I don't ask for none o' your grandeurs. That's the good o' the country to me."

"They sends all that country stuff to old Mrs Fennell, don't they?" said Betty, who in the leisure of the evening had crossed the road. "I should have thought you'd been sick of all them things—and the fruit and the partridges as I see packed no later than this very afternoon. I should have said you had enough for six, if any one had asked me."

"When the partridges is stale and the fruit rotten," said Nancy, shrugging her shoulders; "and them as has such plenty, where's the merit of it? I suppose there's fine doings at the house, with all their shootings and all the strangers as is about——"

"They was at a picnic to-day," said Betty. "Mr John, he's the one! He makes all them ladies leave their comfortable lunch, as is better than many a dinner, and down to the heath with their cold pies and their jellies and suchlike. Give me a bit of something 'ot. But they think he's a catch, being the only son; and there ain't one but does what he says."

Pamela had been standing plucking a bit of mignonette to pieces, listening with tingling ears. It was not in human nature not to listen; but she roused herself when Betty's voice ceased, and went softly on, withdrawing herself from the midst of them. Her poor little heart was swelling and throbbing, and every new touch seemed to add to its excitement; but pride, and a sense of delicacy and dignity, came to her aid. Jack's betrothed, even if neglected or forsaken, was not in her fit place amid this gossip. She went on quietly, saying nothing about it, leaving her

companion behind. And the three women gave each other significant glances as soon as she had turned her back on them. "I told 'em how it would be," said Mrs Swayne, under her breath—"it's allays the way when a girl is that mad to go and listen to a gentleman." And Betty, though she sneered at her employers with goodwill, had an idea of keeping up their importance so far as other people were concerned. "Poor lass!" said Betty, "she's been took in. She thought Mr John was one as would give up everything for the like of her; but he has her betters to choose from. He's affable like, but he's a deal too much pride for that."

"Pride goes afore a fall," said Nancy, with meaning; "and the Brownlows ain't such grand folks after all. Nothing but attorneys, and an old woman's money to set them up as wasn't a drop's blood to them. I don't see no call for pride."

"The old Squires was different, I don't deny," said Betty, with candour; "but when folks is bred gentlefolks, and has all as heart can desire——"

"There's gentlefolks as might do worse," said Nancy, fiercely; "but it ain't nothing to you nor me——"

"It ought to be a deal to both of you," said Mrs Swayne, coming in as moderator, "eating their bread as it were, and going on like that. And both of you with black silks to put on of a Sunday, and sure of your doctor and your burial if you was to fall ill. I wouldn't be that ungrateful if it was me."

"It's no use quarrelling," said Nancy; "and I'll say good-night, for I've a long way to go. If ever you should want anything in Masterton, I'd do my best to serve you. Miss Pamela's a long way on, and walking fast ain't for this weather; so I'll bid you both good-night. We'll have time for more talk," she added significantly, "next time I come back; and I'd like a good look at that nice lodge you've got." Old Betty did not know what the woman meant, but those black eyes "went through and through her," she said; and so Nancy's visit came to an end.

CHAPTER XXX.—WHAT FOLLOWED.

Pamela could make nothing of her companion. Nancy was very willing to talk, and indeed ran on in an unceasing strain; but what she said only confused the more the girl's bewildered faculties; and she saw her mount at last into the carrier's cart, and left her with less perception than ever of what had happened. Then she went straying home in the early dusk, for already the days had begun to grow short, and that night in especial a thunderstorm was brewing, and the clouds were rolling down darkly after the sultry day. Pamela crossed over to the shade of the thick hedge and fence which shut in the park, that nobody might see her, and her thoughts as

she went along were not sweet. She thought of Jack and the ladies at Brownlows, and then she thought of the wish her mother had uttered—Had she but known this a month ago! and between the terrible suspicion of a previous love, and the gnawing possibility of present temptation, made herself very miserable, poor child. Either he had deceived her, and was no true man; or, if he had not yet deceived her, he was in hourly peril of doing so, and at any moment the blow might come. While she was thus lingering along in the twilight, something happened which gave Pamela a terrible fright. She was passing a little stile when suddenly a man

sprang out upon her, and caught hold of her hands. She was so sure that Jack was dining at Brownlows, and yielding to temptation then, that she did not recognise him, and screamed when he sprang out; and it was dark, so dark that she could scarcely see his face. Jack, for his part, had been so conscience-stricken when Mrs Preston refused him entrance that he had done what few men of this century would be likely to do. He had gone in with the other men, and gulped down some sherry at the sideboard, and instead of proceeding to his dressing-room as they all did after, had told a very shocking fib to Willis the butler, for the benefit of his father and friends, and rushed out again. He might have been proof against upbraiding, but compunction seized him when Mrs Preston closed the door. He had deserved it, but he had not expected such summary measures; and "that woman," as he called her in his dismay, was capable of taking his little love away and leaving him no sign. He saw it in her eye; for he, too, saw the change in her. Thus Jack was alarmed, and in his fright his conscience spoke. And he had seen Pamela go out, and waylaid her; and was very angry and startled to see she did not recognise him. "Good heavens, do you mean to say you don't know me?" he cried, almost shaking her as he held her by the hands. To scream and start as if the sight of him was not the most natural thing in the world, and the most to be looked for! Jack felt it necessary to begin the warfare, to combat his own sense of guilt.

"I thought you were at dinner," said Pamela, faintly. "I never thought it could be you."

"And you don't look a bit glad to see me. What do you mean by it?" said Jack. "It is very hard, when a fellow gives up everything to come and see you. And your mother to shut the door upon me!

She never did it before. A man has his duties to do, whatever happens. I can't go and leave these fellows loafing about by themselves. I must go out with them. I thought you were going to take me for better for worse, Pamela, not for a month or a week."

"Oh, don't speak so," said Pamela. "It was never me. It must have been something mamma had heard. She does not look a bit like herself; and it is all since that old woman came."

"What old woman?" said Jack, calming down. "Look here, come into the park. They are all at dinner, and no one will see; and tell me all about it. So long as you are not changed, nothing else is of any consequence. Only for half an hour——"

"I don't think I ought," said Pamela; but she was on the other side of the stile when she said these words; and her hand was drawn deeply through Jack's arm, and held fast, so that it was clearly a matter of discreet submission, and she could not have got away had she wished it. "I don't think I ought to come," said Pamela, "you never come to us now; and it must have been something that mamma had heard. I think she is going away somewhere; and I am sure, with all these people at Brownlows, and all that old Nancy says, and you never coming near us, I do not mind where we go, for my part."

"As if I cared for the people at Brownlows!" said Jack, holding her hand still more tightly. "Don't be cruel to a fellow, Pamela. I'll take you away whenever you please, but without me you shan't move a step. Who is old Nancy, I should like to know? and as for anything you could have heard—— Who suffers the most, do you suppose, from the people at Brownlows? To know you are there, and that one can't have even a look at you——"

"But then you can have a great many looks at other people," said

Pamela, "and perhaps there was somebody else before me—don't hold my hand so tight. We are poor, and you are rich—and it makes a great difference. And I can't do just what I like. You say *you* can't, and you are a man, and older than I am. I must do what mamma says."

"But you know you can make her do what you like; whereas, with a lot of fellows——" said Jack. "Pamela, don't—there's a darling! You have me in your power, and you can put your foot upon me if you like. But you have not the heart to do it. Not that I should mind your little foot. Be as cruel as you please; but don't talk of running away. You know you can make your mother do whatever you like."

"Not now," said Pamela, "not now—there is such a change in her; and oh, Jack, I do believe she is angry, and she will make me go away."

"Tell me about it," said Jack, tenderly; for Pamela had fallen into sudden tears, without any regard for her consistency. And then the dialogue became a little inarticulate. It lasted a good deal longer on the whole than half an hour; and the charitable clouds drooped lower, and gave them shade and shelter as they emerged at last from the park, and stole across the deserted road to Swayne's cottage. They were just in time; the first drops of the thunder-shower fell heavy and big upon Pamela before they gained shelter. But she did not mind them much. She had unburdened her heart, and her sorrows had flown away; and the ladies at Brownlows were no longer of any account in her eyes. She drew her lover in with her at the door, which so short a time before had been closed on him. "Mamma, I made him come in with me, not to get wet," said Pamela; and both the young people looked with a little anxiety upon Mrs Preston, deprecating her

wrath. She was seated by the window, though it had grown dark, perhaps looking for Pamela; but her aspect was rather that of one who had forgotten everything external for the moment, than of an anxious mother watching for her child. They could not see the change in her face, as they gazed at her so eagerly in the darkness; but they both started and looked at each other when she spoke.

"I would not refuse any one shelter from a storm," she said, "but if Mr Brownlow thinks a little, he will see that this is no place for him." She did not even turn round as she spoke, but kept at the window, looking out, or appearing to look out, upon the gathering clouds.

Jack was thunderstruck. There was something in her voice which chilled him to his very bones. It was not natural offence for his recent shortcomings, or doubt of his sincerity. He felt himself getting red in the darkness. "It was as if she had found me out to be a scoundrel, by Jove," he said to himself afterwards, which was a very different sort of thing from mere displeasure or jealousy. And in the silence that ensued, Mrs Preston took no notice of anybody. She kept her place at the window, without looking round or saying another word; and in the darkness behind stood the two bewildered, trying to read in each other's faces what it could mean.

"Speak to her," said Pamela, eagerly whispering close to his ear; but Jack, for his part, could not tell what to say. He was offended, and he did not want to speak to her; but, on the contrary, held Pamela fast, with almost a perverse desire to show her mother that the girl was his, and that he did not care. "It is you I want, and not your mother," he said. They could hear each other speak, and could even differ and argue and be impassioned without anybody else being much the wiser. The only

sound Mrs Preston heard was a faint rustle of whispers in the darkness behind her. "No," said Jack, "if she will be ill-tempered, I can't help it. It is you I want," and he stood by and held his ground. When the first lightning flashed into the room, this was how it found them. There was a dark figure seated at the window, relieved against the gleam, and two faces which looked at each other, and shone for a second in the wild illumination. Then Pamela gave a little shriek and covered her face. She was not much more than a child, and she was afraid. "Come in from the window, mamma! do come, or it will strike you; and let us close the shutters," cried Pamela. There was a moment during which Mrs Preston sat still, as if she did not hear. The room fell into blackness, and then blazed forth again, the window suddenly becoming "a glimmering square," with the one dark outline against it. Jack held his little love with his arm, but his eyes were fascinated by that strange sight. What could it mean? Was she mad? Had something happened in his absence to bring about this wonderful change? The mother, however, could not resist the cry that Pamela uttered the second time. She rose up, and closed the shutters with her own hands, refusing Jack's aid. But when the three looked at each other, by the light of the candles, they all looked excited and disturbed. Mrs Preston sat down by the table, with an air so different from her ordinary looks, that she seemed another woman. And Jack, when her eyes fell upon him, could not help feeling something like a prisoner at the bar.

"Mr Brownlow," she said, "I daresay you think women are very ignorant, especially about business—and so they are; but you and your father should remember—you should remember that weak folks, when they are put to it—Pamela! sit down, child, and don't

interfere; or, if you like, you can go away."

"What have I done, Mrs Preston?" said Jack. "I don't know what you mean. If it is because I have been some days without coming, the reason is—— But I told Pamela all about it. If that is the reason——"

"That!" cried Mrs Preston, and then her voice began to tremble; "if you think your coming or—going is—any—anything——" she said, and then her lips quivered so that she could articulate no more. Pamela, with a great cry, rushed to her and seized her hands, which were trembling too, and Jack, who thought it was a sudden "stroke," seized his hat and rushed to the door to go for a doctor; but Mrs Preston held out her shaking hands to him so peremptorily that he stopped in spite of himself. She was trembling all over—her head, her lips, her whole frame, yet keeping entire command of herself all the time.

"I am not ill," she said; "there is no need for a doctor." And then she sat resolutely looking at him, holding her feet fast on the floor and her hand flat on the table to stop the movement of her nerves. It was a strange sight. But when the two who had been looking at her with alarmed eyes, suddenly, in the height of their wonder, turned to each other with a glance of mutual inquiry and sympathy, appealing to each other what it could mean, Mrs Preston could not bear it. Her intense self-command gave way. All at once she fell into an outbreak of wailing and tears. "You are two of you against me," she said. "You are saying to each other, What does she mean? and there is nobody on earth—nobody to take my part." The outcry went to Jack Brownlow's heart. Somehow he seemed to understand better than even Pamela did, who clung to her mother and cried, and asked what was it—what had she done? Jack was touched more than he

could explain. The thunder was rolling about the house, and the rain falling in torrents; but he had not the heart to stay any longer and thrust his happiness into her face, and wound her with it. Somehow he felt ashamed; and yet he had nothing to be ashamed about, unless, in presence of this agitation and pain and weakness, it was his own strength and happiness and youth.

"I don't mind the storm," he said. "I am sure you don't want any one here just now. Don't let your mother think badly of me, Pamela. You know I would do anything—and I can't tell what's wrong; and I am going away. Good-night."

"Not till the storm is over," cried Pamela. "Mamma, he will get killed—you know he will, among those trees."

"Not a bit," said Jack, and he waved his hand to them and went away, feeling, it must be confessed, a good deal frightened—not for the thunder, however, or the storm, but for Mrs Preston's weird look and trembling nerves, and his poor little Pamela left alone to nurse her. That was the great point. The poor woman was right. For herself there was nobody to care much. Jack was frightened because of Pamela. His little love, his soft little darling, whom he would like to take in his arms and carry away from every trouble—that she should be left alone with sickness in its most terrible shape, perhaps with delirium, possibly with death! Jack stepped softly into Mrs Swayne's kitchen, and told her his fears. He told her he would go over to Betty's lodge and wait there, in case the doctor should be wanted, and that she was not to let Miss Pamela wear herself out. As for Mrs Swayne, though she made an effort to be civil, she scoffed at his fears. When she had heard what he had to say she showed him out grimly, and turned with enjoyment the key in the door.

"The doctor!" she said to herself in disdain—"a fine excuse! But I don't hold with none o' your doctors, nor with gentlemen a-coming like roaring lions. I ain't one to be caught like that, at my time of life; and you don't come in here no more this night, with your doctors and your Miss Pamelas." In this spirit Mrs Swayne fastened the house up carefully, and shut all the shutters, before she knocked at the parlour door to see what was the matter. But when she did take that precaution she was not quite so sure of her own wisdom. Mrs Preston was lying on the sofa, shivering and trembling, with Pamela standing frightened by her. She had forbidden the girl to call any one, and was making painful efforts by mere resolution to stave it off. She said nothing, paid no attention to anybody, but with her whole force was struggling to put down the incipient illness, and keep disease at bay. And Pamela, held by her glittering eye, too frightened to cry, too ignorant to know what to do, stood by, a white image of terror and misery, wringing her hands. Mrs Swayne was frightened too; but there was some truth in her boast of experience. And, besides, her character was at stake. She had sent Jack away, and disdained his offer of the doctor, and it was time to bestir herself. So they got the stricken woman upstairs and laid her in her bed, and chafed her limbs, and comforted her with warmth. Jack, waiting in old Betty's, saw the light mount to the higher window and shine through the chinks of the shutters, until the storm was over, and he had no excuse for staying longer. It was still burning when he went away, and it burned all night through, and lighted Pamela's watch as she sat pale at her mother's bedside. She sat all through the night and watched her patient—sat while the lightning still flashed and the thunder roared, and her young soul quaked within her;

and then through the hush that succeeded, and through the black hours of night and the dawning of the day. It was the first vigil she had ever kept, and her mind was bewildered with fear and anxiety, and the confusion of ignorance. She sat alone, wistful and frightened, afraid to move lest she should disturb her mother's restless sleep, falling into dreary little dozes, waking up cold and terrified, hearing the furniture, and the floor, and the walls and windows—everything about her, in short—giving out ghostly sounds in the stillness. She had never heard those creaks and jars before with which our inanimate surroundings give token of the depth of silence and night. And Mrs Preston's face looked grey in the faint light, and her breathing was disturbed; and by times she tossed her arms about, and murmured in her sleep. Poor Pamela had a weary night; and when the morning came with its welcome light, and she opened her eyes after a snatch of unwitting sleep, and found her mother awake and looking at her, the poor child started up with a sharp cry, in which there was as much terror as relief.

"Mamma!" she cried. "I did not mean to go to sleep. Are you better? Shall I run and get you a cup of tea?"

"Come and speak to me, Pamela," said Mrs Preston. "I am quite well—at least I think I am well. My poor darling, have you been sitting up all night?"

"It does not matter," said Pamela; "it will not hurt me; but I was frightened. Are you sure you are better? Poor mamma, how ill you have been! You looked—I cannot tell you how you looked. But you have your own eyes again this morning. Let me go and get you some tea."

"I don't want any tea," said Mrs Preston. "I want to speak to you. I am not so strong as I used to be, and you must not cross me, Pamela. I have something to do

before I die. It upset me to hear of it, and to think of all that might happen. But I must get well and do it. It is all for your sake; and you must not cross me, Pamela. You must think well of what I say."

"No," said Pamela, though her heart sank a little. "I never did anything to cross you, mamma; but Mrs Swayne said you were not to talk; and she left the kettle by the fire that you might have some tea."

"I do not care for tea; I care for nothing but to get up and do what has to be done," said her mother. "It is all for your sake. Things will be very different, Pamela, from what you think; but you must not cross me. It is all for you—all for you."

"Oh, mamma, don't mind me," said Pamela, kissing her grey cheek. "I am all right, if you will only be well; and I don't know anything you can have to do. You are not fit for anything but to lie still. It is very early yet. I will draw the curtains if you will try to go to sleep."

"I must get up and go," said Mrs Preston. "This is no time to go to sleep; but you must not cross me—that is the chief thing of all; for, Pamela, everything will be yours—everything; and you are not to be deceived and taken in, and throw it all away."

"Oh, mamma dear, lie still and have a little more rest," cried Pamela, ready to cry with terror and distress. She thought it was delirium, and was frightened and overwhelmed by the unexpected calamity. Mrs Preston, however, did not look like a woman who was raving; she looked at the old silver watch under her pillow, drawing it out with a feeble hand, which still trembled, and when she saw how early it still was, she composed herself again as with an effort. "Come and lie down, my poor darling," she said. "We must not spend our strength; and my Pa-

mela will be my own good child and do what I say."

"Yes, mamma," said the poor child, answering her mother's kiss; but all the while her heart sank in her breast. What did it mean? What form was her submission to take? What was she pledging herself to? She lay down in reluctant obedience, trembling and agitated; but she was young and weary, and fell fast asleep, in spite of herself and all her fears. And the morning light, as it brightened and filled the little room, fell upon the two together, who were so strange a contrast—the young round sweet face, to which the colour returned as the soft sleep smoothed and soothed it, with eyes so fast closed, and the red lips a little apart, and the sweet breath rising and falling: and the dark, weary countenance, worn out of all freshness, now stilled in temporary slumber, now lighting up with two big dark eyes, which would wake suddenly, and fix upon the window, eager with thought, and then veil over again in the doze of weakness. They lay thus till the morning had advanced, and the sound of Mrs Swayne's entrance made Pamela wake, and spring, ashamed from her dead sleep. And finally, the cup of tea, the universal cordial, was brought. But when Mrs Preston woke fully, and attempted to get up, with the eager look and changed manner which appalled her daughter, it was found to be impossible. The shock, whatever it was, had been too much for her

strength. She fell back again upon her bed with a look of anguish which went to Pamela's heart. "I can't do it—I can't do it," she said to herself, in a voice of despair. The convulsive trembling of the previous night was gone; but she could not stand, could not walk, and still shook with nervous weakness. "I can't do it—I can't do it," she said over and over, and in her despair wept; which was a sight overwhelming even to Mrs Swayne, who was standing looking on.

"Hush, hush," said that surprised spectator. "Bless your poor soul, don't take on. If you can't do it to-day, you'll do it to-morrow; though I don't know, no more than Adam, what she's got to do, Miss Pamela, as is so pressing. Don't take on. Keep still, and you'll be better to-morrow. Don't go and take no liberties with yourself. You ain't fit to stand, much less to do anything. Bless you, you'll be as lively as lively to-morrow, if you lie still and take a drop of beef-tea now and again, and don't take on."

"Yes, I'll do it to-morrow. It'll do to-morrow; a day don't signify," said Mrs Preston; and she recovered herself, and was very quiet, while Pamela took her place by the bedside. Either she was going to be ill, perhaps to die, or something had happened to change her very nature, and turn the current of her life into another channel. Which of these things it was, was beyond the discrimination of the poor girl who watched by her bedside.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SUSPICION.

Neither the next day, however, nor the next again, was Mrs Preston able to move. The doctor had to be brought at last, and he enjoined perfect quiet and freedom from care. If she had anything on her mind, it was to be exorcised and put away, he ordered, speaking to Mrs Swayne and Pamela,

who had not a notion what she had on her mind. As for the patient, she made her effort to rise every morning, and failed, and turned upon her watchers such looks of despair as bewildered them. Every morning Jack Brownlow would come to ask for her, which was the only moment of the day in which

Pamela found a little comfort ; but her mother found it out instinctively, and grew so restless, and moaned so pitifully when her child left her, that even that sorrowful pleasure had to be given up. The young people did not know what to think. They persuaded themselves sometimes that it was only the effect of illness, and that a fancy so sudden and unexplainable would, when she was better, vanish as unreasonably as it came ; but then, what was it she had to do ? When she had lain for several days in this state of feebleness, always making vain efforts after strength, another change came over Mrs Preston. The wild look went out of her eyes. One morning she called Pamela to her with more than her usual energy. "I am going to be very quiet and still for a week," she said ; "if I am not better then, I will tell you what you must do, Pamela. You must send for the Rector and for Nancy Christian from old Mrs Fennell's in Masterton. This is Tuesday, and it is the 30th ; and I will try for a week. If I am not better next Tuesday, you must send for the Rector. Promise me to do exactly what I say."

"Yes, mamma," said Pamela ; "but oh ! what for ?—if you would only tell me what it is for ! You never kept anything secret from me."

Mrs Preston turned a wistful look upon her child. "I must not tell you," she said—"I cannot tell you. If I did you would not thank me. You will know it soon enough. Don't ask me any questions for a week. I mean to try and get well to do it myself ; but if I don't get well, no more time must be lost. You must not cross me, Pamela. What do you think I should care if it was not for you ?"

"And perhaps if I knew I should not care," cried the poor little girl, wringing her hands. She did not know what it was ; but still it became as clear as daylight to her

that it was something against Jack.

"You would tell it to him," Mrs Preston said, with a deep sigh. Perhaps Pamela did not hear her, for the words were spoken almost under her breath ; but the girl heard the sigh, and divined what it meant. It was bitter to her, poor child, and hard to think that she could not be true to both—that her mother was afraid of trusting her—and that Jack and Mrs Preston were ranged on different sides, with her love and faith, as a bone of contention, between them. Perhaps it was all the harder that she could not cry over it, or get any relief to her soul. Things by this time had become too serious for crying. The little soft creature grew without knowing into a serious woman. She had to give up such vain pleasures as that of tears over her trouble. No indulgence of the kind was possible to her. She sat by her mother's bedside all day long, and, with her mother's eye upon her, had to feign composure when she little possessed it. Mrs Preston was unreasonable for the first time in her life as regarded Pamela. She forgot what was needful for the child's health, which was a thing she had never done in her life before. She could not bear her daughter out of her sight. If she went down-stairs for half-an-hour to breathe the fresh air, her mother's eyes would follow her to the door with keen suspicion and fear. Pamela was glad to think that it must be her illness, and that only ; which had this effect. Even Mrs Swayne was more considerate. She was ready to come as often as it was possible to watch by the sick-bed and let the poor little nurse free ; but Mrs Preston was not willing to let her free. As it happened, however, Mrs Swayne was in the room when her lodger gave Pamela instructions about calling the Rector if she were not better in a week, and it startled the curious woman. She

told it to her neighbour and tenant in the next house, and she told it to old Betty; and the thing by degrees grew so patent to the parish that at last, and that no later than the Friday, it came to Mr Hardcastle's ears. Naturally it had changed in the telling. Whereas Mrs Preston had directed him to be sent for in a certain desperate case, and as a last resource, the Rector heard that Mrs Swayne's inmate was troubled in her mind, and was anxious to confide some secret to him. What the secret was was doubtful, or else it would not have been a secret; but all Dewsbury believed that the woman was dying, and that she had done something very bad indeed, and desired the absolution of a priest before she could die in peace. When he heard this, it was equally natural that Mr Hardcastle should feel a little excited. He was disposed towards High-Church views, though he was not a man to commit himself, and approved of people who wanted absolution from a priest. Sometimes he had even a nibble at a confession, though unfortunately the people who confessed to him had little on their minds, and not much to tell. And the idea of a penitent with a real burden on her conscience was pleasant. Accordingly he got himself up very carefully on the Saturday, and set out for Mrs Swayne's. He went with the wisdom of a serpent and the meekness of a dove, not professedly to receive a confession, but to call, as he said, on his suffering parishioner; and he looked very important and full of his mission when he went up-stairs. Mrs Swayne had gone astray after new lights of Dissent, and up to this moment the dwellers under her roof had received no particular notice from Mr Hardcastle, so that it was a little difficult to account for his solicitude now.

"I heard you were ill," said the Rector; "indeed I missed you from church. As you are a stranger, and suffering, I thought

there might be something that we could do——"

"You are very kind," said Mrs Preston; and then she looked askance both at Mrs Swayne and Pamela, keenly searching in their eyes to see if they had sent for him. And as Pamela, who knew nothing about it, naturally looked the guiltiest, her mother's heart was smitten with a sharp pang at the thought that she had been betrayed.

"Not kind at all," said Mr Hardcastle, with animation. "It is my duty, and I am never tired of doing my duty. If you have anything to say to me now——"

Once more Mrs Preston cast a keen glance at her daughter. And she asked slowly, "What should I have to say?" looking not at the Rector, but suspiciously into Pamela's face.

"My dear friend, how can I tell?" said Mr Hardcastle. "I have seen a great deal of the world in my time, and come through a great deal. I know how suffering tries and tests the spirit. Don't be shy of speaking to me. If," the Rector added, drawing a little nearer her pillow, "you would like me to send your attendants away——"

"Am I dying?" said Mrs Preston, struggling up upon her bed, and looking so pale that Pamela ran to her, thinking it was so. "Am I so ill as that?—do they think I cannot last out the time I said?"

"Mamma, mamma, you are a great deal better—you know you are a great deal better. How can you say such dreadful things?" said Pamela, kneeling by the bedside.

"If I am not dying, why do you forestall my own time?" said Mrs Preston. "Why did you trouble Mr Hardcastle? It was soon enough on the day I said."

"My dear friend," said the Rector, "I hope you don't think it is only when you are dying that you have need of good advice and the counsel of your clergyman. I wish it was more general to seek it always. What am I here for but to

be at the service of my parishioners night and day? And every one who is in mental difficulty or distress has a double claim upon me. You may speak with perfect freedom—whatever is said to me is sacred.”

“Then you knew I wanted to speak to you?” said Mrs Preston. “Thank you, you are very kind. I am not ungrateful. But you knew I wanted to ask your assistance? somebody sent for you, perhaps?”

“I cannot say I was sent for,” said Mr Hardcastle, with a little confusion, “but I heard—you know, in a country place, the faintest wish you can express takes wings to itself, and becomes known everywhere. I understood—I heard—from various quarters—that if I came here—I might be of use to you——”

All the answer Mrs Preston made to this was to turn round to the head of the bed where Pamela stood, half hidden, in the corner. “That you might have something to tell him a little sooner!” she said. Her voice, though it was very low, so low as to be inaudible to the visitor, was bitter and sharp with pain, and she cast a glance full of reproach and anguish at her only child. She thought she had been betrayed. She thought that, for the lover’s sake, who was dearer than father or mother, her own nursling had forfeited her trust. It was a bitter thought, and she was ill, and weak, and excited, and her mind distorted, so that she could not see things in their proper light. The bitterness was such that Pamela, utterly innocent as she was, sank before it. She did not know what she had done. She did not understand what her mother’s look meant; but she shrank back among the curtains as if she had been really guilty, and it brought to a climax her sense of utter confusion and dismay.

“I will tell you what the case is,” Mrs Preston added quickly, the colour coming back to her cheek. “I am not in very good

health, as you see, but I have something very important to do before I die. It concerns the comfort of my child. So far as I am involved, it would not matter—it would not matter—for I shall not live long,” she added, with a certain plaintive tremor of self-pity in her voice. “It is all for Pamela, sir—though Pamela—— But lately I grew frightened, and thought myself worse; and I told them—I told *her*—that if I was no better next Tuesday, they were to send for you. I would not trouble you if I were well enough myself. It was in case I should not be able, and I thought of asking your help; that is how it was. I suppose it was their curiosity. Curiosity is not a sin; but—they say I am not worse—they say I am even a little better. So I will not trouble you, Mr Hardcastle. By that time I shall be able for what I have to do.”

“You must not be too sure of that,” said the Rector; and he meant it kindly, though the words had but a doubtful sound; “and you must not think I am prying or intrusive. I was not sent for; but I understood—that—I might be of use. It is not giving me trouble. If there is anything I can do for you—if you have no friends——”

“We shall soon have plenty of friends,” said Mrs Preston, quickly, with a certain mocking tone in her voice — “plenty of friends. We have not had many hitherto; but all that will soon change. Yes, I shall be able for what I have to do. I feel quite sure of it. You have done me a great deal of good. After it is done,” she said, with that desolate look which Pamela felt to the bottom of her heart, but could not understand, “there will be time enough to be ill, and to die too, if God pleases. I will not mind it much when I leave her with many friends.”

“Mamma!” cried Pamela, with a mingled appeal and reproach; but though she bent over her

she could not catch her mother's eyes.

"It is true," said Mrs Preston. "I was like to break my heart when I thought how old I was, and that I might die and leave you without anybody to care for you ; but now you will have many friends—plenty of friends. And it don't so much matter." She ended with such a sigh as moved even the heart of the Rector, and touched Mrs Swayne, who was not of a very sympathetic disposition, to tears.

"You must not talk of leaving your child without a protector," said Mr Hardcastle—"if you knew what it was to have a motherless girl to bring up, you would not speak of it lightly. That is my case. My poor little Fanny was left motherless when she was only ten. There is no misfortune like it to a girl. Nobody knows how to manage a young creature but a mother. I feel it every day of my life," said the Rector, with a sigh. It was very very different from Mrs Preston's sigh. There was neither depth in it nor despair, like that which breathed in hers. Still, its superficial sadness was pathetic to the women who listened. They believed in him in consequence, more perhaps than he believed in himself, and even Mrs Swayne was affected against her will.

"Miss Fanny has got them as is father and mother both in one," she said ; "but bless you, sir, she ain't always like this. It's sickness as does it. One as is more fond of her child, nor prouder of her child, nor more content to live and see her 'appy, don't exist, when she's in her ordinary. And now, as the Rector has come hisself, and 'as comforts at hand, you'll pluck up a spirit, that's what you'll do. Miss Pamela, who's as good as gold, don't think of nothing but a-nursing and a-looking after her poor dear mamma ; and if so be as you'd make good use o' your time, and take the Rector's advice——"

Mrs Preston closed her lips tight as if she was afraid that some words would come through against her will, and faced them all with an obstinate resolution, shaking her head as her only answer. She faced them half seated on her bed, rising from among her pillows as if they were all arrayed against her, and she alone to keep her own part. Her secret was hers, and she would confide it to nobody ; and already, in the shock of this intrusion, it seemed to her as if the languid life had been stirred in her veins, and her forces were mustering to her heart to meet the emergency. When she had made this demonstration, she came down from those heights of determination and responded to the Rector's claim for sympathy as he knew well every woman would respond. "A girl is the better of her mother," she said, "even when she don't think it. Many a one is ungrateful, but we are not to look for gratitude. Yes, I know a mother is still something in this world. Pamela, you'll remember some day what Mr Hardcastle said ; and if Miss Fanny should ever want a friend—— But I am getting a little tired. Good-bye, Mr Hardcastle ; perhaps you will come and see me again. And after a while, when I have done what I have to do——"

"Good-bye," said the Rector, after waiting vainly for the close of the sentence ; and he rose up and took his leave, feeling that he had been dismissed, and had no right to stay longer. "If you should still want assistance—though I hope you will be better, as you expect——"

Mrs Preston waved her hand in reply, and he went down-stairs much confused, not knowing what to make of it. The talk he had with Mrs Swayne in the passage threw but little light on the matter. Mrs Swayne explained that they were poor ; that she thought there was "something between" Miss Pamela and Mr John ; that she herself had essayed strenuously to keep

the young people apart, knowing that nothing but harm would come of it; but that it was only lately, very lately, that Mrs Preston had seemed to be of her opinion. A week ago she had received a visit, and had shut the door upon the young man, and fallen ill immediately after. "And all this talk o' something to do has begun since that," she added; "she's never had nothing to do as long as she's been here. There's a bit of a pension as is paid regular, and there never was no friends as I know of as could die and leave her money. It's some next-of-kin business, that's my idea, Mr Hardcastle—some o' that rubbish as is in the papers—folks of the name of Smith or suchlike as is advertised for, and something to come to their advantage. But she's awful close and locked up, as you may say, in her own bosom, and never said a rational word to me."

"You don't think it's *this*?" said Mr Hardcastle, putting his hand significantly to his forehead.

"Oh, bless you, it ain't that," said Mrs Swayne. "She's as clear as clear—a deal clearer, for the matter of that, than she was afore; the first time as she had the sense to turn Mr John from the door was the night as she was took. It ain't that. She's heard o' something, you take my word, and it's put fancies in her head; and as for that poor Pamela, she's as jealous of every look that poor child gives; and I don't call it no wonder myself, if you let a girl see a deal of a gentleman, that she should think more of him than's good for her. It should have been stopped when it began; but nobody will ever listen to me."

Mr Hardcastle left the house with altogether a new idea in his mind. He had lectured his neighbour about young Powys and Sara, but he had not known anything of this still more serious scandal about Jack. He murmured to himself over it as he went away with a great internal *chuchotement*. Poor Mr

Brownlow! both his son and his daughter thus showing low tastes. And he could not refrain from saying a few words about it to Jack, whom he met returning with his shooting party—words which moved the young man to profound indignation. He was very angry, and yet it was not in nature that he should remain unmoved by the suggestion that Pamela's mother was either mad or had something on her mind. He had himself seen enough to give it probability. And to call Mr Hardcastle a meddling parson, or even by some of those stronger and still less graceful epithets which sometimes follow the course of a clergyman's beneficent career, did but little good. Jack was furious that anybody should have dared to say such words, but the words themselves rankled in his heart. As soon as he could steal out after dinner he did so, and went to the gate and saw the glimmering light in Mrs Preston's window, and received Mrs Swayne's ungracious report. But Pamela was not to be seen. She was never to be seen. "They will kill her with this watching," he said to himself, as he stood and watched the light, and ground his teeth with indignation. But he could do nothing, although she was his own and pledged to him. He was very near cursing all mothers and fathers, as well as interfering priests and ungracious women, as he lingered up the avenue going home, and sucked with indignation and disgust at his extinguished cigar.

Poor little Pamela was no better off up-stairs. She was doubted, suspected, feared—she who had been nothing but loved all her life. The child did not understand it, but she felt the bitterness of the cloud into which she had entered. It made her pale, and weighed upon her with a mysterious depth of distress which would not have been half so heavy had she been guilty. If she had been guilty she would have known exactly the magnitude

of the offence, and how much she was suspected of; but being utterly innocent she did not know. Her sweet eyes turned deprecating, beseeching, to her mother's, but they won no answer. The thought that her child had conspired against her, that she had planned to entrap her secret from her and betray it to her lover, that she was a traitor to the first and tenderest of affections, and that the new love had engrossed and swallowed up everything—was the bitter thought that filled Mrs Preston's mind, and hid from her the wistful innocence in Pamela's eyes. When the girl arranged her pillows or gave her medicine, her mother thanked her with formality, and answered her sharply when she spoke. "Dear mamma, are you not tired?" the poor child would say; and Mrs Preston answered, "No, you need not think it, Pamela; people sometimes balk their own purpose. I shall be able after all. Your Rector has done me good."

"He is not my Rector, mamma," said Pamela. "I never spoke to him before. Oh! if you would only tell me why you are so angry with me."

"I am not angry. I suppose it is human nature," said Mrs Preston, and this was all the answer she would give. So that Pamela, poor child, had nothing for it but to retire behind the curtains and cry. This time the tears would well forth. She had been used to so much love, and it was hard to do without it; and when her mother repulsed her, in her heart she cried out for Jack. She cried out for him in her heart, but he could not hear her, though at that very moment he was no further off than in the avenue, where he was lingering along very indignant and heavy-hearted, with his cigar out, though he did not know. It might not be a very deadly trouble to either of the young sufferers, but it was sharp enough in its way.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE REAL TRAITOR.

While these things were going on at the gate of Brownlows, a totally different scene was being enacted in Masterton. Mr Brownlow was at his office, occupied with his business and the people in his house, and the hundred affairs which make up a man's life. And as he had little time to brood over it, it had very much gone out of his mind how near he was to the crisis of his fate. An unexperienced sailor when he sees the port near is apt to be lulled into a dream of safety, though the warier seaman knows that it is the most dangerous moment. Mr Brownlow was not inexperienced, but yet he allowed himself to be deluded into this sense of security after all his terrors. Young Powys came to business every day, and was very steady and regular, and a little disconsolate, evidently having nothing

in his mind which could alarm his employer. When Mr Brownlow looked up and saw the young fellow going steadily and sadly about his business, it sometimes gave him a sense of compunction, but it no longer filled him with fear. He had come to think the youth was harmless, and with the base instinct of human nature no longer cared for him. At least he cared for him in a different way; he promised to himself to make it all up to him afterwards—to be his providence, and look after him and establish him in the world—to give him no reason to repent having intrusted his fortunes to his hands. This was how Mr Brownlow was thinking; and he had succeeded in making himself believe that this course was far the best for Powys. As for justice, it was rarely to be had under any circumstances. This

young fellow had no more right to it than another; probably if mere justice had been dealt to him it would have been the ruin of him, as well as the ruin of other people. His *real* advantage after all was what Mr Brownlow studied. Such thoughts by dint of practice became easier and more natural. The lawyer actually began to feel and believe that for everybody concerned he was taking the best course; and the September days wore on, blazing, sultry, splendid, with crack of guns over the stubble, and sound of mirth indoors, where every room was full and every association cheerful. It would only have been making Powys uncomfortable (Mr Brownlow reflected) to have invited him at that moment among so many people, even if the accident with Sara had not prevented it. By-and-by, when all was safe, Sara should go away in her turn to visit her friends, and Powys should be had out to Brownlows, and have the remains of the sport, and be received with paternal kindness. This was the plan Mr Brownlow had formed, and in the mean time he was cheerful and merry, and no way afraid of his fate.

Things were so when one morning he received a sudden message from old Mrs Fennell. He had not been to see her for a long time. He had preferred, as far as possible, to ignore her very existence. His own conduct appeared to him in a different light when he saw her. It was blacker, more heinous, altogether vile, when he caught the reflection of it as in a distorted mirror in the old woman's suggestions. And it made Mr Brownlow very uncomfortable. But this morning the summons was urgent. It was conveyed in a note from his mother-in-law herself. The billet was written on a scrap of paper, in a hand which had never been good, and was now shaky and irregular with old age. "I want to speak

to you particular," Mrs Fennell wrote. "It's about Nancy and her goings on. There's something astir that is against your advantage and the children. Don't waste any time, but come to me;" and across the envelope she had written *Immediate* in letters half an inch long. Mr Brownlow had a momentary thrill, and then he smiled to himself in the imbecility of self-delusion. "Some fancy she has taken into her head," he said. Last time she had sent for him her fears had come to nothing, and *his* fears, which were exaggerated, as he now thought, had worn out all his capabilities of feeling. He took it quite calmly now. When he had freed himself of his more pressing duties, he took his hat, and went leisurely across the market-place, to his mother-in-law's lodgings. The door was opened to him by Nancy, in whose looks he discovered nothing particular; and it did not even strike him as singular that she followed him up-stairs, and went in after him to Mrs Fennell's sitting-room. The old lady herself was sitting in a great chair, with her foot upon a high footstool, and all her best clothes on, as for an occasion of solemnity. Her head was in continued palsied motion, and her whole figure trembling with excitement. She did not even wait until Mr Brownlow had taken the chair which Nancy offered him with unusual politeness. "Shut the door," she cried. "Nancy, don't you go near Mr Brownlow with your wiles, but shut the door and keep in your own place. Keep in your own place—do; and don't fuss about a gentleman as if that was to change his opinion, you old fool, at your age."

"I'm but doing my duty," said Nancy; "it's little change my wiles could make on a gentleman—never at no age as I know on—and never with Mr Brownlow—"

"Hold your peace," cried Mrs Fennell. "I know your tricks.

You're old, and you should know better; but a woman never thinks as it's all over with her. John Brownlow, you look in that woman's face and listen to me. You've given her food and clothes and a roof over her head for years and years, and a wage that I never could see the reason for; and here she's been a-conspiring and a-treating with your enemies. I've found her out, though I am old and feeble. Ne'er a one of them can escape me. I tell you she's been conspiring with your enemies. I don't say that you've been over-kind to me; but I can't sit by and see my Bessie's children wronged; and I've brought you here to set you face to face, and hear what she's got to say."

Mr Brownlow listened to her without changing countenance; he held his breath hard, and when she ceased speaking he let it go with a long respiration, such as a man draws after a great shock. But that was the only sign of emotion he showed; partly because he was stunned by the unexpected blow; partly because he felt that her every word betrayed him, and that nothing but utter self-command could do him any good.

"What does this mean?" he said, turning from Mrs Fennell to Nancy. "Who are my enemies? If you have anything to say against Nancy, or if Nancy has anything to say——"

"She's a traitor," cried Mrs Fennell, with a voice which rose almost to a scream. "She's a real traitor;—she eats your bread, and she's betrayed you. That's what I mean, and it's as clear as day."

All this time Nancy stood steadily, stolidly by, with her hand on the back of a chair, not defiant but watchful. She had no wish to lose her place, and her wages, and her comforts; but yet, if she were sent away, she had a claim upon the other side. She had made herself a friend like the unjust steward. And she stood and watched and

saw all that passed, and formed her conclusions.

Therefore she was no way disturbed when Mr Brownlow turned round and looked her in the face. He too was very steady and self-possessed, yet she saw by the way that he turned round on his chair, by the grasp he took of the back of it, by the movement of his eyelids, that every word had told upon him. "You must speak a little more plainly," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "Perhaps you will give me your own account of it, Nancy. Whom have you been conspiring with? Who are my enemies? I think I am tolerably at peace with all the world, and I don't know."

Nancy paused with a momentary hesitation, whether to speak the simple truth, and see the earthquake which would ensue, which was a suggestion made by the dramatic instinct within her—or whether to keep on the safe side and deny all knowledge of it. If she had been younger, probably she would have preferred the former for the sake of the excitement; but being old she chose the latter. She grew meek under Mr Brownlow's eyes, so meek that he felt it an outrage on his good sense, and answered softly as became a woman anxious to turn away wrath.

"Nor me, sir," said Nancy, "I don't know. If I heard of one as was your enemy, it would be reason enough to me for never looking nigh him. I've served you and yours for long, and it's my place to be faithful. I've been a-seeing of some old friends as lives a little bit out o' Masterton. I'm but a servant, Mr Brownlow, but I've some friends; and I never heard as you was one to think as poor folks had no hearts. It was a widow woman, as has seen better days; it ain't much I can do for her, but she's old, and she's poor, and I go to see her a bit times and times. I hope there ain't nothing in *that* that displeases you.

If I stayed longer than I ought last time——”

“What is all this to me?” said Mr Brownlow. “Who is your widow woman? Do you want me to do anything for her? has she a family? There are plenty of charities in Masterton if she belongs to the place. But it does not seem worth while to have brought me here for this.”

“You know better than that, John Brownlow,” said Mrs Fennell, in a kind of frenzy. “If it was any poor woman, what would I have cared? Let ’em starve, the hussies, as brings it all on themselves. There’s but one woman as would trouble me, and you know who it is, John Brownlow; and that old witch there, she knows, and it’s time to put a stop to it all. It’s time to put a stop to it all, I say. She’s a-carrying on with that woman; and my Bessie’s children will be robbed before my very eyes; and I’m a poor old creature, and their own father as ought to take their part—— I tell you, it’s that woman as she’s a-carrying on with; and they’ll be robbed and ruined, my pretty dears, my Bessie’s children! and she’ll have it all, that wretch! I’d kill her, I’d strangle her, I’d murder her, if it was me!”

Mrs Fennell’s eyes were blood-shot, and rolled in their sockets wildly—her head shook with palsied rage—her voice stammered and staggered—and she lifted her poor old lean hands with wild incoherent gestures. She was half-mad with passion and excitement. She, who was so terribly in earnest, so eager in her insane desire to save him, was in reality the traitor whom he had most to fear; and Mr Brownlow had his senses sufficiently about him to perceive this. He exerted himself to calm her down and soothe her. “I will see after it—I will see after it,” he said. “I will speak to Nancy—don’t excite yourself.” As for Mrs Fennell, not his persuasion, but her own passion, wore her out presently, and reduced

her to comparative calm; after a while she sank into silence, and the half-doze, half-stupor of extreme age. When this reaction had come on, Mr Brownlow left the room, making a sign to Nancy to follow him, which the old woman did with gradually-rising excitement, feeling that now indeed her turn had come. But he did not take her apart, as she had hoped and supposed, to have a desperate passage of arms. He turned round on the stair, though the landlady stood below within hearing ready to open the door, and spoke to her calmly and coldly. “Has she been long like this?” he said, and looked Nancy so steadily in the face that, for the first time, she was discomfited, and lost all clue to his meaning. She stood and stared at him for a minute, not knowing what to say.

“Has she been long like this?” Mr Brownlow repeated a little sharply. “I must see after a doctor at once. How long has it lasted? I suppose no one can tell but you?”

“It’s lasted—but I don’t know, sir,” said Nancy—“I don’t know; I couldn’t say, as it was nothing the matter with her head. She thinks as there’s a foundation. It’s her notion as I’ve found out——”

“That will do,” said Mr Brownlow; “I have no curiosity about your friends. It is your mistress’s health I am thinking of. I will call on Dr Bayley as I go back; and you will see that she is kept quiet, and has every attention. I am grieved to see her in such an excited state. And, by the way, you will have the goodness not to leave her again. If your friends require your visits, let me know, and I will send a nurse. If it has been neglect that has brought this on, you may be sure it will tell on yourself afterwards,” Mr Brownlow added, as he went out. All this was said in the presence of the mistress of the house, who heard and enjoyed it. And he went away without another look at her,

without another word, without praying for her silence, or pleading with her for her secret, as she had expected. Nancy was confounded, notwithstanding all her knowledge. She stood and stared after him with a sinking heart, wondering if there were circumstances she did not know, which held him harmless, and whether after all it had been wise of her to attach herself to the cause of his adversaries. She was disappointed with the effect she had produced—disappointed of the passage of arms she had expected, and the keen cross-examination which she had been prepared to baffle. She looked so blank that the landlady, looking on, felt that she too could venture on a passing arrow.

"You'll take my word another time, Nancy," she said. "I told you as it was shameful neglect to go and leave her all by herself, and her so old and weakly, poor soul! You don't mind the likes of us, but you'll have to mind what your master says."

"He ain't no master of mine," said Nancy, fiercely, "nor you ain't my mistress, Lord be praised. You mind your own business, and I'll mind mine. It's fine to be John Brownlow, with all his grandeur; but pride goes before a fall, is what I says," the old woman muttered, as she went back to Mrs Fennell's room. She had said so at Brownlows, looking at the avenue which led to the great house, and at the cozy little lodge out of which she had already planned to turn old Betty. That vision rose before her at this trying moment, and comforted her a little. On the one side the comfortable lodge, and an easy life, and the prospect of unbounded tyranny over a new possessor, who should owe everything to her; but, on the other side, dismissal from her present post, which was not unprofitable, an end of her good wages and all her consolations. Nancy drew her breath hard at the contrast; the

risk seemed to her as great almost as the hope.

Mr Brownlow left the door composed and serious, as a man does who has just been in the presence of severe perhaps fatal illness, and he went to Dr Bayley, and told that gentleman that his mother-in-law's brain was, he feared, giving way, and begged him to see her immediately; and then he went to the office, grave and silent, without a touch of apparent excitement. When he got there, he stopped in the outer office, and called Powys into his own room. "We have not seen you at Brownlows for a long time," he said. "Jack has some young fellows with him shooting. You had better take a week's holiday, and come up with me to-night. I shall make it all right with Wrinkell. You can go home and get your bag before the dogcart comes."

He said this quickly, without any pause for consideration, as if he had been giving instructions about some deed drawing out; and it was some time before Powys realised the prospect of paradise thus opening before him. "I, sir—do you mean me?" he cried, in his amazement. "To-night?" And Mr Brownlow appeared to his clerk as if he had been an angel from heaven.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "to-night. I suppose you can do it? You do not want much preparation for pleasure at your age."

Then poor Powys suddenly turned very pale. Out of the first glow of delight he sank into despondency. "I don't know, sir—if you may have forgotten—what I once said to you—about—about—my folly," faltered the young man, not daring to look into his employer's face.

"About——?" said Mr Brownlow; and then he made as though he suddenly recollected, and laughed. "Oh, yes, I remember," he said. "I suppose all young men are fools sometimes in that respect. But I don't see it is any business of mine. You can settle it between

you. Be ready for me at six o'clock."

And thus it was all arranged. Powys went out to get his things, not knowing whether he walked or flew, in such a sudden amaze of delight as few men ever experience; and when he was gone Mr. Brownlow put down his ashy face into his clasped hands. Heaven! had it come to this? At the last moment, when the shore was so near,

the tempest wellnigh spent, deliverance at hand, was there no resource but this, no escape? All his precautions vain, his wiles, his struggle of conscience! His face was like that of a dead man as he sat by himself and realised what had happened. Why could not he fly to the end of earth, and escape the Nemesis? Was there nothing for it but, like that other wretched father, to sacrifice his spotless child?

WORK AND MURDER.

THERE should be no connection between honest work and foul murder; but recent disclosures seem to show that in some parts of England, and in some trades, the connection is but too close. There may, however, arise the question whether any work that has to do with murder can be considered honest? The peculiarity of the case is, that great numbers of men, who think they are honest, do not look upon murder as the greatest of crimes, provided it be committed in the interest, real or supposed, of the particular kind of work to which they have been educated, and by which alone they can earn their daily bread. When, in May last, we wrote on the general subject of "Strikes and Trades-Unions" (*vide* *Maga* for June), the fearful confessions extorted from the professional assassins of Sheffield had not been given to the world, and the names of Broadhead, Crookes, and Hallam had scarcely been heard beyond the limits of the town which the presence of such men polluted, and even within those narrow bounds were only familiar to the members of their own trade. We propose, therefore, in view of the great social, if not political, importance of the subject, to recapitulate the facts that have been recently brought to light, not only in Sheffield, but in Manchester, and to

draw from them such instruction and warning as we may. It is for the interest of all classes, and most of all of the working classes, that the whole truth should be made known. From what has already been divulged, it is clear that a very large proportion of the mechanics and labourers of England, blinded to their real interest, and to their most sacred duty as men and Christians, by supposed Trade necessities, have been made the victims, as well as the agents, of very horrible crimes, and an all but incredible tyranny; and that they have yet much to learn on the most elemental matters of public and private liberty, and Christian conduct, before they can be accepted as good men or good citizens. It is to be feared also that the thinking classes, who feel that, in consequence of these revelations, the fair fame of the British people has been tarnished, and a flagrant scandal inflicted upon our civilisation, have yet much to do before the taint can be removed, or the scandal forgotten.

No man, it has often been said, knows himself—not even the wisest. After the Sheffield disclosures, if they are the worst we may expect, which is not quite certain, considering what we already know of the Manchester Brickmakers, the same may be said of the British people. We do not know ourselves.

Neither the Church nor the law tries, or if it tried would be able, to discover the hidden depths of our depravity. Philosophy cannot account for the abnormal phenomena that daily present themselves in the moral condition of the people; while statesmanship, scarcely able to punish, confesses itself wholly unable to prevent the continually recurring wrong that, in new and unexpected shapes, betrays itself among us. Our civilisation, vaunt it as loudly as we will, is full of unclean mysteries; yet we go on boasting of the material and scientific triumphs of our age, as if these were all in all, and never bestow a thought upon the moral shortcomings that render our civilisation, however advanced it *may* be, the merest mockery of what it *should* be, if our wealth and our virtue kept pace with each other. Thirty or forty years ago, when Captain Sleeman published his work on the Thugs,* and told us that there existed in India a religious sect all the members of which considered it a holy duty to rob and murder travellers, the people of England held up their hands in horror, and called for the immediate extirpation of the assassins by the strong arm of British power. If any one had said at that time that a system almost as atrocious, founded not upon the mysteries of a so-called religion, but on those of a particular trade, existed in England, he would have been laughed to scorn, or scouted as a lunatic and a slanderer of his countrymen. Yet such a system was in existence, as we now know, and its devotees thought, like the Thugs, that they did no wrong. At any time within living memory, when Irish landlords, bailiffs, and land-agents have been openly murdered by the decree of a secret *Vehmgericht* of small farmers and cotters, and it was impossible for the law, either by terror or promise of reward, to

lay hold of the assassin, though every man and every woman in every town and village of the district was familiar with his name and whereabouts, the enlightened British people blessed God that such things could not be done on their side of the Channel. But after the Sheffield and Manchester disclosures the British people will doubtless find reason to qualify their self-complacency, and to own that there may be, not only motes, but beams in their own eyes, as well as in those of their neighbours, whether in India or in Ireland.

When Trades-unions were first legalised, the members of those societies, which multiplied very rapidly all over the country, never sufficiently remembered that there are unlawful methods of doing lawful things. It is lawful, for instance, to go to church; but it is not lawful to batter down the church-door to procure admittance. It is lawful for John Smith to decline to work for less than six shillings a-day; it is lawful for him to persuade John Brown, if he can, to imitate his example, and refuse five-and-sixpence; but it is not lawful for Smith to break Brown's head if his attempts at persuasion be ineffectual. It is upon this rock that the Trades-unions have split. Not contented with the law of the land, they have made a law of their own, and enacted various pains and penalties against those who transgress it—pains and penalties varying from pecuniary fine to wounding and maiming, and, in obstinate cases, to the extreme penalty of DEATH. Working men gaining their daily bread by the exercise of any trade or handicraft, skilled or unskilled, and having neither the means, the opportunity, nor perhaps the inclination to change that craft for any other, naturally, when they enter into an association for mutual support and protection, do their best to keep up the respecta-

* 'The Ramaseeana, or Vocabulary of the Peculiar Language of the Thugs.'

bility of the trade, and to fix a minimum of wage below which no man should work. In this respect they but follow the example set by the learned professions, the members of which draw up for their guidance certain rules to be observed, and establish a minimum of fee, or *honorarium*, less than which no member can accept without forfeiture of social and professional position. So far the trades and the professions "row in the same boat;" but, as Douglas Jerrold said on an occasion by no means parallel, "with what a difference of skulls!" If a physician were to accept a shilling instead of a guinea fee, and so brought himself under the ban of the medical profession, it would be considered very extraordinary and very wrong, even by the members of Trades-unions, if other physicians were to "picket" him, and "ratten" his medical books; and if, persisting in his unprofessional practices, they were to hire ruffians to pour gunpowder down his chimney, or shoot him, if convenient opportunity presented, as he went to visit his patients. Yet this is the practice of the Trades-unionists of Sheffield and other places, who consider that by so doing they uphold the dignity of Labour, and merit the approbation of all true friends of the working classes.

Eighty years ago, a working man, Robert Burns, the most illustrious of his class, declared to his brother Gilbert that he could not conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than an honest man seeking work in vain. Clothing this thought with immortal verse, he drew the picture of such a man as he imagined:—

"See yonder poor o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil.
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless children mourn."

Though not intended to apply to

Trades-unions, but possibly to some individual, real or imaginary, who had refused work to a peasant, these lines, with the single exception of the epithet "lordly," describe in terms as correct as they are pathetic the conduct of the Trades-unionists to men of their own class. A man in our days must ask "leave to toil," not from his superiors in rank, station, and fortune, but from his equals; and his equals too commonly "spurn" the poor petition, and sometimes prevent him from starving, by the expeditious process of blowing his brains out.

In London, as far as is known, the Trades have never proceeded to such extremities as have disgraced Sheffield and Manchester, and, if report do not grossly belie them, Leeds, Birmingham, and the Black Country. "Rattening" and "picketing," with such minor forms of intimidation and social persecution as refusal to work in the same shop with a man who has disobeyed the sacred edicts of the Union, have been the worst penalties, as far as published, that the leaders of the London Trades have deemed it politic, or safe, to inflict. Whether it be that the men of the metropolis, being always in an overheated and impure atmosphere, are less hardy, robust, and energetic than the men of the Midland Counties and the North—whether they, as a rule, are better educated—or whether men, like the tailors, who do what ought to be women's work, are rendered effeminate by their employment—are subjects that might not be unprofitably discussed, if time and space allowed. Whatever the causes may be, it is certain that the London workpeople, whether tailors or others, have shown less brutality and committed fewer acts of violence than their compeers in the farther North; the worst cases yet proved against them having amounted to nothing more heinous than the frightening of a tailor's wife

by a party of angry and drunken Unionists, and the hustling in the streets by the "pickets" of the Trade of a few poor fellows who exercised their undoubted right of working for such wages as they could get rather than not work at all. The illegality of the picket system having been tried at the Central Criminal Court and decided against the tailors, it is possible that the outrages resulting from this system will cease, and that the London Trades, for a time at least, will conduct their strikes with some regard to the liberty of men who have as much right to accept work as the strikers have to refuse it.

Among the various trades of Sheffield, those connected with the manufacture of saws, and more especially the saw-grinders, have earned for themselves a painful notoriety for the ruthless ferocity with which they enforced what may be called the by-laws of their craft, both as against their offending fellow-labourers and their employers. The Saw-grinders' Union, in affiliation with the Unions of other Trades in the town and throughout England generally, appear, from the examination of the various witnesses by the Commission appointed for the purpose, to have had two codes of laws, one for the men and one for the masters. The offences of the men were, as far as we can make them out, fourfold: *first*, refusal to join the Union and subscribe to its funds; *second*, working with Non-unionists; *third*, refusal to join in a strike when ordered by the Union; *fourth*, working for an employer who had broken any of the Trade rules. In like manner, the offences of the masters appear to have amounted to four: *first*, employing men who had not joined the Union; *second*, keeping a greater number of apprentices in proportion to the adult hands than the Union prescribed; *third*, using any machinery not approved by the Union,

especially machinery that was likely, in the opinion of the Union, to simplify labour and diminish the number of the labourers; and, *fourth*, locking out, or closing their establishments, rather than submit to the demands of Unionists.

The ordinary penalties for the breach of any of these laws by the men were severe enough, though such as the law of the land could not well lay hold of. The offender became a marked man among his fellows, nobody would consent to work with him, and no master who did not want to be ruined would give him employment. If the man were a strong man, had a will of his own, and would not submit to dictation, there were but three courses open to him—to beg his bread, to change his trade, or to emigrate to some happier land where there was less competition and more liberty. To beg was but a poor resource, and brought the beggar face to face with a stronger law than that of the Trades-union, the law of the land. To change his trade was, perhaps, impossible; and, if possible, only a change of one set of tyrants for another, for all the Trades are banded together, though they are not all so savage as the saw-grinders. To emigrate was his best policy, if he had the means; and there can be no doubt that many a fine fellow who, had he been permitted to enjoy his liberty at home—the liberty which the law allows him, but which his brethren in toil deny—might have risen to high position and emulated the Watts and the Stephensons of a bygone age, has been driven to the United States or Canada, to the enrichment of the New World and the loss of his own country. If, in an extreme case, such a man happened to find an employer to stand by him, the results were bad for both; all the other workers struck, and a notification of the fact was made to all the members of the trade throughout the three kingdoms, forbidding any one

to accept work with and from the offenders, however tempting might be the amount of the wages offered. If master and man, joined possibly by some discontented Non-unionists or brave hearts who did not choose to become slaves in a free country, persisted in carrying on their work and business, the machinery of war was set in motion. It became unsafe for such men to show themselves in the streets; they were insulted, beaten, kicked, and maimed. Infernal machines were put down the chimneys of their dwellings or their workshops, to blow them up, and cowardly ruffians with air-guns, or perhaps revolvers, lurked in dark corners to shoot them as they passed. Such was the decree of the Union; and money to pay for these outrages and murders, and assassins to accept the wage of blood, or "do the job," as they called it, were never deficient.

These things were notorious in Sheffield long before the appointment of the Commission of Inquiry; but such was the terrorism of the Unions, that no one, whether workman or employer of workmen, dared to say a word, or point a finger at the suspected organisers and agents of the wrong. It was only after the Commission had held a few sittings, and a promise of free pardon had been given to any and every witness who should tell the whole truth, as far as he knew it, that the principal criminal was brought to light, and placed in the witness-box, in the person of one Broadhead, treasurer of the Amalgamated Saw Trades, and of the National Association of Organised Trades, secretary of the Saw-grinders' Union, and keeper of a public-house, in which the members of the Union were accustomed to hold their meetings. It is to be regretted that, in the interests of society, and for the purpose of eliciting the truth, it was found necessary to promise the protection of the law to this chief of English Thugs; but

the fact must be accepted as it stands. Two of his bravos, Hallam and Crookes, had already made confessions that imperilled his neck, not without betraying the most abject awe lest they should have thereby incurred a greater danger than if they had boldly confronted the worst that public justice could inflict. Broadhead, convinced that the only chance of saving his miserable life, which he had doubly and trebly forfeited, appears to have made a clean breast of it, and to have answered the questions put to him frankly, and without evasion.

Ten years ago there lived in Sheffield a poor saw-grinder named Linley, with whom Broadhead had no personal quarrel, but who had come into their Trade from another—set all the rules of the Society at defiance, and taken a greater number of apprentices than the Trade allowed. As all remonstrances with this man were unavailing—as all social persecution failed to make him dismiss his apprentices, or pay the contributions demanded by the Union—it was resolved that he should be shot; not exactly that he should be killed, although death might result from his wounds, but that he should be maimed so effectually that he could never do any more work—at saw-grinding or anything else. The instruments for the deed were not far to seek. Broadhead knew exactly where to find them, and the precise sum for which their services could be bought. Crookes was the first man spoken to, and was to receive £15 for the "job." Crookes, however, did not manage the "job," though he tried hard to earn his money, and lay in wait for his victim with as much zeal and assiduity as any other Thug would have done. But the unfortunate Linley was doomed; and two assassins undertook the murder, which the one had failed, for want of opportunity, not of will, to accomplish. On being asked why he authorised a second

attempt on Linley, after the failure of the first, Broadhead replied:—

"Well, I had begun to dismiss that thing from my mind, but one day I went to the Eagle Works for the purpose of collecting the contributions, and Hallam came up to me, as he was about leaving the wheel, and he said something to this effect, 'What about Linley? It can be done for £15.' I think that was the sum he named. I then paused. It came upon me as an unpleasant subject. Something was said about the mischief and the injury he was doing, and after considering for some time, I said to Hallam, 'I will consider about it.' I then left him. *The subject, as I before stated, was a painful one; but I felt that, for the salvation of the Society, it was necessary that something must be done.* But it crossed my mind that Hallam was not a man to be trusted, and I reflected upon it several days, until Crookes came to me up-stairs, when he mentioned the subject to me again. He said he had come to see me about the matter I and Hallam had talked over, and I felt myself more at liberty to be free with him. I asked him what he proposed to do, and he detailed what he proposed.

"Did he tell you he proposed to shoot him?—Yes, but not to kill him.

"He said, then, he should shoot him? Was nothing said as to where he should be shot?—No; it was not intended to be a vital part. I cannot say whether any particular part was mentioned, only I can speak distinctly to this, that the understanding was that he was to wound him and not to kill him. I had confidence in him, both as to his nerve and as to his being a marksman. With this understanding, and *with very great pain* (derisive titters), I assented.

"But if you had so much pain, why did you assent to it?—Because I felt the necessity for it, or otherwise the Union would be destroyed, knowing that there was no legal protection for the Union, and viewing it, wrongly if you will, as an absolute necessity."

Crookes and Hallam dodged their victim from public-house to public-house for five or six weeks, by night and by day, before they could get a shot at him. Ultimately Crookes earned his blood-money by shooting Linley with an air-gun, and inflicting wounds of which the poor man died. Broadhead was "sorry,"

it appears, at this mischance, but paid the two villains their cash, and he and they kept the secret for ten years, and might have kept it until the Day of Judgment, if the supposed interests of the Trade had not craved so many victims from year to year as to render the very name of Sheffield an abomination, and to compel, sooner or later, a thorough investigation.

Among other confessions made by this suborner of murder were the following:—He gave Hallam and Crookes £15 by instalments to blow up with gunpowder the establishment of Messrs Wheatman & Smith, because they had introduced a machine for grinding straight saws in defiance of the Union. After the deed was done, and done but too effectually, he published a letter in a local journal, in which he hinted that other than Trade reasons might perhaps have instigated the crime. In his letter he called the blowing-up a "hellish deed." He did this to divert suspicion from the Union, "hoping the end would justify the means."

He had within the last ten years employed, for fees varying in amount, between one and two hundred persons to "ratten" the tools or machinery of men and masters who had broken the rules of the Trade. These hundred or two hundred persons did not want any pressing or solicitation, but volunteered for the "job," and he paid them. He had never authorised or paid for any "rattening" on account of private malice, but always "for the good of the Trade."

He hired Denis Clarke to "blow up" with gunpowder one Hellewell, who had been brought into the Trade against rule, and paid him either £3 or £5 for the "job," he had forgotten which.

He paid three, if not four men, who came to him after the deed was done, and told him that they had hamstrung a horse belonging to Elisha Parker. The offence committed by this man was, that

he, though a Unionist himself, persisted in working at a wheel with two Non-unionists. Parker's horse was hamstrung in 1853, and in 1864 he was still obnoxious to the Union. In March of 1864, an attempt was made to blow up his house with gunpowder, but little damage was done. Three men were engaged in this outrage. On Whitsunday in the same year, between twelve and one o'clock at night, Parker, being alarmed at the rattling of some slates on the roof of his house, thought that another attempt was to be made to blow him up by the pouring of gunpowder down the chimney, got out of bed, seized a gun, unloosed his dog, and went in search of the enemy. As soon as he appeared at the door he was shot at. Turning in the direction from which the shot came, he was shot at a second time, the shot lodging in his neck. A third shot was fired, which wounded him in the arm. His assailants all escaped. Broadhead hired all these men. One of them, named Peace, was expressly hired "to do something to stop Parker from working." Broadhead and Peace took a Sunday walk in the fields, and agreed upon the "something" that was to be done. To Peace and the other two men between £20 and £30 were paid for this "job."

He employed Crookes in 1859 to "blow up" the house of Joseph Wilson, and paid him "probably" £10. The offence committed by Wilson, for which he brought this penalty upon himself, was that he "set the Society at defiance," and "kept aloof from the Trade."

He paid Crookes to blow up the house of a Mr Holdsworth, for employing men not belonging to the Union.

He paid Crookes £5 or £6 to blow up the wheel of one Reaney—*i.e.*, to put gunpowder among the emery used by saw-grinders. He denied that he wanted to blow up Reaney's house. There was a tariff of prices—from £5 to £6 for a wheel,

from £15 to £20 for a house. Crookes and others were paid according to the difficulties they had to encounter in completing the "job." Reaney's offence was employing Ferneough.

He paid Crookes £15 for blowing up the house of Ferneough in October 1866, and had no quarrel with Ferneough except on Trade matters.

He employed Crookes, before the assassination of Linley, to throw a can of gunpowder down the chimney of one Pool, with whom Linley was lodging. The object was not to harm Pool, but to frighten Linley, although Pool and his wife and family might have been killed by the explosion.

He employed Crookes to throw a can of gunpowder down the chimney of Samuel Baxter's house, because Baxter held aloof from the Trade, and would not pay up or conform to the rules.

He wrote anonymous letters to various obnoxious individuals in Sheffield, some of them signed "Tantia Topee," warning them that they might expect to be shot if they did not conform to Trade rules. At the same time, he wrote letters in his own name to the public journals, deploring the outrages, stigmatising particularly those on Linley and Ferneough, both of which he described as "worthy of the utmost abhorrence."

These are a few specimens of Broadhead's work, Broadhead's tools, and Broadhead's ideas. The Committee of the Trade knew of every outrage that was committed, and why it was committed. The sums paid for these "jobs" were entered in the books of the Society as "payments for services rendered to the Trade." Every committeeman knew what this meant. Broadhead owned that he had stood up in committee to protest against these outrages (the old case of the devil rebuking sin), though the committee knew as well as he did that he was the prime mover and paymas-

ter on behalf of the Trade. Why this piece of hypocrisy was perpetrated there is no evidence to show,—possibly to blind some new or “green” committee-man not yet initiated into all the holy mysteries of saw-grinding Thuggery; or possibly for the purpose of deceiving the public at some meeting of the Trade to which reporters were invited, and to put public opinion on the wrong scent. This prince of villains wept once or twice during his examination—not, we may not uncharitably believe, for remorse at what he had done, but for vexation that the truth should be wrung out of him.

We have called Broadhead a Thug; and the more we consider his character, and the secret springs and impulses of his conduct, the more like a Thug he appears. The only difference is that a Thug acts in obedience to the supposed necessity of his Religion, while Broadhead acted in obedience to the supposed necessities of his “Trade.” It is recorded by Captain Sleeman that “a Thug of polished manners, being asked whether he never felt compunction in murdering innocent people, replied with a smile that he did not. ‘Does any man,’ said he, ‘feel compunction in *following his trade? and are not all our trades assigned us by Providence?*’ He was then asked how many people he had killed in the course of his life. ‘I have killed none,’ was the reply. ‘What! and have you not been describing a number of murders in which you were concerned?’ ‘True; but do you suppose that *I* committed them? Is any man killed by man’s killing? Is it not the hand of God that kills? and are we not the mere instruments in the hands of God?’” If in the last sentence the word “Trade” were substituted for “God,” the Sheffield Thugs might adopt the very argument and phraseology of their Indian brother—“Do you suppose that *I* committed the murders? Is it not the hands of the TRADE that kills? And are we not all in-

struments in the hands of the TRADE?”

Captain Sleeman relates that upon another occasion Sahib, an approver, being asked if he had never felt any pity or compunction at murdering old men or young children, or persons with whom he had sat and conversed, and who had told him, perchance, of their private affairs—their hopes and their fears, their wives and their little ones?—replied unhesitatingly that he never did. From the time that the omens were favourable, the Thugs considered all the travellers they met as victims thrown into their hands by their divinity to be killed. “If we did not kill them,” said Sahib, “the goddess (the TRADE) would never again be propitious to us, *and we and our families would be involved in misery and want.*”

Here again we find the very principle of Trades-unionism, as represented by such high priests of the mystery as Broadhead and the instruments of his gloomy and selfish superstition. Nothing in their opinion is to be compared in holiness to saw-grinding; and if justice, honour, law, charity, and mercy point in one direction, and the supposed welfare of the saw-grinding business in another, the saw-grinder must forget justice and mercy, and commit murder as a duty.

If it were possible to imagine a greater villain than Broadhead, he might be found in the person of his faithful Crookes—the man of nerve, the good marksman, the man “who did not do much in rattening, because rattening was not worth bothering about”—the man who preferred “to do the greater jobs”—the zealous *exécuteur des hautes œuvres* of saw-grinders’ justice—the Jack Ketch who performed the last offices upon the criminals convicted in the court of Judge Broadhead of attempting to earn their daily bread by their honest industry in a manner that did not please their fellow-workmen.

A more extraordinary confession than the one made by this ineffable scoundrel never broke upon human ears. The following extract, partly confirmatory of Broadhead's revelations, and partly referring to cases on which Broadhead does not appear to have been examined, but in which it is very probable he was concerned, shows what manner of man is producible in the world, if there be a market for his services :

" Besides having shot Linley twice, I attempted to blow him up at a time when he was lodging at a butcher's. Early one morning I thrust powder into the cellar grate, lit the fuse, and let things take their chance. *I did not know much about what family the butcher had.* When asked what he received for that job, he said he thought it was £15, but he could not say. He had had so many cases that he could not well remember. One of his cases was Samuel Baxter, of Loxley. He blew him up by dropping powder down the chimney. That was another of the jobs he did for Broadhead, and for which he got about the regular thing, £15. Thomas Needham assisted him in doing Baxter. When asked what reason he had for blowing up Baxter, he said *he had no reason except that Broadhead had ordered him to do it. He never asked for a reason.* He also blew up Joseph Wilson, in Headford Street, and got £15 again from Broadhead. He attempted, on Broadhead's instructions, to blow up Reaney's wheel, but did not succeed. Still he received his £15. He had nothing to do with blowing up Firth's boiler, but wished to explain something. He received orders to do it from Broadhead, and went to put some powder down the chimney, but he could not get it down. He carried a ladder from a place just below, where they were building some houses ; but when he got to Firth's place he found that it (the ladder) was so heavy that he could not rear it against the chimney. He then tried to thrust the powder in at the window, but he could not, because of iron bars. He then placed it on the sill, and fastening it to some of the bars only managed to blow in the window-frame. So he had nothing to do with blowing up the boiler. He believed he got the £15 for that job too, but he had some difficulty about it. Broadhead saw that he had not done much damage, and did not think he

deserved the money. In order to get money from Broadhead the more freely, he was in the habit of saying that he had engaged 'Nunks,' or some other body, who was really fictitious, to assist him, and that he was bound to pay him. Of course, *with Broadhead a bargain was a bargain ; but in many cases, if the thing had not done any harm, there was a shuffling about the pay.* It was then that he used to tell him he had engaged another man, and had to pay him. Of course that was all false ; but it suited his end. On one occasion witness attempted to shoot John Hellewell, at Firth's, and in that job was assisted by Hallam. Their instructions were to hurt and not to kill him. The air-gun was the weapon. They went down—witness and Hallam—one night just before Christmas. The place was lit up, and they saw two men, named Woodhead and Joe Woollen, working. When they first looked through the window they thought Woodhead was Hellewell, and would have shot him if they had not found out their mistake. They never had a chance at Hellewell. They had the Wheatman and Smith job on at the same time, and Broadhead told them that it was the most important. He was not aware that they got anything for the Hellewell job, not having 'done it.' They did not get money that easy. He denied having shot Elisha Parker, but confessed to going to Derby to see Needham to make him all square if any one should question him about the outrage in which he had been concerned. He got the money for that from Thompson, the secretary of the scythe-grinders. The same man also gave him money for Needham's wife whilst he lay in prison. He helped Needham in one job, putting powder down a chimney at Dronfield. Witness then referred to the Hereford Street outrage. Joseph Copley assisted at that, and Broadhead paid. He did not know that the secretaries of other societies were concerned in that case. With respect to Harry Holdsworth, he said that Broadhead hired him to blow him up, because he had outlaws working for him. Witness put powder down his chimney. That was another £15 job, but he did not always get paid up. Money was sometimes deducted for 'Natty,' which he contrived always to keep a little in arrear. He had to confess to being concerned in Sutcliffe's case, although Hallam had not implicated him. They had each a life-preserver, and each struck him. The price paid for that was £7. He also had to do

with blowing up Crookes and Roberts. It was for some Trade reason, but he did not remember what."

The cunning, the coolness, the audacity, the perseverance, and the fidelity of this Thug to his odious principles are unique. In the one respect of courage he is superior to his employer; for Broadhead never took any personal risk, or exposed his miserable body to the chance of a shot, or the danger of being involved in the explosion of his own gunpowder. Compared with Crookes, his comrade Hallam is but a poor creature—a mean sneak—a servitor in the outer court of the Temple of the great Goddess of the Saw-Grinders—and not like such dignitaries as Crookes and Broadhead, high priests at her altar. The confessions he made were confirmatory of those of his colleague, and need no recapitulation. It appears that since the Inquiry he has been shipped off to America, under an assumed name. But the mark of Cain is on his brow, and it may possibly fare badly with him in his new home if his identity be discovered.

A remarkable case, in which Broadhead was concerned, but in which Crookes and Hallam were not the agents, deserves record. It appears that in 1862 a person named Hoole, a manufacturer of stoves, grates, and fenders, rendered himself obnoxious to the associated Trades for employing Non-unionists, and that Broadhead, who was not only secretary of the Saw-grinders' Union, but treasurer of the National Association of Organised Trades, thought it his duty, in the latter capacity, to inquire into the matter. It is not stated that any attempt was made to blow up Hoole's premises, but the Non-unionists in his employ, and the Unionists who consented to work with them, were subjected to every kind of insult and annoyance. The men were beaten and bruised by gangs of Unionists as they went to or returned from their work; and the

foreman, going home on a dark foggy night, was waylaid by two men and severely injured. The principal vengeance of the Unionists, and of Broadhead on their behalf, was directed against one George Wastnidge. The first attempts that were made against this man were persuasive rather than violent. Broadhead invited him to a public-house, and, having treated him to beer, asked him in a friendly manner what sum of money he would accept to leave his work at Hoole's? Wastnidge refused to accept money, but offered to leave Hoole's and join the Union if Broadhead or the Union would find him another place. Nothing came of this negotiation, though Broadhead and another Unionist visited him on the subject two or three times afterwards. As he would not leave his place till he could get another as good, and as no other offered, it was at last resolved to make an example of him for his obstinacy. We give the rest of the story in the victim's own words—unfortunately not the only victim, as the sequel shows:—

"One night in November I was attacked by several men in the street. On the night of the 23d of that month, I and my wife went to bed about eight or nine o'clock. We had a child, and all three slept in the garret, whilst in the room below slept a Mrs O'Rourke. About midnight we heard a noise as if something had come through one of the windows. Mrs O'Rourke, rather frightened, got up and went down-stairs. Mrs Wastnidge followed immediately, and found Mrs O'Rourke standing with something in her hand. It proved to be a canful of powder, with a lighted fuse attached. Mrs Wastnidge told her to throw it through the window; instead of doing that she handed it to my wife, and just as she did so it exploded. My wife was in her night-dress, and it caught fire. Mrs O'Rourke had her clothes burned off, and was taken to the infirmary, where she died. Mrs Wastnidge ran up-stairs, where I tore the burning garment from her. She was also taken to the infirmary, where she lay blind for a fortnight. She did recover, but her injuries were so severe

that she is permanently lame, and still bears about her fearful scars and burns."

The hired assassin, who unintentionally murdered poor Mrs O'Rourke, and who, if he had no desire to murder Wastnidge, his wife, and family, took means that were well adapted to that end, was a man named Renshaw. His immediate employer was not Broadhead, who on this occasion kept in the background, but one Samuel Cutler, better known to the Trade as "Old Swell." Renshaw, who, on promise of a certificate of immunity, made as clear a breast of it as the other villains who had preceded him in the witness-box, was asked to meet "Old Swell" and a man named Baylis at a public-house. He accepted the invitation, and, over a social mug of beer, was sounded by Cutler whether it were possible that he would consent "*to knock a man on the head for ten shillings.*" Either the price was too small or the danger too great, and Renshaw refused; but, after some talk, it was agreed among the trio that "it was a deal better to 'do a man at home' than to hammer him in the street." Cutler thereupon gave Renshaw ten shillings to buy gunpowder. Renshaw bought the powder accordingly, and proceeded very coolly to execute his task. Finding a can, he put 1 lb. of powder in it, and having taken it home, he went to the theatre to amuse himself—perhaps with a tragedy, to be the better prepared for his work. When the play was over, he went home for the powder-can, and threw it in at Wastnidge's window. "As soon as he had done that, he went and lay in a chapel-yard which chanced to be near. He heard lots of folk come up to the house, attracted by the noise of the explosion which followed his act. He saw policemen come up. After a bit he left his hiding-place, and was just in time to help Mrs O'Rourke out of the building. He was sorry to see her hurt so much. He received first £3 and then £2

for that job. Cutler paid him. Nobody was concerned in the job but himself."

A man named Joseph Thompson, who had obeyed the edict of Broadhead and the Union by leaving his work at Hoole's, and who had been employed by Cutler to waylay and assault Hoole's foreman, was suspected of this diabolical outrage, and arrested for the murder of the unfortunate Mrs O'Rourke, and brought to trial. The Union subscribed between £60 and £70 for the expenses of his defence. Some of the leading Unionists subscribed £1 apiece for the same object, and his wife was maintained by the Union, and by a public-house subscription among the Trade, during the time her husband was in prison. He was acquitted of the charge; but "Old Swell," who knew perfectly well that Renshaw and himself were alone guilty, declared on oath before the Commission "that if Thompson had been convicted and sentenced to death, he must have gone to the scaffold!" In other words, the Union would have kept Renshaw's secret, even though its non-divulgence should have led to the judicial murder of an innocent man. As Napoleon said of himself, "The greatest of us are never long missed;" and if anything had happened to the great Broadhead, and if the law and the hangman had got hold of him, a successor to his vacant throne would have been ready in the person of "Old Swell." The new king would doubtless have served the Union with as much zeal and as little regard for the sanctity of human life as his more eminent predecessor.

These disclosures, as they appeared in the newspapers from day to day, naturally excited what it is the fashion to call a "sensation." And when all decent and respectable people had eased their consciences by expressing their wonder that such things could be, and their abhorrence of the perpetrators of

such crimes, done to order and on system, the next feeling that took possession of men's minds was one of curiosity to know whether the working classes as a body would take any steps to "clear their skirts" from the suspicion that they sympathised with or approved of such deeds. The mob of Sheffield showed its horror by hooting at Broadhead when he emerged the second time from the witness-box, and by making such threatening demonstrations against his life, when he left the court, as rendered it necessary for the police to escort him home in a cab. Various meetings were held in the town to protest against the injustice of the belief—too prevalent throughout the country—that all the Trades were equally guilty with the saw-grinders, and that Trades-unionism and the subornation of murder were convertible terms. It cannot be asserted, however, even by the persons who toady the working classes to get into Parliament by their votes, that the denunciation of the Sheffield Unionists was either so general or so hearty as it might have been; and in all the speeches made and resolutions passed at public meetings, there was an undercurrent difficult to define, but easy to see, of sympathy with the Unionists, and the greatest anger felt against them was anger that they should have been so abominably stupid as to be found out. The London Trades, who seven months previously had sent a Commission of their own to inquire into such minor Sheffield outrages as "rat-tening" and "blowing up," and had learned to suspect that Broadhead was in some manner—they knew not how—connected with them, and who, for political reasons, desired to stand well with the public, summoned a meeting in Exeter Hall to disavow connivance or sympathy with these crimes. The summons was obeyed by a large and highly respectable assemblage, in which the principal Trades of the

metropolis were represented. All the persons who spoke (with one exception) spoke as honest men should speak; and the meeting passed a series of resolutions expressive not only of their abhorrence of Broadhead and his accomplices, but of their surprise "that the delegates who composed the Council of Organised Trades at Sheffield should not have discovered for so great a length of time such an unparalleled system of crime." The exception to the good sense, the good taste, and the good feeling of the meeting, was the speech, not of a Trades-unionist, not of a mechanic, not of a labourer, but of a man of the social status of a gentleman—a Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the University of London, and bearing a name only too suggestive of a mistake in the spelling. This person hinted that rather too much fuss had been made about the Sheffield outrages, and said plainly that "now that the Unions had once for all protested against them, enough had been done." He also declared his opinion (happily for the credit of the University of London, he is not a Professor of Logic or of Moral Philosophy) "that a murder committed by a Trades-unionist was neither worse nor better than a murder committed by any one else." This, in other words, means that murder cool, planned, systematic, done to order, and paid for, is not more heinous in the sight of God and man than a murder committed on sudden impulse, and in the heat of passion, from love, jealousy, or revenge. And this Professor, who seems as incompetent to teach history as to inculcate morality, was base enough to drag in the name of Governor Eyre, and hold it up to execration as that of a greater murderer than Broadhead. He owned that during the last twelve months he had been one of the persons who had been hunting Mr Eyre to death, though he did not confess that it was for an act of unquestionable patriotism, but of

questionable legality [and in great and vital crises legality has not to be considered ;—who, for instance, if he saw a man putting a torch to a gunpowder-magazine would wait for a magistrate's warrant to arrest him ?], by which this brave but unfortunate gentleman not only saved a colony to the British crown, but, in all probability, preserved the lives of all the white inhabitants of Jamaica. With a meanness for which we are utterly at a loss to account, except on the supposition that Mr Beesley had ulterior designs upon their votes, he attempted to show that the working classes were juster than the aristocratic classes, inasmuch as the working men of London, and of England generally, had repudiated the murderer Broadhead, whereas the upper classes had screened and protected the murderer Eyre. The vileness of this charge was too much for the stomach of the honest working man, and the Beesley Professor (the *t* omitted) was assailed with cries of "Question !" and, in the current slang of the day, was forced to "shut up." Beesley has not since been heard of, except in the indignant comments of the Press. It seems, as far as we know, to have been his first appearance in public life. Let us charitably hope that it will be his last.

Although the public opinion of Sheffield—as manifested in the hootings and violence of the mob—is clear against Broadhead, there is still a large class in the town who countenance and support him, and throng his beer-shop—or tavern, whichever it may be—to consume his liquor. His custom, in fact, has largely increased, partly perhaps from curiosity, partly, there can be little reason to doubt, from sympathy with the cause of Trades-unionism, which he advocated, not wisely, but too well. The magistrates of the town have, however, refused to renew his licence. His legal representative argued that it would be unjust to refuse Broad-

head the licence, inasmuch as he had received a certificate of indemnity, or free pardon, from the Commission. The licensing magistrate did not see the matter in this light, or think that, because the British Government had appraised Broadhead's evidence at a higher value than his neck, he was a fit person to keep a public-house. In consequence of this very proper refusal, Broadhead will either have to betake himself to other means of livelihood, or imitate the example of his miserable subordinate Hallam, and fly to the New World and hide his shame under an assumed name. The "Saw-grinders," for whom he has done so much, and suffered so little, do not take so serious a view of his offences, but look upon him as a martyr to the holy religion of Saw-grinding. On his return home from a recent meeting of the Saw-grinders' Union he was waited upon by a deputation of Non-society Saw-grinders, apparently anxious to emulate the doings of the Society men, in the interest of their goddess "the Trade," and to secure the services of such a redoubtable chief. Their supposition was, that in the interests of the old Society, and as a "tub to the whale" of public opinion, he would be expelled. In this expectation they applied to him to take the lead in the formation of a new Society. "Broadhead," says a local paper, "declined the honour of taking part in a new organisation, stating his opinion to the parties who waited upon him that no good could result from splitting up the Trade into factions; and that they ought to wait patiently until there was an opportunity of uniting all the Saw-grinders into one body." For this act of public virtue he has received the thanks of the parent Society, and possibly—who knows?—may yet find that there is room for him in Sheffield.

Turning from Sheffield to Manchester, we find the same system of Trade Thuggery in full operation,

conducted and organised by people quite as heartless, determined, and remorseless as Broadhead. The Inquiry was commenced on the 5th of September, and is not concluded at the time we write, so that the public is not yet in a position to take a complete survey of all the mysteries and iniquities of Manchester Trades-unionism. Enough, however, has been elicited to show that the Brickmakers of Manchester, and their affiliated Trades, are quite as ferocious and tyrannical as their Sheffield brethren, and that they adopt the very same methods of coercion against masters who offend them, and fellow-labourers who break their rules. The first witness examined on the first day of the Inquiry, said quite enough to prove that Sheffield has no monopoly of murder. This witness, named Meadows, was a master-bricklayer at Stockport, employing about a hundred men, at wages varying from thirty to fifty shillings a-week. In June 1864 he made an alteration in the shape of the bricks he manufactured, so that they might fit a hand machine. By this alteration he was able to effect a saving of tenpence per thousand in the manufacture. The Union heard of the alteration, and by way of showing him a particular kindness, graciously consented that the improvement might be made, provided he distributed the tenpence per thousand among the men. He thought this rather hard, and refused compliance; but on reconsideration—knowing full well that his men might strike, and seriously injure, if not ruin, his business—he offered to divide sixpence per thousand among them, if he might be allowed to keep the other fourpence for himself. The Union decreed that this offer was inadmissible, and that the men should have the full tenpence or strike. Mr Meadows refused absolutely, but still offered the sixpence. The Unionists immediately struck; but before

the end of five weeks, three men, one of whom was named Thomas Wild, returned to their work, and thereupon drew down upon themselves and upon Mr Meadows the vengeance of the Trade. The vengeance fell more particularly upon poor Wild, who thus told his story before the Commissioners:—

“In 1864 he was employed by the witness Meadows, and was a ‘contribution man’ in the Stockport Brickmakers’ Union—that was to say, he paid 1s. per week, but received no benefit from the Union. Remembered leaving when the men turned out in consequence of the dispute about the 10d. per thousand. Witness was paid 6s. a-day, and had nothing to do with the price per thousand. He was out about five weeks, and went in again with two men named Child and Fallows. On the night of the 2d August witness was at the kiln, and about twelve o’clock he was attacked by six men. Before the assault one of the men had asked if he and his mate might lie down for an hour or two, and witness said ‘yes,’ and went to show him where to go. Slater was the man who spoke first, and witness directly afterwards recognised Cheetham. The other four came round them from an adjoining building. Cheetham then took up a lump of wood, and struck witness with it. Slater pulled witness down, and the others joined in the attack, the result of which was that witness’s right arm was broken in several places, and his leg and face were injured. Witness was in Stockport Infirmary for about six months after the assault. Cheetham and Slater were convicted, and sentenced to twenty years’ penal servitude. He was assaulted because he had gone back to work before the remainder of the Union men.”

After the conviction of Slater and Cheetham, a deputation of the Union waited upon Wild, and offered him £20 if he would sign a memorial praying for a commutation of the sentence on the ground that the convicts had no personal malice against him, and that he might perhaps be mistaken in their identity. This he consented to do for fear he should get into a “worse hobble” with the Trade, though he never had a doubt

as to the identity of the two men. The sentence was ultimately commuted, and Slater immediately on his release from prison was elected president of the Union.

On the second day Slater himself was examined, and denied that he was one of the six men who assaulted Wild. He admitted, however, that he was present at the Council of the Union when it was agreed that Wild should "have a beating," and that £10 out of the Union funds should be paid for the "job." In other respects he observed that he knew all the secrets of the Trade, supported all its outrages, paid out money to the perpetrators, and was as bad as Broadhead. Let us do him justice: not quite so bad as Broadhead, for he took personal risks, and was a common soldier as well as a general in the army of the Brick-makers.

Wild's case might have been fatal. That it was not so was a mere accident, for which the perpetrators of the outrage are not entitled to the most infinitesimal amount of credit. It is by no means the worst of the crimes for which the Brickmakers' Union, collectively or individually, must be held accountable at the great bar of public opinion, if not at that of outraged law and justice—crimes of which the mean cowardice is only surpassed by the barbarity. It is the custom in the Trade, as admitted by more than one unwilling witness, to put needles into the clay with which bricks are made, in order to wound or torture the unsuspecting workmen, or force them to abandon their work. This device is resorted to for the punishment of Non-unionists, and of Unionists who persist in working with "outlaws"—as the Union designates the men who refuse to yield it allegiance. It is also the custom to destroy the bricks of the manufacturer who employs such "outlaws," and to depute gangs of four, six, or sometimes as

many as eight men, to carry this decree of the Union into effect. As the masters endeavour to protect their property by the employment of the police, or of armed watchmen, bloody collisions sometimes ensue, and murder is perpetrated by the aggressors. It is also the custom to "bottle" an offender, whether he be labourer or master—by which is meant to throw a glass or stone bottle, filled with gunpowder, naphtha or other explosive liquid, and sometimes loaded with slugs, into the cellars of a house to set it on fire, or into the window of the sleeping apartment, at dead of night, where the man who has given offence to the Trade may be reposing, with his wife and infant family, unconscious of danger. This last act is even more dastardly than the shooting and maiming which was so especially to the taste of Broadhead. One story of brick-destruction, and of a murder that grew out of it, and another of "bottling," as detailed by a "bottler," must suffice at present for a true picture of Manchester Trades-unionism as painted by itself. On the fourth day of the Inquiry, one Frederick Hipwell, a brickmaker, was placed in the witness-box, and promised indemnity for his own crimes, however black they might be, on the sole condition that he would tell the truth. He stated that, in the summer of 1862, a Mr Clifford, a brickmaker, of Ashton-under-Lyne, had incurred the displeasure of the Union of that town, and that, at a regular weekly meeting of the club, at which the witness was present, "it was determined that something should be done" to compel him to turn off the Non-unionists and take on Unionists in their place. Every one present knew what this "something" meant, three previous attempts having been made on Mr Clifford's premises and bricks before this new, and as it was to be hoped final and more successful, measure was agreed on. Eight

men were selected for the job, the witness being one. As it was known that the place was watched, it was deemed advisable that some at least of the party should be armed with pistols or revolvers, in case an attack were made on them by a superior force. Three of the men, named Ward, Burke, and Enshall, provided themselves with loaded pistols, while the others carried heavy sticks and bludgeons, and proceeded at midnight, some of them with masks over their faces, to execute their task. They reached the brick-kiln unobserved, and succeeded in destroying a large quantity of green or unbaked bricks, when a police inspector named Harrop and a police constable named Jump suddenly broke in upon them. A fight ensued—the bludgeons and the fire-arms of the eight men were employed against the two—policeman Jump was shot dead, and police inspector Harrop was wounded in the face, though not fatally, by a stray shot, and had his arm nearly broken by a blow from a bludgeon. This outrage naturally excited a great sensation in the town; and the witness—one of the bludgeon men—and Burke and Ward, who had used fire-arms, were arrested on the charge of murdering the unfortunate policeman. Enshall, who was to pay the men for this job, got frightened, and, with another of the conspirators, managed to escape from the country, so that the witness never received any money for his share in this bloody business. This “job” was, however, a very expensive one to the Trade. The Ashton-under-Lyne Union, to which all the criminals belonged, paid £200 towards the cost of their defence; and the affiliated Unions of Manchester, Stockport, Oldham, Liverpool, St Helens, Birkenhead, Wigan, and last, but not least, Sheffield, contributed liberally. Hipwell and another arrested at a later stage were fortunate enough to escape conviction

for want of legal proof; but Ward and Burke were found guilty of murder, and sentenced, the first to be hanged, and the second to penal servitude for life. None of the witnesses who spoke to this case before the Commissioners appeared to regard it with any especial horror, but treated it as if at the worst it was but the unfortunate and regrettable result of a proper and well-devised project. The witness Hipwell deposed to various other acts of brick-destruction in which he had been engaged, sometimes receiving £1 from the Union, and sometimes £2, 10s., for his services. In these expeditions, the man Ward—who is, as far as we know, the only Unionist of recent times who has met his proper fate upon the gallows—was his constant companion. They varied their occupations occasionally by shooting at watchmen, by hamstringing the horses of their Trade enemies, and by the highly exciting amusement of “bottling.”

The principal case of “bottling” as recorded before the Commission, and which may serve as a specimen of all the rest, was perpetrated in 1861, against a Mr Tetlow, who had committed the unpardonable sin of employing Non-unionists. Hipwell, with his friend and associate Ward [who has gone to his account, whither it is a public sorrow and loss that several more such zealous Unionists have not followed him], and five other men, were engaged in the “job,” by authority of the Trade. They met at a public-house on the Ashton Old Road, at nine o’clock on a dark night of November, and remained in deliberation, drinking their beer and smoking their pipes, until eleven, when they started towards Mr Tetlow’s house, at a place called Hurst. Hipwell details the subsequent proceedings of the gang so succinctly and tersely, that it would impair the simplicity of the narrative to give it in other words than his own:—

“Witness and three or four others had a bottle each. They were stone bottles, and their contents were in some cases naphtha, and in others blasting powder and slugs. The bottles containing powder had fuses in the necks. The men carried sticks, *and some of them might have carried pistols.* They all got to Mr Tetlow's house about twelve o'clock at night. The family had gone to bed, and the house was in darkness. One of the party threw a bottle through what was supposed to be Mr Tetlow's bedroom, and another bottle was thrown in directly afterwards. Witness threw a naphtha bottle through a window down-stairs, with the object of setting the house on fire. Believed another naphtha bottle was thrown down-stairs. Heard the two bottles thrown into the bedroom explode; but could not say what was the effect of the naphtha, as they all made off at once. The fuses of the explosive bottles were lit from a dark-lantern which one of the party carried.”

Another witness named Thomas Barlow described the part he took in this outrage, which may be aptly designated as infernal, and added some darker bits of colour to his companion's picture:—

“Witness was also concerned in the outrage at the house of Mr Tetlow. Scholefield and Charles Barlow were not there. They went to beat Mr Tetlow, if they could find him. Four or five bottles were filled with gunpowder, and one or two with naphtha. *The gunpowder bottles contained slugs.* Witness had a bottle of naphtha, which he threw down-stairs. Enshall, Hipwell, Ryan, and Ward threw bottles of gunpowder into Mr Tetlow's bedroom; at least Enshall said that was the room in which Mr Tetlow slept. *Had Mr Tetlow been struck by the contents of one of the gunpowder bottles, he might have been killed.* Witness received 10s. for the job from Enshall.”

Though no murder was committed upon the Tetlow family, there is no credit due to the Union or its agents for the bloodlessness of a crime which the slightest unforeseen accident might have suddenly converted into an appalling tragedy. The implements used were all murderous—the animus was fiendish—and murder was in the heart

of every one of these men, if not in his purpose.

Whether worse than this remains to be divulged at Manchester we cannot say, but the indications are only too strong that the climax has yet to be reached; and that when the Commissioners direct their inquiries to other Trades, and especially to those connected with the various departments of building, floods of light will be thrown upon a very ghastly subject, humiliating alike to the working men and to the civilisation which produced them. We cannot believe, however, that all the working men of England are such as these. The Trades of London, for instance, if tyrannical, are not bloodthirsty, like the Yorkshire and Lancashire men, whose deeds glow blood-red upon the page of contemporary history. The very fact that there are such large numbers of Non-unionists in the country, proves unmistakably that a considerable portion of the working men of Great Britain respect themselves and their own independence, and scorn to ask for leave to toil from the self-elected officials who think it pleasanter to receive Union pay as secretaries and treasurers, than to do the harder work which is the lot of their fellows. The wonder is that any body of ordinarily intelligent men should so foolishly and lazily act the part of sheep, and allow such mangy curs as the Unionist leaders to marshal them into order with yelp and growl, and prescribe to them the pastures where they shall or shall not feed. It is a hopeful sign, however, that the timid people in a large number of towns all over the country have begun to pluck up courage, and have invited an extension of the inquiry into places not hitherto suspected of Trades-unionism. As the inquiry cannot be allowed to cease until we know the very worst, it is certain that the wishes of these people will be gratified, and that the

full extent of the disease will be ascertained. Then, and not till then, will it be time for the collective wisdom of this nation to consider the remedies for, or the preventatives of, this virulent disease in the body politic—a disease that, if unchecked, may not only demoralise and ruin the working population, but strike a fatal blow at the trading and manufacturing supremacy of Great Britain, and transfer to other lands, where the population is wiser and more virtuous, the wealth and enterprise that now make us the foremost people of the world.

We are convinced, by the study of Trades-unionism from the earliest times to the present, that it is in vain to expect from legislation either a cure or a preventative of such evils as have been recently laid bare. The true remedy must come from the working men themselves, and from the progress of education among them—not only such education as is understood by school teaching, but such education in economic and social truth as men of sense pick up in their progress through life, or have driven into them by sorrow and suffering, and the hard lessons of experience. If the law were to try to prohibit Trades-unions, they would, in spite of the law, continue to exist, as long as the working men considered them necessary for the protection of their real or supposed interests—with this difference, that they would be organised as secret societies with secret oaths and passwords, and that, being secret and illegal, they would be more bloodthirsty in their vengeance against their employers and against their own class, than they are ever likely to be under a system of comparative legality and publicity. The law does no more than justice to working men in permitting them to combine—either to work or to refuse to work, to diminish the hours of toil, or to augment their wages, or to take all peaceable means for the promotion

of their own interest or comfort in their relations towards each other, to their employers, and to society. It is only when they step beyond the limits of the law, and authorise such atrocities as Broadhead paid for, and Crookes, Hallam, Ward, Hipwell, and others were zealous to commit, that they become pernicious to society, and have to be dealt with accordingly. The working men, who disapprove of these horrors, seem to consider that if the law would protect their funds, as it does those of properly enrolled Benefit Societies, a great step would be taken towards the prevention of Trades outrages of the Broadhead and Hipwell type. In this opinion they may be, to a certain extent, correct; but before the law can throw the shield of its protection over the funds which working men raise for Trade purposes, the law must know exactly what those purposes are, or it may lend itself to the perpetration of gross injustice by the men against the masters, or by the men against each other, or by Unionists against men as good, as honest, and as industrious as themselves, who have ideas of their own about the advantages of Unionism, and who, in the exercise of the private judgment which is every man's privilege, may decline to have anything to do with it. If it be the law of a Union that a master-bricklayer shall not lay a brick, or shall not employ a man not belonging to the Union; or if a Union of tailors, offended with a poor fellow who has a wife and large family dependent on him, and will not strike work with the rest, is to spend a portion of its funds in notifying to the Trade all over the country that such man is a black sheep, and that all other tailors are forbidden to work with him,—how can the aid of the law be reasonably required to protect funds raised for the enforcement of such wrong? Law itself would become a party to the oppression of honest men, and a sharer in a crime against the

natural right of every man to sell his labour to whom, and on whatsoever terms his pleasure, his judgment, or his necessity may command, if it placed such funds under the same safeguard as those of Benefit Societies. In anticipating that the great remedy for the abuses of Trades-unionism will be found in the gradual enlightenment of the working classes, and their more familiar acquaintance with the truths of social science—truths that will convince them that labour and capital are not necessarily enemies, and that Trades-unionism, by degrading every labourer to the lowest level of his trade, prevents a man who is once a labourer from ever becoming anything else—we are justified by the fact that no such outrages as have covered the sawgrinders and brickmakers with infamy, have been committed by members of what may be called the educated trades, or handicrafts that require skill and ingenuity. Saw-grinders and brickmakers perform the roughest and rudest kinds of work, and their minds appear to partake of the nature of their employment; and brickmakers, although their occupation is less prejudicial to health than that of the saw-grinders, and they work for the most part in the open air, employ about as small an amount of skill and intellect as can well be exacted from human beings. The skilled and educated artisan or mechanic, engaged in the manufacture of a watch, a steam-engine, a ship, a pianoforte, a piece of jewellery, or inlaid cabinet-work, who decorates houses and apartments, who sets up an author's manuscript in a printing-office, or is engaged in any of the countless departments of industry that require taste, intellect, judgment, and delicacy of manipulation, are to a certain extent men of culture, and gentlemen as compared with those who perform the common kinds of labour, where little beyond bodily strength is required. For this reason we do not hear that

they either sanction or commit acts of coarse and brutal violence in the enforcement of their Trade rules, however stringent these may be. It is to these men that society will look to take more decided steps than any they have yet taken, the Exeter Hall meeting included, to show their reprobation of the Sheffield and Manchester horrors. If such trades will truly, honestly, and fearlessly, throughout every town and city in the country, publicly and privately, disavow all fellowship, and even connection, with any Union of any Trade that has systematically devoted any portion of its funds to pay for breaches of the law, they will do far more than the law itself can do to elevate the character of the working classes, and to prevent the recurrence of the atrocities which have too long been sanctioned, or apparently sanctioned, by their apathy and silence. It is also time that the Non-unionists of all the trades, who must be a large and powerful body, if we may judge by the violence and obstinacy of the war which the Unionists have so long waged against them, should combine so as to show their strength to their enemies, and resist by every legal means the tyranny sought to be imposed upon them. A combination of the Non-unionists against the Unionists would have the whole force of public opinion on its side, in itself an inestimable advantage; and if legally and successfully conducted, would help to liberate the working white slaves of Great Britain from their debasing thralldom to the idlest, stupidest, and most brutal of their own class. It is the workman's inhumanity to the workman that, in the words of Robert Burns, "makes countless thousands mourn;" and as soon as the workmen thoroughly understand and appreciate the fact in all its ramifications, they will wonder at the long delusion under which they have suffered, and vindicate that great right of free labour which ought to be, but is not,

the legitimate and necessary result of free thought, free speech, and free trade in a free country.

Very opportunely, and in the very midst of these disheartening and humiliating disclosures, a large body of independent working men have stood before the world to proclaim their own triumph over Trades-unionism, to detail the various incidents of the long struggle they had with it before their final conquest of the evil thing; and to draw, in marked contrast, two pictures, the one of their unhappy condition under Unionism, and that of their happy condition after they had succeeded in liberating themselves. A few days before the commencement of the Manchester Inquiry, a meeting of men engaged in coal-mining and the manufacture of iron, at Staveley, in Derbyshire, was held in that thriving village, in order to present a silver claret-jug, salver, and ink-stand, for which all the workmen, without exception, had subscribed their sixpences and shillings, to the manager of the Staveley Coal and Iron Company, as a substantial mark of their gratitude for the valuable support and assistance he had afforded them, in enabling them to free themselves from the dictation of the Union. The Union of the Trade, a powerful body, some time ago sent their delegates to Staveley to enrol members, collect subscriptions, and dictate to the men the terms on which alone they were to work. The delegates summoned meetings, and their paid lecturer, with a salary of £150 a-year, delivered lectures on the tyranny of capital, the rights of working men, the necessity and the advantages of protecting the Trade, and the sacred duty of striking work whenever the Union commanded. The formerly peaceful village was speedily in an uproar, opinions were divided on the subject, disputes arose between the men and the masters, and between one section of the men and another.

Trade slackened, the confidence of the capitalists interested in the works was shaken, men were discharged, the butcher and the baker did less business and the pawnbroker more; women and children starved and went in rags, and the sturdy miners, and iron hammerers and puddlers, looked glum and discontented, blaming the tyranny of capital for all the mischief if they were adherents of the Union, and blaming the Union if they thought, as large numbers of them did, that the Union and its delegates had no business in Staveley, and ought to be driven out of it. Of this last opinion, there happened to be several men who had once been Trades-unionists in other places, and who knew the evil as well as the good of the system. These men placed themselves at the head of their fellow-workmen, got up a counter-agitation against the Unionists, enlisted the manager in their cause, and carried on the war so vigorously that the delegates and their lecturer had to decamp, and all the men who had enrolled themselves as members withdrew their names, withheld their subscriptions, and set the laws and rules of the Society at defiance. The men had a grievance, and they stated it openly to their employers. They wished the hours of labour to be reduced to ten—more, they said, for the sake of the young lads in the trade, whose assistance was necessary to the older hands, than for their own. The point was debated in a friendly manner on both sides, and cheerfully conceded. In a few months things wore a different appearance at Staveley. Fresh capital was put into the works; additional hands were taken on; wages were raised; the pawnshops yielded up the little home valuables and adornments with which it is so hard for the wife to part; the butcher, the baker, and the grocer did as good or a better trade than before; the children returned to school with the weekly pence in

their hands, which could not be spared when work was scanty or not to be had ; and no man went supperless to bed in Staveley unless for want of will or appetite to partake of it. Mr William Jackson, the member for North Derbyshire, who has perhaps, at one time or other of his useful life, employed more men in various departments of labour than any other "organiser of industry" in England, was present at the meeting, and pithily described the results of Trades-unionism, and its heartless dictation, "as bankruptcy for the master, the workhouse for the man, and the trade of England for the foreigner." The example set by the men of Staveley, if widely followed, as it might be if the Non-unionists would but pluck up heart of grace to put the labour question on its proper footing, would greatly help the efforts of all who desire to see the liberation of industry, and the elevation, social and moral, of the working man, and very greatly simplify the action of the Legislature when the subject of Trades-unionism comes formally under its notice. What is wanted is not to prohibit Trades-unions, but to con-

fine them within legal bounds, so that the person, the property, and the life of all dissentients from their by-laws and trade rules may be safe from attack, or if attacked by bad men, employed by the Unions, and paid out of Union funds, the actual offenders, as well as the secret suborners, may be brought to justice as speedily and as effectually as any other murderers and robbers, bound or unbound by rules of their own making. No sensible man, no true friend of the working classes, wishes to abolish Trades-unions, or put them *hors la loi*. It is right that men should combine to resist oppression, whether of their employers or of their equals ; but it is not right that, in resisting oppression that may be imaginary, they should commit oppression that is only too real. Let the working classes confide in Mr Tidd Pratt rather than in Mr Broadhead (we apologise to a very excellent gentleman, and very sound lawyer, for bringing his name into the same sentence with that of the great Thug of Sheffield), and means may be found for rendering Trades-unions not only harmless, but beneficial.

POSTSCRIPT.—THE AMERICAN DEBT, AND THE FINANCIAL PROSPECTS
OF THE UNION.

WE learn from a long letter in the 'Times' of the 2d September, signed "David A. Wells, Commissioner of the Revenue, Treasury Department of the United States," that our article of July last on "The American Debt, and the Financial Prospects of the Union," has given this gentleman offence, and that he attributes to the writer a deliberate intention to injure the credit of his country. At the very outset of our reply we must deny in the most positive manner any such intention—covert or overt. The commercial relations of the two countries are most intimate and extensive—American prosperity is British prosperity; and if America suffers from bad seasons or the depression of trade, the British feel the recoil, and suffer also. It is not alone the interest and the duty, but the pleasure of our people to cultivate the most amicable relations with the Government and people of the United States; and we but express what every sensible and educated Englishman feels, that even a political estrangement between the two countries is a serious evil, and that a war between them—were such a misery ever to befall—would not only be a scandal to our blood and civilisation, and a special disgrace to the country that wilfully provoked, and did not exhaust all possible modes of preventing it, but the most frightful and unnatural calamity of modern times—not even excepting the great civil war between the North and the South. And while such are the real feelings of our people, it is to be regretted that an underbred and over-sensitive class of Americans—of whom Mr Wells seems to be one—should take the comments of the British press on American affairs, if they happen to be either premonitory or disapprobatory, as deliberate insults, in-

tended to stir up national difficulty and ill-will. In the little we have to say in rejoinder to Mr Wells, we desire to treat him with the utmost respect, notwithstanding the fact that the foolish violence of his language does not entitle him to any courtesy at our hands. We honour patriotism, even when it compels the patriot to shut his eyes to unpleasant facts, or his ears to disagreeable arguments; and although we do not admit the strict morality of the maxim sometimes heard in America (and elsewhere), "My country, right or wrong," we can understand how Mr Wells, in his official position, while travelling amongst us, should stand forth as the champion of his country if he thinks that British or any other criticism has been unjust or erroneous, more especially upon that particular question of finance, which he represents in his mission to Europe. But as the over-sensitiveness to which we have alluded as displayed throughout his whole letter, and which breaks forth violently at its conclusion, warps his whole judgment, we desire, before proceeding to discuss the points at issue between him and ourselves, to set him right on the great preliminary question of hostile animus, whether as manifested by ourselves or other writers. He says:—

"In the course of an official visit of some weeks in England during the present season, no one thing has more impressed me than the all but universal expression, on the part of those in public and private station with whom I have been brought in contact, of a desire that the most friendly and intimate relations should be maintained and preserved between the United States and Great Britain. This expression I am sure the great majority of my countrymen are prepared to reciprocate; and yet it is difficult for an American to reconcile the private expressions of kindly feelings referred to with the frequent appearance (and shall we say,

countenance by the British public ?) of such attacks on the United States as are contained in the article in 'Blackwood,' which we have noticed. And of one thing further we may be certain, that if it is the object and aim of influential parties on either side of the Atlantic to produce ill-will, distrust, and jealousy between Great Britain and the United States, to ripen possibly at some future time into reciprocal injurious legislation or actual war, continued misrepresentation and abuse will most likely effect the desired result."

What seems so strange to such an obvious novice in the ways of the polite world as Mr Wells is not strange to any English gentleman. As a nation, we are not accustomed to drag politics, especially the unpleasant parts of them, into the private intercourse of society, even among one another, unless after dinner when the ladies have retired, and we are quite certain that we are all of the same party and opinion. When foreigners visit us, we may seek information from them, but we do not enter into disputations with them. It is quite natural, therefore, that in society Mr Wells should have heard exactly what he says he heard, and that he should have the impression—which is certainly a correct one—that the feelings of Englishmen are friendly to his country. But it is also just as natural, though it does not appear so to Mr Wells, that our public journals, which are accustomed to discuss the affairs of their own country, and those of the whole civilised world, with the utmost freedom, and generally with the greatest fairness and ability, should also discuss those of America with nearly as much copiousness and frequency. America interests us too much, financially, commercially, socially, and politically, not to attract a larger share of our attention as a people or a Government than any other country of the world. Mr Wells should remember that our journals are accustomed to speak their minds plainly. They never spare the errors of their own statesmen, legislators, and officials, or

hesitate to lay bare to the gaze of the world many things in English life and society, high and low, which it might be desirable to conceal, if we were half as sensitive to the opinions of our neighbours as some foolish Americans appear to be. And certainly none of them that we have ever seen have said severer things about the United States than they have said and are constantly saying of their own country. And if our eyes do not deceive us, the American journals are even more outspoken than ours, and are accustomed to speak of Great Britain and of British institutions in a manner by no means respectful, and to draw contrasts between their country and ours which are anything but complimentary to the dwellers on this side of the Atlantic. But no man in England ever thinks of taking offence, or of looking at such utterances as provocatives to war. If the attacks are very violent or very silly, we wonder at and forget them, perhaps with the passing thought that they are not really written by Americans, but by expatriated Fenians of whom we are well quit. If they are very ignorant, we pass them by, unless they happen to be, as they sometimes are, very amusing, when we laugh and forget, and bear no rancour. An Englishman is as free in his wit and humour as in his politics. He caricatures John Bull; he enjoys Lord Dundreary, and has not the remotest idea that Brother Jonathan can be offended if he is represented, as he sometimes is in 'Punch' or on the stage, as a great gawky boy who has outgrown his trousers, and thinks himself big enough to "whip all creation." The truth is that we are a good-humoured and good-natured people, who can give and take, and bear a great deal in the way of depreciatory criticism without getting into a passion, or imputing bad motives, like Mr Wells and too many of his countrymen. We wish the Americans were more generally of the

same disposition, and believe that the more frequent intercourse which of late years has taken place between the two kindred nations will teach both of them to form a truer estimate of each other's strength and virtue than either has yet done, and lead the Americans more especially to reflect upon the fact that if we criticise their affairs and their institutions with more keenness than we do those of other countries, it is because we take a greater interest in them, and that it very greatly concerns us to study the politics of a people of the same race, speaking the same language, and having the same history as ourselves.

Having said thus much to extract the intended sting from the tail of Mr Wells's epistle, we proceed to prove the substantial justice and fairness of the article to which he takes exception. He commences by quoting the observation of a Western American orator, who defined the chief requisite for the making of a good stump speech, to be an entire ignorance of the subject under discussion, asserting that, as far as our article is concerned, the same standard of qualification has been adopted. We can match the Western aphorism—which, after all, is of much older date than Mr Wells's "Western orator," and appeared in Joe Miller when the West was a wilderness—by an Eastern one, not quite so hackneyed, to the effect that, if you dislike the chief facts and arguments of an opponent, and cannot satisfactorily refute them, you should carefully pick out all the little unimportant mistakes into which he may have fallen, and expose *them*, with the hope, not always unfounded, that his proved errors in small things may lead the bystanders to believe that he is equally erroneous in the greater matters on which you do not care to meet him. This describes very exactly the plan pursued by Mr Wells in his reply to our unwelcome article, which appears to have had, in his eyes, the fatal demerit

of being but too true. The principal assertions which we made in the article which Mr Wells endeavours to impugn, amounted to seven.

First, That the American war debt was extravagantly and recklessly incurred; and that the Government, in the hour of its greatest distress and peril, was infamously swindled by jobbers and contractors, both in high and low places, and by men who called themselves "eminent patriots."

Second, That so much alarm was excited by the magnitude of the debt, and so much disgust at the dishonesty and corruption which had caused its unnatural inflation, that even before it had reached one-half of its present amount it was publicly threatened with repudiation, not by obscure newspaper writers, but by well-known statesmen and leaders of party.

Third, That in its urgent need of money, and in its alarm lest the large amounts of inconvertible paper (greenbacks) which it threw into circulation should lead to a ruinous depreciation of its value as compared with gold, and every article that gold could buy, the Government devised a system of taxation, of which the three main divisions were internal revenue (inclusive of a tax on whisky and alcoholic liquors, and a tax on photographic portraits and trade-circulars), an income and property tax, with differential duties of five, seven, and ten per cent, and customs duties on foreign goods and manufactures; that this scheme in its details was crude and unworkable, and grossly evaded; that it did not answer the expectations formed of it; and that after an experiment of eighteen months, it was superseded by another somewhat different in its details, which has been as much evaded as the first, and that in the new scheme the old protective duties upon foreign goods were not lowered as they should have been, and would have been, if revenue had been their sole object, and not protection to the native manufacturer.

Fourth, That there was no proof,

official or unofficial, before the British public at the time at which we wrote that a sum equivalent to forty millions of pounds sterling had been applied to the diminution of the debt within the previous sixteen months; and that if the fact were as stated, the *modus operandi* had not been publicly divulged.

Fifth, That in addition to the recognised debt of the United States, estimated in round numbers at 2500 millions of dollars, there was a local, state, and municipal debt, estimated, but not officially, at 1500 millions, wholly incurred in the prosecution of the war, and chiefly in the payment of immense bounties to mercenary, and in many cases dishonest, foreigners, who could not otherwise be induced to fight for the Union.

Sixth, That the debt contracted by the Southern States, and ordered by the victorious North to be wholly repudiated, was probably about as great as the debt of the United States, and certainly half as great, at the lowest estimate.

Seventh, That notwithstanding many serious drawbacks and causes of apprehension, the undoubted wealth and resources of North and South were so mighty that if Congress and the Northern people would in all cordiality and sincerity hold out the right hand of goodfellowship to the South, so that the Southern people, relieved from military despotism and the fear of confiscation, might betake themselves once more to the cultivation of their estates, the debt, in all its divisions and subdivisions, in spite of the factious cry of Repudiation, by whomsoever raised, would be rendered as secure as the debt of Great Britain.

Mr Wells takes partial, and, in some respects, either careless or dishonest, exception to the third, fourth, and fifth of these statements, and leaves the other four wholly—and prudently—unnoticed. In regard to the third, he says there is no differential income-tax in the United States, but a uniform rate of five per

cent; that no tax is now levied on *cartes-de-visite* or photographic portraits; and that there never was a tax on trade-circulars. If Mr Wells had read our article attentively before undertaking to answer it, as every honest or competent disputant would have done, he would have found that we stated distinctly that the first scheme of taxation, inclusive of the graduated scale of income-tax, was found unworkable, and that it was repealed and superseded by another, after eighteen months' trial. In the new scheme the income-tax was modified, and the tax on album-portraits and many others as unproductive and vexatious were abandoned. So far our statements are correct, and Mr Wells might have saved himself the trouble of replying to them. In the matter of trade-circulars, we only know that in the first scheme of taxation it *was* proposed to tax these documents; that the item appeared in the original schedule as published in the New York and Washington journals; and that we were not aware that it was subsequently struck out. On this point—a not very important one—we yield the victory to Mr Wells, and give him liberty to make the most of it.

As regards the fourth point, or the second of Mr Wells's objections, while we are not in a position to deny that the Federal Government has paid off forty millions sterling of its debt in the sixteen months as stated, we must reiterate that we have seen no proof of the fact, and that the letter of Mr Wells does not afford any. Mr Wells states that our remarks on this subject amounted "to a mean insinuation that when the Secretary of the Treasury, on the 1st of July 1867, furnished a statement showing by comparison that the public debt of the United States had been reduced during the preceding twelve months to the extent of 83,730,000 dollars, or, counting in the surplus cash in the Treasury, 121,792,850 dollars, he did not mean to convey the idea of actual payment, but

lent himself to further a gigantic national deception." Considering that our article was published on the 1st of July, when we could not have seen the Secretary's statement, only published in New York on that day, and that we wrote at least a fortnight previously, we could not by any possibility, as Mr Wells must admit, have been guilty of the offence with which he stupidly as well as maliciously charges us. Not even a sub-Atlantic telegram could have informed us on the 15th or 16th of June what Mr Secretary M'Culloch had done on the 1st July afterwards. Furthermore, the 83,730,000 dollars which Mr Wells says were actually paid off in the twelve months, and the 38,062,850 surplus cash in the Treasury, not paid off but ready to be distributed among the national creditors, and making together 121,792,850 dollars, do not represent a sum of *forty millions sterling*, or half the money, with gold at a premium of upwards of forty per cent, but no more than £17,394,978 in hard cash. Mr Wells gives us figures to prove that there was a reduction of the paper currency between March 1866 and June 1867 of 44,963,201 dollars. If these dollars were paid in to the Treasury and destroyed, the amount may be fairly and legitimately deducted from the national debt. Supposing that this sum is not included in the 121,792,850 dollars above specified—a point on which Mr Wells does not enable us to form an opinion—we have 6,423,314 pounds sterling (reckoning the pound sterling at seven paper dollars) to add to the £17,394,978 already mentioned, or £23,822,292, instead of £40,000,000 as the actual reduction of the debt. The explanations of Mr Wells on this matter only serve to make "confusion worse confounded;" and while not denying that the £40,000,000 may have really been paid, we can but say now, as we said in July, that we have not seen the slightest proof of the fact that would satisfy a mer-

chant, a banker, a shopkeeper, or any one who desired to invest a pound sterling in American securities.

On the fifth assertion in our list, and the third to which Mr Wells takes exception, we have but little to say. In placing the amount of the local and state debts at so high a figure as 1500 millions of dollars, we merely quoted, but did not adopt, an estimate formed in America by Americans. That estimate, though not official, did not bear upon the face of it any proof of extravagance. We cited instances to show, that whatever the real amount of that debt was, it was very large; and the Federal Government, alarmed apparently at the publication of such statements in America (not in England), employed an official of the Treasury, the Mr Walker cited by Mr Wells [not the Mr Walker who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Franklin Pierce, but a person less generally known], to make an investigation. His report, which estimates these state and municipal debts at only 700,000,000 dollars, was not published at the time we wrote, so that our ignorance of it, at which Mr Wells affects to be astonished, is not in the least degree astonishing. Accepting the figures of Mr Walker as correct, every impartial and sensible person must admit that they form a very serious addition to the public debt of the Americans; and that the question of transferring the sum from the local to the national account may prove a very troublesome one before the general tax-payer can be persuaded to accept so heavy a burden in addition to that which he bears already.

We need not follow Mr Wells through the minor topics of his letter, and will but mention one other cause of complaint that he thinks he has against us—our statement that "American Finance is not the clear balance-sheet to which the English, and even the French people are accustomed;" and, perhaps, though he does not men-

tion it, our regret that the American Secretary of the Treasury is not allowed a seat in Congress, as our Chancellor of the Exchequer is compelled to have in Parliament. To that statement and that opinion we adhere. Mr Wells declares that on the 1st of August last, the amount of the recognised Federal debt, including greenbacks, fractional currency, bonds and certificates of every description, and allowing for cash in the Treasury unappropriated, was 2,511,306,426 dollars. He does not state whether this was the gold or the paper estimate, or a compound of both, so that we cannot reduce it into pounds sterling. By a telegram from New York on the 5th of September, published in London on the 10th in the 'Times' and other journals, it appears that the official statement of the debt on the 1st of the month was 2,653,000,000 dollars; that the debt had been reduced during the year to the extent of 55,000,000 dollars, and that the total amount of money in the Treasury was 14,800,000 dollars. Mr Wells must reconcile these discrepancies between his statements made in Europe and those made on the other side of the Atlantic, if he expects to be considered an authority on the subject of which he writes. We own our own inability to do so. If he be correct in the total estimate of the debt on the 1st of August, and the official telegram be correct also, the debt must have been increased during the month of August by a sum of no less than 142,693,574 dollars, or upwards of £20,000,000 sterling. While such gross inaccuracies as one of these two statements, we know not which, are put forward as fair balance-sheets of the American debt, our own little inaccuracy about the tax on trade-circulars—the only one that Mr Wells has been able to prove in his pompous epistle—becomes all but microscopic.

On the questions of the iniquitous jobbery by which the debt was swollen beyond its fair dimensions

in the early and later days of the war; of the repudiation that is threatened; of the systematic evasion of the taxes due under the Inland Revenue scheme; and of the high protective tariff that in America puts more money into the pockets of the native manufacturers than into the coffers of the Treasury, Mr Wells says nothing. His prudence in this respect is all that we can admire in his letter. But not one of these questions, however much Mr Wells may endeavour to ignore them, sleeps in America, or is out of the mind of politicians and the manœuvres of hostile parties—those in possession of power, and those which desire to obtain it by the overthrow of their rivals. A letter from Washington, under date of the 23d of August, seven weeks subsequent to the publication of our article, records that Mr Pendleton of Ohio—the same gentleman, we believe, who was nominated by the Democratic Convention at Chicago, in 1864, for Vice-President, has broached a scheme for redeeming the five-twenties, the seven-thirties, and the other bonds of the United States in greenbacks. This scheme is denounced as practically an act of repudiation; for were fresh greenbacks issued to anything like the amount necessary for such an operation, the depreciation in the value of the greenback would be so excessive, that the State creditor might not perhaps receive at gold prices as much as would represent five cents on the dollar, or a shilling in the pound. Another mode of lightening the burden of the Debt is discussed at the same time, and finds most favour in the Western States, as was predicted by Governor Seymour of New York so early as the autumn of 1863. It is suggested that the Bonds should be taxed, as all other descriptions of property are, though such an impost would be a decided breach of faith with the creditor; and that the rate of interest should be reduced, and made uniform. This

project is vehemently opposed in the Eastern or Atlantic States, where the bulk of the debt is held. On the question of the systematic evasion of a tax that ought to yield a large revenue—the tax on whisky and alcoholic liquors—to which we directed especial attention in our article of the 1st of July, we find Senator Sherman—the brother of the celebrated General whose daring and genius, crowned by success, did more than all the long-protracted efforts of General Grant to bring the war to a close—publicly declaring in the month of August that the failure to collect the whisky-tax was “a national disgrace and scandal.” This tax, if fairly collected, would produce 80,000,000 dollars. It only produces 15,000,000 dollars, and whisky is publicly sold at 35 cents less per gallon than the amount of the excise duty upon the article. It is party feeling in America that is chiefly to blame for this result. The officers of excise, like all other functionaries in the United States, are not always appointed for merit, but chiefly for political services, and only hold their offices until a new President comes into power, who removes them *en masse*, in order to bestow their places upon the hungry and clamorous adherents of his own party. Add to this source of danger, the fact that these men are inadequately paid, and it will become evident to most people that they cannot, as a rule, be better than their employers, or other than corrupt and open to the influences of bribery. Under the system that prevails in countries where such officers are appointed for life, and not subject to removal except for crime or misconduct, no Government could be defrauded of such a sum as 65,000,000 dollars out of 80,000,000 in a single branch of revenue. Doubtless the Americans will in due time learn wisdom in this respect, and reform a system that works so injuriously.

As the question of Free Trade was not to Mr Wells's mind, and he refrained from saying a word about it as an element of American finance, we shall not discuss the subject, further than to express a belief—which we share with the great majority of our countrymen—that if the American Government would reduce its duties on foreign goods, and impose them solely for purposes of revenue, the amount of their customs receipts would be greatly in excess of the present returns; and that such an enormous, and mutually beneficial, trade would spring up between Great Britain and the United States—increasing from day to day and from year to year—that war between the two nations would become more than ever improbable; and that the mere idea of such a crime would be scouted by every Englishman and American, not for its wickedness alone, but for its suicidal absurdity.

If, instead of replying to fair statements and friendly warnings in our pages, or elsewhere, Mr Wells, and others of his countrymen who feel so very sensitive on the subject of American credit, would address their own fellow-citizens in such States as Pennsylvania, and others which we could name, on the dishonesty of which they are guilty in paying their European creditors the interest of their bonds in depreciated greenbacks instead of in gold—an act of partial repudiation which has grievously diminished the income of many a respectable English family who can ill afford the loss—they would do much more to restore American credit than any English writers can do to impair it; and recommending this branch of the subject, which was not touched upon in our first article, to the especial notice of Mr Wells, we beg leave to close the discussion.

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PART XI.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—ONLY MR BROWNLOW'S CLERK.

THERE was a pleasant bustle about the house that evening when the dogcart drove up. The sportsmen had been late of getting in, and nobody as yet had gone to dress; the door was open, and in the hall and about the broad door-steps pretty groups were lingering. Sara and her friends on their way up-stairs had encountered the gentlemen, fresh from their sport, some of whom had no doubt strayed to the sideboard, which was visible through the open door of the dining-room; but the younger ones were about the hall in their shooting-dresses talking to the girls and giving an account of themselves. There was about them all that sense of being too late, and having no right to be there, which gives a zest to such stolen moments. The men were tired with their day's work, and, for that matter, the ladies too, who, after the monotony of the afternoon and their cup of tea, wanted a little amusement; and there was a sound of talk and

of laughter and pleasant voices, which could be heard half way down the avenue. They had all been living under the same roof for some days at least, and people get to know each other intimately under such circumstances. This was the scene upon which young Powys, still bewildered with delight, alighted suddenly, feeling as if he had fallen from the clouds. He jumped down with a light heart into the bright reflection of the lamp which fell over the steps, but somehow his heart turned like a piece of lead within his breast the moment his foot touched the flags. It grew like a stone within him without any reason, and he did not know why. Nobody knew him, it is true; but he was not a shy boy to be distressed by that. He jumped down, and his position was changed. Between him and Mr Brownlow, who was so kind to him, and Jack, who was so hostile yet sympathetic, and Sara, whom he loved, there were

unquestionable relations. But when he heard the momentary pause that marked his appearance, the quick resuming of the talk with a certain interrogative tone, "Who is he?" the glance at him askance, the sudden conviction rushed into his mind that all the better-informed were saying, "It is only his clerk"—and it suddenly occurred to Powys that there existed no link of possible connection between himself and all those people. He knew nobody—he had no right to know anybody among them. He was there only by Mr Brownlow's indiscreet favouritism, taken out of his own sphere. And thus he fell flat out of his foolish elysium. Mr Brownlow, too, felt it as he stepped out into the midst of them all; but his mind was pre-occupied, and though it irritated, it did not move him. He looked round upon his guests, and he said, with a smile which was not of the most agreeable kind, "You will be late for dinner, young people, and I am as hungry as an ogre. I shan't give you any grace. Sara, don't you see Powys? Willis, send Mr Powys's things up to the green room beside mine. Come along and I'll show you the way."

To say Sara was not much startled would be untrue; but she too had been aware of the uncomfortable moment of surprise and dismay among the assembled guests, and a certain fine instinct of natural courtesy which she possessed came to her aid. She made a step forward, though her cheeks were scarlet, and her heart beating loud, and held out her hand to the new visitor: "I am very glad to see you," she said. Not because she was really glad, so much as because these were the first words that occurred to her. It was but a moment, and then Powys followed Mr Brownlow upstairs. But when Sara turned round to her friends again she was unquestionably agitated, and it appeared to her that everybody perceived she was so. "How cross your

papa looks," said one of them; "is he angry?—what have we done?" And then the clock struck seven. "Oh what a shame to be so late! we ought all to have been ready. No wonder Mr Brownlow is cross," said another; and they all fluttered away like a flock of doves, flying up the staircase. Then the young men marched off too, and the pretty scene was suddenly obliterated, and nothing left but the bare walls, and Willis the butler gravely superintending his subordinates as they gave the finishing touches to the dinner-table. The greater part of the company forgot all about this little scene before five minutes had elapsed, but there were two or three who did not forget. These were Powys, first of all, who was tingling to the ends of his fingers with Sara's words and the momentary touch of her little hand. It was but natural, remembering how they parted, that he should find a special meaning in what she said, and he had no way of knowing that his arrival was totally unexpected, and that she was taken by surprise. And as for Sara herself, her heart fluttered strangely under the pretty white dress which was being put on. Madlle. Angélique could not make out what it was that made her mistress so hard to manage. She would not keep still as a lady ought when she is getting dressed. She made such abrupt movements as to snatch her long bright locks out of Angélique's hands, and quite interfere with the management of her ribbons. She too had begun to recollect what were the last words Powys had addressed to her. And she to say she was glad to see him! Mr Brownlow had himself inducted his clerk into the green room, next door to his own, which was one of the best rooms in the house; and his thoughts would not bear talking of. They were inarticulate, though their name was legion; they seemed to buzz about him as he made his rapid toilette, so that he almost

thought they must make themselves heard through the wall. Things had come to a desperate pass, and there was no time to be biassed by thoughts. He had dressed in a few minutes, and then he went to his daughter. Sara at the best of times was not so rapid. She was still in her dressing-gown at that moment with her hair in Angelique's hands, and it was too late to send the maid away.

"Sara," said Mr Brownlow, very tersely, "you will take care that young Powys is not neglected at dinner. Mind that you arrange it so——"

"Shall he take me in?" said Sara, with a sudden little outbreak of indignation which did her good. "I suppose you do not mean that?"

"I am speaking in earnest," said Mr Brownlow, with some offence. "I have put him in the green room. Recollect that I think nothing in the house too good for this young man—nothing. I hope you will recollect what I say."

"Nothing?" said Sara, with a little surprise; and then the instinct of mischief returned to her, and she added, demurely, "That is going a long way."

"It is going a very long way—as far as a man can go," said Mr Brownlow, with a sigh—"further than most men would go." And then he went away. As for Sara, her very ears thrilled with the significance of his tone. It frightened her into her senses when perhaps she might have been excused for being partly out of them. If she was kind to Powys—as kind as her father's orders required—what could he think? Would he remember what he had ventured to say? Would he think she was giving him "encouragement"? Notwithstanding this perplexity she allowed Angelique to dress her very nicely with her favourite blue ribbons and ornaments; and when she set out to go down-stairs, perhaps there was a little touch of

Iphigenia in her air; but the martyrdom was not to call disagreeable. He was in the drawing-room when she went in. He was in a corner looking at photographs, which is the general fate of a poor man in a large party who knows nobody. Sara had a little discussion with herself whether it was her duty to go at once to Powys and take him under her protection. But when she looked at him—as she managed to do, so to speak, without looking—it became apparent to her that the young Canadian was too much a man to be treated with any such condescension; he was very humble, very much aware that his presumption in lifting his eyes to the height on which she sat was unpardonable; but still, if she had gone to him and devoted herself to his amusement, there is no telling what the results might have been. He was not one to take it meekly. The room gradually filled and grew a pretty sight as Sara made these reflections. The ladies came down like butterflies, translated out of their warm close morning dresses into clouds of vapoury white and rosy colour and sparkles of ornament like evening dew; and the sportsmen in their knickerbockers had melted into spotless black figures, relieved with patches of spotless white, as is the use of gentlemen. The talk scarcely began again with its former freedom for the moment before dinner is a grim moment, especially when men have been out all day and are hungry. Accordingly, the black figures massed themselves well up about the fireplace, and murmured through their beards such scraps of intelligence as suit the masculine capacity; while the ladies settled all round like flower borders, more patient and more smiling. Nobody took any particular notice of Powys in his corner, except, indeed, Mr Brownlow, who stood very upright by the mantelpiece and did not speak, but looked at Sara, sternly as she thought, and then at the

stranger. It was a difficult position for the young mistress of the house. When her father's glance became urgent she called a friend to her aid—a young woman of a serviceable age, not young and not old—who happened to be good-natured as well. "He is a friend of papa's," she said—"a *great* friend, but he knows nobody." And, strengthened by this companionship, she ventured to draw near the man who, in that very room, not far from that very spot, had told her he loved her. He was looking at a picture—the same picture of the woman holding out bread to the beggar—and he was thinking, Should he ever have that bread?—was it possible? or only a mockery of imagination? As Sara approached him the memory of that other scene came over her so strongly, and her heart began to beat so loudly, that she could scarcely hear herself speaking. "I want to introduce you to my friend Miss Ellerslie," she said. "Mr Powys, Mary—you will take her in to dinner." And then she came to a dead stop, breathless with confusion. As for poor Powys, he made his new acquaintance a bow, and very nearly turned his back upon her, not seeing her for the dazzle in his eyes. This was about all the intercourse that passed between them, until, for one minute, and one only, after dinner, when he found himself by accident close to Sara's chair. He stood behind her lingering, scarcely seeing her, for she was almost hidden by the high back of the chair, yet feeling her all round him in the very air, and melted, poor fellow, into the languor of a sweet despair. It was despair, but yet it was sweet, for was he not there beside her? and though his love was impossible, as he said to himself, still there are impossibilities which are more dear than anything that can be compassed by man. As he stood, not venturing to say anything—not knowing, indeed, what to say—Sara suddenly

turned round and discovered him. She looked up, and neither did she say anything; but when their eyes met, a sudden violent scorching blush flashed over her face. Was it anger, indignation, displeasure? He could not tell—but one thing was very clear, that it was recollection. She had not forgotten his wild words any more than he had. They were tingling in her ears as in his, and she did not look at him with the steady look of indignation putting him down. On the contrary, it was her eyes which sank before his, though she did not immediately turn away her face. That was all—and no rational human creature could have said it meant anything; but yet when it came to be Powys's fate to address himself once more to the photographs, he did so with the blood coursing through all his veins, and his life as it were quickened within him. The other people with whom she was intimate, who were free to crowd around her, to talk to her, to occupy her attention, were yet nothing to her in comparison with what he was. Between these two there was a consciousness that existed between no other two in the party, friendly and well-acquainted as they all were. The Canadian was in such a state of mind that this one point in the evening made everything else comparatively unimportant. His companion at dinner had been kind and had talked to him; but after dinner, when the ladies left, the men had snubbed the intruder. Those who were near him had rushed into talk about people and places of whom he had no knowledge, as ill-bred persons are apt to do—and he had not found it pleasant. They had made him feel that his position was an anomalous one, and the backwoodsman had longed in his heart to show his sense of their rudeness and get up and go away. But after he had seen Sara's blush, he forgot all about the young fellows and their impertinence.

He was at the time of life when such a thing can happen. He was for the moment quite content with the photographs, though he had not an idea what they were like. He was not hoping anything, nor planning anything, nor believing that anything could come of it. He was slightly delirious, and did not know what he was about—that was all.

"Are you fond of this sort of thing?" Mr Brownlow said, coming up. Mr Brownlow paid him an uneasy sort of attention, which made Powys more uncomfortable than the neglect of the others, for it implied that his host knew he was being neglected and wanted to make it up to him; "but then you should have seen all these places before you can care for them. And you have never been abroad."

"No, except on the other side of the Atlantic," said Powys, with colonial pride; "and you don't seem to think anything of that."

"Ah, yes, Canada," said Mr Brownlow; and then he was so anxious to keep his young visitor in good-humour that he began to talk solidly and heavily of Canada and its resources and future prospects. Mr Brownlow was *distract*, and not very well informed, and Powys had not the heart to laugh at Sara's father even when he made mistakes, so that the conversation was not very lively between them. This, however, was all the amusement the stranger got on his first evening at Brownlows. The proposal to go there had thrown him into a kind of ecstasy, but this was all the result. When he got into his own room at night and thought it all over, an impulse of good sense came to his aid. It was folly. In the office at Masterton he was in his fit place, and nobody could object to him; but this was not his fit place. It might be uncivil and bad manners on their part to make him feel it, but yet the party at Brownlows was right. He had nothing to do there. If he could

think that Miss Brownlow's heart had softened a little towards him, it was his duty all the more to deny himself and take himself out of her way. What had love to do between her and him? It was monstrous—not to be thought of. He had been insane when he came, but to-morrow he would go back, and make a stern end of all those dreams. These were Powys's thoughts within himself. But there was a conversation going on about him down-stairs of a very different kind.

When the company had all retired, Jack detained his father and his sister to speak to them. Jack was highly uncomfortable in his mind himself, and naturally he was in a very rampant state of virtue. He could not endure that other people should have their cakes and ale; and he did not like his father's looks nor Sara's, and felt as if the honour of his house was menaced somehow. He took Sara's candle from her after his father had lighted it, and set it down on the table. "The nuisance of having all these people," said Jack, "is, that one never has a moment to one's self, and I want to speak to you. I don't mean to say anything against Powys, sir—nobody knows anything about him. Has he told you what he said to Sara when he was last here?"

"Jack! how dare you?" said Sara, turning on her brother; but Jack took no notice of her beautiful blazing eyes.

"Did he tell you, that you are so well informed?" said Mr Brownlow. If either of his children had been cool enough to observe it, they would have perceived that he was too quiet, and that his calm was unnatural; but they suspected nothing, and consequently they did not observe.

"He told me enough to make me understand," said Jack; "and I daresay you've forgotten how young men think, and don't suppose it's of any consequence. Sara knows——"

If it was a mere nothing, I should not take the trouble," added the exemplary brother; "but, in the circumstances, it's my duty to interfere. After what he said, when you bring him here again it is giving him licence to speak; it is giving him a kind of tacit consent. She knows," said Jack, pointing to his sister, who confronted him, growing pale and growing scarlet. "It's as good as saying you will back him out; and, good heavens, when you consider who he is——"

"Do you know who he is?" said Mr Brownlow. He was very hard put to it for that moment, and it actually occurred to him to deliver himself of his secret, and throw his burden on their shoulders—the two who, in their ignorance, were thus putting the last touch of exasperation to his ordeal. He realised the blank amazement with which they would turn to him, the indignation, the—— Ah, but he could not go any further. What would have succeeded to the first shock of the news he dared not anticipate—beggary probably, and utter surrender of everything; therefore Mr Brownlow held his peace.

"I know he is in the office at Masterton," said Jack—"I know he is your clerk, and I don't suppose he is a prince in disguise. If he is honest, and is who he professes to be—I beg your pardon, sir, for saying so—but he ought not to be brought into my sister's society, and he has no business to be here."

"Papa!" cried Sara, breathless, "order him to be quiet! Is it supposed that I can't see any one without being in danger of—of—that any man whom papa chooses to bring is to be kept away for me? I wonder what you think of me? We girls are not such wretched creatures, I can tell you; nor so easily led; nor so wicked and proud—nor—— Papa! stop this immediately, and let Jack mind his own affairs."

"I have just one word to say to Jack," said Mr Brownlow,—“my

darling, be quiet—never mind;—Powys is more important to me than if he were a prince in disguise. I know who he is. I have told your sister that I think nothing in this house too good for him. He is my clerk, and you think he is not as good as you are; but he is very important to me. I give you this explanation, not because I think you have any right to it, after your own proceedings. And as for you, my dear child," he added, putting his arm round her, with an involuntary melting of his heart, "my pretty Sara! you are only to do what your heart suggests, my darling. I once asked a sacrifice of you, but I have not the heart now. If your heart goes this way, it will be justice. Yes, justice. I know you don't understand me; but if not, Sara, I will not interfere with you. You are to do according to your own heart."

"Papa!" said Sara, clinging to him, awed and melted and astonished by the emotion in his eyes.

"Yes," Mr Brownlow repeated, taking her face in his hands, and kissing it. If he had been a soft-hearted man he would have been weeping, but there was something in his look beyond tears. "It will be just, and the best way—but only if it's after your own heart. And I know you don't understand me. You'll never understand me, if all goes well; but all the same, remember what I say."

And then he took up the candle which Jack had taken out of Sara's hand. "Never understand me—never, if all goes well," he muttered to himself. He was strained to the last point, and he could not bear any more. Before his children had recovered from their amaze he had gone away, not so much as looking at them again. They might talk or speculate as they would; he could bear no more.

Jack and Sara looked in each other's faces as he disappeared. They were both startled, but in a different way. Was he mad? his

son thought ; and Jack grew pale over the possibility : but as for Sara, her life was bound up in it. It was not the blank of dismay and wonder that moved her. She did not speculate on what her father meant by justice. Something else stirred in her heart and veins. As for Jack, he was thunderstruck. "He must be going mad !" he said. "For heaven's sake, Sara, don't give any weight to these delusions ; he can't be in his right mind."

"Do you mean papa ?" said Sara, stamping her foot in indignation ; "he is a great deal wiser than you will ever be. Jack, I don't know what you mean ; it must be because you are wicked yourself that you think everybody else is going wrong ; but you shall not speak so to me."

"Yes ; I see you are going to make a fool of yourself," said Jack, in his superiority. "You are shutting your eyes and taking your own way. When you come to a downfall you will remember what I say. You are trying to make a fool of him, but you won't succeed—mind I tell you, you won't succeed. He knows what he is about too well for that."

"If it is Mr Powys you are speaking of——" said Sara ; but she paused, for the name betrayed her somehow—betrayed her even to herself, bringing the colour to her cheeks and a gleam to her eyes. Then she made believe as if she scorned to say more, and held her little head high with lofty contempt, and lighted her candle. "I am sure we should not agree on that subject, and it is better we should not try," said Sara, and followed her father loftily up-stairs, leaving Jack discomfited, with the feeling of a prophet to whom nobody would listen. He said to himself he knew how it would be—his father had got some wild idea in his head ; and Sara was as headstrong and fanciful as ever girl was, and would rush to her own destruction. Jack went out with

this sense of approaching calamity in his mind, and lighted his cigar, and took a turn down the avenue as far as the gate, where he could see the light in Mrs Preston's window. It seemed to him that the world was losing its balance,—that only he saw how badly things were turning, and nobody would listen to him. And, strangely enough, his father's conduct seemed so mad to him altogether that his mind did not fix on the maddest word of it—the word which by this time had got into Sara's head, and was driving her half wild with wonder. Justice ! What did it mean ? Sara was thinking in her agitation : but Jack, taking things in general as at their worst, passed over that particular. And thus they all separated and went to bed, as was to be supposed, in the most natural and seemly way. People slept well at Brownlows in general, the air being so good, and all the influences so healthful, after these long days out of doors ; and nobody was the wiser for it if "the family" were any way disturbed among themselves.

As for Mr Brownlow, he threw himself down on his bed in a certain lull of despair. He was dead tired. It was pitiful to see him thus worn out, with too little hope to make any exertion, driven to his last resource, thinking of nothing but of how to forget it all for a little and get it out of his mind. He tried to sleep and to be still, and when he found he could not sleep, got up again and took some brandy—a large fiery dose—to keep his thoughts away. He had thought so much that now he loathed thinking. If he could but go on and let fortune bring him what it might ; if he could but fall asleep—asleep, and not wake again till all was over—not wake again at all for that matter. There was nothing so delightful in the world that he should wish very much to wake again. Not that the faintest idea of putting an end to himself ever crossed his mind. He was only sick of it

all, tired to death, disgusted with everything—his own actions, and the frivolity and folly of others who interfered with his schemes, and the right that stood in his way, and the wrong that he was trying to do. At that moment he had not heart enough to go on with anything. Such moments of disgust come even to those who are the most energetic and ready. He seemed to have thrown the guidance of affairs out of his hands, and be trusting to mere blind chance—if anything is ruled by chance. If this boy and girl should meet, if they should say to each other certain foolish words, if they should be idiots enough, the one and the other, as to commit themselves, and pledge their lives to an act of the maddest absurdity, not unmixed with wickedness—for it would be wicked of Powys, poor as he was, and burdened as he was, to ask Sara to marry him, and it would be insanity on her part to consent,—if this mad climax should arrive,

then a kind of salvation in ruin, a kind of justice in wrong, would be wrought. And to this chance Mr Brownlow, after all his plans and schemes, after all his thought and the time he had spent in considering everything, had come as the sole solution of his difficulties. He had abdicated, as it were, the throne of reason, and left himself to chance and the decision of two ignorant children. What wind might veer their uncertain intentions, or sudden impulse change them, he could not tell. He could not influence them more, could not guide them any further. What could he do but sleep? Oh that he could have but slept, and let the crisis accomplish itself and all be over! Then he put out his light and threw himself upon his bed, and courted slumber like a lover. It was the only one thing in the world Mr Brownlow could now do, having transferred, as it were, the responsibility and the power of action into other hands.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AN IMPOSTOR.

Next morning Powys was up early, with his wise resolution very strong in his mind. He seemed to see the folly of it all more clearly in the morning light. Such a thing might be possible in Canada; but in this conventional artificial existence there were a hundred things more important than love or happiness. Even that, too, he felt was an artificial way of looking at it; for, after all, let the laws of existence be ever so simple, a man who has already a family to support, and very little to do it on, is mad, and worse than mad, if he tries to drag a girl down into the gulf of poverty with him. And as for Sara having enough for both, Powys himself was not sufficiently unconventional and simple-minded to take up that idea. Accordingly he felt that the only thing to do was to go away; he had been crazy to think of any-

thing else, but now his sanity had returned to him. He was one of the earliest of the party down stairs, and he did not feel himself so much out of place at the breakfast-table; and when the young men went out, Jack, by way of keeping the dangerous visitor out of his sister's way, condescended to be civil, and invited him to join the shooting party. Powys declined the invitation. "I am going to the office with Mr Brownlow," he said, a decision which was much more satisfactory to Jack.

"Oh, I thought you had come for a few days," said Jack. "I beg your pardon; not that the sport is much to offer any one—the birds are getting scarce; but I thought you had come for some days."

"No, I am going back to-day," said Powys, not without a strangled

inaudible sigh ; for the sight of the dogs and the guns went to his heart a little, notwithstanding his love and despair. And Jack's conscience pricked him that he did not put in a word of remonstrance. He knew well enough that Powys had not meant to go away, and he felt a certain compunction and even sympathy. But he reflected that, after all, it was far best for himself that every pretension should be checked in the bud. Powys stood on the steps looking after them as they went away ; and it cannot be denied that his feelings were dreary. It seemed hard to be obliged to deny himself everything, not happiness alone, but even a little innocent amusement, such as reminded him of the freedom of his youth. He was too manly to grumble, but yet he felt it, and could not deny himself the pleasure of wondering how "these fellows" would like the prairies, and whether they would disperse in double-quick time if a bear or a pack of wolves came down upon them in place of their innocent partridges. No doubt "these fellows" would have stood the trial extremely well, and at another moment Powys would not have doubted that ; but in the mean time a little sneer was a comfort to him. The dogcart came up as he waited, and Mr Brownlow made his appearance in his careful morning dress, perfectly calm, composed, and steady as usual,—a man whose very looks gave consolation to a client in trouble. But yet the lines of his face were a little haggard, if there had been anybody there with eyes to see. "What, Powys !" he said, "not gone with the others ?" He said it with a smile, and yet it raised a commotion in his mind. If he had not gone with the others, Mr Brownlow naturally concluded it must be for Sara's sake, and that the crisis was very near at hand.

"No, sir," said Powys ; "in fact I thought of going in with you to the office, if you will take me. It is the fittest place for me."

Then it occurred to Mr Brownlow that the young man had spoken and had been rejected, and the thought thrilled him through and through, but still he tried to make light of it. "Nonsense," he said ; "I did not bring you up last night to take you down this morning. You want a holiday. Don't set up for having an old head on young shoulders, but stay and enjoy yourself. I don't want you at the office to-day."

"If an old head means a wise one, I can't much boast of that," said Powys ; and then he saw Sara standing in the doorway of the dining-room looking at him, and his heart melted within him. One more day ! he would not say a word, not a word, however he might be tempted ; and what harm could it do to any one ? "I think I ought to go," he added, faintly ; but the resolution had melted out of his words.

"Nonsense !" said Mr Brownlow, from the dogcart, and he waved his hand, and the mare set off at her usual pace down the avenue, waiting for no one. And Powys was left alone standing on the steps. The young men had gone who might have been in the way, and the ladies had already dispersed from the breakfast-table, some to the morning room on the other side of the hall, some up-stairs for their hats and cloaks, before straying out on their morning perambulations. And Sara, who had her housekeeping to do, save the mark ! was the only creature visible to whom he turned as her father drove away. Courtesy required (so she said to herself) that she should go forward into the hall a step or two, and say something good-natured to him. "If you are not of Jack's party," she said, "you must go and help to amuse the people who are staying at home ; unless you want to write or do anything, Mr Powys. The library is on that side ; shall I show you the way ?"

And a minute after he found him-

self following her into the room, which was the first room he had ever been in at Brownlows. It was foolish of Sara,—it was a little like the way in which she had treated him before. Her own heart was beating more quickly than usual, and yet she was chiefly curious to know what he would do, what he would say. There was something of the eagerness of an experiment in her mind, although she had found it very serious after he left her the last time, and anything but amusing on the previous night.

"Thanks," said poor Powys, whose head was turning round and round; "I ought to have gone to the office. I am better there than here."

"That is not very complimentary to us," said Sara, with a little nervous laugh.

And then he turned and looked at her. She was making a fool of him, as Jack would have said. She was torturing him, playing with him, making her half-cruel, half-rash experiment. "You should not say so," he said, with vehemence,—"*you know better. You should not tempt me to behave like an idiot. You know I am ready enough to do it. If I were not an idiot I should never have come here again.*"

"Not when my father brought you?" said Sara—"not when I—but I think you are rude, Mr Powys; I will leave you to write your letters, and when you have finished you will find us all up-stairs."

With that she vanished, leaving the young man in such a confusion of mind as words would ill describe. He was angry, humiliated, vexed with himself, rapt into a kind of ecstasy. He did not know if he was most wretched or happy. Everything forbade him saying another word to her; and yet had not her father brought him, as she said? was not she herself surrounding him with subtle sweet temptation? He threw himself down in a chair and tried to think. When that would not do, he got up and

began to pace about the room. Then he rushed suddenly to the door, not to fly away from the place, or to throw himself at Sara's feet, as might have been supposed. What he did was to make a wild dash at his travelling-bag, which had been packed and brought into the hall. It was still standing there, a monument of his irresolution. He plunged at it, seized it, carried it into the library, and there unpacked it again with nervous vehemence. Any one who should have come in and seen his collars and handkerchiefs scattered about on the floor would have thought Powys mad. But at length, when he had got to the bottom of the receptacle, his object became apparent. From thence he produced a bundle of papers, yellow and worn, and tied up with a ribbon. When he had disinterred them, it was not without a blush, though there was nobody to see, that he packed up everything again in the capacious travelling-bag. He had gone into Mr Brownlow's library because Sara took him there, without a thought of anything to do, but suddenly here was his work ready for him. He sat down in Mr Brownlow's chair, and opened out the papers before him, and read and arranged and laid them out in order. When he had settled them according to his satisfaction, he made another pause to think, and then began to write. It was a letter which demanded thought; or at least it appeared so, for he wrote it hotly three times over, and tore it up each time; and on the fourth occasion, which was the last, wrote slowly, pausing over his sentences and biting his nails. The letter which cost all this trouble was not very long. Judging by the size of it, anybody might have written it in five minutes; but Powys felt his hand trembling and his brain throbbing with the exertion when he had done. Then he folded it up carefully and put it into an envelope, and addressed it to

Mr Brownlow, leaving it with the bundle of papers on his employer's writing-table. When he had accomplished this he sat for some time irresolute, contemplating his packet on the table, and pondering what should follow. He had put it to the touch to win or lose, but in the mean time what was he to do? She had said he would find them up-stairs. She had implied that he would be expected there; and to spend the day beside her would have been a kind of heaven to him; but that was a paradise which he had himself forfeited. He could not be in her company now as any other man might. He had said too much, had committed himself too deeply. He had betrayed the secret which another man more reticent might have kept, undisclosed in words, and it was impossible for him to be with her as another might. Even she, though she had never said a word to him that could be construed into encouragement, except those half-dozen words at the library door, was different towards him and other men. She was conscious too; she remembered what he had said. He and she could not be together without remembering it, without carrying on, articulately or inarticulately, that broken interview. Powys did the only thing that remained to him to do. He did not bound forth in the track of the dogcart, and follow it to Masterton, though that would not have been difficult to him; but he went out into the park, and roamed all about the house in widening circles, hearing sometimes the crack of the guns in the distance, sometimes in alleys close at hand the sound of voices, sometimes catching, as he thought, the very rustle of Sara's dress. He avoided them with much care and pains, and yet he would have been glad to meet them; glad to come upon the shooting party, though he kept far from the spot where he had heard they were to meet some of the ladies

and lunch. It was not for him to seek a place among them. Thus he wandered about, not feeling forlorn or disconsolate, as a man might be supposed to do under such circumstances, but, on the contrary, excited and hopeful. He had set forth what he felt was his best claim to consideration before her father. If Mr Brownlow had not treated him with such inconceivable favour and indulgence, he never would have ventured upon this. But he had been favoured,—he had been encouraged. Grace had been shown to him enough to turn any young man's head, and he knew no reason for it. And at last he had ventured to lay before Mr Brownlow those distant problematical claims to gentility which were all the inheritance he had, and to tell him what was in his mind. He was not a victim kept out of Paradise. He was a pilgrim of hope, keeping the gates in sight, and feeling, permitting himself to feel, as if they might open any moment and he might be called in.

While this was going on, it happened to him, as it happens so often, to come direct in the way of the very meeting which he had so carefully avoided. Turning round the corner of a great old yew, hanging rich with scarlet berries, he came all of a sudden, and without any warning, upon Sara herself, walking quickly from the village with a little basket in her hand. If it was difficult to meet her with a body-guard of ladies in the shelter of her father's house, it may be supposed what it was to meet her in the silence, without another soul in sight, her face flaming with sudden recognition and confusion. Powys stood still, and for a moment speculated whether he should not fly; but it was only that moment of consideration that fled, and he found himself turning by her side, and taking her basket from her hand. She was no more mistress of the situation than he was: she was taken by surprise. The calm

with which she had led the way into the library that morning, secure in her office of mistress of the house, had vanished away. She began hurriedly, eagerly, to say where she had been, and how it happened that she was returning alone. "The rest went off to the Rectory," she said. "Have you seen it? I think it is such a pretty house. They went to see Fanny Hardcastle. You have met her—I know you have, or I would not have mentioned her," said Sara, with a breathless desire to hear her own voice, which was unlike her. The sound of it gave her a little courage, and perhaps if she spoke a little loud and fast, it might attract some stray member of the party who might be wandering near. But no one came; and there were the two together, alone, in the position of all others most difficult in the circumstances—the green, silent park around them, not an eye to see nor an ear to hear; the red October sunshine slanting across their young figures, catching the ripple in Sara's hair as it had done that day, never to be forgotten, on which he first saw her. This was how fate or fortune, or some good angel or some wicked fairy, defeated Powys's prudent intention of keeping out of harm's way.

"But I wonder you did not go with Jack," Sara resumed. "I should, if I had been you. Not that I should care to kill the poor birds—but it seems to come natural at this time of the year. Did you have much sport in Canada? or do you think it stupid when people talk to you of Canada? Everybody does, I know, as soon as they hear you have been there."

"You never could say anything that was stupid," said Powys, and then he paused, for he did not mean to get upon dangerous ground—honestly, he did not mean it, if circumstances had not been too strong for him. "Canada is a kind of common ground," he said. "It is a good thing to begin conversa-

tion on. It is not easy to exhaust it; but people are sadly ignorant," he added, with lively colonial feeling. He was scornful, in short, of the ignorance he met with. Even Mr Brownlow talked, he could not but recollect, like a charity-school boy on this subject, and he took refuge in his nationality as a kind of safeguard.

"Yes, I know I am very ignorant," said Sara, with humility. "Tell me about Canada. I should like to learn."

These words shook Powys sadly. It did not occur to him that she was as glad as he was to plunge into a foreign subject. There sounded something soft and confiding in the tone, and his heart gave a leap, as it were, towards her. "And I should like to teach you," he said, a little too warmly, and then stopped short, and then began hastily again. "Miss Brownlow, I think I will carry your basket home and leave you by yourself. I cannot be near without remembering things, and saying things. Don't despise me—I could not bear to think you despised me." He said this with growing agitation, but he did not quicken his steps or make any attempt to leave her; he only looked at her piteously, clasping the slender handle of her little basket in both his hands.

"Why should I despise you, Mr Powys? I don't like Americans," said Sara, demurely; "but you are not American—you are English, like all the rest of us. Tell me about Niagara and the Indians, and the backwoods and the skating and the snow. You see I am not quite so ignorant. And then your little sisters and your mother, do they like being at home? Tell me their names and how old they are," said Sara, herself becoming a little tremulous. "I am fond of little girls."

And then there ensued a breathless tremendous pause. He would have fled if he could, but there was no possibility of flight; and in a moment there flashed before him

all the evidences of Mr Brownlow's favour. Would he refuse him this supreme gift and blessing? Why had he brought him here if he would refuse him? Thus Powys broke down again, and finally. He poured out his heart, giving up all attempt at self-control when the tide had set in. He told how he had been keeping out of the way—the way of temptation. He described to her how he had been trying to command himself. He told her the ground she trod on was fairy land; the air she breathed musical and celestial; the place she lived in, paradise; that he hoped nothing, asked for nothing, but only to be allowed to tell her that she was—not an angel—for he was too much in earnest to think of hackneyed expressions—but the only creature in the world for whom he had either eyes or thoughts. All this poured upon Sara as she walked along softly with downcast eyes along the grassy path. It poured upon her, a perfect flood of adulation, sweet flattery, folly, and delirium—insane, and yet quite true. And she listened and had not a word to say. Indeed he did not ask for a word; he made her no petition; he emptied out his heart before her like a libation poured to the gods; and then suddenly became silent, tremulous, and hoarse as his passion worked itself out.

It was all so sudden, and the passion was so real, that they were both rapt by it, and went on in the silence after he had ceased, without knowing, until the impetus and rush of the outburst had in a measure worn out. Then Sara woke up. She had been quite quiet, pale, half frightened, wholly entranced. When she woke up she grew scarlet with sudden blushes; and they both raised their eyes at the same moment and found that, unawares, they had come in sight of the house. Powys fell back at the sight with a pang of dismay and consternation; but it gave Sara courage. They were no longer entirely alone,

and she regained her self-command.

"Mr Powys," she said, tremulously, "I don't know what to say to you. I am not so good as that. I—I don't know what to say. You have not asked me anything. I—I have no answer to give."

"It is because I want to ask everything," said poor Powys; "but I know—I know you can have nothing to say."

"Not now," said Sara, under her breath; and then she held out her hand suddenly, perhaps only for her basket. There was nobody at the windows, heaven be praised, as she afterwards said to herself, but not until she had rushed up to her own room, and pulled off that glove, and looked at it with scarlet cheeks, and put it stealthily away. No, thank heaven! even Angelique was at the other side of the house at a window which looked out upon the innocent shrubberies. Only the placid, silent house, blank and vacant, had been the witness. Was it a seal of anything, a pledge of anything, or only a vague touch, for which she was not responsible, that had fallen upon Sara's glove?

Mr Brownlow had gone away, his heart positively aching with expectation and anxiety. He did not know what might happen while he was gone. It might be more than life or death to him, as much more as honour or dishonour go beyond mere life and death; and yet he could not stay and watch. He had to nerve himself to that last heroism of letting everything take its chance, and going on with his work whatever happened. He went to the office with his mind racked by this anxiety, and got through his work all the same, nobody being the wiser. As he returned, a little incident for the moment diverted him from his own thoughts. This was the sight of the carrier's cart standing at Mrs Swayne's door, and Mrs Swayne's lodger in the act of mounting into it with the assistance of a chair. Mr Brownlow, as he

passed in the dogcart, could not but notice this. He could not but observe how pale and ill she looked. He was interested in them partly with that displeased and repellant interest excited by Jack's "entanglement," partly because of Pamela's face, which reminded him of something, and partly—he could not tell why. Mrs Preston stumbled a little as she mounted up, and Mr Brownlow, who was waiting for old Betty to open the gate, sprang down from the dogcart, being still almost as active as ever, and went across the road to assist. He took off his hat to her with the courtesy which all his family possessed, and asked if she was going away. "You do not look well enough to be setting out on a journey," he said, a little moved by the sight of the pale old woman mounting into that uneasy conveyance. "I hope you are not going alone." This he said, although he could see she was going alone, and that poor little Pamela's eyes were big with complaint and reproach and trouble. Somehow he felt as if he should like to take the little creature home with him, and pet and cherish her, though, of course, as the cause of Jack's entanglement, nothing should have made him notice her at all.

But Mrs Preston looked at him fiercely with her kindled eyes, and rejected his aid. "Thank you," she said abruptly, "I don't want any help—thank you. I am quite able to travel, and I prefer to be alone."

"In that case, there is nothing further to say," said Mr Brownlow, politely; and then his heart melted because of little Pamela, and he added almost in spite of himself, "I hope you are not going away."

"Only to come back," said Mrs Preston, significantly — "only to come back; and, Mr Brownlow, I am glad to have a chance of telling you that then we shall meet again."

"It will give me much pleasure, I am sure," he said, taking off his hat, but he stared, as Pamela perceived. Meet again! what had he

to do with the woman? He was surprised, and yet he could have laughed. As if he should care for meeting her! And then he went away, followed by her fierce look, and walked up the avenue, dismissing the dogcart. The act might make him a little late for dinner, but on the whole he was glad to be late. At least there could be no confidences made to him before he had been refreshed with food and wine, and he wanted all the strength that could be procured in that or any other way. Thus it was that he had not time to go into the library before dinner, but went upstairs at once and dressed, and down-stairs at once into the drawing-room, looking at Sara and at his young guest with an eye whose keenness baffled itself. There was something new in their faces, but he could not tell what it was; he saw a certain gleam of something that had passed, but it was not distinct enough to explain itself, not having been, as will be perceived, distinct at all, at least on the more important side. He kept looking at them, but their faces conveyed no real information, and he could not take his child aside and ask her what it was, as her mother might have done. Accordingly after dinner, instead of going up to the drawing-room and perplexing himself still further with anxious looks, he went into the library. The suspense had to be borne whether he liked it or not, and he was not a man to make any grievance about it. The smile which he had been wearing in deference to the usages of society faded from his face when he entered that sheltering place. His countenance fell into the haggard lines which Powys had not observed in the morning. A superficial spectator would have supposed that now he was alone his distresses had come back to him; but on the contrary his worn and weary look was not an evidence of increased pain—it was a sign of ease and rest. There he did not need

to conceal the anxiety which was racking him. In this state of mind, letting himself go, as it were, taking off the restraints which had been binding him, he went into the library, and found Powys's letter, and the bundle of papers that were put up with it, placed carefully on his table before his chair.

The sight gave him a shock which, being all alone and at his ease, he did not attempt to conceal. The light seemed to go out of his eyes, his lip drooped a little, a horrible gleam of suffering went over his face: now no doubt the moment had come. He even hesitated and went away to the other extremity of the room, and turned his back upon the evidence which was to seal his fate. Then it occurred to him how simple-minded the young fellow was—to thrust his evidences thus, as it were, into the hands of the man whose interest it was to destroy them!—and a certain softening came over him, a thrill of kindness, almost of positive affection for the youth who was going to ruin him. Poor fellow!—he would be sorry—and then Sara would still have it, and he would be good to her. Mr Brownlow's mind was in this incoherent state when he came back to the table, and, steeling himself for the effort, sat down before the fated papers. He undid the ribbon with trembling hands. Powys's letter was written on his own paper, with "Brownlows" on it in fantastic Gothic letters, according to Sara's will and pleasure; and a thrill of anger shot over him as he perceived this. Strange that as he approached the very climax of his fate he should be able to be moved by such troubles! Then Mr Brownlow opened the letter. It was very short, as has been said, and this was the communication which had cost the young man so much toil:—

"DEAR SIR,—It seems strange to write to you thus calmly, at your own table, on your own paper["Ah!

then he felt that!" Mr Brownlow said to himself], and to say what I am going to say. You have brought me here notwithstanding what I told you, but the time is past when I could come and be like any common acquaintance. I wanted to leave to-day to save my honesty while I could, but you would not let me. I cannot be under the same roof with Miss Brownlow, and see her daily, and behave like a stock or stone. I have no right to address her, but she *knows*, and I cannot help myself. I want to lay before you the only claim I have to be looked upon as anything more than your clerk. It was my hope to work into a higher position by my own exertions, and then to find it out. But in case it should count for anything with you, I put it before you now. It could not make me her equal; but if by any wonderful chance *that* should seem possible in your eyes, which to mine seems but the wildest yet dearest dream, I want you to know that perhaps if it could be traced out we are a little less lowly than we seem.

"I enclose my father's papers, which we have always kept with great care. He took care of them himself, and told me before he died that I ought to find my fortune in them. I never had much hope of that, but I send them to you, for they are all I have. I do not ask you to accept of me, to give me your daughter. I know it looks like insanity. I feel it is insane. But you have been either very very kind or very cruel to me. You have brought me here—you have made it life or death to me. She has everything that heart of man can desire. I have—what poor hope there may be in these papers. For God's sake look at them, and look at me, and tell me if I am mad to hope. Tell me to go or stay, and I will obey you—but let it be clear and definitive, for mercy's sake.

"C. I. Powys."

Mr Brownlow was touched by the letter. He was touched by its earnestness, and he was also touched by its simplicity. He was in so strange a mood that it brought even the moisture to his eye. "To have everything I possess in the world in his power, and yet to write like this," he said to himself, and drew a long sigh, which was as much relief as apprehension. "She will still have it all, and he deserves to have her," Mr Brownlow thought to himself; and opened up the yellow papers with a strange mixture of pain and satisfaction which even he could not understand.

He was a long time over them. They were letters chiefly, and they took a great many things for granted of which Mr Brownlow was completely ignorant, and referred to many events altogether unknown to him. He was first puzzled, then almost disappointed, then angry. It seemed like trifling with him. These could not be the papers Powys meant to enclose. There were letters from some distressed mother to a son who had made a foolish marriage, and there were letters from the son, pleading that love might still be left to him, if not anything else, and that no evil impression might be formed of his Mary. Who was his Mary? Who was the writer? What had he to do with Brownlows and Sara and Phebe Thomson's fortune? For a long time Mr Brownlow toiled on, hoping to come to something which bore upon his own case. The foregone conclusion was so strong in his mind, that he grew angry as he proceeded, and found his search in vain. Powys was trifling with him, putting him off — thrusting this utterly unimportant correspondence into his hands, instead of confiding, as he had thought, his true proofs to him. This distrust, as Mr Brownlow imagined it, irritated him in the most curious way. Ask his advice, and not intrust him with the true documents that

proved the case! Play with his good sense, and doubt his integrity! It wounded him with a certain keen professional sting. He had worked himself up to the point of defrauding the just heir; but to suspect that the papers would not be safe in his hands was a suggestion that cut him to the heart. He was very angry, and he had so far forgotten the progress of time that, when he rang sharply to summon some one, the bell rang through all the hushed echoes of the house, and a servant — half asleep, and considerably frightened — came gaping, after a long interval, to the library door.

"Where is Mr Powys?" said Mr Brownlow. "If he is in the drawing-room give him my compliments, and ask him to be so good as to step down here for a few minutes to me."

"Mr Powys, sir?" said the man — "the gentleman as came yesterday, sir? The drawing-room is all shut up, sir, long ago. The ladies is gone to bed, but some of the gentlemen is in the smoking-room, and I can see if he's there."

"Gone to bed!" said Mr Brownlow; "why were they in such a hurry?" and then he looked at his watch and found, to his great surprise, that it was past midnight. A vague wonder struck him once again whether his mind could be getting impaired. The suggestion was like a passing stab in the dark dealt him by an unseen enemy. He kept staring at the astonished servant, and then he continued sharply, "Go and see if he is in the smoking-room, or if not, in his own room. Ask him to come to me."

Powys had gone up-stairs late, and was sitting thinking, unable to rest. He had been near her the whole evening, and though they had not exchanged many words, there had been a certain sense between them that they were not as the others were. Once or twice their eyes had met, and fallen beneath each other's glance. It was

nothing, and yet it was sweeter than anything certain and definite. And now he sat and thought. The night had crept on, and had become chilly and ghostly, and his mind was in a state of strange excitement. What was to come of it all? What could come of it? When the servant came to his door at that late hour, the young man started with a thrill of apprehension, and followed him down-stairs almost trembling, feeling his heart sink within him; for so late and so peremptory a summons seemed an omen of evil. Mr Brownlow had collected himself before Powys came into the room, and received him with an apology. "I am sorry to disturb you so late. I was not aware it was so late; but I want to understand this—" he said; and then he waited till the servant had left the room, and pointed to a chair on the other side of the table. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me what this means."

"What it means?" said Powys, taken by surprise.

"Yes, sir, what it means," said Mr Brownlow, hoarsely. "I may guess what your case is; but you must know that these are not the papers to support it. Who is the writer of these letters? who is the Mary he talks of? and what has it all to do with you?"

"It has everything to do with me," said Powys. "The letters were written by my father—the Mary he speaks of is my mother—"

"Your mother?" said Mr Brownlow, with a sharp exclamation, which sounded like an oath to the young man's astonished ears; and then he thrust the papers away with trembling hands, and folded his arms on the table, and looked intently into Powys's face. "What was your mother's name?"

"My mother's name was Mary Christian," said Powys, wondering; "but the point is— Good heavens! what is the matter? what do you mean?"

His surprise was reasonable

enough. Mr Brownlow had sprung to his feet; he had dashed his two clenched hands through the air, and said, "Impostor!" through his teeth. That was the word—there could be no mistake about it—"Impostor!" upon which Powys too jumped up, and faced him with an expression wavering between resentment and surprise, repeating more loudly in his consternation, "What do you mean?"

But the young man could only stand and look on with increasing wonder when he saw Mr Brownlow sink into his chair, and bury his face in his hands, and tremble like a palsied old man. Something like a sob even came from his breast. The relief was so amazing, so unlooked for, that at the first touch it was pain. But Powys, standing by, knew nothing of all this. He stood, not knowing whether to be offended, hesitating, looking for some explanation; and no doubt the time seemed longer to him than it really was. When Mr Brownlow raised his head his face was perfectly colourless, like the face of a man who had passed through some dreadful experiment. He waved his hand to his young companion, and it was a minute before he could speak.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It is all a mistake—an entire mistake, on my part. I did not know what I was saying. It was a sudden pain. But never mind, I'm better—. What did you mean me to learn from these papers?" he added, after a pause, with a forced smile.

Then Powys knew his fate. There was a change which could not be described. In an instant, tone, look, manner, everything was altered. It was his master who said these last words to him; his employer, very kind and just, but unapproachable as a king. One moment before, and Mr Brownlow had been in his power, he did not know how or why; and in an instant, still without his knowing wherefore, his

power had totally departed. Powys saw this in all the darkness of utter ignorance. His consternation was profound and his confusion. In a moment his own presumption, his own hopelessness, the misery of loss and disappointment, overwhelmed him, and yet not a word bearing upon the real matter at issue had been said.

"They are my father's papers," said poor Powys. "I thought—that is, I supposed—I hoped there might be some indication in them—I am sorry if I have troubled you unnecessarily. He belonged to a good family, and I imagined I might perhaps have reclaimed—but it doesn't matter. If that is what you think——"

"Oh yes, I see," said Mr Brownlow; "you can leave them, and perhaps another time—— But in the mean time, if you feel inclined, my groom can drive you down to-morrow morning. I am not sure that I shall be going myself; and I will not detain you any longer to-night."

"Very well, sir," said Powys. He stood for a moment looking for something more—for some possible softening; but no word of kindness came except an abrupt good-night. Good-night—yes, good-night to everything—hope, love, happiness, fortune. Farewell to them all; and Sara, she who had almost seemed to belong to him. It seemed to Powys as if he was walking on his own heart as he left the room, trampling on it, stamping it down, crying fool, fool! Poor fellow, no doubt he had been a fool; but it was a hard awakening, and the fault, after all, was not his own.

Mr Brownlow, however, was too much occupied with his own deliverance to think of Powys. He said that new name over to himself again and again, to realise what had happened. Mary Christian—Mary Christian—surely he had heard it before; but so long as it was not Phoebe Thomson what did it matter who was his mother? Not Phoebe

Thomson. She was dead perhaps—dead, and in a day or two more it would not matter. Two days, that was all—for it was now October. She might turn up a week hence if she would; but now he was free—free, quite free; without any wrongdoing or harm to anybody; Brownlows and everything else his own. Could it be true? Mary Christian—that was the name. And she came from the Isle of Man. But there was plenty of time to inquire into all that. The thing in the mean time was that he was released. When he got up and roused himself he found he could scarcely stand. He had been steady enough during all the time of his trial; but the sudden relief took all his forces from him. He shook from head to foot, and had to hold by the tables and chairs as he went out. And he left the lamp burning in forlorn dreariness on the library table. The exertion of walking up-stairs was almost too much for him. He had no attention to give to the common things surrounding him. All his powers, all his senses were absorbed in the one sensation of being free. Only once as he went up-stairs did his ordinary faculties return to him, as it were, for a moment. It was when he was passing the great window in the staircase, and glancing out saw the white moonlight glimmering over all the park, and felt the cold of the night. Then it occurred to him to wonder if the pale old woman whom he had seen getting into the carrier's cart could be travelling through this cold night. Poor old soul! He could not but think for the moment how chilly and frozen it would be. And then he bethought himself that he was safe, might go where he liked, do what he liked, had nobody menacing him, no enemy looking on to watch an opportunity—and no harm done! Thus Mr Brownlow paused in the weakness of deliverance, and his heart melted within him. He made not vows to the saints of new churches or big tapers, but secret,

tender resolutions in his heart. For this awful danger escaped, how should he show his gratitude to God? He was himself delivered, and goodness seemed to come back to him, his natural impulse. He had been saved from doing wrong, and without doing wrong all he wanted had been secured to him. What reason had not he to be good to everybody; to praise God by serving his neighbour? This was the offering of thanksgiving he proposed to render.

He did not at the moment think of young Powys sitting at his window looking out on the same moonlight, very dumb and motionless and heartstricken, thinking life henceforward a dreary desert. No harm was done, and Mr Brownlow was glad. But it did not occur to him to offer any healing in Powys's case. If there was to be a victim at all, it was best that he should be the victim. Had he not brought it on himself?

CHAPTER XXXV.—AN UNLOOKED-FOR VISITOR.

Powys was proud, and his pride was up in arms. He slept little that night, and while he sat and brooded over it all, the hopelessness and folly of his hope struck him with tenfold distinctness. Early next morning, before any one was up, he came down the great silent staircase, and left the house in the morning sunshine. The distance to Masterton was nothing to him. It was the second time he had left the house with despair in his heart. It would be the last time, he said to himself as he paused to look up at the closed windows; he would never suffer himself to be deluded—never be led away by deceptive hopes again; and he went away, not without bitterness, yet with a certain stern sense of the inevitable which calmed down his passion. Whenever he had been in his right senses, he had felt that this must be the end; and the thing for him now was to bear it with such courage and steadiness as he could muster to face the emergency. It was all over at least. There were no intermediary tortures to go through, and there was always some comfort in that.

His absence was not taken any notice of at the breakfast-table, though Sara gave many a wondering glance at the door, and had a puzzled, half-irritated look upon her face, which some of her friends perceived, though her father did

not observe it. He, for his part, came down radiant. He looked weary, and explained that he had not slept very well; but he had never been in more genial spirits, never more affectionate or full of schemes for everybody's pleasure. He called Jack apart, to tell him that, after looking over matters, he found he could let him have the hunter he wanted, a horse upon which his heart was set. When they were all talking at table in the usual morning flutter of letters and mutual bits of news, Mr Brownlow intimated that he had thoughts of taking Sara to Italy, where she had so long desired to go; "making up a party, and enjoying ourselves," he said. Sara looked up with a gleam of delight, but her eyes were immediately after diverted to the door, where somebody was coming in—somebody, but not the person she was looking for. As for Jack, he received the intimation of his father's liberality in perplexed silence; for if he was to marry, and sink into the position of a clerk in Masterton, hunters would be little in his way. But their father was too much absorbed in his own satisfaction to remark particularly how they both took his proposed kindness. He was overflowing to everybody. Though he was always kind, that morning he was kinder than ever; and the whole party brightened up un-

der his influence, notwithstanding Jack's perplexity, and Sara's wondering impatient glances at the door. Nobody asked what had become of the stranger. Mr Brownlow's guests were free to come to breakfast when they liked, and no notice was taken of the defaulters. The meal, however, was so merry and friendly, that everybody sat longer over it than usual. Several of the visitors were going away, and the sportsmen had laid aside their guns for the day to join the ladies in an excursion. There was plenty of time for everything ; pleasant bustle, pleasant idleness, no "wretched business," as Sara said, to quicken their steps ; and she was, perhaps, the only one in the party who was ill at ease. She could not make out how it was that Powys did not come. She sat and joined with forced gaiety in the general conversation, and she had not courage to ask frankly what had become of him. When they all began at last to disperse from the table, she made one feeble effort to satisfy herself. "Mr Powys has never come down to breakfast," she said to Jack, avoiding his eye ; "had not you better see if there is any reason ?"

"If he is ill, perhaps, poor dear ?" said Jack, with scorn. "Don't be afraid—probably he went out early ; he is not the sort of fellow to fall ill."

"Probably some of you have insulted him !" said Sara, hotly, under her breath ; but either Jack did not or would not hear. And she could not trust herself to look up in the face of the assembled company and ask. So she had to get up with all the rest, and go reluctantly away from the table, with a certain sense of impending misfortune upon her. A few minutes after, when she was sent for to go to her father in the library, Sara's courage failed her altogether. She felt he must have something important to say to her, something that could not be postponed. And her heart beat loudly

as she went to him. When she entered the room Mr Brownlow came forward to meet her. It struck her for the first time as he advanced that his face had changed ; something that had been weighing upon him had passed away. The lines of his mouth had relaxed and softened ; he was like what he used to be. It was almost the first time she fully realised that for some time past he had not been like himself. He came forward, and before she had fully mastered her first impression, took her into his arms.

"My dear child," he said, "I have sent for you to tell you that a great burden that has been upon my mind for some time has just been taken off. You have been very good to me, Sara, very patient and obedient and sweet ; and though I never told you about it in so many words, I want you to be the first to know that it has passed away."

"Thank you, papa," said Sara, looking wistfully in his face. "I am sure I am very glad, though I don't know what you mean. Is it anything about—? Am I to know what it was ?" And she stopped, standing so close with his arm round her, and gave him an appealing look—a look that asked far more than her words—that seemed even to see into him, and divine ; but that could not be.

"It is not worth while now," he said, smoothing her hair with his hand. "It is all over ; and, my darling, I want you to know also that I set you free."

"Set me free ?" said Sara, in a whisper ; and in spite of herself she turned very pale.

"Yes, Sara, quite free. I ask no sacrifice of you now," said Mr Brownlow, pressing her close with his arm. "Forgive me that I ever thought of it. Even at the worst, you know I told you to consult your own heart ; and now you are free, quite free. All that is at an end."

"All what?" asked Sara, under her breath; and she turned her head away from him, resisting the effort he made to look at her. "What is it you set me free from?" she continued, in a petulant tone. "If you don't tell me in words, how am I to know?"

Mr Brownlow was startled and checked in his effusiveness, but he could not be angry with her at such a moment. "Hush," he said, still smoothing her pretty hair, "we have never had many words about it. It is all at an end. I thought it would be a relief to you to hear."

"To hear what?" cried the girl, sharply, with her head averted; and then, to her father's utter consternation, she withdrew as far as she could from his arm, and suddenly burst into tears.

Mr Brownlow was totally taken by surprise. He had not been able to read what was going on in his daughter's heart. He could not believe now that she understood him. He put his hand upon her arm and drew her back. "You mistake me, my darling," he said; "I mean that you are quite free, Sara—quite free. It was wrong of me to ask any promise from you, and it was foolish of you to give it. But Providence, thank God, has settled that. It is all over. There is no more necessity. Can't you forgive me? You have not suffered so much from it as I have done. Before I could have come to the point of sacrificing you——"

"Sacrificing *me*!" cried Sara, suddenly, flashing back upon him in a storm of passion and indignation, her cheeks scorching yet wet with tears, her big eyes swimming. "Is that all you think of? You had a right to sacrifice me if you liked—nobody would have said a word. They did it in the Bible. You might have cut me into little pieces if you liked. But oh, what right had you, how dared you to make a sacrifice of *him*?"

"*Him*!" cried Mr Brownlow, and he took a step back in conster-

nation and gazed at his child, who was transfigured, and a different creature. Her cheeks blazed under her tears, but she did not shrink. Weeping, blushing, wounded, ashamed, she still confronted him in the strength of some new feeling of which he had never dreamed.

"You never say a word about him!" cried Sara. "You speak of me, and you had a right to do whatever you like with me; but it is him whom you have sacrificed. He never would have thought of it but for you. He never would have come back after *that* time but for you. And then you expect me to think only of myself, and to be glad when you say I am free! How can I be free? I led him on and made him speak when he knew better. Oh, papa, you are cruel, cruel! He was doing you no harm, and you have made him wretched; and now you think it doesn't matter; but that is not the way with me!"

"Sara, are you mad?" cried Mr Brownlow in his dismay; but Sara made him no answer. She sat down on the nearest chair, and turning round away from him, leaned her arms on the back of it, and put down her head on her arms. He could see that she was crying, but that was all; and nothing he could say, neither consolations, nor excuses, nor reproofs, would induce her to raise her head. It was the first quarrel she had ever had with the father who had been father and mother both to her; and the acuteness of her first disappointment, the first cross in her pleasant life, the unexpected humiliating end of her first dreams, roused a wild rebellion in her heart. She was wroth, and her heart was sore, and outraged. When he was called away by Willis about some business, he left her there, still twisted round upon her chair, with her face upon her folded arms, spending her very soul in tears. But the moment he was gone she sprang up and fled to the shelter of her own room. "They

shall find that it is not the way with me!" she said to herself, and gave herself up wilfully to thoughts of the banished lover who had been treated so cruelly. On that day, at least, Sara avenged poor Powys's wrongs upon the company in general. She had a headache, and could not join in their excursion. And her eyes were still red with crying when next she was seen downstairs. Mr Brownlow tried to persuade himself it was too violent to last, and thought it prudent to take no more notice, but was very obsequious and conciliatory all the evening to his naughty child. Even when it was thus brought before him, he did not make much account of the sacrifice of Powys. And he thought Sara would come round and see things by-and-by in their true light. But all the same the shock had a great effect upon him, and damped him strangely in the first effusion of his joy.

But he was kind, kinder to everybody in his gratitude to Providence. Except that he had no pity for Powys, who seemed to him to have been all this time a kind of impostor, his good-fortune softened his heart to every other creature. When he met Pamela on the road, though Pamela was the one other individual in the world with whom Jack's father was not in perfect charity, he yet stopped kindly to speak to her. "I hope your mother has not gone upon a long journey. I hope she is coming back," he said in a fatherly way. "She should not have left you by yourself alone."

"It was on business," said Pamela, not daring to lift her eyes. "She said she would be soon back."

"Then you must take great care of yourself while she is away," Mr Brownlow said, and took off his hat as he left her, with the courtesy which was natural to him. He was so kind to everybody, and that day in particular he looked after the pretty creature with a pang of compunction. He did not care much for Powys, but he was sorry

for Pamela. "Poor little thing!" he said to himself—for while he said it he thought of launching Jack, as it was Jack's ambition to be launched, upon public life, getting him into the House of Commons, sending him out to the world, where he would soon forget his humble little love. Mr Brownlow felt that this was what would happen, and his heart for the moment ached over poor Pamela. She was so pretty, and soft, and young, and then she reminded him—though of whom he could not quite say.

Thus the day went on; and the next day Mr Brownlow went to the office, where everything was as usual. He saw by his first glance that Powys was at his desk, and he was pleased, though he took no notice. Perhaps a certain unacknowledged compunction, after all, was in his mind. He even sent for Mr Wrinkell and consulted him as to the fitness of the junior clerk for a more responsible post. Mr Wrinkell was a cautious man, but he could not conceal a certain favouritism. "Ever since that first little cloud that passed over him, he has been worth any two in the office," he said—"any two, sir; but I don't think he is happy in his mind."

"Not happy?" said Mr Brownlow; "but you know, Wrinkell, we cannot be expected to remedy that."

"No, of course not," said Mr Wrinkell; "it may be only seriousness, and then it will be all the better for him; but if it is not that, it is something that has gone wrong. At his age a cross in some fancy is enough sometimes—not that I have any ground for saying so; but still I think sometimes when I look at him that some little affair of *that* description may have gone wrong."

"It is possible enough," said Mr Brownlow, with a smile, which was somewhat grim; "fortunately that sort of thing don't kill."

"N-no," said Mr Wrinkell, gravely ; but he did not say any more, and his employer did not feel more comfortable after he was gone ; and Powys was promoted accordingly, and did his business with a certain sternness, never moving, never looking round when Mr Brownlow came into the office, taking no notice of him ; till the lawyer, who had come to have a certain fondness for the young man, felt hurt and vexed, he could not have told why. He was glad to see him there—glad he was too manful and stout-hearted to have disappeared and abandoned his work ; but he would have felt grateful and indebted to him had he once raised his head and seemed conscious of his presence. Powys, however, was no more than human, and there was a limit to his powers. He was busy with his work, but yet the sense of his grievance was full in his mind. He was saying to himself, with less vehemence but more steadiness, what Sara had said. He never would have thought of it but for Mr Brownlow—never would have gone back after *that* time but for him ; and his heart was sore, and he could not forgive him like a Christian—not the first day.

However, they had a cheerful evening at Brownlows that night. There were more reasons than one why it should be a night of triumph for the master of the house. His terrors had all died out of his mind. The cloud that had so long overshadowed him had vanished, and *it was the last day!* Nobody knew it but himself ; doubtless nobody was thinking of any special crisis. Mr Brownlow went, he scarcely knew from what feeling, in a kind of half-conscious bravado, to see old Mrs Fennell, and found her still raving of something which seemed to him no longer alarming, but the merest idiocy. He was so genial and charitable that he even thought of Nancy and her troubles, and told her she must get a nurse to

help her, and then she could be free to go and see her friends. "For I think you told me you had some friends," Mr Brownlow said, with an amiability that cowed Nancy, and made her tremble. Nancy Christian! When he heard her mistress call her, he suddenly recollected the other name which he had seen so lately, and came back to ask her about a Mary Christian of the Isle of Man, and got certain particulars which were startling to him. Nancy could tell him who she was. She was a farmer's daughter related to the Fennells, and had married "a gentleman's son." The information gave Mr Brownlow a curious shock, but he was a good deal exhausted with various emotions, and did not feel that much. So he went home carrying a present for Sara—a pretty locket—though she had too many of such trinkets already. He meant to tell her it was an anniversary, though not what anniversary it was. And he took his cheque-book and wrote a cheque for a large amount for the chief charities in Masterton, but did not tear it out, leaving it there locked up with the book till to-morrow, for it was late, and the banks were shut. If any poor supplicant had come to him that day with a petition, right or wrong its prayer would have been granted. Mr Brownlow had received a great deliverance from God—so he phrased it—and it was but his simple duty to deliver others if possible in sign of his gratitude. All but young Powys, whom he had deluded, and who had deluded him ; all but Phoebe Thomson, who was just about to be consigned to oblivion, and about whom and whose fortunes henceforward no soul would have any inducement to care.

Sara, too, had softened a little out of that first rebellion which Mr Brownlow knew could not last. She was not particularly cordial to her father, but still she wore the locket he had given her in sign of

amity, and exerted herself at dinner to amuse the guests. Fresh people had arrived that day, and the house was very full—so full, that Mr Brownlow had no chance of a moment's conversation with his children, except by positively detaining them after everybody was gone, as Jack had done on the night of Powys's arrival. He took this step, though it was a very decided one, for he felt it necessary that some clear understanding should be come to. And he had such bribes to offer them. After everybody else had retired, Jack and Sara came to him in the library. This room, which a little while ago had been the least interesting in the house, was gradually collecting associations round it, and becoming the scene of all the most important incidents in this eventful period of the family life. Jack came in half careless, half anxious, thinking something might be about to be said about his personal affairs, yet feeling that his father had no particular right to interfere, and no power to decide. And Sara was sulky. It is an ugly word, but it was the actual state of the case. She was injured, and sore in her heart, and yet she was too young and too much accustomed to her own way to consider the matter desperate, or to have reached the dignity of despair. So she was only sullen, offended, disposed to make herself disagreeable. It was not a promising audience whom Mr Brownlow thus received with smiles in his own room. It was only about eleven o'clock, his impatience having hastened the hour of general separation; and the young people were not perfectly pleased with *that*, any more than with his other arrangements. Both the lamps in the library were lighted, and there was a fire burning. The room, too, seemed to have brightened up. Mr Brownlow put Sara into one of the big chairs, with a tenderness which almost overcame her, and himself

took up an Englishman's favourite position on the hearth.

"I want to speak to you both," he said. He was eager, and yet there was a certain embarrassment in his tone. "This is an important night in my life. I can't enter into particulars—indeed there is no room for them—but I have been waiting for this night to speak seriously to you both. Jack, I doubt whether you will ever do much at the business. I should have liked had you given your mind to it, to keep it up; for a business like mine is a capital backing to a fortune, and without it you can't hope to be rich—not rich beyond competence, you know. However, it does not seem to me, I confess, that business, of our kind at least, is your turn."

"I was not aware I had been unsatisfactory, sir," said Jack. "I don't think I have been doing worse than usual——"

"That is not what I mean," said Mr Brownlow. "I mean you are better adapted for something else. I wrote to my old friend Lord Dewsbury about you to-day. If anything should turn up in the way he once proposed, I should not mind releasing you altogether from the office—and increasing your allowance. It could not be a great deal, recollect; but still if that is what you would really give your mind to—I should see that you had enough to keep your place."

Jack's eyes had gradually brightened as his father proceeded. Now he made a step forward, and a gleam of delight came into his face. "Do you really mean it?" he cried; "it is awfully good of you. Of course I should give my mind to it. It is what I most care for in the world—except—the business——" Jack paused, and other things besides the business came into his mind. "If you are making a sacrifice to please me——" he began slowly.

"We have all to make sacrifices," said Mr Brownlow. "A few days ago I thought I should have had to

make a sacrifice of a very different kind. Providence has been good to me, and now I should like to do the best for my children. There are only two of you," said Mr Brownlow, softening. "It would be hard if I did not do all I could to make the best of your lives."

And then there was a pause. He meant what he said, and he had always been a good father, and they loved him dearly. But at this moment, though he was offering to his son the realisation of his dreams, they both distrusted him, and he felt it. They looked at him askance, these two young creatures who owed everything to him. They were doubtful of his great offers. They thought he was attempting to bribe them, beguile them out of the desire of their hearts. And he stood looking at them, feeling in his own heart that he was not natural but plausible and conciliatory, thinking of their good, no doubt, but also of his own will. He felt this, but still he was angry that they should feel it. And it was with still more conscious embarrassment that he began again.

"The time has come in my own life when I am ready to make a change," he said. "I want a little rest. I want to go away and see you enjoy yourselves, and take a holiday before I die. I can afford it after working so long. I want to take you to Italy, my darling, where you have so long wanted to go; but I should like to establish things on a new footing first. I should make some arrangement about the business; unless, indeed, Jack has changed his ideas. Public life is very uncertain. If you think," said Mr Brownlow, not without a certain tinge of derision in his tone, "that you would rather be Brownlow of Masterton, with a safe, long-established hereditary connection to fall back upon, it is not for me to precipitate your decision. You can take time and think over what I say."

"There is no occasion for taking

time to think," said Jack, with a little irritation. But there he stopped. It was getting towards midnight; the house was quiet; everything was still, except the wind sighing outside among the falling leaves. Sara, who was the least occupied of the three, had thought she heard the sound of wheels in the avenue, but it was so unlikely at that time of the night that she concluded it must be only the wind. As they all stood there, however, silent, the quiet was suddenly broken. All at once, into the midst of their conversation, came the sound of the great house-bell, rung violently. It made them all start, so unexpected was the sound, and so perfect was the stillness. At that hour who could be coming to disturb them? The bell was unusually large and loud, and the sound of it echoing down into the bowels, as it were, of the silent house, was startling enough. And then there was the sound of a voice outside. The library was at the back of the house; but still, when their attention was thus violently aroused, they could hear that there was a voice. And the bell rang again loudly—imperiously—wildly. Jack was the first to move. "Willis must be asleep," he said. "But who on earth can it be?" and he hastened towards the door, to give the untimely visitor entrance. But his father called him back.

"I hear Willis moving," he said; "never mind. It must be somebody by the last train from town. Did you ask any one? There is just time to have driven over from the last train."

"It must be some telegram," said Jack. "I expect nobody this week," and they all stood and waited; Sara, too, having risen from her chair. The young people were a little disturbed, though they feared nothing; and Mr Brownlow looked at them tenderly, like a man who had nothing to fear.

"Happily we are all here," he said. "If it is a telegram, it can only be about business." He stood

leaning against the mantelpiece, with his eyes fixed on the door. There was a flutter at his heart somehow, but he did not feel that he was afraid. And they could hear Willis fumbling over the door, and an impatient voice outside. Whatever it was, it was very urgent, and Jack, growing anxious in spite of himself, would have gone to see. But again his father called him back. Something chill and terrible was stealing over Mr Brownlow; he was growing pale—he was hoarse when he spoke. But he neither moved, nor would he let his son move, and stood propping himself up, with a livid countenance, and gazing at the door.

When it opened they all started, and Mr Brownlow himself gave a hoarse cry. It was not a telegram, nor was it a stranger. It was a figure they were well used to see, and with which they had no tragic associations. She came in like a ghost, black, pale, and swift, in a passion of eagerness, with a large old silver watch in her hand. "I am not too late," she said, with a gasp, and held it up close to Mr Brownlow's face. And then she stood still and looked at him, and he knew it all if she had not said another word. It was Pamela's mother, the woman whom, two days before, he had helped into the carrier's cart at his own gate.

AT THE ALPS AGAIN.

WHEN I last left off we had reached Berchtesgaden, and I was talking about the klammms, or those chasms in the mountains which are narrower than the valleys. If you are up to thirty-eight miles, varied by an ascent and descent of some two or three thousand feet, which has to be repeated on return, you may make for the Seissenberg Klamm, "der Koenigin aller Klamme," Queen of all the Klammms, as the German guide-book calls it. To go through it gives impressions not to be easily effaced. Scott gives perhaps the most lively idea to be found in our language of a torrent far down among rocks, when he says,

"Deep, deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rock the roaring linn."

But here you go yourself deep, deep down into the chambers of the rock, and become the close companion of the furious stream. You owe this privilege to the considerate attentiveness of the Austrian Government, which has run galleries and wooden stairs along the edges of the cataracts, with bridges across here and there. Along these you walk in complete

safety, yet, unless you be of very stolid mood, not without a certain mysterious thrill akin to fear, as the eternal roar half deafens you, and the black rocks, all but closing overhead, shroud you in a darkness all too powerfully relieved by the white torrent at your feet. Here is a geological phenomenon with no mystery about it. Whatever disputes may be elsewhere about upheavals and depressions, the klamm has been cut by the stream. You can see, by the cups and basins it has left clean cut into the marble rock, that the water has fairly eaten its way through. In how long time? If some one had recorded the level of the surface in the days of Julius Cæsar, the inscription might have been of some service to modern geologists. Since it has been lately on the cards to do something for posterity, might we not leave them some such records here and there as a future testimony of the rocks? It would be a cheaper way of doing our duty than the saving up of coals, in order that the hearthstones of our descendants five hundred years hence may be gladdened.

How long the visitor will abide within the black shadows of the klamm will be a question depending on taste and nerve. Such a scene gives a passing sensation rather than a continuous enjoyment. You go through it and have done. You do not gaze lingeringly on it as on the snows and peaks of the neighbouring Watzman, or the blue waters of the Achen See.

The scenery on the way between Berchtesgaden and the klamm is a continued enjoyment both in going and returning. You pass two small lakes, the Hinter Sees, which are a variety from the Koenig and the Achen See. Surrounded are they by peaks and snows, which they reflect from their gentle bosoms, but they lie in soft meadows, and are edged by flowers and birches. In this walk you cross a great frontier. Berchtesgaden is in Bavaria; the klamm is in Austria. The division is at the water-sheer, and there stands the custom-house. It is like a joke to see a government office, with its double-headed eagle and other insignia of imperial royalty, in so wild a spot; but there are people who remember our own coast-guard barracks on the stormy headlands of Caithness. As I passed I found the chief officer standing at the door, with an almost hospitable expression on his face, as if he were glad to see some one from the world nearer the level of the sea than his own. If there was a day when, at such a place, there was trouble to the British stranger about passports or the like, it is over now. Yet a few soldiers or armed custom-house officers lounged about in a listless sort of way. They were very civil; without their aid I would have missed the entrance to the klamm, which is across fields in which one would not expect to find anything marvellous. If grand scenery be so dear to the Austrian custom-house officer as to weigh against salary, rank, and other con-

siderations in the estimate of his position, these men must be considered peculiarly happy and fortunate. They were not demonstrative of excessive felicity, however, but on the whole rather demure. They told me that the station was very cold in winter—a statement which I had no doubt was perfectly true.

The district around this centre bears marks of fearful scourging from avalanches. The avalanche, like the pauper, may be divided into the regular and the casual. The one class has its fixed grooves, in which it rolls year after year, probably keeping a pretty accurate average of time, according to the seasons. There are places where it may be seen all spring and summer when the sun approaches its noon height. A favourite stage for witnessing the performance used to be the Wengern Alp, right against the Jungfrau, and I suppose it is still frequented with that view. You saw through the clear air a handful, as it were, of white dust drop down the precipice, making a hollow echoing roar that told you it was a mass of many tons in weight. These avalanches are of course in the general case harmless. Their place is made by them and for them. It is when man has miscalculated his safety, and from some peculiarity in the season, or the hidden working of the elements, the snow breaks the boundaries assigned to it by its neighbours, that devastation has come. One may sometimes see a scar left so near to a chalet, that it must have made palpitating hearts. The course taken by some recent fall of more than usual extent is an awful scene; and if awful in its dead repose, what must the scene have been during the tragedy? Something, one would suppose, fit to inspire the painter of a grand picture of "the day of *His* wrath." There lie strewn like dust the marble rocks which it has picked up on its way, and has pelted against

bridges and barricades, crushing them like nutshells. High up in the lap of the mountain you see the snows which, overcharged, have thus vented their impatience, and you don't like to be too near to the precipitous slope, over the edge of which the white lips seem still to threaten mischief.

The scenery here, savage as it is, has fine, warm, sunny straths on either side. At the klamm you have descended far from the wild upland, and at the lower reach you can see, as through a spyglass, the pleasant valley on the Austrian side. Here a very gay vision somewhat startled me by its evidence of neighbouring civilisation. Just where the stream threw itself forth in its last cataract from the black mouth of the klamm, and where the sunshine fell on it again, it also fell on a group of Austrian young ladies, in all manner of gaudy colours, bending like a rainbow over the white foam. The vision reminded me of a story how an adventurous German traveller, having passed eastward through Mongolia and Tibet, found himself getting deeper and deeper into Orientalism, and farther from every reminiscence of Europe, when all at once he found himself in the presence of a bevy of English ladies, with pink parasols, picnicking and chatting under the shadow of a pagoda, as assured and easy as if they were on the banks of Thames. He had penetrated to a far-up station of our Indian empire.

The walk to this klamm led me for some miles over a familiar road, on which I had studied the scenery on the haughs of the rivers. This scenery, when you get beyond the rye and tobacco fields, has a remarkable beauty of its own. The grass is close and clean and bright, as close as it is on the lawn of an English mansion, and unmarked by any cutting instrument. The usual forest that girdles the mountains is pine, but here the verdure

is infinitely and beautifully diversified: pine here and there, but mixed with it ash, elm, and the weeping-birch, as beautiful and as sad in its beauty as it is at Abergeldie. The whole undulates in little risings and depressions with a gracefulness which no landscape-gardener ever approached. One would say that the idea of English park scenery must have been taken from such a model; and certainly it is in these examples that it should be studied.

By the way, we are now in the midst of the scenery worthily described by Campbell in those fine lines of his, "On Leaving a Scene in Bavaria." People said, when he published them late in life, that he had renewed his youth and all its vigour; but they had been written many years before their publication, and, from some ill-justified diffidence, he had withheld them from the press. There is in them an irregularity and want of system, but a power that is felt to deepen as you think over the piece in the midst of its own scenery:—

"Yes, I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden
shore,
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
For man's neglect I love thee more,
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude.
Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree.
Forsaken scene! how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended worth!
Like thine her fruit unhonoured falls—
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth."

And again, after describing the shadows, clouds, and swollen torrents of autumn:—

"But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile,
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle,
Nor church-bell tolling to beguile
The cloud-born thunder sailing by,
Can sound in discord to my soul.
Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll!
And rage, thou darkening sky!"

The bell-ringing as the companion of the thunderstorm is a permanent institution here. I could not make out whether it was supposed to have a physical influence on the electricity or to have a propitiatory effect in a religious sense calculated to exempt the district from a calamity. Opposite to Jembach, on a spur of the mountain rising right over the river Inn, there is a sort of hermitage or chapel. It is the duty of a recluse who has charge of it to be on the look-out for thunderstorms, and begin the bell-ringing; and he is well posted for the accomplishment of his duty. A solemn strange duty it must be to act as sentinel against the approach of such a foe. I happened once to witness the ceremonial of ringing-out the thunder in a very picturesque shape. I was coming out of the great gorge behind the Martinswand. The first thing that drew attention was a rushing mighty wind, which caught up the marble powder lying on the hillside, and drifted it about like a dry sandy mist. Then came as sudden a lull, and the church-bell of Zirl right under my feet began "tolling slow with sullen roar." The chime was taken up by the dozen or so other churches in the valley, mellowed in the distance until it "passed in music out of sight." Meantime the setting sun illuminated a great storm-cloud, making it a flame-coloured red that spread over half the horizon, as if the world were on fire. Over this passed every now and then a tongue or sheet of white lightning. The whole affair was so far off that of the thunder only a slight muttering was heard. The church-bells appeared to do their duty effectively, for the storm did not reach the district round Martinswand; but what of the efficiency of the bells in the place where it was at actual work?

The people of these districts are very religious — some would call them fanatical, others superstitious.

The zeal that burns within them is an extremely mild flame, so far as it can affect others who either care for none of these things, or are heated by fire of a different character. The churches are marvellously abundant. In some places almost at the end of every mile the taper finger points to heaven.

It is clear that, even were all the inhabitants of a valley simultaneously to flock to its several churches, they would not be filled. But though they are not like our Dissenting meeting-houses, thronged at special times, they are scarcely ever entirely empty. There the humblest peasant may enjoy magnificence and art; for although none of the world's greatest paintings may be hung in any Tyrolese church, there is a wonderful amount of tolerably good painting in all of them, and the tendency is ever towards the high ideal. When I see two or three aged, frail, afflicted-looking creatures on their knees in such a place, I am apt to agree with Wordsworth that we should not deride the fane "where patient sufferers bend in trust, to win a happier hour;" and since there is to be no truer light for the poor deluded creatures, I think it is better that they should have consolation even in this form than in none. You may see occasionally mere children from eight to ten years old step from their playground into the church by a voluntary impulse, undirected by any senior. And when I have seen the creatures kneeling and turning their serious little faces to some picture of the Virgin Mother, as she sits "smiling babe in arms," I fear I could not summon up the thoughts legitimate to the occasion about the beast and the scarlet woman, or denounce with sufficient indignation the horrible sin of training the infant mind to idolatry and the service of Satan.

Outside the churches are pretty buildings. The spire springs from a slim tower, the two being united

in a gradual unabrupt junction so difficult of accomplishment in more ambitious buildings—a junction as if the one grew out of the other. Inside their magnificence is marvellous, when we consider the scanty population and the smallness of the product that would come were we to divide the number of the people by the number of the churches. Ecclesiastics, secular and regular, of all forms and hues, swarm over the country, and are all, down to the barefooted friar, treated with veneration. The topic of toleration, and the extension to heretics of the right to hold property in the Tyrol, was, when I was there, before the Austrian Reichsrath. I was told that the passing of the measure would be of no avail. Local influence never could be held by heretics. Nearly all the landed property was in the hands of ecclesiastical bodies, who would never so far forget what was due to the Church as to treat with heretics; and as to the small amount of property in the hands of laymen, the Church was strong enough to protect that from desecration too.

Yet with all the zeal of the people and the intolerance of the institutions, there is not perhaps a spot on the surface of the earth where the stranger is less under the pressure of religion. The Protestant sees it everywhere, sees it the more distinctly and emphatically from its entire difference from all that he is accustomed to, but he feels it nowhere. I am certain that any Romanist foreigner in this country would feel personal pressure and disconformity with his habits fifty times as much as a Protestant feels the same thing among the mountaineers here. The people seem to feel that it is enough to have the monopoly of the next world, and that with that great prize secure, the poor heretic should be made as comfortable in this world as he can be made. This is something rather different from the old doctrine, that true humanity consisted in burning

his vile body in this world, as an atonement which would save his soul from the eternal fires in the next. The Tyrolese may not be so grand a doctrine, but it is more comfortable on the whole, and the heretic will readily compound for it, abandoning all the eternal advantages which are to be purchased by a roasting in the present. With a scrupulous attention to the complex and conspicuous observances of their own religion, it is curious to see how unconscious they seem to be whether the stranger participates in them or not, whether he may not even treat them with actual disrespect. If a procession passes, or a reliquary or the viaticum is carried through the streets, the people are all too fervently absorbed in kneeling and adoration to observe the stolid or perhaps the scornful air of the wondering stranger.

There is a wonderful amount of kindness and civility among the people of these regions, and however much of a stoic one may resolve to be when on the tramp, these are things that make life all the pleasanter a thousand miles from home. And the kindness is the more to be esteemed that it is not of the mercenary kind one finds in other parts of the world. I don't say that the Tyrolese landlord does not expect payment of his bill, or that the people who serve you in all ways do not expect fair remuneration for their services to you. But you are not pestered to accept services you don't want, as in other places. In the whole course of my experience in these districts, I never once was harassed by any one offering to be my guide, or making any of the countless proffers of service, all to be exorbitantly paid for, which haunt one from morning to night in the Oberland of Switzerland, and make life there such a burden that one hardly remembers whether the scenery is fine or poor. I remember an exception signally

proving this rule to me. Having in a dark night lost the proper thread of the cross roads near Berchtesgaden, a man told me I had gone far off the road, and demanded a considerable sum as the reward for putting me right. I had not gone many paces with him when I was certain that I was near the village steeple, and he was unable to convince me to the contrary. There are criminals and bad fellows all over the world, and the Tyrol is not exempt from their presence. I believe this man was a jail-bird, and indeed some incidents led me to believe that he had a design to rob me. It was a little suspicious that, as I had not change enough to give him what I had promised him, he would not come into the inn with me to get it. This incident I mention as showing that the fleecing which is elsewhere systematic and respectable—pursued sometimes by the Landaman of the canton—is here disreputable, and the resource of the blackguard or criminal.

The peasantry have a curious bluff independence of manner, and a way of being hail-fellow-well-met with all the world. If you are consulting a map or a guide-book by the roadside or in the Speise Saal of the inn, a peasant will sit down beside you, and, taking the book in his hands, turn over the leaves, pestering you with questions about it and yourself. The beggar you have accommodated shakes hands with you to show the extent of his gratitude for your generosity. You must live among the peasantry. The smaller inns are theirs, and supported by them—the appearance of a tourist is a casualty not contemplated in the arrangements of the establishment. But even in the large and handsome inns of the chief towns the peasantry and working people sit in the dining-hall along with the other guests, however illustrious. The German has a resource against this rubbing of shoulders which the British tourist

is loath to adopt—he takes his meals in his bedroom.

How the Germans like this free intermixture with the humblest classes I cannot judge—I can judge, however, that any arrangement of the kind in this country would be looked to with grim horror. The Irish mendicant shaking hands with you, the coal-heaver sitting beside you in your inn, patting you on the back and patronisingly asking all manner of questions about your position in life and your several experiences, are phenomena not easily realised in our conventional, or whatever else it ought to be called, social system. When the outrage is perpetrated by a creature of foreign manners and tongue, and with a foreign costume, it does not appear so terrible; in fact, it takes some reflection to realise how anomalous it is, and how unlike anything at home.

Perhaps, too, we are in some measure reconciled to such peculiar ways by the people being distinguished-looking, not only in their picturesque costume—however much it may vary, it is ever in good histrionic taste—but by their general air of superiority. The mountaineers here are not only strong and handsome, but they have a decided tone of what is called among us “breeding.” Thus the country shows—what to all our notions is so exceedingly anomalous—the peasant who treads the hill handsome and gentlemanlike, while the representative of the higher class rolling by in his carriage is plain and plebeianlike. This one, in fact, is the ordinary lowland German with the ordinary German look, and we all know how little indication of blood or mettle there is in that.

I am such a heretic to euphony as to count the German language harmonious, and as spoken by these mountaineers I think it sounds very sweetly—sweeter even than when spoken by the classic Saxons. The beggars—who, to the sorrow of the land, are rather numerous—

appeal to you in a tone of touching despondency which is not easily resisted. There every human living creature, from the child that can just lisp to the toothless crone who mutters with difficulty, gives you the good-morrow in a kindly cheerful tone. When the occasion is sufficient—and little does suffice—to prompt them to ask a blessing on you, it is given with heart and solemnity. I recall now a little scene of an eminently trifling nature, but which had an effect probably never to be effaced. I was seated under a tree eating some cakes, a portion of which I distributed among a group of nice-looking children who were looking rather wistfully at my proceedings. They immediately formed in procession in order of seniority and passed me, each pronouncing the blessing peculiar to the district. The scene impressed me, perhaps all the more vividly that the last and least of the row strongly resembled an imp of my own who was probably at the moment taking his sport under the shadow of the Grampians.

It detracts not from the pleasantness of these gentle characteristics that they are found adorning the life of a people whose warlike daring and prowess have repeatedly rung over Europe. The story of Hofer and his band is known everywhere. In that mad year 1848 a sure refuge was found here for threatened and fugitive royalty. In Hofer's monument, which stands beside Maximilian's, and in other commemorations of the feats of the Tyrolese riflemen, the object of their achievements is always spoken of as the preservation of their country's liberties. It sounds a little anomalous that this should be accomplished in the shape of supporting that Austrian house of Lorraine, which we have all been so much accustomed to associate with narrow despotism and treachery to the independence of powerless nationalities. I hear

that this spirit is declining among the people, and that there are doubts if they would rally round the Empire, or, more properly speaking, the Emperor, as they did not quite twenty years ago.

The great railway traffic suddenly tossed into the country must, one would think, make a great change in its social condition. It has now a trunk-line to Vienna and all that is beyond that capital; presently it will have another to Italy. It appeared to me that the town of Rosenheim had doubled in size since I last saw it three years ago. From the old picturesque village with colonnaded houses, every one of which looked at least two centuries old, it has become a sort of small city with suburban mansions scattered around it. Rosenheim is a junction station, and that is a far more formidable institution in the centre of Europe than it is in our island empire, because it is liable to greater pulsations of traffic from the wider area connected with it. Some rush of human beings backwards or forwards, at Paris, or Madrid, or St Petersburg, or Vienna, may at any time flood such a junction; it is like the shore where "breaks the great wave that at the pole began." In the touring season even the normal traffic is a powerful strain on the capacities of the place. It has been so adjusted, for reasons beyond a passing stranger's comprehension, that at one o'clock in the day the trains to Innsbruck, to Munich, and to Vienna, all meet here together, and the little station, previously silent and empty, is invaded by a mob. This is precisely the period of the day when Herman's sacred rage for sausages and beer is at its highest pitch. The islander, to whom it is no calamity to pass that hour without a heavy dinner, may content himself with a sight of the scene, amazed at the fierce energy with which the necessities of the occasion have inspired those fellow-travellers of

his whose lethargic inactivity seemed heretofore equally wonderful. That all can be supplied is impossible, and, as in all cases of scramble, skill and strength do their owners good service. The scene reminded me very much of an old picture of the market-place of the Hague, during that blockade by the Spaniards in which many of the citizens were starved to death, the incident represented in the picture being the successful entry of a relieving party with food. Next in interest to the fierce squabble, with its little bits of by-play, is the share taken in it by the presiding genius of the place—the master of the restauration. In him the conditions of the establishment have aroused an activity and energy which would be amazing anywhere and seem preternatural in a German. His capacity for exchanging sausages, cutlets, and beer-jugs for kreutzers was more wonderful than any juggling I ever witnessed, and was more like the working of rapid machinery than of human fingers.

Such are the superficial effects of the railway system, but I saw no testimony that it had as yet worked deeper social changes. I am told that in the established touring districts of the British on the Continent, the persevering and continued pressure of their frequenters in the direction of home habits has produced a departure from the old fixed laws about dinner-time, bed-making, and the like. But there is no change here. You see in the eating-hall the row of glasses and napkins set down at eleven for use at twelve. Still you have the problem of covering yourself at night with that rectangular cushion soft and bright-coloured. Still, if you make no special stipulation about breakfast, you are entitled to nothing but the tiny roll and the single cup of coffee in that perpendicular little jug, the top of which invariably tumbles off as you pour out the contents, and

scatters them about upon your linen. Still you will be permitted—rather invited, indeed—to follow the odious fashion of taking your meals in your bedroom—it is a sort of distinction indeed so to do. You find persons of apparent wealth and condition passing you on the stairs and lobbies, but you don't find them in the dining-rooms where peasants only assemble: they keep the reserve of their own chamber. Touching the security of that sacred apartment and its occupant, it is still his practice to secure his door inside at night, and to lock it when he leaves it, depositing the key with the porter or otherwise as it may be appointed. A Prussian remarked to me once, that for a practical people as we British were reputed to be, there were two respects in which he had an opportunity of noticing our ways, and they were very unpractical. One was, that in paying our bills we did not check off the items to see that they were fair, or carefully estimate the exchangeable value in using British or other foreign coinage. The other instance was, utter failure in the due securing of the bedroom door. To the one I demurred, that precise auditing of accounts and calculation of equivalents would make a heavy inroad on the enjoyment of the careless wanderer. It is better for his happiness that he should compound with himself for a percentage of loss. The whole affair of his tour is for that matter a bad pecuniary speculation. It is a loss on his outlay of one hundred per cent.

On the question of the keys, I maintained that the German practice had arisen in the dangerous days of the middle ages, when taverns were infested by armed robbers, and the traveller had sometimes to prepare for a siege. The vitality of the practice down to the present day is a stupid mistake, characteristic of people who don't

see how the world is moving. The frequenters of inns are not by nature pilferers. Tourist No. 40 will not step in and carry off the watch of No. 50 if he sees it through an open door. Then as to systematic practical thieves, their measures are taken in shapes that break through all such secondary precautions. These indeed they bend to their purpose as things that give a false feeling of security. I have heard of an instance where a landlord was informed by the police that there was a thief in his house. Having tried each door and found all secure, he, good easy man, retired to his pipe and stove while the thief had locked himself into one of the rooms, and was there pursuing his vocation in security. I had been in many thousands of inns in my day, had never locked my door, and had never lost a penny—see what a world of labour saved in the weary journey through life. Yet must I confess that one does not come off quite scatheless in this disrespect to established custom. For instance, you rush up to your room on the sixth floor to get your things down in time for the train. Behold it is locked and the key gone. Some porter or *stube mädchen*, indignant at the innovation of acting as if you were among honest people, has performed your neglected duty for you, and when you have scuttled down the long flights of stairs and panted up again, the chances are that in your haste and confusion you have brought the wrong key.

Amid all this adherence to old customs there are other peculiarities attributed to the German nations and much abhorred by the British tourist, which he will at all events not find in these districts. He is haunted by a supposition that if he conform not to the institution of the early mid-day meal and to some other barbarisms, there is no food for him, and he may be starved to death. There is

nothing like starvation here. In the gasthouses, great and small, with which the chief roads abound, there seems to be available at all hours of the day and night, good, nutritious, and abundant food. Returning to Innsbruck at ten at night after a hard day's ramble for which I had neglected to provide nutriment, soup and veal cutlets were set before me as rapidly as if I had just returned at the hour for which they were ordered. In the village inn of Ramsau—such a place as in this country would be very conceited if it could afford you a piece of bread and cheese—I came in upon the peasantry drinking their beer about eight o'clock in the evening. As I had still far to go and was in some haste, I asked if there were any kind of food that could be served to me promptly. To be sure—were there not venison steaks just ready, and hot potatoes?

I confess that the hearty good cheer ever at hand in these wayside inns is a mystery to me, for I cannot imagine that the peasantry, who seem to be their only occupants, support an organisation for having soup and butcher-meat ready cooked all day long. There is something in the hospitable organisation, too, entirely at variance with what one finds in other parts of Germany, where the natives feed well, but seem to reserve all to themselves. In the many inns, for instance, in the Harz district, there is so little anticipatory arrangement for entertaining you that all is exacted by hard demand morsel by morsel. I remember once asking for an egg to breakfast. The egg was brought. I suggested next that it might be boiled, and that hint was complied with. I then demanded a spoon to eat it with; that too was brought: and it was only by a separate demand for each that these preparations were followed by salt, egg-cup, bread, butter, a knife to spread the butter with, and coffee.

The sanitary arrangements of the Tyrolese inns are not perfect, and there are smells here and there which might be neutralised or suppressed much to the furtherance of the British subjects' enjoyment. But there is one department wherein his comfort is deeply concerned, as to which the arrangements are eminently satisfactory—the linen is perfectly clean. I never had occasion to feel the least suspicion on this point, even in the humblest wayside inn on the German side of this country. And the polished hardwood floor is pleasanter to my taste than the frousy carpet with the unknown chemical elements it may contain, which would be considered in our own country as endowed with a quality of respectability. Others who have had more experience even than I have had of the hostelry of this country, have spoken of it in a manner so entirely in harmony with my own experience that I cannot help quoting their certificate:—

“Tyrol is a pleasant country for its roadside inns: spacious, cool, and clean, they welcome the traveller with old-fashioned hospitality. On the large upper landing, upon which the bedrooms open, they usually spread your table if you are ‘quality.’ Flowers in pots adorn the wooden balconies; and the landlord’s daughter will present you with pretty bouquets when you leave—a finishing touch to the little bill, which is hardly a bill at all in any sense; it is chalked on the table in items so small as to convince you these people possess every virtue under heaven. The mid-day halts of the *voiturier* give many pleasant experiences of this sort; and when you stop for the night, the best bedrooms, even at unlikely places, are as comfortable as need be—beautifully kept, and without any of that frousy look so common in an English inn. The furniture is often walnut wood; neatly framed prints are on the walls, and crimson coverlets on the beds. But the Tyrolese country inn, in its charming and kindly simplicity, will probably not long survive. It is already disappearing on the principal routes, where English tourists indulge in the ‘bounce’ peculiar to their

nation, and shout ‘*Garçon*’ to the modest, self-respecting *Kellnerinn*. To accommodate such tastes hotels spring up, and the real ‘*Garçon*’ is provided.”—(‘*The Dolomite Mountains*,’ by Josiah Gilbert and G. C. Churchill, F.G.S.)

There is one point on which these pleasant places of resort are just as inimical to the prejudices and needs of the British subject as all other inns I ever frequented on the continent of Europe are—the water supply. Where torrents are roaring round you, and the water almost spouts into the house, your bedroom supply is still nearly on the same scale of quantity with your supply of soup for dinner, and the basin containing the fluid to be consumed has an unpleasant similarity to that which receives the fluid for external use. The deficiency of the means of ablution indoors is not of much moment to a person of the male sex—he can find in that well-watered land some stream or lake into which he can plunge. Yet this is not quite so easily accomplished as one would expect. The great rivers pass on with so furious a current, that, unless to powerful swimmers, it is very dangerous to venture into them; and the lakes are sometimes so excessively precipitous, that suitable accommodation near the edge is not easily found. Then, if you try a small shallow stream, it affords you nowhere a pool suited for your purpose. It is shallow everywhere. Both for bathing, and as elements in the scenery, a person accustomed to the waters of Scotland dislikes those of the Alps. The waters there are, as it were, on a continuous incline. The brawling rapid or the linn sending its waters to quiet themselves in the still pool is unknown, and thus an element of repose in scenery is wanting.

Talking of water supply for ablution, I think the secret of the success of the many German baths is hardly known. It is better to get washed once a-year than never to be washed at all from the day of

birth to the day of death. That would be Herman's fate but for those Brünnen which he frequents. His habits there are not of the most thoroughly healthy kind. He gets excited with play, and he drinks more beer and eats more veal and sausages than are needed for healthy nutriment. Then the waters are impregnated with chemical elements which are supposed to be curative, but, I have little doubt, are rather pernicious than wholesome. Recently, in Northern Germany, I found a new quackery of this kind in active motion. It was called the Fichte Nadel Anstalt — Fir-needle Establishment. The patients drank a concoction of the fir-needle, and bathed in the same. Any more delightful odour than the pine exhales when a hot sun rests on it in the open forest I don't know, and, at the same time, I am prepared to assert that I seldom have encountered a stench more horrible than that which comes from the boilers of these establishments. However, whatever it be that contaminates the water — iron, sulphur, or fir-needle — I have little doubt, as I say, that, although a sousing in a pure stream would be more to the purpose, a washing once a-year in those polluted waters is better than no washing at all between birth and death.

Coming back to the Tyrol and its apparatus of enjoyment to the wanderer — what profusion you find here of refreshing and delicious fruit, especially of cherries! For the matter of twopence or so you may get as full a feast as you could decorously appropriate to yourself at the dessert after a rich man's dinner. Connected with this abundance of fruit, there arose, in my case, a curious physical phenomenon, the finger-nails becoming dyed, and that as it seemed ineradicably, a deep black, with slightly purplish tinge. What could it be? Was it some awful disease beginning at these horny extremities, and destined to creep on through

the blood until the foul corruption reached the heart — something like the black death of the middle ages? The sanitary conditions of a life here, where one feels vitality rushing through the blood — where the chief frailties of the flesh are a potent appetite and a preternatural power of sleep, are not favourable to the influence of fancies such as this. But analysis of the colouring explains, in a simple way, the cause of the phenomenon. It is caused by the handling of the many pecks of black cherries or geens that have been eaten. The Tyrolese have been oppressed this year by an abnormally heavy crop of this fruit. It was too abundant to be distilled into Kirschwasser in their small stills. To scramble high up among the cliffs, and find one of these stills hard at work in a shed, reminded one of old days in the Highlands, when smuggling was rife. The people about these stills, however, are all stained like indigo or logwood dyers. The liquor they extract is by no means to be despised. It is rather treacherous. It has a quaint mildish taste, like something half-way between wine and spirits; but I advise every one who adventures on it to beware of its blandishments, for I believe it to be hardly less potent than brandy or whisky.

Whoever takes the trouble to read through these random recollections will note that I look on an exemption from the presence of the British tourist as one of the charming privileges of this district. If I am charged with inconsistency in being told that in these pages I am doing my little best to awaken the attention of this class to a new and desirable field, I can easily defend myself. If I were to adopt the cynical humour, I would say, Not many more years can I expect to enjoy, what Campbell in the poem I have already cited describes as, "in such a loved and lonely place companionless to roam;" and so, after I have done with it, let the deluge of tourists come.

But, in truth, I would rather that to the genial soul my information should commend this region as a pleasant field for his rambles. I would do nothing to drive him from it—I would welcome into it the young scholar, with a dash of enterprise in him, who bursts into the open mountain air as the change from his classics or his porisms. I would welcome him again when, after years that have carried with them their ups and downs in life and their joys and sorrows, he comes back and draws a mellowed enjoyment from the scenes in which in his strong youth he drank new life. No, these are not the people that render the districts endowed with fine scenery odious; but unfortunately these are not the bulk of the corporation that forms that potent and odious aggregate—"The British Tourist." That power that, like the glacier, moves coldly, steadily, and slowly onwards, pressing out all verdure and beauty and geniality wherever it lays its heavy icy load.

Let me attempt to define, after the manner of natural historians, this class of the human genus. Since he became adult he has heretofore spent the useful and productive hours of his life behind his counter or on the tripod sacred to the clerical department of commerce. But lo! I find the animal in his grub condition, and before he took wings, minutely described by no less an artist than Daniel De Foe, in that curious book of his, so little known, called 'The Complete English Tradesman.' Like some of his other books, it swelled from a collection of light personal sketches into a heavy systematic treatise. From the first and extremely rare edition I take the following out of a set of sketches of tradesmen of various kinds:—"There, on the other hand, he sees S. D., a plodding, weak-headed, but laborious wretch, of a confined genius, and that can't look a quarter of a mile from his shop-door

into the world, and, beginning with little or nothing, yet rises apace in the mere road of business, in which he goes on like the miller's horse, who, being tied to the post, is turned round by the very wheel which he turns round himself; and this fellow shall get money insensibly, and grow rich even he knows not how, and nobody else knows why."

When he finds himself thus in comfortable circumstances, forthwith there arises in him a yearning for something outside the narrow world in which his competence has been created. The despotic voice of fashion calls out to him, Go to the Trosachs—go to Killarney—go to the Rhine—go to Switzerland; and at last he goes. Having begun the system, he is, as it were, wound up, and must spin out his allotted time of locomotion every year. It is amusing enough for the first time to meet him in the Oberland in blouse and straw hat, carrying an alpen-stock; but this vision of helplessness soon becomes tiresome. In other shapes, however, he is by no means helpless—the more's the pity. He is an item of a mighty corporation, the power of which is felt over a large portion of the picturesque world. District after district it desolates, driving from them whatever contributes to the enjoyment of all those who are not freemen of the corporation, and small is the compensation to the aggregate of the world's pleasures in anything they can draw to themselves out of what they take away from others. I am inclined to typify the curious slavery of the freemen of this corporation by two acts—the one at the beginning, the other at the conclusion, of "The British Tourist's" Continental trip. He reads in 'Bradshaw' the "General Instructions to Continental Travellers," and there he finds a particular instruction, that before he crosses the Channel and commits himself to the strange practices of foreign

lands, he ought to have in his possession a piece of soap, and he is informed of the shop in London—name of shopkeeper, street, number, and post-office initials—in which he may safely purchase that useful article. No doubt the editor of the foreign ‘Bradshaw’ knows the world, and is aware that, though his pupil perhaps leaves a hundredweight of the commodity in his own house—though he may be a dealer in it, with tons of it in his cellars—yet, submitting to the peculiar hallucination that overcomes the tourist, he will go straightway to the shop recommended by the omnipotent ‘Bradshaw,’ and there purchase what he is told to purchase. This is the first type of the British tourist’s condition of servitude. The last is, when going on his homeward voyage at Rotterdam or Ostend, he obeys the orders given to him by the waiters of his hotel, and purchases *eau de Cologne* and cigars at double the price at which he can procure the same articles of the same quality at home, and so embarks with the pleasing consciousness that he is doing a thing which, though it may not bring him under the lash of the law, yet makes an approach towards the feats of the free-trader or smuggler, to be read of in Scott, or ‘The Tales of the O’Hara Family.’

Perhaps one ought to pity this class of beings, for they are docile and obedient, and, indeed, their offensiveness comes less of any self-willed viciousness, than of a subjection to certain established regulations, and to the will of those whom they choose to consider as placed in authority over them; and yet it is from this last and amiable weakness that they become the curse of all who frequent the same path with them. They create an army of mercenaries nominally to serve them, actually to order them about, and the host thus established carries its tyranny beyond those

who have sanctioned and established the institution, inflicting no end of torment on the simple wanderer, who desires to have his own way on the face of the wide world.

Nor is this all. As ‘The British Tourist’ must have a lord and master to rule over him, he sometimes selects an unconscious member of the independent vagabond tribe for that office. He who does so is converted into a bore, and a bore of so terrible a kind, that all others are in comparison with him mere sucking pigs. He attaches himself to you as firmly and ineradicably as the old man of the sea. Where thou goest he goes, and thy people shall be his people. His trust in you is awfully absolute. Perhaps you expect to get rid of him by a dangerous and fatiguing ramble on the mountains. The only result of this is, that you find yourself in some remote place with a disabled man on your hands, and have to rush for assistance if you would not have the crime of murder on your conscience. Hints and even remonstrances are quite useless in such an emergency. A friend has told me, however, that he did on one occasion succeed in ridding himself of an incubus of this kind. “Here,” said he, “to the right is the road to Callander, that on the left leads to the clachan of Aberfoyle; which do you propose to take?”

“Whichever you please,” is the answer of the docile tormentor.

“Well,” says the other, “suppose you take the road to Callander?”

“With all my heart.”

“In that case,” says the victim, “I shall be under the necessity of bidding you good-bye, for I take the other road.”

The tormentor was thrown into some bewilderment ere he could precisely comprehend the full logicity of the conditions, and in that interval of inaction the

victim escaped. We have instances of desperate runs to escape, but bores are very nimble. You may perhaps have heard of the young peer who was subjected to such an influence, one of the chief forms of torture applied being the *mi-lording* him at every sentence. Determined at any hazard to rid himself of this nuisance, he leaped his horse over a very formidable hedge. The other took the same leap, and when he had recovered breath, said, "O Lord! my lord, what a terrible leap your lordship took!" I was once more frightened than hurt by the apparition of one of these animals. We were in separate trains, just moving gently off from the station in opposite directions. He made a start forward which frightened me, just as an unexpected rush by a tusky boar might, though you have the protection of an intervening gate. What security and peace of mind it was to find that inevitable conditions severed the two, and that in little time there would be a hundred miles between one and the object of his terror!

So all things come to an end, be they bitter or sweet, and an end must come to the holiday ramble in the Alps. I believe there are few who turn their backs on mountain scenery without a sort of mournful pensiveness, however dear may be the voices from the distant home that call them back. I have heard people say that they felt a relief in getting a broader view of the sky by getting into the plain—that the perpetual boundary of mountains created a certain oppressive feeling, like that of a close apartment. But I have always considered such people as very unfortunate in wanting a sense that supplies the mind with very vivid enjoyment. Depend on it, the regretful is the healthy feeling with which mountain-ranges should be left behind.

How different seems Salzburg from one's first approach! Then it

was the gate to the mountain-ranges, seen rising over each other's shoulders, with all their deep green forests and white snows; now the place seems to be bowing you out into the cold plain. I have elsewhere noticed how like the castle is to that of Edinburgh. Suppose we ascend to it, the top will afford us a fine farewell panoramic view of the mountains, and the building itself seems interesting. That great square frowning mass, which seems to be the medieval keep, those picturesque clusters of minor flanking towers, the bastions and batteries which represent the more formidable resources of later warfare, what do they turn out to be on close inspection? A set of frail thin tottering walls of brick, or lath-and-plaster, wooden stairs, rickety and rotten—the whole a pretence. To apply such an unwholesome and perilous-looking group of buildings to warlike use would be the wildest of absurdities. The whole looks as if the discharge of a gun from within it would bring it down like a house of cards.

A like account of itself would be furnished by many a frowning mass on the Rhine and elsewhere on close questioning. It is decidedly distance that lends enchantment to the view of them, and it is well to keep that distance. In Hanover, Saxony, and other parts of Northern Germany, we may generally take for granted that the castles are modern, and worthless as objects of archæological interest. Many of those on the Rhine and the Danube, however, within the boundaries of the old Roman Empire, are extremely ancient. They present fine types of the rounded architecture now generally called Norman, and in some of them there are bits of work of so early a date as to appear to belong to the Renaissance period, from the classic features that in them have lingered until overtaken by the earliest

Gothic. The Castle of Wartburg, where Luther found a prison and a sanctuary, is said by Murray to be "by no means a picturesque castle;" yet it has some beautiful pieces of Norman work. There is a growing taste for distinctness and accuracy in dealing with architectural details; and it would be well that the guide-books and other works of reference should assist in the good work. In Scotland there is much spurious antiquity to be cleared away from several famous castles. Inverlochy, carried back to the ages beyond Macbeth, should be compelled to pair off with the fabulous kings whose portraits hang in Holyrood; it is a mere shell, built probably in the seventeenth century, after the form of an old baronial castle. Kilchurn is a mere country-house of the same period, but it is carried back to the Crusades; and to help such inventions a circular staircase does duty as a round tower, and the drawing-room windows, broken half-way down, serve as battlements. On a special occasion I had been tempted to go to see the Bastle House, or Tower of Darnick, near

Melrose, spoken of as a specimen of the ancient border keep. I found it to be a pavilion or garden-house, probably not a hundred years old.

Be they ancient or modern, the many feudal towers will not reconcile the eye to those banks of Rhine after the glories left behind. How paltry, and impoverished, and dirty, all things about "the picturesque ditch," as some one aptly termed it, appear! The very pretentiousness of the banks in affecting to be rocky and precipitous is an offence, aggravated by the hard unpicturesqueness of the vineyard terraces and the dirtiness of the stream. It is better to get fairly into the green Dutch polders under the sea-level, or the dreary sands of Prussia. But, as in other instances of affliction, consolation for the beautiful vision lost to the eye is found not in solitary nature but in towered cities and the busy haunts of men. The railway system, by a greater divisibility of distances, gives more scope for varying one's route, and we may travel as it were the same road over and over, making it new each time.

CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION has been said to be one of the lost arts—an assertion for which Talleyrand has been made responsible. Remembering as he did the brilliant salons of France in earlier days, he might be allowed to bewail the degeneracy of a duller generation. The sarcasm may be partly true. Yet we must not forget how common it is, even for those who have little of the great Frenchman's ability, to extol the glories of the days gone by, when, intellectually if not physically, there were giants in the land.

Undoubtedly in these modern days the art of conversation has some peculiar difficulties. We are all too busy, one way or the other—the movement of life, whether with or without an object, is too rapid—to allow us to spend as much time in talk as is required to perfect the accomplishment. People meet to eat and drink, to dance, to flirt, to act comedies or dress for *tableaux*, to play croquet, but not for conversation. Such talk as there is, we do rapidly, with as little expense of thought or of words as may be. It seems to be admitted generally that talk is an effort, which a busy person cannot be expected to make without an adequate motive, and which an idle person cannot be expected to make at all. Long words are abbreviated, as too troublesome to pronounce. Short recognised formulas, and handy condensed phrases, are made to serve, with very little variation, to express such few ideas as it is considered absolutely necessary to communicate; and the desired piquancy is sought in fashionable slang. Then, again, we all read a great deal more than our forefathers did, and therefore seem to have less need of talk as an intellectual exercise. We pay people to talk for us, in fact, just as the Ori-

entals prefer hiring dancers to going through the exertion themselves. It is true that such trash as is commonly written and read is a very poor substitute in this respect for even the most ordinary conversation; for surely no real talk that ever was talked can come up to the inanity of dialogue and sentiment which fill the pages of three-fourths of our modern novels. Still, these do form the staple of mental entertainment to an unfortunately large number of people; and they seem quite content with their fare. To be sure, the talk of such persons can be no loss to society under any circumstances; and it may be better that they should exercise themselves within the pages of their green and yellow favourites than inflict their tediousness upon others. The purchase of a worthless volume at a railway stall may be very far from helping to improve the mind of the purchaser, but it may contribute very materially to the comfort of his fellow-passengers.

Some transcendental thinkers have imagined that all talk is at best a weakness. Mr Carlyle's contempt for it is well known. He looks upon it for the most part as "sinful waste;" but such an opinion might be expected from the cynical philosophy which holds mankind to be "mostly fools." Others besides him have suggested that, inasmuch as speech must have been originally invented to express our wants, and even the existence of a want of any kind implies a state of imperfection, all articulate utterances are in fact nothing better than developments of the natural cry of an animal for food, and therefore really connected with our lower being. There is a passage in a letter of Frederick Robertson's (of Brighton) which is not without some truth and beauty, as indeed few of his recorded thoughts are.

He suggests that the most perfect communion between two friends may be when they sit silent together, and "hour after hour passes, each taking it for granted that all which he desires to say is understood." He goes on as follows:—

"If we had perfect fulness of all things—the entire beatitude of being without a want—should we not lapse into the silence of heaven itself? All the utterances of man, his music, his poetry, are but the results of a loneliness which coarser and blunter spirits had been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough not to feel, and which compelled them to articulate expressions, in moans or cries of happiness, as the case may be." *

All conversation, according to this theory, must be between dissatisfied people; just as it has been said that all the great works in this world are done by discontented men. If none of us wanted anything, and we were all contented with things exactly as they are, we should say nothing and do nothing. It is almost needless to add by way of illustration, that Mr Robertson was, as Mr Carlyle is, a fluent and excellent talker, and that both might claim a fair share of that grand discontent which is said to be the heritage of genius.

The Orientals retain something of this idea, that all talk for mere talking's sake is inconsistent with the dignity of man. The old Persian rule was, that every man should sit silent until he had something to say that was worth hearing. The social code in English or French society would enjoin almost the very opposite—that it would be better to say almost anything than not to talk at all. The most desperate plunge into nonsense, boldly made, is welcomed if it does but break one of those embarrassing pauses which we abhor as nature is said to do a vacuum. A silent member has his value in the House of Commons, but he is

at a discount in any other society; he seems hardly to come up to the old Homeric definition of his kind,—to belong to the race of "articulate-speaking men." It may be that this demand for talk at all hazards has helped to demoralise conversation; that the finer quality is no longer encouraged or appreciated, and therefore seldom produced; just as in the parallel case, the overwhelming influx of printed trash has made the cultivation of a true literary taste hopeless in the majority of readers.

It may be shrewdly suspected that, after all, the vaunted excellence of the conversation of older days has been considerably overrated. It has been asserted of our modern Parliamentary eloquence that it does not come up to the great powers of Fox and Sheridan. We have no Hansard of those days to refer to; but we know enough to feel sure that the popular reports of such things are never to be much depended upon. If Dr Johnson could be accommodated under the gallery of the present House of Commons on the night of some great debate, he might have no occasion to complain of the degeneracy of real eloquence amongst our legislators, though he might miss some of the stately periods in which he thought proper to dress the speeches of his own younger days. So also we may venture to demur, on some points, to the eulogies which have been passed upon the talk which prevailed in the drawing-rooms of our great-grandmothers. If it was high art, it was certainly not the highest; for the art seems to have been nearly always patent—anything less like nature it is not possible to conceive. Elaborate and fulsome compliment, childish badinage, *double entendre* and profanity, made up a great part of it. Impromptus which had been carefully studied, remarks which passed for naïveté, but which

* Life, vol. i. p. 272.

were really consummate artifice, clever blasphemy, and the grossest thoughts veiled in the politest clothing—this is what we find the tone of good society a hundred years ago, what we are told we are to regret, and what, in those of its features which are most easily copied, it is said that in some circles there is a tendency to reproduce.

Such conversation as was not indebted for its piquancy to some of the ingredients above named, and which affected a higher intellectual range, must sometimes have been boring both to talkers and to listeners. It would certainly be so now, if we gather a fair idea of it from such notices as survive. People made believe to enjoy it, no doubt, as they do with many fashions of the present day; but they must sometimes have had to “make believe very hard.” When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first met with the man who, as they were both aware, was meant to be her future husband, they talked together, of all things in the world, about “the Roman heroes.” Mr Montagu mentioned some classical author, and she regretted that she had never read his works. The conversation of modern fashionable lovers would probably not make a very lively or instructive chronicle; but at least it can hardly be less natural than this. So in the days of that world-renowned circle of *Précieuses*, who met at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and who have the credit of having reformed and polished the French language itself, we are told that they talked classics, discussed the private life of the Romans, and composed and read aloud for each other’s edification sonnets and epigrams. At those Saturdays of Mademoiselle de Scudéri, where so much of what held itself to be the wit and intellect of the day met for the purpose of showing what clever talk could be, the notion was much the same. Does one wonder that after such an evening a French wit of

the day seized his companion’s arm as they withdrew, and said, “For heaven’s sake, my friend, come and let us talk a little bad grammar!” or that Talleyrand, fresh from the *Bureaux d’esprit* (as they were called) of a later generation, in spite of his admiration for his fair countrywomen’s fine talk, should have said that “he found nonsense singularly refreshing”? We are told of one of the Scudéri evenings in particular, which was styled “La Journée des Madrigaux,” when the hostess and all her party set to work to compose verses—which of course were to be full of point and liveliness, and which were the subject of mutual praise and admiration. The spirit of the hour extended itself even to the kitchen, and squires of the chamber, footmen, and ladies’ maids caught the poetic fury, and disported themselves with this literary “High Life below Stairs.” Collectors of literary curiosities have reason to regret that no copies of this genuine domestic poetry have been preserved. But such performances as these are not conversation in any sense; rather, they show that in the case of those who have recourse to them, either the powers or the charms of conversation are insufficient. Modern attempts of the same kind have been made even in English society. The Della Crusca Academy and the Blue Stocking Club are well known, and had their day of popularity, though we remember them now only to laugh at their pretensions. If we may estimate the quality of their talk by the samples of their written compositions which have survived, it must have been poor enough. The tales and poetry of the ‘Florence Miscellany,’ for instance, which the amateur authors mutually praised and admired, would hardly be admitted now into the pages of a school magazine. The same kind of thing has been revived continually from time to time, and goes on still under various designations.

It befell the present writer, on one occasion, to be introduced in the character of a visitor to one of the evening meetings of a very exclusive and mysterious body, whom (not to be too personal) may here be called the Literary Rosicrucians. A subject was given out some fortnight beforehand for treatment: and on this theme every member, lady or gentleman—happily the tax was not exacted from visitors—was expected to contribute either a short tale, a poem, or an original sketch in pencil or colours. The latter productions were laid on the tables at the monthly *soirée* of the club, and examined, with a criticism more or less friendly, by the assembled members. The artists were supposed to be unknown, and so had the advantage of listening, if they pleased, under this conventional incognito, to the opinions expressed. The literary contributions (also anonymous) were collected in some way by the secretary of the evening, and by him read aloud in succession. This was the trying scene in the evening's performances. Some, of course, were intended to be grave, and some to be humorous; but it was not always easy to distinguish, at least until the reader (a bad one of course) came to an end, which was which. And, as a rule, the production which was most clearly meant to be facetious was exactly that at which it was impossible to laugh, while the pathetic pieces were those during which it was most difficult to maintain one's gravity. A mere outsider had naturally that kind of excuse for preserving an impassive demeanour throughout, which was pleaded by the solitary hearer who remained unmoved during a sermon which threw all the rest of the congregation into tears—that he “belonged to another parish.” But for one of the sacred band, who felt that he might be sitting next to the author of the hour, and yet was unable either to laugh or cry in the proper places—or for the authors them-

selves—the situation did not appear a pleasant one. If *Mademoiselle de Scudéri* or *Mrs Montagu's* evenings were at all like this, we need hardly regret that we did not live in that *Arcadia*. The thing ended with a supper, which was decidedly more artistic than any other part of the entertainment (the kitchen, fortunately, not having caught the literary infection in this case), and which appeared to bring great relief and refreshment to many of the initiated, as well as to the profane guest who had been for once admitted to their mysteries.

Much complaint has been made of the conversation of men of acknowledged literary powers. Authors are accused of proving, in ordinary society, either positively dull, or unworthily frivolous. Probably instances enough might be brought forward in support of the accusation. The faculty of expressing ideas clearly and pleasantly upon paper, when the writer can take his own time for thought and correction, is not always found in conjunction with that snap-shot readiness which hits its mark instinctively, and with fair accuracy, at the moment. There may be here and there an author of whom it might be said, as of Goldsmith, that

“He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.”

On the other hand, we must consider from what quarters the charge comes. In answer to the cynical proverb that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, it was observed with much fairness that the fault might quite as likely be the valet's as the hero's. So, before we set down genius as a dull companion, we must consider what we have a right to expect from it in that character. The child who is shown the Queen will be terribly disappointed to see a lady plainly dressed in black; the young imagination misses the crown, the orb, and the sceptre. There are unreasonable people, no doubt, who

expect to have an author always put on his war-paint, and talk in character, as it were: as Mrs Siddons terrified the footboy by asking in her deepest tragedy tones for "beer." Lord Macaulay probably never delivered orally a supplementary chapter of the History of England after dinner, and would have been extremely tiresome if he had. Mr Dickens would most likely object to doing a little Pickwick in a conversational form. Many writers who contribute, in their proper place, to the entertainment of the public, might very fairly shrink, out of natural dignity and delicacy, from anything like showing off in the ordinary intercourse of society. The conversation of clever people, whether their powers have ever been tested in print or not, is likely to be more or less interesting to clever people; it does not always follow that they should be appreciated by stupid ones. One may have heard the sneer that they keep their good things for their books. In a very limited sense, and by no means the sense intended, this may be true. Most literary performances which are worth anything are the result of considerably more thought and pains, and go through a longer process of mental correction and revision, than careless readers are inclined to believe. The two hundred lines an hour which Lucilius wrote standing on one foot were, in all probability, what might be expected—very lame affairs. Much which passes for rather brilliant conversation when we hear it, or take part in it, might have a very different effect if we had to read a proof-sheet of it. It is extremely probable that an author's best things *will* be found in his book rather than in his conversation. Miss Austen in past days, Mr Lever and Mr Trollope in the present, contrive to make their characters talk very cleverly indeed. Does any one suppose that they had nothing more to do than to

sit down and take notes of what their clever friends said in actual life?

Books have been written on what their writers are pleased to call "The Art of Conversation." But whether it is an art at all, in the sense of being subject to any rules, or attainable by any discipline of teaching, is much more than doubtful. In the same way there was supposed to be an art of poetry; the aspirant was to be fitted out with a dictionary of synonymes, and another of rhymes, and, by their help, was to turn out unexceptionable verse. Judging from what has before now been printed as poetry, this creed must have found its proselytes. But the instances are probably rare in which talk has formed any subject of study, whether such an addition to our social education would be an improvement or not. Some of the best talkers, according to their lights, will be found among the uneducated classes, by any one who will be at the pains to draw them out. The power of telling a story well, with all due embellishment of tone and gesture—including such a disguise of the plain prosaic truth as all good story-tellers have a licence for—belongs to some of this class in perfection. Shrewd remarks upon things and persons, founded very often upon a nice discrimination of character; satire, keen if not refined; often very delicate flattery (if flattery be not too harsh a word for what is much more like real good-breeding than the smiling insincerities of higher life); and never, under any circumstances, those covert sneers under the mask of politeness, of all social impertinences the most insufferable, which pass too often unrebuked, because to resent them involves almost an equal breach of good manners, and which are the exclusive accomplishments of the gentler sex. If some of the poor had only their Boswells, what amusing volumes might take the place of some of our tedious

modern biographies! But these good talkers in humble life are fast dying out. They exist chiefly among the generation who knew not Her Majesty's School Inspectors—who read the book of life much more readily than their primers, and understood the world within the limits of their own experience none the worse because they never knew which hemisphere they lived in. Learning may have done much for the village young ladies who pass in Standard VI., but at least it has not made them pleasanter to talk to than their grandmothers. Possibly their little knowledge embarrasses them. They are conscious that their natural talk will hardly bear strict grammatical analysis, and they despair, on the other hand, of reaching the exalted style of dialogue which they find in the pages of their favourite penny novelist. The consequence is an awkward affectation, which is anything but an improvement on the rough and ready converse of the more illiterate poor. One cannot help feeling that there is much truth in the quaint protest of a pleasant writer who has little sympathy with modern cultivation—"If we had as many readers as we have books, what a precious dull lot we should be!"

There are one or two popular fallacies on the subject of conversation which, perhaps, help to make it more difficult than it need be. One of these is the outcry against "talking shop." Of course, for any two or three individuals in the company to insist on making the staple of the conversation something which can only interest themselves personally, and on which others are necessarily either uninformed or indifferent, is simple rudeness and ill-breeding. And although the name given to it assumes this to be a kind of *bourgeois* offence in its origin, it is at least as common in what affects to be very good society indeed. The fashionable "shop" with which some people will persist in boring

their neighbours, sometimes with a premeditated malice, because they know that they are speaking in a sort of unknown tongue to those whose habits and interests are quite of a different kind, is a much graver social offence than any commercial or professional discussion could be. It is good, no doubt, for all of us, in the society of others, to throw off for a while the trammels of our working-hours. We should meet, as far as possible, on common ground, and try to recognise a common interest. The more confined and individual our own sphere of action is, the more wholesome it is for ourselves, and the more agreeable for others, that we should at such times step out of its contracted circle into a freer atmosphere. The business man is not to take his business out to dinner with him, nor the physician his patients, nor the parson his parish, nor the officer his regiment, nor the lawyer his briefs. But this rule has its limits. Of all vices which infest conversation, none is more fatal than talking of what we do not understand. Now understanding, in every one's case, is limited; whereas modern society very much affects universal knowledge. The result is that a good deal of nonsense is talked, of a very different kind from the nonsense which Talleyrand enjoyed—the nonsense which passes for sense. The talkers rush in with their opinions, positive and emphatic, upon subjects of the day, which wiser men are at their wits' end to find the true bearings of. Many men who would be worth listening to on some special subject, with which circumstances have made them well acquainted, insist on enlightening you on some point about which they know simply nothing. Sir Walter Scott said that he never failed to get amusement and information of some kind from every person with whom he was accidentally thrown into company. He talked to them about their special

business and occupation ; here at least they were on their own ground, and had something to say which might be worth hearing. Locke had, long before, attributed much of his own extensive information to a habit of the same kind ; he had made it a rule, he said, throughout his life, to talk to all sorts of people on the subjects with which their own business or pursuits had made them most familiar. Very often, in what claims to be refined society, this dread of seeming to "talk shop" is carried to an extreme, and it is thought bad taste to talk of the things which every one knows the speaker must understand. It is the same sort of feeling which sometimes leads a painter to pride himself especially, not on his acknowledged powers in his own line, but upon some trick of indifferent rhyming ; which makes the barrister affect the sportsman, and the scientific man the *flâneur* of fashionable life. We might listen with pleasure to an Indian officer's anecdotes of the Delhi campaign, though the political opinions which he melts down for us from his yesterday's 'Times' or 'Standard' are wearisome in the extreme. Even the Rector's views on the agricultural labour question will commonly be better worth listening to than his criticisms on the pictures in the last Exhibition. If he is but gifted with common observation, he ought to have something original to tell us about a class whom he has special opportunities of becoming acquainted with ; while his judgment in the fine arts is only endurable when we are sure it is second-hand. A courteous and sensible host, who wishes to have all his guests show themselves at their best, never fails to remember and take advantage of their specialities. He does not allow them to flounder long in the stream of general talk, in which that which is really in them may never find an utterance ; but he draws them out upon some

point on which he knows they have something to say, and the courtesy finds its own reward in the transformation of a dull and silent guest into a pleased and animated talker. To do this well, the master of the house should be himself, as they say the complete barrister should be, well armed at all points of knowledge : or it may chance that he comes to some grief himself in the laudable endeavour to lead the conversation. And since we cannot always expect to find in the host of the day these great qualifications—it would be hard indeed for society if none but modern Crichtons were allowed to entertain—it might be well if the company were permitted to elect a leader of conversation, in the same way as the ancients, at their symposia, elected an *arbiter bibendi*. As some struggling aspirants, who hang on with difficulty to the outskirts of high life, submit the list of their guests to some fashionable friend for revision, or even leave the invitations altogether to such more experienced hands ; so those who are conscious that they are more hospitable than brilliant might depute some accomplished friend to direct "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," content themselves to be responsible for the more material entertainment. Awkward blunders result sometimes from the laudable attempt of the master of the house to talk all things to all men. An Oxford tutor, a very sensible man, once invited a party of undergraduates—good fellows enough, but not the reading set in the college. With a praiseworthy desire to suit his talk to his guests, he took up the papers of the day, and looked at the names and position of the favourites for the Derby, to be run next day. Among them was one rejoicing in the name of "Ugly Buck"—why so called is best known to his breeder and owner. The tutor had just been reading Hans Andersen's charming fable

of the Ugly Duck, which was much more in the line of his own taste than race-horses. To break a pause rather longer than usual, he turned to a "horsy"-looking youngster who sat next him, and bringing to bear, as he thought, his innocent "cram" of the morning, asked him, in the off-hand tone of one to whom such speculations were familiar, what he thought of the chances of Ugly Duck for the Derby? The boys had too much respect for him to laugh—much; but he felt ever afterwards that it had been safer for him to have started the most abstract literary discussion, or even confined himself to the familiar ground of plucks and passes, at all risks of his talk being considered "shoppy."

Another protest has been raised, chiefly by transcendentalists, against the teller of good stories as one of the natural pests of conversation. De Quincey, among others, has hurled his anathema against him. But Mr De Quincey, like many other clever men, was fond of hearing his own voice; it was disagreeable to him, no doubt, to find the attention of the circle, who ought to have been listening to some of his finer fancies, drawn off by a commonplace anecdote. But the objection is too widely taken. It is not the man who tells a good story well, but he who inflicts on us one which is tedious and pointless, or, still worse, who tells a good story badly, who is the unpardonable offender. Really good story-tellers are few. But, with all respect to Mr De Quincey, they are very valuable contributors to the social circle, and are listened to with perhaps even too flattering attention. The clever raconteur is as popular a character now as in the days when he was the oral novelist of a non-reading audience. Only the conditions of excellence in the art have changed; for us moderns he must be brief, pithy, epigrammatic; whereas for those old winter evenings, when lights and books were

scarce, and readers scarcer, he could hardly be too elaborate and descriptive. The drawback naturally is that they are apt to repeat themselves to the same audience. A good story is a good thing if you have never heard it before. Some will bear being told twice very fairly; but a third and fourth repetition is too much. There is no reason, of course, why a man should not tell the same half-a-dozen times over in different companies; but in very few cases is the narrator's memory accurate enough to remember every individual who was present at the last telling. It would be very desirable if all who are really good story-tellers could endorse some mental memoranda upon each, as preachers are understood to do upon their sermons, to record when and in whose presence it was last delivered. The want of some such safeguard is the real explanation of the reproaches which have fallen upon story-tellers in general of being social bores. The great art here, as in other cases, is to conceal the art, and to let the story come in naturally as an illustration of some particular point in the conversation. And perhaps the worst use to which a story can be put is to bring it out to "cap," as it were, another which has just been told. If the first was anything of a good one, the second will be apt to fall flat: especially as the capability of being amused, in the case of grown-up and grave members of society, will commonly be found very limited indeed. On the other hand, if the first story was poor, and the second is evidently brought out to beat it, the teller is convicted of what is admitted to be bad taste in any company above that of the tap-room—of purposely displaying his own abilities in the way of triumph over others.

Our gay neighbours the French are commonly supposed to be far more ready than ourselves in at least the lighter artillery of talk. Yet, if we may trust a keen obser-

ver among themselves, French society is getting too lazy to do its own talking. Alphonse Karr has laid the scene of the following amusing *jeu d'esprit* in Brussels, but we may be sure that the satire is aimed at the Paris drawing-rooms. It is a burlesque advertisement, the authorship of which he attributes to one of his literary friends :—

“A gentleman who is at present in Brussels, and whose name is Baron Frederick d'A——, has the honour to inform the public that, being endowed with very distinguished conversational talents, reinforced by a course of solid study (a practice becoming more and more rare), and having gathered in his various travels a fund of instructive and interesting observations, he now places his time at the disposal of those gentlemen and ladies who receive at their own houses, as well as of such persons as are tired of finding no one pleasant to converse with.

“Baron F. d'A—— undertakes conversation both abroad and at home. His apartments, open to subscribers twice a-day, are the rendezvous of a select circle (twenty-five francs per month). Three hours of each morning are devoted to a *causerie*, instructive, but at the same time agreeable. Novels, literary and artistic subjects, observations on the manners of the day in which the prevailing tone is a piquancy which has no bitterness, with polished discussions on various subjects, politics being rigidly excluded, form the staple of entertainment for the evenings.

“His terms for conversation parties at the houses of his patrons are at the rate of ten francs the hour. The Baron cannot accept more than three invitations to dinner in the week, at twenty francs. (This does not include the evening party.) The spirit and brilliancy of his conversation is graduated according to the liberality of the entertainment. (Puns and witticisms are the subject of special arrangements.)

“Baron F. d'A. undertakes to supply professional talkers, in correct costume, to keep up and vary the conversation, in cases where his employers do not choose themselves to be at the trouble of replies, observations, or rejoinders. In the same way he can offer them as friends to strangers or to individuals who are but little known in society.” *

The professional diner-out has become a rarer character in England since dinners have been put off to such a very late hour that there is really little time for conversation at all, and the talk, such as it is, is confined to a few remarks made to the neighbours next to whom chance or the providence of the hostess may have placed you. We have almost come to need the caution which the lamented Miss Jenkins of Cranford so earnestly impressed upon her young friend at a morning call—never to start any subject of sufficient interest to risk its over-lasting the ten minutes.

No wonder that, as a rule, women are the best talkers. There is no need to account for the fact by the uncourteous explanation that they have most of the small change, while men hold the weightier and more valuable coinage. The truth is, we can most of us talk, if we are pleased ourselves, and sure of a pleased and sympathising audience. Now of this a woman is always sure, more or less : if she be a beautiful woman, only too sure ; and hence arises a great deal of that silliness in conversation which is so commonly laid to the charge of the fair speakers, but of which the fault, in nine cases out of ten, rests with the listener. If you will have a woman open her lips at all hazards, you have no right to complain if that which they pour out is what Solomon expected ; it is unreasonable to demand a succession of wise parables or sparkling epigrams. But the commonest chivalry and courtesy make men listen patiently, if not deferentially, to anything which a woman is pleased to say ; and if she be personally attractive, this endurance is almost limitless. It is not only that the listener finds

“The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books ;”

but the veriest nonsense, interpret-

* ‘Les Guêpes,’ iv. p. 41.

ed by the light of those looks, passes for wisdom. As was said in a different sense of Jeremy Taylor—"From her lips all truth comes mended;" which is very well, so far; but not so well, when what is very far from truth comes in such pretty disguise that it is admired and welcomed. Poor Madame de Staël, famous as she was for the charms of her conversation, found to her mortification that this ceased in great measure to attract when the supplementary charms of youth had deserted her; men failed, she said, to recognise in the woman of fifty the wit which they had so admired in her at twenty-five. There was nothing remarkable in the discovery, whatever there may be in the confession.

There can be no doubt that, as a rule, the readiness of women in conversation is much greater than that of men. The renowned Mrs Poyser, speaking as the advocate of her sex as against those "poor tongue-tied creatures" the men, thanks Providence that "when she has anything to say she can mostly find words to say it in." But in this she surely does the ladies less than common justice. So much as this might be said in behalf of a fair proportion of those whom she regards as the more helpless half of society. It is when they have *nothing* to say that women show their immense superiority in saying it. They can create conversation, which is the great social difficulty. Give a man a subject that he knows anything about, and unless he be really a fool or morbidly reticent, he can talk about it so as to make himself fairly intelligible, and perhaps interesting, to those for whom the subject has any interest. Those who are prophets of verystammering lips indeed, in the general course of social talk, become almost eloquent when their feeling or enthusiasm is excited. Men throw off the slowness and hesitation which cramps all their powers in society,

just as they throw off the physical infirmity of stuttering (which is a well-known fact) under the influence of some awakening theme or some strong sympathy. But the power of conversation in some women, and not always those of remarkable ability, is the very art of making bricks without straw. They will talk to one by the hour about nothing—that is, on no particular subject and with no particular object—and talk coherently and not foolishly, and very pleasantly, all the time. It would be very difficult perhaps for the listener to carry away with him any mental notes of what has been said: he may not be conscious of having gained any new ideas, or of having had his old ones much enlarged; but he will rise and go his way as one does after a light and wholesome meal, sensibly cheered and refreshed, but retaining no troublesome memories of the ingredients which have composed it. Nothing showed the morbid condition of William Hazlitt's mind more remarkably than the confession, from a man of his unquestioned ability, that he "found it difficult to keep up conversation with women." It is very well to call the talk of women trifling and frivolous; if it is pleasant and graceful, it is all that can be desired. Conversation should be the relaxation, not the business, of life; and the moralists who require that it should always be of an "improving" character have no true idea of its proper social uses. Improving! have we not sermons, good books, lectures, institutions, atheneæums, and a complicated educational machinery enough of all kinds to improve us all off the face of the earth, if nature did not oppose a little wholesome duncehood to this sweeping tide of instruction? Must the schoolmaster still follow us into our little holiday? If the "queens of society" will only give us talk which shall be bright with-

out ill-natured sharpness, playful without silliness—if they will show us that affectation, vanity, jealousy, and slander are no necessary ingredients in the social dialogue, but that rather they give an ill savour to the wittiest and the cleverest play of words—if they will remember that good-humour, sympathy, and the wish to please for the sake of giving pleasure will lend a charm to the most commonplace thoughts and expressions,—their conversation will “improve” us, perhaps, quite as much as most popular lectures and some popular sermons. The talk which puts you in good-humour with yourself and with your neighbours is not wholly profitless. If it has but made half an hour pass pleasantly which with a less agreeable companion would have been spent in gloomy silence, broken by spasmodic efforts, resulting in disgust at your own and his or her stupidity, it will have effected one of the ends for which speech was given us. To be always seeking to make conversation profitable is to take a very commercial view of the transaction, of which none but a true Briton could be capable. The poet’s graceful warning against utilitarianism was not altogether unneeded for the men of his generation :—

“ Oh ! to what uses shall we put
The wild weed-flower that simply
blows ?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose ? ”

Voice and manner have much to do with the qualifications of a pleasant talker. And here of course the ladies beat us easily. It was this that lent the irresistible charm, which all his listeners acknowledged, to the conversation of Chateaubriand. It is really not so much what is said, as how it is said, that makes the difference between the talkers of society. In public discussions, in Parliament or elsewhere, though the graces of voice and manner are valuable adjuncts

to the speaker, especially in the opening of his career, he soon commands the attention of his audience, in spite of personal defects in these particulars, when it is once found that he can speak to the purpose. But all the good sense and ability in the world will not make up, in society, for a hesitating and embarrassed manner, or even for a very disagreeable voice. We may be conscious that the man has plenty to say, but we receive no pleasure from his talk.

Women have also nearly always the good taste to avoid those harangues and declamations which are really only gross interruptions of personal egotism upon the general entertainment. These are not the faults into which women are naturally tempted ; they are conscious that their forte rather lies in touching a subject lightly and letting it go. But they are the pitfalls into which even sensible men continually stumble, when warmed by some favourite subject. If indulged in, they make the speaker, however well-informed in matter and felicitous in expression, an intolerable nuisance anywhere but on a platform ; and public meetings have a good deal to answer for, inasmuch as they encourage a taste for these solo performances. No one who wishes that conversation should be pleasant to his neighbours as well as himself, should speak more than two or three sentences at once. However much he may have to say, it will be all the more agreeably said for giving others the opportunity of assenting, illustrating, qualifying, or even contradicting. The ball needs to be returned by the opposite player to make a lively game. It is given to very few to keep a circle of hearers charmed by a continuous monologue, as Coleridge could for an hour together ; and even he was very often complained of, outside the immediate circle of his clients and worshippers, as a monopolist of the common

rights of speech. His was not really conversation at all; it was, as De Quincey says, not *colloquium*, but *alloquium*. No wonder that one of his most loyal disciples tells us that "there were some whom he tired, and some whom he sent to sleep." That Ancient Mariner, who held the wedding guest fascinated by "his glittering eye" while he told the long story of his sufferings, would have been intolerable in real life even at a wedding breakfast, where talk is notoriously scarce and difficult.

But far more objectionable than calm monologue is the dogmatical talker. In the former case, so long as the stream flows smoothly and melodiously, the listener can at the worst take refuge in a dreamy repose. But the speaker who insists on continually laying down the law not only wearies but irritates. Well-bred persons of any social experience decline to answer him; and he probably stirs up at last some impetuous novice who falls an easy prey to his arms, and so encourages him the more in his self-sufficiency. Johnson must have been largely indebted both to the forbearance of one class and the folly of the other for his conversational triumphs. It was not only Boswell who set himself up continually as a nine-pin to be bowled over. Others made themselves victims unwillingly, after a rash and impotent struggle, as he did willingly. Fox and Gibbon are said to have been silent in his presence. It does not necessarily imply any inferiority on their parts in real conversational ability. They may have felt that their self-respect would not allow them either to battle with him in his own style, and thus draw upon themselves some of his rude and violent rejoinders—to be knocked down, as Goldsmith said, with the butt of his pistol, after his shot had missed—or to appear to yield to him a victory which was not fairly won. Any one who will be at the pains to

listen impartially to a social discussion will find that it is by no means always that truth and good sense, or even real ability, remain masters of the field. These only too often give way to a loud voice, a confident manner, and reckless assertion. It is often not worth while to put down a noisy pretender at the risk of an interminable argument (for such opponents seldom know when they are beaten), or of some disturbance to the social good-humour of the company. A gentleman may have other reasons for not engaging in a street fight than because he is afraid of a man's fists. Yet it is unfortunate that mere hardihood should have in this, as in other cases, even an apparent social triumph. It is here that the conversational "arbiter," who has been already suggested, might reasonably step in, like Queen Elizabeth at the old University disputations, and bid the noisy and illogical disputant hold his peace.

Yet, after all, the art of listening is at least as important as the art of talking. Not to press the truism, that without listeners of some kind talk becomes either a Babel or a soliloquy, without an intelligent listener the best talker is at sea. Good listening is quite as popular a social quality as good talking. It is a mistake to conclude rashly that it is easier. A fool never listens, unless you put a direct question, or tell him the last current piece of gossip or scandal. Brissot left it on record of Benjamin Franklin, as one secret of his power, that he had the art of listening. "Il écoutait—entendez-vous, lecteur? Et pourquoi ne nous a-t-il pas laissé quelques idées sur l'art d'écouter?" It is a treatise which yet remains to be written. The art leaves too little room for brilliancy of display to induce many to study it. But other statesmen besides Franklin have practised it with success, and it is invaluable to all who are set in authority. In ordinary society perhaps

nothing will so soon embarrass, and finally shut up, the empty talker, supposing him to have any brains at all, as to catch the eye of an intelligent listener. There is often a more mortifying conviction of his own incapacity forced upon such a person by the marked and pregnant silence of one who has evidently taken in every word that he has been saying, and from whom, in the natural course of things, he looks for a reply, than by the most emphatic contradiction. If, as we are so often told, "speech is silvern, but silence is golden," in this case it may be said that, while speech might chastise him with whips, silence stings him with scorpions. The probability is, that he will flounder on with some attempt either of reiteration, explanation, or qualification, which, in the face of that attentive and merciless silence, plunges him into irretrievable confusion. You may choke off the most inveterate teller of long stories by listening with an eager interest all through, and preserving a look of expectation after he has finished, as if still waiting for "the point."

Not less than its polemical value in argument, is the social value of listening as an accomplishment. It is a somewhat humbling consideration, but it may be taken as undoubtedly true, that for one person in the company who wishes to listen to us (always excepting very young ladies and very deaf people), there are three who prefer that we should listen to them. Good listening, be it remembered, does not imply merely sitting still and holding one's tongue. It means attention—involving a certain amount of complimentary deference, and a skilful use of appreciative gestures and interjections. The favourable estimate which will be formed of the listener's own judgment, taste, and ability, in return for even a moderate exercise of this talent, will be a more than adequate reward.

You may discourse for a whole evening, and impress no single person with any opinion of your powers; but if you can listen judiciously, and with a proper emphasis in your silence, to one or two of the talkers present, you may safely reckon on their testimony in your favour as an intelligent and agreeable man. Of course, the perfect listener should possess largely the power of abstraction. He should be able to devote his visible attention to the veriest prosa to whom he may be allotted as a captive for the time, while he is gathering in the pleasanter sounds which reach his ear from more distant quarters. There is some danger in this to the inexperienced. It incurs the risk of a sad misplacing of the needful interjections. Besides, most people listen with their eyes as well as with their ears. If, while trying to maintain a dialogue with an uninteresting neighbour, they want to catch what is being said on the opposite side of the table, they allow their glances to wander unmistakably to the point of attraction, or try to look out of the corners of them, as a magpie does, in a fashion which neither improves their own personal appearance nor gratifies the party to whom they affect to give their undivided attention. The cleverest compliment in words will fail to propitiate the lady who sits next you, if she discovers that all the time your eyes are, like the fool's, in the ends of the earth. So long as these do their duty, she may construe silence into admiration, and excuse your stupidity to herself on the ground that the charms of her person and conversation may be rather overwhelming to a modest man: but there can be no misinterpreting the fatal evidence of the wandering glances. It is only the really accomplished listener who can devote his eyes and all his visible allegiance where they are legally due, and yet keep his ears open to what he really wants to hear. To do this well requires

something of the quality of mind which can play two games of chess at once. It is a great social triumph to be able, after having done your duty in one quarter, and receiving an honourable dismissal from the bore of the evening, to walk quietly across the room and take up at once the threads of conversation somewhere else, and show a thorough acquaintance with all that has been said there already. It implies the compliment that your interest has been irresistibly drawn in that direction, though duty chained you to the oar elsewhere.

It is a mistake to suppose that the choice of subjects has much to do with the success of conversation. As the devout reader of nature is said to possess the faculty of finding "sermons in stones," so the true social artist finds talk in everything. A writer in a popular journal speaks as if, in London society, the exhibitions and the opera during half the year, and travelling for the other half, formed the necessary topics, and that the great art would be to treat them with sufficient variety. No doubt they are very useful subjects, and in the hands of a good

talker will do just as well as anything else. But the conversational powers which can only discourse upon a theme, are not of the true order. They will be of very little use at those awful moments when the regular stock subjects have been worn to death by more clumsy hands, and a diversion is required.

Some of the most important ingredients in a good talker are mainly physical, when all is said. Lively animal spirits, moderate self-confidence, and a wish to please, will go much farther to make an agreeable, if not a highly accomplished talker, than great abilities or fulness of information. It is because they possess very largely the two first qualifications, that the Irish, the French, and, in a less degree, the Welsh, are more ready in conversation than most Englishmen. And where really clever men fail in the art, it may be often from a morbid dislike to compete in a race which they enter at a disadvantage against the light-weights whose natural vivacity, imperturbable digestion, and happy unconsciousness carry them through to the end.

LINDA TRESSEL.—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

PETER STEINMARC had a cousin in a younger generation than himself, who lived in Nuremberg, and who was named Ludovic Valcarm. The mother of this young man had been Peter's first cousin, and when she died Ludovic had in some sort fallen into the hands of his relative the town-clerk. Ludovic's father was still alive ; but he was a thriftless, aimless man, who had never been of service either to his wife or children, and at this moment no one knew where he was living, or what he was doing. No one knew, unless it was his son Ludovic, who never received much encouragement in Nuremberg to talk about his father. At the present moment, Peter Steinmarc and his cousin, though they had not actually quarrelled, were not on the most friendly terms. As Peter, in his younger days, had been clerk to old Tressel, so had Ludovic been brought up to act as clerk to Peter ; and for three or four years the young man had received some small modicum of salary from the city chest, as a servant in the employment of the city magistrates. But of late Ludovic had left his uncle's office, and had entered the service of certain brewers in Nuremberg, who were more liberal in their views as to wages than were the city magistrates. Peter Steinmarc had thought ill of his cousin for making this change. He had been at the trouble of pointing out to Ludovic how he himself had in former years sat upon the stool in the office in the town-hall, from whence he had been promoted to the arm-chair ; and had almost taken upon himself to promise that the good fortune of Ludovic should be as great as his own, if only Ludovic for the present would be content with the stool. But young Val-

carm, who by this time was four-and-twenty, told his cousin very freely that the stool in the town-hall suited him no longer, and that he liked neither the work nor the wages. Indeed, he went further than this, and told his kinsman that he liked the society of the office as little as he did either the wages or the work. It may naturally be supposed that this was not said till there had been some unpleasant words spoken by the town-clerk to his assistant,—till the authority of the elder had been somewhat stretched over the head of the young man ; but it may be supposed also that when such words had once been spoken, Peter Steinmarc did not again press Ludovic Valcarm to sit upon the official stool.

Ludovic had never lived in the garret of the red house as Peter himself had done. When the suggestion that he should do so had some years since been made to Madame Staubach, that prudent lady, foreseeing that Linda would soon become a young woman, had been unwilling to sanction the arrangement. Ludovic, therefore, had housed himself elsewhere, and had been free of the authority of the town-clerk when away from his office. But he had been often in his cousin's rooms, and there had grown up some acquaintance between him and aunt Charlotte and Linda. It had been very slight ;—so thought aunt Charlotte. It had been as slight as her precautions could make it. But Ludovic, nevertheless, had spoken such words to Linda that Linda had been unable to answer him ; and though Madame Staubach was altogether ignorant that such iniquity had been perpetrated, Peter Steinmarc had shrewdly guessed the truth.

Rumours of a very ill sort had

reached the red house respecting Ludovic Valcarm. When Linda had interrogated Tetchen as to the nature of the things that were said of Ludovic in that conversation between Peter and Madame Staubach which Tetchen had overheard, she had not asked without some cause. She knew that evil things were said of the young man, and that evil words regarding him had been whispered by Peter into her aunt's ears;—that such whisperings had been going on almost ever since the day on which Ludovic had declined to return again to the official stool; and she knew, she thought that she knew, that such whisperings were not altogether undeserved. There was a set of young men in Nuremberg of whom it was said that they had a bad name among their elders,—that they drank spirits instead of beer, that they were up late at nights, that they played cards among themselves, that they were very unfrequent at any house of prayer, that they belonged to some turbulent political society which had, to the grief of all the old burghers, been introduced into Nuremberg from Munich, that they talked of women as women are talked of in Paris and Vienna and other strongholds of iniquity, and that they despised altogether the old habits and modes of life of their forefathers. They were known by their dress. They wore high round hats like chimney-pots,—such as were worn in Paris,—and satin stocks, and tight-fitting costly coats of fine cloth, and long pantaloons, and they carried little canes in their hands, and gave themselves airs, and were very unlike what the young men of Nuremberg used to be. Linda knew their appearance well, and thought that it was not altogether unbecoming. But she knew also,—for she had often been so told,—that they were dangerous men, and she was grieved that Ludovic Valcarm should be among their number.

But now—now that her aunt had spoken to her of that horrid plan in reference to Peter Steinmarc, what would Ludovic Valcarm be to her? Not that he could ever have been anything. She knew that, and had known it from the first, when she had been unable to answer him with the scorn which his words had deserved. How could such a one as she be mated with a man so unsuited to her aunt's tastes, to her own modes of life, as Ludovic Valcarm? And yet she could have wished that it might be otherwise. For a moment once,—perhaps for moments more than once,—there had been ideas that no mission could be more fitting for such a one as she than that of bringing back to the right path such a young man as Ludovic Valcarm. But then,—how to begin to bring a young man back? She knew that she would not be allowed to accept his love; and now,—now that the horrid plan had been proposed to her, any such scheme was more impracticable, more impossible than ever. Ah, how she hated Peter Steinmarc as she thought of all this!

For four or five days after this, not a word was said to Linda by any one on the hated subject. She kept out of Peter Steinmarc's way as well as she could, and made herself busy through the house with an almost frantic energy. She was very good to her aunt, doing every behest that was put upon her, and going through her religious services with a zeal which almost seemed to signify that she liked them. She did not leave the house once except in her aunt's company, and restrained herself even from leaning over the wicket-gate and listening to the voice of Fanny Heisse. There were moments during these days in which she thought that her opposition to her aunt's plan had had the desired effect, and that she was not to be driven mad by the courtship of Peter Steinmarc. Surely five days would not

have elapsed without a word had not the plan been deserted. If that were the case, how good would she be! If that were the case, she would resolve, on her aunt's behalf, to be very scornful to Ludovic Valcarm.

But though she had never gone outside the house without her aunt, though she had never even leaned on the front wicket, yet she had seen Ludovic. It had been no fault of hers that he had spied her from the Ruden Platz, and had kissed his hand to her, and had made a sign to her which she had only half understood,—by which she had thought that he had meant to imply that he would come to her soon. All this came from no fault of hers. She knew that the centre warehouse in the Ruden Platz opposite belonged to the brewers, Säch Brothers, by whom Valcarm was employed. Of course it was necessary that the young man should be among the workmen, who were always moving barrels about before the warehouse, and that he should attend to his employers' business. But he need not have made the sign, or kissed his hand, when he stood hidden from all eyes but hers beneath the low dark archway; nor, for the matter of that, need her eyes have been fixed upon the gateway after she had once perceived that Ludovic was on the Ruden Platz.

What would happen to her if she were to declare boldly that she loved Ludovic Valcarm, and intended to become his wife, and not the wife of old Peter Steinmarc? In the first place, Ludovic had never asked her to be his wife;—but on that head she had almost no doubt at all. Ludovic would ask her quickly enough, she was very sure, if only he received sufficient encouragement. And as far as she understood the law of the country in which she lived, no one could, she thought, prevent her from marrying him. In such case she would have a terrible bat-

tle with her aunt; but her aunt could not lock her up, nor starve her into submission. It would be very dreadful, and no doubt all good people,—all those whom she had been accustomed to regard as good,—would throw her over and point at her as one abandoned. And her aunt's heart would be broken, and the world,—the world as she knew it,—would pretty nearly collapse around her. Nevertheless she could do it. But were she to do so, would it not simply be that she would have allowed the Devil to get the victory, and that she would have given herself for ever and ever, body and soul, to the evil one? And then she made a compact with herself,—a compact which she hoped was not a compact with Satan also. If they on one side would not strive to make her marry Peter Steinmarc, she on the other side would say nothing, not a word, to Ludovic Valcarm.

She soon learned, however, that she had not as yet achieved her object by the few words which she had spoken to her aunt. Those words had been spoken on a Monday. On the evening of the following Saturday she sat with her aunt in their own room downstairs, in the chamber immediately below that occupied by Peter Steinmarc. It was a summer evening in August, and Linda was sitting at the window, with some household needlework in her lap, but engaged rather in watching the warehouse opposite than in sedulous attention to her needle. Her eyes were fixed upon the little doorway, not expecting that any one would be seen there, but full of remembrance of the figure of him who had stood there and had kissed his hand. Her aunt, as was her wont on every Saturday, was leaning over a little table intent on some large book of devotional service, with which she prepared herself for the Sabbath. Close as was her attention now and always to the volume,

she would not on ordinary occasions have allowed Linda's eyes to stray for so long a time across the river without recalling them by some sharp word of reproof; but on this evening she sat and read and said nothing. Either she did not see her niece, so intent was she on her good work, or else, seeing her, she chose, for reasons of her own, to be as one who did not see. Linda was too intent upon her thoughts to remember that she was sinning with the sin of idleness, and would have still gazed across the river had she not heard a heavy footstep in the room above her head, and the fall of a creaking shoe on the stairs, a sound which she knew full well, and stump, bump, dump, Peter Steinmarc was descending from his own apartments to those of his neighbours below him. Then immediately Linda withdrew her eyes from the archway, and began to ply her needle with diligence. And Madame Staubach looked up from her book, and became uneasy on her chair. Linda felt sure that Peter was not going out for an evening stroll, was not in quest of beer and a friendly pipe at the Rothe Ross. He was much given to beer and a friendly pipe at the Rothe Ross; but Linda knew that he would creep down-stairs somewhat softly when his mind was that way given; not so softly but what she would hear his steps and know whither they were wending; but now, from the nature of the sound, she was quite sure that he was not going to the inn which he frequented. She threw a hurried glance round upon her aunt, and was quite sure that her aunt was of the same opinion. When Herr Steinmarc paused for half a minute outside her aunt's door, and then slowly turned the lock, Linda was not a bit surprised; nor was Madame Staubach surprised. She closed her book with dignity, and sat awaiting the address of her neighbour.

"Good evening, ladies," said Peter Steinmarc.

"Good evening, Peter," said Madame Staubach. It was many years now since these people had first known each other, and the town-clerk was always called Peter by his old friend. Linda spoke not a word of answer to her lover's salutation.

"It has been a beautiful summer day," said Peter.

"A lovely day," said Madame Staubach, "through the Lord's favour to us."

"Has the fraulein been out?" asked Peter.

"No; I have not been out," said Linda, almost savagely.

"I will go and leave you together," said Madame Staubach, getting up from her chair.

"No, aunt, no," said Linda. "Don't go away; pray, do not go away."

"It is fitting that I should do so," said Madame Staubach, as with one hand she gently pushed back Linda, who was pressing to the door after her. "You will stay, Linda, and hear what our friend will say; and remember, Linda, that he speaks with my authority and with my heartfelt prayer that he may prevail."

"He will never prevail," said Linda. But neither Madame Staubach nor Peter Steinmarc heard what she said.

Linda had already perceived, perturbed as she was in her mind, that Herr Steinmarc had prepared himself carefully for this interview. He had brought a hat with him into the room, but it was not the hat which had so long been distasteful to her. And he had got on clean bright shoes, as large indeed as the old dirty ones, because Herr Steinmarc was not a man to sacrifice his corns for love; but still shoes that were decidedly intended to be worn only on occasions. And he had changed his ordinary woollen shirt for white linen, and had taken out his new

brown frock-coat which he always wore on those high days in Nuremberg on which the magistrates appeared with their civic collars. But, perhaps, the effect which Linda noted most keenly was the debonaire fashion in which the straggling hairs had been disposed over the bald pate. For a moment or two a stranger might almost have believed that the pate was not bald.

"My dear young friend," began the town-clerk, "your aunt has, I think, spoken to you of my wishes." Linda muttered something, she knew not what. But though her words were not intelligible, her looks were so, and were not of a kind to have been naturally conducive to much hope in the bosom of Herr Steinmarc. "Of course, I can understand, Linda, how much this must have taken you by surprise at first. But that surprise will wear off, and I trust that you may gradually come to regard me as your future husband without—without—without anything like fear, you know, or feelings of that kind." Still she did not speak. "If you become my wife, Linda, I will do my best to make you always happy."

"I shall never become your wife, never—never—never."

"Do not speak so decidedly as that, Linda."

"I must speak decidedly. I do speak decidedly. I can't speak any other way. You know very well, Herr Steinmarc, that you oughtn't to ask me. It is very wrong of you, and very wicked."

"Why is it wrong, Linda? Why is it wicked?"

"If you want to get married, you should marry some one as old as yourself."

"No, Linda, that is not so. It is always thought becoming that the man should be older than the wife."

"But you are three times as old as I am, and that is not becoming." This was cruel on Linda's part, and

her words also were untrue. Linda would be twenty-one at her next birthday, whereas Herr Steinmarc had not yet reached his fifty-second birthday.

Herr Steinmarc was a man who had a temper of his own, and who was a little touchy on the score of age. Linda knew that he was touchy on the score of age, and had exaggerated her statement with the view of causing pain. It was probably some appreciation of this fact which caused Herr Steinmarc to continue his solicitations with more of authority in his voice than he had hitherto used. "I am not three times as old as you, Linda; but, whatever may be my age, your aunt, who has the charge of you, thinks that the marriage is a fitting one. You should remember that you cannot fly in her face without committing a great sin. I offer to you an honest household and a respectable position. As Madame Staubach thinks that you should accept them, you must know that you are wrong to answer me with scorn and ribaldry."

"I have not answered you with ribaldry. It is not ribaldry to say that you are an old man."

"You have answered me with scorn."

"I do scorn you, Herr Steinmarc, when you come to me pretending to make love like a young man, with your Sunday clothes on, and your hair brushed smooth, and your new shoes. I do scorn you. And you may go and tell my aunt that I say so, if you like. And as for being an old man, you are an old man. Old men are very well in their way, I daresay; but they shouldn't go about making love to young women."

Herr Steinmarc had not hoped to succeed on this his first personal venture; but he certainly had not expected to be received after the fashion which Linda had adopted towards him. He had, doubtless, looked very often into Linda's face, and had listened very often to the

tone of her voice ; but he had not understood what her face expressed, nor had he known what compass that voice would reach. Had he been a wise man,—a man wise as to his own future comfort,—he would have abandoned his present attempt after the lessons which he was now learning. But, as has before been said, he had a temper, and he was now angry with Linda. He was roused, and was disposed to make her know that, old as he was, and bald, and forced to wear awkward shoes, and to stump along heavily, still he could force her to become his wife and to minister to his wants. He understood it all. He knew what were his own deficiencies, and was as wide awake as was Linda herself to the natural desires of a young girl. Madame Staubach was, perhaps, equally awake, but she connected these desires directly with the devil. Because it was natural that a young woman should love a young man, therefore, according to the religious theory of Madame Staubach, it was well that a young woman should marry an old man, so that she might then be crushed and made malleable, and susceptible of that teaching which tells us that all suffering in this world is good for us. Now Peter Steinmarc was by no means alive to the truth of such lessons as these. Religion was all very well. It was an outward sign of a respectable life,—of a life in which men are trusted and receive comfortable wages,—and, beyond that, was an innocent occupation for enthusiastic women. But he had no idea that any human being was bound to undergo crushing in this world for his soul's sake. Had he not wished to marry Linda himself, it might be very well that Linda should marry a young man. But now that Linda so openly scorned him, had treated him with such plain-spoken contumely, he thought it would be well that Linda should be crushed. Yes; and he thought also that he might

probably find a means of crushing her.

"I suppose, Miss," he said, after pausing for some moments, "that the meaning of this is that you have got a young lover?"

"I have got no young lover," said Linda; "and if I had, why shouldn't I? What would that be to you?"

"It would be very much to me, if it be the young man I think. Yes, I understand; you blush now. Very well. I shall know now how to manage you;—or your aunt will know."

"I have got no lover," said Linda, in great anger; "and you are a very very wicked old man to say so."

"Then you had better receive me as your future husband. If you will be good and obedient, I will forgive the great unkindness of what you have said to me."

"I have not meant to be unkind, but I cannot have you for my husband. How am I to love you?"

"That will come."

"It will never come."

"Was it not unkind when you said that I was three times as old as you?"

"I did not mean to be unkind." Since the allusion which had been made to some younger lover, from which Linda had gathered that Peter Steinmarc must know something of Ludovic's passion for herself, she had been in part quelled. She was not able now to stand up bravely before her suitor and fight him as she had done at first with all the weapons which she had at her command. The man knew something which it was almost ruinous to her that he should know, something by which, if her aunt knew it, she would be quite ruined. How could it be that Herr Steinmarc should have learned anything of Ludovic's wild love? He had not been in the house,—he had been in the town-hall, sitting in his big official arm-chair,—when Ludovic had stood in the low-

arched doorway and blown a kiss across the river from his hand. And yet he did know it; and knowing it, would of course tell her aunt! "I did not mean to be unkind," she said.

"You were very unkind."

"I beg your pardon then, Herr Steinmarc."

"Will you let me address you, then, as your lover?"

"Oh, no!"

"Because of that young man; is it?"

"Oh, no, no. I have said nothing to the young man—not a word. He is nothing to me. It is not that."

"Linda, I see it all. I understand everything now. Unless you will promise to give him up, and do as your aunt bids you, I must tell your aunt everything."

"There is nothing to tell."

"Linda!"

"I have done nothing. I can't help any young man. He is only over there because of the brewery." She had told all her secret now. "He is nothing to me, Herr Steinmarc, and if you choose to tell aunt Charlotte, you must. I shall tell aunt Charlotte that if she will let me keep out of your way, I will promise to keep out of his. But if you come, then—then—then—I don't know what I may do." After that she escaped, and went away back into the kitchen, while Peter Steinmarc stumped up again to his own room.

"Well, my friend, how has it gone?" said Madame Staubach, entering Peter's chamber, at the door of which she had knocked.

"I have found out the truth," said Peter, solemnly.

"What truth?" Peter shook his head, not despondently so much as in dismay. The thing which he had to tell was so very bad! He felt it so keenly, not on his own account so much as on account of his friend! All that was expressed

by the manner in which Peter shook his head. "What truth have you found out, Peter? Tell me at once," said Madame Staubach.

"She has got a—lover."

"Who? Linda? I do not believe it."

"She has owned it. And such a lover!" Whereupon Peter Steinmarc lifted up both his hands.

"What lover? Who is he? How does she know him, and when has she seen him? I cannot believe it. Linda has never been false to me."

"Her lover is—Ludovic Valcarm."

"Your cousin?"

"My cousin Ludovic—who is a good-for-nothing, a spendthrift, a fellow without a florin, a fellow that plays cards on Sundays."

"And who fears neither God nor Satan," said Madame Staubach. "Peter Steinmarc, I do not believe it. The child can hardly have spoken to him."

"You had better ask her, Madame Staubach." Then with some exaggeration Peter told Linda's aunt all that he did know, and something more than all that Linda had confessed; and before their conversation was over they had both agreed that, let these tidings be true in much or in little, or true not at all, every exertion should be used to force Linda into the proposed marriage with as little delay as possible.

"I overheard him speaking to her out of the street window, when they thought I was out," said the town-clerk in a whisper before he left Madame Staubach. "I had to come back home for the key of the big chest, and they never knew that I had been in the house." This had been one of the occasions on which Linda had been addressed, and had wanted breath to answer the bold young man who had spoken to her.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following morning, being Sunday morning, Linda positively refused to get up at the usual hour, and declared her intention of not going to church. She was, she said, so ill that she could not go to church. Late on the preceding evening Madame Staubach, after she had left Peter Steinmarc, had spoken to Linda of what she had heard, and it was not surprising that Linda should have a headache on the following morning. "Linda," Madame Staubach said, "Peter has told me that Ludovic Valcarm has been—making love to you. Linda, is this true?" Linda had been unable to say that it was not true. Her aunt put the matter to her in a more cunning way than Steinmarc had done, and Linda felt herself unable to deny the charge. "Then let me tell you, that of all the young women of whom I ever heard, you are the most deceitful," continued Madame Staubach.

"Do not say that, aunt Charlotte; pray, do not say that."

"But I do say it. Oh, that it should have come to this between you and me!"

"I have not deceived you. Indeed I have not. I don't want to see Ludovic again; never, if you do not wish it. I haven't said a word to him. Oh, aunt, pray believe me. I have never spoken a word to him;—in the way of what you mean."

"Will you consent to marry Peter Steinmarc?" Linda hesitated a moment before she answered. "Tell me, Miss; will you promise to take Peter Steinmarc as your husband?"

"I cannot promise that, aunt Charlotte."

"Then I will never forgive you,—never. And God will never forgive you. I did not think it possible that my sister's child should have been so false to me."

"I have not been false to you," said Linda through her tears.

"And such a terrible young man, too; one who drinks, and gambles, and is a rebel; one of whom all the world speaks ill; a penniless spendthrift, to whom no decent girl would betroth herself. But, perhaps, you are to be his light-of-love!"

"It is a shame,—a great shame,—for you to say—such things," said Linda, sobbing bitterly. "No, I won't wait, I must go. I would sooner be dead than hear you say such things to me. So I would. I can't help it, if it's wicked. You make me say it." Then Linda escaped from the room, and went up to her bed; and on the next morning she was too ill either to eat her breakfast or to go to church.

Of course she saw nothing of Peter on that morning; but she heard the creaking of his shoes as he went forth after his morning meal, and I fear that her good wishes for his Sunday work did not go with him on that Sabbath morning. Three or four times her aunt was in her room, but to her aunt Linda would say no more than that she was sick and could not leave her bed. Madame Staubach did not renew the revilings which she had poured forth so freely on the preceding evening, partly influenced by Linda's headache, and partly, perhaps, by a statement which had been made to her by Tetchen as to the amount of love-making which had taken place. "Lord bless you, ma'am, in any other house than this it would go for nothing. Over at Jacob Heisse's, among his girls, it wouldn't even have been counted at all,—such a few words as that. Just the compliments of the day, and no more." Tetchen could not have heard it all, or she would hardly have talked of the compliments of the day. When

Ludovic had told Linda that she was the fairest girl in all Nuremberg, and that he never could be happy, not for an hour, unless he might hope to call her his own, even Tetchen, whose notions about young men were not over strict, could not have taken such words as simply meaning the compliments of the day. But there was Linda sick in bed, and this was Sunday morning, and nothing further could be said or done on the instant. And, moreover, such love-making as had taken place did in truth seem to have been perpetrated altogether on the side of the young man. Therefore it was that Madame Staubach spoke with a gentle voice as she prescribed to Linda some pill or potion that might probably be of service, and then went forth to her church.

Madame Staubach's prayers on a Sunday morning were a long affair. She usually left the house a little after ten, and did not return till past two. Soon after she was gone, on the present occasion, Tetchen came up to Linda's room, and expressed her own desire to go to the Frauenkirche,—for Tetchen was a Roman Catholic. "That is, if you mean to get up, Miss, I'll go," said Tetchen. Linda, turning in her bed, thought that her head would be better now that her aunt was gone, and promised that she would get up. In half an hour she was alone in the kitchen down-stairs, and Tetchen had started to the Frauenkirche,—or to whatever other place was more agreeable to her for the occupation of her Sunday morning.

It was by no means an uncommon occurrence that Linda should be left alone in the house on some part of the Sunday, and she would naturally have seated herself with a book at the parlour window as soon as she had completed what little there might be to be done in the kitchen. But on this occasion there came upon her a feeling of desolateness as she thought of her

present condition. Not only was she alone now, but she must be alone for ever. She had no friend left. Her aunt was estranged from her. Peter Steinmarc was her bitterest enemy. And she did not dare even to think of Ludovic Valcarm. She had sauntered now into the parlour, and, as she was telling herself that she did not dare to think of the young man, she looked across the river, and there he was standing on the water's edge.

She retreated back in the room,—so far back that it was impossible that he should see her. She felt quite sure that he had not seen her as yet, for his back had been turned to her during the single moment that she had stood at the window. What should she do now? She was quite certain that he could not see her, as she stood far back in the room, within the gloom of the dark walls. And then there was the river between him and her. So she stood and watched, as one might watch a coming enemy, or a lover who was too bold. There was a little punt or raft moored against the bank just opposite to the gateway of the warehouse, which often lay there, and which, as Linda knew, was used in the affairs of the brewery. Now, as she stood watching him, Ludovic stepped into the punt without unfastening it from the ring, and pushed the loose end of it across the river as far as the shallow bottom would allow him. But still there was a considerable distance between him and the garden of the red house, a distance so great that Linda felt that the water made her safe. But there was a pole in the boat, and Linda saw the young man take up the pole and prepare for a spring, and in a moment he was standing in the narrow garden. As he landed, he flung the pole back into the punt, which remained stranded in the middle of the river. Was ever such a leap seen before? Then she thought how safe she would have been from Peter Stein-

marc, had Peter Steinmarc been in the boat.

What would Ludovic Valcarm do next? He might remain there all day before she would go to him. He was now standing under the front of the centre gable, and was out of Linda's sight. There was a low window close to him where he stood, which opened from the passage that ran through the middle of the house. On the other side of this passage, opposite to the parlour which Madame Staubach occupied, was a large room not now used, and filled with lumber. Linda, as soon as she was aware that Ludovic was in the island, within a few feet of her, and that something must be done, retreated from the parlour back into the kitchen, and, as she went, thoughtfully drew the bolt of the front door. But she had not thought of the low window into the passage, which in these summer days was always opened, nor, if she had thought of it, could she have taken any precaution in that direction. To have attempted to close the window would have been to throw herself into the young man's arms. But there was a bolt inside the kitchen door, and that she drew. Then she stood in the middle of the room listening. Had this been a thief who had come when she was left in charge of the house, is it thus she would have protected her own property and her aunt's? It was no thief. But why should she run from this man whom she knew,—whom she knew and would have trusted had she been left to her own judgment of him? She was no coward. Were she to face the man, she would fear no personal danger from him. He would offer her no insult, and she thought that she could protect herself, even were he to insult her. It was not that that she feared,—but that her aunt should be able to say that she had received her lover in secret on this Sunday morning, when she had pretended that she was too ill to go to church!

She was all ears, and could hear that he was within the house. She had thought of the window the moment that she had barred the kitchen door, and knew that he would be within the house. She could hear him knock at the parlour door, and then enter the parlour. But he did not stay there a moment. Then she heard him at the foot of the stair, and with a low voice he called to her by her name. "Linda, are you there?" But, of course, she did not answer him. It might be that he would fancy that she was not within the house and would retreat. He would hardly intrude into their bedrooms; but it might be that he would go as far as his cousin's apartments. "Linda," he said again,—“Linda, I know that you are in the house.” That wicked Tetchen! It could not be but that Tetchen had been a traitor. He went three or four steps up the stairs, and then, bethinking himself of the locality, came down again and knocked at once at the kitchen door. "Linda," he said, when he found that the door was barred,—“Linda, I know that you are here.”

"Go away," said Linda. "Why have you come here? You know that you should not be here."

"Open the door for one moment, that you may listen to me. Open the door, and I will tell you all. I will go instantly when I have spoken to you, Linda; I will indeed."

Then she opened the door. Why should she be a barred-up prisoner in her own house? What was there that she need fear? She had done nothing that was wrong, and would do nothing wrong. Of course, she would tell her aunt. If the man would force his way into the house, climbing in through an open window, how could she help it? If her aunt chose to misbelieve her, let it be so. There was need now that she should call upon herself for strength. All heaven and earth together should not make her marry Peter Steinmarc. Nor should earth

and the evil one combined make her give herself to a young man after any fashion that should disgrace her mother's memory or her father's name. If her aunt doubted her, the sorrow would be great, but she must bear it. "You have no right here," she said as soon as she was confronted with the young man. "You know that you should not be here. Go away."

"Linda, I love you."

"I don't want your love."

"And now they tell me that my cousin Peter is to be your husband."

"No, no. He will never be my husband."

"You will promise that?"

"He will never be my husband."

"Thanks, dearest; a thousand thanks for that. But your aunt is his friend. Is it not true?"

"Of course she is his friend."

"And would give you to him?"

"I am not hers to give. I am not to be given away at all. I choose to stay as I am. I wish you would go away. You know that you are very wicked to be here; but I believe you want to get me into trouble."

"Oh, Linda!"

"Then go. If you wish me to forgive you, go instantly."

"Say that you love me, and I will be gone at once."

"I will not say it."

"And do you not love me,—a little? Oh, Linda, you are so dear to me!"

"Why do you not go? They tell me evil things of you, and now I believe them. If you were not very wicked you would not come upon me here, in this way, when I am alone, doing all that you possibly can to make me wretched."

"I would give all the world to make you happy."

"I have never believed what they said of you. I always thought that they were ill-natured and prejudiced, and that they spoke falsehoods. But now I shall believe them. Now I know that you are

very wicked. You have no right to stand here. Why do you not go when I bid you?"

"But you forgive me?"

"Yes, if you go now,—at once."

Then he seized her hand and kissed it. "Dearest Linda, remember that I shall always love you; always be thinking of you; always hoping that you will some day love me a little. Now I am gone."

"But which way?" said Linda—"you cannot jump back to the boat. The pole is gone. At the door they will see you from the windows."

"Nobody shall see me. God bless you, Linda." Then he again took her hand, though he did not, on this occasion, succeed in raising it as far as his lips. After that he ran down the passage, and, having glanced each way from the window, in half a minute was again in the garden. Linda, of course, hurried into the parlour, that she might watch him. In another half minute he was down over the little wall, into the river, and in three strides had gained the punt. The water, in truth, on that side was not much over his knees; but Linda thought he must be very wet. Then she looked round, to see if there were any eyes watching him. As far as she could see, there were no eyes.

Linda, when she was alone, was by no means contented with herself; and yet there was a sort of joy at her heart which she could not explain to herself, and of which, being keenly alive to it, she felt in great dread. What could be more wicked, more full of sin, than receiving, on a Sunday morning, a clandestine visit from a young man, and such a young man as Ludovic Valcarm? Her aunt had often spoken to her, with fear and trembling, of the mode of life in which their neighbours opposite lived. The daughters of Jacob Heisse were allowed to dance, and talk, and flirt, and, according to Madame Staubach, were living in fearful

peril. For how much would such a man as Jacob Heisse, who thought of nothing but working hard, in order that his four girls might always have fine dresses,—for how much would he be called upon to answer in the last day? Of what comfort would it be to him then that his girls, in this foolish vain world, had hovered about him, bringing him his pipe and slippers, filling his glass stoup for him, and kissing his forehead as they stood over his easy-chair in the evening? Jacob Heisse and his daughters had ever been used as an example of worldly living by Madame Staubach. But none of Jacob Heisse's girls would ever have done such a thing as this. They flirted, indeed; but then they did it openly, under their father's nose. And Linda had often heard the old man joke with his daughters about their lovers. Could Linda joke with any one touching this visit from Ludovic Valcarm?

And yet there was something in it that was a joy to her,—a joy which she could not define. Since her aunt had been so cruel to her, and since Peter had appeared before her as her suitor, she had told herself that she had no friend. Heretofore she had acknowledged Peter as her friend, in spite of his creaking shoes and objectionable hat. There was old custom in his favour, and he had not been unkind to her as an inmate of the same house with him. Her aunt she had loved dearly; but now her aunt's cruelty was so great that she shuddered as she thought of it. She had felt herself to be friendless. Then this young man had come to her; and though she had said to him all the hard things of which she could think because of his coming, yet—yet—yet she liked him because he had come. Was any other young man in Nuremberg so handsome? Would any other young man have taken that leap, or have gone through the river, that he might speak one word to her, even though he were

to have nothing in return for the word so spoken? He had asked her to love him, and she had refused;—of course she had refused;—of course he had known that she would refuse. She would sooner have died than have told him that she loved him. But she thought she did love him—a little. She did not so love him but what she would give him up,—but what she would swear never to set eyes upon him again, if, as part of such an agreement, she might be set free from Peter Steinmarc's solicitations. That was a matter of course, because, without reference to Peter, she quite acknowledged that she was not free to have a lover of her own choice, without her aunt's consent. To give up Ludovic would be a duty,—a duty which she thought she could perform. But she would not perform it unless as part of a compact. No; let them look to it. If duty was expected from her, let duty be done to her. Then she sat thinking, and as she thought she kissed her own hand where Ludovic had kissed it.

The object of her thoughts was this;—what should she do now, when her aunt came home? Were she at once to tell her aunt all that had occurred, that comparison which she had made between herself and the Heisse girls, so much to her own disfavour, would not be a true comparison. In that case she would have received no clandestine young man. It could not be imputed to her as a fault,—at any rate not imputed by the justice of heaven,—that Ludovic Valcarm had jumped out of a boat and got in at the window. She could put herself right, at any rate, before any just tribunal, simply by telling the story truly and immediately. "Aunt Charlotte, Ludovic Valcarm has been here. He jumped out of a boat and got in at the window, and followed me into the kitchen, and kissed my hand, and swore he loved me, and then he scrambled back through the river.

I couldn't help it;—and now you know all about it." The telling of such a tale as that would, she thought, be the only way of making herself quite right before a just tribunal. But she felt, as she tried the telling of it to herself, that the task would be very difficult. And then her aunt would only half believe her, and would turn the facts, joined, as they would be, with her own unbelief, into additional grounds for urging on this marriage with Peter Steinmarc. How can one plead one's cause justly before a tribunal which is manifestly unjust,—which is determined to do injustice?

Moreover, was she not bound to secrecy? Had not secrecy been implied in that forgiveness which she had promised to Ludovic as the condition of his going? He had accepted the condition and gone. After that, would she not be treacherous to betray him? Why was it that at this moment it seemed to her that treachery to him,—to him who had treated her with such arrogant audacity,—would be of all guilt the most guilty? It was true that she could not put herself right without telling of him; and not to put herself right in this extremity would be to fall into so deep a depth of wrong! But any injury to herself would now be better than treachery to him. Had he not risked much in order that he might speak to her that one word of love? But, for all that, she did not make up her mind for a time. She must be governed by things as they went.

Tetchen came home first, and to Tetchen, Linda was determined that she would say not a word. That Tetchen was in communication with young Valcarm she did not doubt, but she would not tell the servant what had been the result of her wickedness. When Tetchen came in, Linda was in the kitchen, but she went at once into the parlour, and there awaited her aunt. Tetchen had bustled in, in high good-humour, and had at once

gone to work to prepare for the Sunday dinner. "Mr Peter is to dine with you to-day, Linda," she had said; "your aunt thinks there is nothing like making one family of it." Linda had left the kitchen without speaking a word, but she had fully understood the importance of the domestic arrangement which Tetchen had announced. No stranger ever dined at her aunt's table; and certainly her aunt would have asked no guest to do so on a Sunday but one whom she intended to regard as a part of her own household. Peter Steinmarc was to be one of them, and therefore might be allowed to eat his dinner with them even on the Sabbath.

Between two and three her aunt came in, and Peter was with her. As was usual on Sundays, Madame Staubach was very weary, and, till the dinner was served, was unable to do much in the way of talking. Peter went up into his own room to put away his hat and umbrella, and then, if ever, would have been the moment for Linda to have told her story. But she did not tell it then. Her aunt was leaning back in her accustomed chair, with her eyes closed, as was often her wont, and Linda knew that her thoughts were far away, wandering in another world, of which she was ever thinking, living in a dream of bliss with singing angels,—but not all happy, not all sure, because of the danger that must intervene. Linda could not break in, at such a time as this, with her story of the young man and his wild leap from the boat.

And certainly she would not tell her story before Peter Steinmarc. It should go untold to her dying day before she would whisper a word of it in his presence. When they sat round the table, the aunt was very kind in her manner to Linda. She had asked after her headache, as though nothing doubting the fact of the ailment; and when Linda had said that she had been able to rise almost as soon as her aunt had left the house, Ma-

dame Staubach expressed no displeasure. When the dinner was over, Peter was allowed to light his pipe, and Madame Staubach either slept or appeared to sleep. Linda seated herself in the furthest corner of the room, and kept her eyes fixed upon a book. Peter sat and smoked with his eyes closed, and his great big shoes stuck out before him. In this way they remained for an hour. Then Peter got up, and expressed his intention of going out for a stroll in the Nonnen Garten. Now the Nonnen Garten was close to the house,—to be reached by a bridge across the river, not fifty yards from Jacob Heisse's door. Would Linda go with him? But Linda declined.

"You had better, my dear," said Madame Staubach, seeming to wake from her sleep. "The air will do you good."

"Do, Linda," said Peter; and then he intended to be very gracious in what he added. "I will not say a word to tease you, but just take you out, and bring you back again."

"I am sure, it being the Sabbath, he would say nothing of his hopes to-day," said Madame Staubach.

"Not a word," said Peter, lifting up one hand in token of his positive assurance.

But, even so assured, Linda would

not go with him, and the town-clerk went off alone. Now, again, had come the time in which Linda could tell the tale. It must certainly be told now or never. Were she to tell it now she could easily explain why she had been silent so long; but were she not to tell it now, such explanation would ever afterwards be impossible. "Linda, dear, will you read to me," said her aunt. Then Linda took up the great Bible. "Turn to the eighth and ninth chapters of Isaiah, my child." Linda did as she was bidden, and read the two chapters indicated. After that, there was silence for a few minutes, and then the aunt spoke. "Linda, my child."

"Yes, aunt Charlotte."

"I do not think you would willingly be false to me." Then Linda turned away her face, and was silent. "It is not that the offence to me would be great, who am, as we all are, a poor weak misguided creature; but that the sin against the Lord is so great, seeing that He has placed me here as your guide and protector." Linda made no promise in answer to this, but even then she did not tell the tale. How could she have told it at such a moment? But the tale must now go untold for ever!

REYNOLDS AND THE PORTRAIT-PAINTERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

THERE have been in English portrait-painting three great epochs which curiously coincide with three memorable eras in the history of our country. First came Holbein in the critical reign of Henry VIII. : the artist lived to see startling changes in the wives of the palace and the religions of the State ; and with impartial hand he painted the portraits of Henry and his Queens, of Archbishop Cranmer and good Chancellor More. The marked characters of these stirring times still live on the faithful canvasses of Holbein. Next appears, at the interval of about a century, illustrious Vandyke, a painter who seems to have been specially ordained to perpetuate the graces and chronicle the weakness and the suffering of poor Charles I. Vandyke's portraits of the King, of Queen Henrietta Maria, of the Royal children, and of the distinguished men of those calamitous times, were among the brightest ornaments of the exhibition held at South Kensington a year ago. Again, after the lapse of another century, the times are ripe for a revival in the arts, and the third and last distinctive epoch in the annals of portrait-painting culminates in Reynolds. Certainly the glory of the collection of national portraits exhibited at Kensington during the present year centred in the constellation of one hundred and fifty-four works by the painter who remains the pride of our English school. Reynolds was scarcely less fortunate than Holbein and Vandyke in his sitters ; the eighteenth century gave birth to men no less conspicuous for genius, goodness, or administrative talent than the two centuries that had gone before. The reign of George III. was stirring ; it brought England, not to say Europe and the world, to crisis and convulsion, and

called into action heroism in the field, eloquence in the Senate, and those creative powers of reason and imagination which, prone to slumber in tranquil times, are awakened at the approach of danger. And most surely painters were not then permitted to rest idle ; the second half of last century is indeed singularly prolific in portraits. At Kensington were collected from the times of Henry VIII.—the epoch of Holbein—one hundred and three portraits ; from the reign of Charles I.—the epoch of Vandyke—two hundred and sixteen ; while the first forty years alone of the reign of George III.—the epoch of Reynolds—were represented by no less than four hundred and fifty-four portraits ! The increase in the number of artists, who may be said to have constituted the schools of these several periods, is equally remarkable. In the reign of Henry appear ten painters, of Charles twenty-three, and of George III. seventy-three ! Such data give proof of the signal revival which took place in the arts before the close of last century—a revival all the more pleasing to contemplate because mainly independent of foreign aid. Holbein was a German, Vandyke came from Flanders ; indeed, it is a humiliating fact that all the best portraits exhibited at Kensington down to the Georgian era were painted by strangers. But from Hogarth onward galleries tell a different tale ; they show the growth of a native British school ; and henceforth the pictures which attract by their colour, style, and unaffected truth are veritably English. The leading works, the distinguishing traits, and the chief masters, in this the first school we can rightfully call our own, will furnish the subject-matter for the present article.

Downright, plain-spoken Hogarth is the first to bring true English character into a portrait-gallery. All that was academic, historic, ideal, this painter laid aside: works by the old Italian masters, styles which might date back to Raphael in Rome or Phidias in Athens, this native genius not only ignored but ridiculed. His 'Analysis of Beauty' had less claims to philosophy than to common sense: it contains rules sufficient for "The March of the Guards to Finchley;" but artists of the olden times, the painters of "the School of Athens" or of the Sistine ceiling, for example, would have smiled over the tyro's teachings as the mere rudiments of knowledge. Hogarth, however, had this great merit, that he led art back to nature, that he swept away the conventionality of academies, and placed our English school on the sound basis of truth. Hogarth's philosophy, if he had any, is not recondite; it is understood readily in his pictures: "nature," he says, "is simple, plain, and true in all her works;" and in his opinion "those who have seen many things that they cannot well understand, and read many books which they do not fully comprehend, notwithstanding all their parade of knowledge are apt to wander about, perplexing themselves and their readers." The portraits which the other day we had the pleasure of seeing at Kensington find in these words all the interpretation they require at the critic's hand. Hogarth was great as a portrait-painter; even the characters that make merriness within his burlesques are taken from the life. He thought to save himself trouble; he tried to round off figures within his fancy, and turn them loose and alive upon canvass just at the time and spot when wanted, but invention failed him. And so with pencil in hand he walked abroad through the world, and gathered materials from company not always the

choicest. Hogarth was accustomed to make notes of the characters he encountered, hence his fancy pictures are literal as portraits, while, on the other hand, his professed portraits seem to tell of vagrant habits. Once upon a Sunday evening in summer-time he and two boon companions were at Highgate drinking beer in a public-house. There is a row at the bar, and one of the customers receives an awkward blow on the head from the bottom of a quart pot. The opportunity was too good to miss: Hogarth snatches his pencil and sketches the fellow's rueful countenance on the spot. And we confess that while in picture-galleries we look upon the portraits Hogarth painted, we are reminded of the brawls in which he freely mingled; the canvass smells as it were of tobacco and beer! He certainly did not exalt his sitters: he seldom painted a lady after the style of the drawing-room, or a gentleman with the bearing of high society. Hence he failed to attract fashion to his painting-room. His sitters he would satirise, but not flatter; and so, while other portrait-painters were favoured by youth, beauty, and birth, he remained the caricaturist to lash the follies of mankind.

Hogarth, nevertheless, must ever hold rank as a true artist: in his line and within his limits he remains inimitable. It is not our purpose to eulogise Hogarth's sparkling yet withering satires on society, such as the well-known series "Marriage à la Mode," and "The Rake's Progress," which are said to have "had more effect on the manners of the people than the sermons of parish priests." In such compositions the painter was quite at home; his want of academic training here could not be felt: he was English to the backbone, and the sports wherein his pencil revelled may be counted peculiarly national. "It is worth your while," wrote Sherlock to a Frenchman in Paris, "to come to

England were it only to see an election and a cock-match. There is in these scenes a celestial spirit of anarchy and confusion." But we must turn away from such rencontres, wherein our painter showed smart practice, to those plain portraits that engaged his sober moods. And we are bound to say that these straightforward and unflattering limnings of the men and women of the times, when recently brought together at Kensington, told to the honest painter's infinite credit. First let us recall the graphic, we had almost said grotesque, portrait of the artist himself, including the familiar dog, pug-nosed as his master. It is evident that Hogarth showed his own features no more favour than those of his patrons: he seldom indeed painted a face that does not provoke a smile: the Muse of comedy always stood at his elbow. That portrait of old Lord Lovat, who, at the age of eighty, jested when brought to execution on Tower Hill, is in itself almost pantomimic. The character speaks, not in the face only, but through the whole figure; even the tips of the fingers talk—the features, in fact, are in such motion, and so awry, that the two sides of the face do not match or hold together. The whole thing seems too good to be true, and so, like other of the artist's works, carries suspicion of caricature. As regards technical qualities, this head of Lovat is sketchy, even slovenly, yet masterly in command of brush. The aggravation of caricature may also be detected in Hogarth's sketchy and somewhat rude head of Oliver Goldsmith. Another remarkable portrait where salient traits have been pushed rather far, is that of George Hooper, Bishop of Bath and Wells, painted at the age of eighty-three. Here again the head has been drawn with resolute purpose: the execution is bold, broad, and free; and though the picture be a little slight, detail is at any rate suggested by the clever handling of the brush. There is

proof of no ordinary skill and knowledge in the way in which colour, light, and shade are made to model, round, and relieve form. Walpole denied to Hogarth technical merit: we are glad to say that the depreciatory criticisms of that conceited connoisseur are in no way borne out by the careful examination of the artist's manipulation. Merely as a piece of flesh-painting, there are few pictures more exquisite for transparency, more wonderful in sketchy completeness, than the head which falsely bears the name of the murderess Malcolm. Again, there was not a face which won more admiration than that of Miss Rich the actress; the treatment is pre-eminently artistic; the handling, if sketchy and slight, is yet sufficient for its ends; the touch is firm, as it is playful; there is none of that botching or repainting which destroys transparency: in short, the colour as first laid has been left in its purity and freshness. That Hogarth was sound and unsophisticated in the use of materials is proved by the exceptionally good preservation of his pictures; so far he had the advantage of Reynolds.

The reader will now without much difficulty form a just estimate of Hogarth as a portrait-painter. He will not expect to find in the untutored artist academic training; he will not, in the pictures of our English Teniers, look for traits of grand Italian schools; but in compensation he will surely discover uncompromising truth, and, above all, strongly emphasised character.

Reynolds, who, by common consent, ranks as the greatest portrait-painter known to the English school, was, save in earnestness and honesty of purpose, the direct opposite of Hogarth. "There is but one school," cried Hogarth, "and that is kept by nature." Reynolds retorted: "There is but one door of entrance to nature's school, and the key is kept by the old

masters." The two contemporaries were neighbours, but they saw little of each other; indeed, it has been said that everything uttered on one side of Leicester Square was contradicted on the other. Reynolds only once makes mention of Hogarth in his 'Discourses,' and then to deplore the presumption which carried the painter of the "Harlot's Progress" into the encounter of sacred and historic subjects. The fate and fortune of the two artists were indeed widely divided. Hogarth had relinquished portrait-painting, and was driven to gain his bread by etching his own inimitable designs, at the very time when Reynolds had a hundred and fifty sitters in a twelvemonth, and was making six thousand a-year! Hogarth was born a caricaturist. Reynolds early abandoned ridicule and burlesque expressly on the ground that the practice might corrupt his taste, and that it was the first duty of a portrait-painter to chronicle the perfections of his sitters. Hogarth, by his bluntness and roughness, drove patrons from his door. Reynolds, to propitiate favour, mixed the oil of flattery with his discourse as with his colours. Hogarth had a stubborn and dogmatic temper; his disposition was acrid and cantankerous, his genius lacked geniality. The whole man may be counted partial and prejudiced, as satirists are wont to be. Reynolds showed himself before the world in more winning mood; he opened the door of his heart to all comers; he bore a smile on his lips, and his tongue was bland. So wit and talent gathered around his table, and youth, beauty, fashion, rank were eager to gain a seat before his easel. Reynolds played skilfully upon human nature, and owed as much to manners as to genius.

Reynolds, to winning address, added untiring industry. His talents, which to begin with were more than considerable, received every adventitious aid. A journey

to Italy not only gave him ideas, and filled his portfolio with studies of attitude, colour, and effect, which with profit might be transferred to portraits, but made him for ever after an oracle in London society, and gave him big thoughts of Michael Angelo and of the grand historic style, which told amazingly well in the 'Discourses.' Thus the connoisseurs and dilettanti of the day found the painter's studio a pleasant resort, and the artist was enabled, while he transcribed the features, to enlighten the intellects of his sitters. Reynolds, however, no one will deny, had earnest aspirations after noble art and longings for ideal beauty. He desired to form for himself and for the art of his country a style elevated above common nature. To the knowledge of ancient master-works, he sought to unite the study of the living model. He had an eye subtle for colour, a mind highly sensitive, faculties healthy and strong, common sense, habits of method, and sound worldly wisdom. And certainly the pictures painted by Reynolds indicate by their qualities a mind thus justly balanced, by their numbers a hand always hard at work, and by the money they realised a man shrewd in business. Mr Tom Taylor estimates the products of the painter's prolific pencil as considerably above two thousand. Of these not more than one hundred and fifty-four have been seen at Kensington. The percentage on the total may appear small, yet the selection was so far representative and full that the student did not find it difficult to arrive at an accurate estimate of the artist's varying styles and successive manners.

The world seldom has seen a more excellent tribute to talents wisely directed, or a more worthy monument to a life well spent, than in the noble series of portraits painted by Reynolds of the men and women of his times. Perhaps the first thought that struck the mind on

seeing these one hundred and fifty-four works was the painter's catholicity. Reynolds was one of the very few men who never contracted a mannerism. Gainsborough, his rival, can generally be detected by a non-natural touch, by a trick of execution, by a harsh opposition of light and colour. Reynolds, on the contrary, is not so much to be recognised by peculiarities and partial idiosyncrasies, as by a largeness and universality which comprehended nature as a whole. And yet, perhaps, it were too much to claim for the painter a full measure of creative genius. Mr Tom Taylor points out, on the evidence of 'The Italian Note-Books,' that the portrait of Mrs Sheridan as St Cecilia must have been suggested by a certain angel playing on a harpsichord. In like manner, another of the many fancy pictures which won for the artist so much popularity—the graceful and refined portrait of Mrs Crewe as St G  nevi  ve—proves to be an adaptation of a sketch from Guercino. Reynolds, indeed, made little secret of a practice in which Raphael, it may be said, set the example. He borrowed and made the world rich, and no one was the poorer. Whatever credit might accrue for creative originality certainly suffered; but the pictures, as pictures, probably were all the better for the plagiarism. And so the catholicity of Reynolds must be judged accordingly; its source was not so much in creation, as in capacity for reception. The genius of the painter had nothing in common with that of Michael Angelo, to which, by some strange law of contrariety, it clung as a worshipper to an idol. The mind of Reynolds had none of that grandeur of outline which, in Michael Angelo, pierced mountain-like the sky ruggedly; it had more in common with a tranquil lake, that reflects within its depths graceful trees and flowery banks. Reynolds, as we have said, was recipient and reflective; he stood *en rapport* with

nature and the world around; he looked into the minds of his sitters, and the thoughts he saw floating in consciousness he put upon canvass. Hence his catholicity, his spirit of toleration, his amiability, which, like charity itself, thought no evil; hence, too, his infinite variety; hence the power of flattery without insincerity, the capacity for seeing beauty in a face of ugliness.

An artist thus gifted could scarcely fail of popularity and reward. An enumeration of some few portraits will illustrate the foregoing criticisms. "Lady Cathcart and Child," painted soon after the artist's return from Italy, proves how responsive Reynolds was to high influence—how recipient of Italian styles. Lady Cathcart absolutely outvies the long-necked Madonnas of Parmigiano; and the modelling of the Child, a very Hercules for strength of limb, might have confessed to the master-hand of Michael Angelo. Lovely pictures of the Ladies Waldegrave speak in warmest praise of Reynolds. Nothing can be more exquisite for delicacy, grace, and beauty than the picture of Ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave. The grey pearly portrait of their mother, Maria Walpole, is another example of artistic treatment, and of that happy intuition of character which enabled the painter to personify the best thoughts and the most favourable moods of each sitter in succession. Reynolds was a courtier by nature; he could, without violence to his own convictions, appear to be all things to all men—including women likewise. The easy virtue of Kitty Fisher, Nelly O'Brien, and Nancy Parsons offered not the slightest obstacle to the exercise of the painter's universal talent and accommodating art. Mr Tom Taylor tells us that "the Archbishops of York and Canterbury took the chair just vacated by Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien, and Mrs Abington made her saucy curtsy to the painter as

the august Chief-Justice bowed himself in!" With men of the world Reynolds was hail-fellow-well-met; nothing ruffled the equanimity of his temper, or agitated the even tenor of his fair-sailing life; whatever fell out, he but "shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff." The portrait of Wilkes he painted without prejudice; the frailties of Goldsmith he touched tenderly; and while we look at the several heads of Dr Johnson we are asked to forget the dogmatist, and renew faith in the great moralist.

Two years spent by Reynolds in Rome made for the painter an entirely new starting-point. There is scarcely a picture subsequently executed that does not more or less reflect Italian masters and schools. Reynolds himself tells us that he brought to Rome but ill-digested notions of painting; that the arts he had left in England were at the lowest ebb—they "could not indeed be lower." The degradation which had befallen portrait-painting in the interregnum that intervened between Vandyke and Reynolds, was made but too apparent at Kensington. Let us in few words trace the history of the art during the fifty years that preceded Reynolds and his contemporaries. Last century opened while Godfrey Kneller yet led the fashion; and when Reynolds ventured on innovations, he was met by the rebuke, "Ah, Reynolds, this will never answer. Why, you don't paint in the least like Kneller. Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller for painting!"

"Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
That nature seems obedient to thy will!"

Dryden, Pope, Addison, Prior, Tickell, and Steele sounded the praises of the artist, already eaten up by conceit and vainglory. "Painters of history," said Kneller, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." And Kneller

still lives in the fame of his sitters, not by the merit of his art.

Yet masterly, powerful pictures, such as the portraits of the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Middleton, Sir Isaac Newton, the Duchess of Somerset, the Marquess of Wharton, Sir William Wyndham, Sir Joseph Williamson, Sir Richard Steele, Sir John Vanbrugh, Joseph Addison, William Congreve, prove that Kneller could lay resolute grasp on his sitters, that he could treat a head simply and broadly, that he had a bold slashing hand, that he had learnt how to plant a mouth firmly, to give to a nostril decision, and to an eye steadfast outlook. Success, and the blind worship of the world, however, made the artist over self-reliant, and it is but too evident that the multitude of commissions which flocked upon him induced haste and slovenliness in execution. And thus many of the works of Kneller are distressing by reason of woodenness and sign-board conventionality.

It was surely high time that Reynolds should come and make things better. But yet other painters than Kneller stopped the way to progress. Sir James Thornhill, who decorated the cupola of St Paul's with pictures of weak grandiloquence, was almost too big a man for simple portraits; he and his companions, says Allan Cunningham, "never deviated into nature." Jonathan Richardson, who had written a treatise on the dignity of art, which fired the youthful enthusiasm of Reynolds, gave in his portraits some faint signs of a coming revival: his head of Edward Colston, Bristol's honoured philanthropist, is noble. Michael Dahl, the Swede, was, like Kneller, heavy and clumsy: his portrait of bulky Queen Anne is handsome as a piece of furniture. Charles Jervas, an importation from abroad, has the honour of transmitting Jonathan Swift's choice features to posterity. The portrait of Dr Arbuthnot, his best picture, shows careful painting.

Next we come to Allan Ramsay, son of "the Gentle Shepherd," and court painter to George III. : he proves himself a man of sound sense, but without one spark of genius. "There's Ramsay," said Reynolds, "a *very* sensible man, but he is *not* a good painter." Plain sense alone does not make an artist. And turning to our Kensington catalogue, we do not find a single picture by Ramsay marked for superlative praise : against the portrait of Lord Chancellor Hardwick are these words, "conscientious, literal, inartistic!" Flora Macdonald was painted by Ramsay with a brutality of hand that would do credit to an executioner! Ramsay has treated us with an unflattered version of his own features : the portrait shows a plain honest sort of man, incapable, it would appear, of either making great mark or doing much mischief. Lastly remains to be disposed of Thomas Hudson, the master of Reynolds. It has been the fashion to decry this respectable artist, in order to exalt his pupil the more. "His art," says Mr Samuel Redgrave, "was tame and lifeless, representing the very dregs of the old traditions." This sounds rather too severe to be quite just ; the fourteen pictures Mr Redgrave hung at Kensington, prove Hudson to have been at least on a level with his contemporaries. Certainly the portrait of Lady Georgiana Carolina Spencer is not without refinement in treatment and delicacy in flesh-painting. Still even this rapid sketch of the immediate forerunners of Reynolds will serve to indicate that the arts had indeed sunk during the first half of last century down to "the lowest ebb—they could not indeed be lower." "The portrait-painters of those times," continues Reynolds, "have got a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately : the consequence is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings." To repeat an oft-

quoted passage : "I found," says the future President of the Royal Academy, on reaching the Vatican—"I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted. I felt my ignorance and stood abashed. All the undigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England were to be totally done away with and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as a little child." The portrait-gallery at Kensington showed Reynolds as good as his word : he made a clean sweep of wellnigh all that in England he had learnt, and permitted the arts of Italy to impinge on the *tabula rasa* of his mind colours bright and forms beauteous.

Reynolds himself has said, "Kneller, Lely, and Hudson will not do now." "There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of colouring : we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art." The 'Discourses' of Reynolds, designed to teach others, tell at the same time what he himself had to learn. The Italian masters gave to his conversation topic and to his art aspiration. Reynolds talked to his sitters of the grandeur of Michael Angelo, the grace of Guido, the elongated elegance of Parmigiano, the generalisation of the Carracci, the ideal beauty of Raphael, and the golden colour of Titian. He struggled hard for the advance of his art : he endeavoured to make each picture in succession his best : and for this end he applied to portraiture the studies made in Italian galleries. He seems always eager to find excuse for a fancy treatment which may recall him to Rome, to Venice, or his favourite Bologna. Adventurous Sheridan had induced a fascinating singer to share with him love in a cottage. The couple had emerged from the first difficulties of married life into the full glare of the London

season. They shone as dazzling aberrant stars. The lady had a tender sadness in her voice, the coming shadow, it was observed, of early death, and the pathos of her singing penetrated the heart of Reynolds even through his hearing-trumpet. Mrs Linley Sheridan was fond of gathering little children round her knee to sing to them simple songs, and these her pretty enchantments had already won for her the appellation of St Cecilia. Now Sir Joshua happened to have by him an Italian sketch of an angel playing on a harpsichord. The coincidence was fortunate; creation and imagination were dispensed with, and so the subject and even the title came ready to hand of that charming portrait now the property of the Marquess of Lansdowne. Yet Reynolds could steal without robbery: what he took from another he made in the end his own: "though he borrowed a great deal," says Northcote, "he drew largely from himself." His pictures reflect the nature in the midst whereof the painter lived; they were true to the nationality to which he had been born. Even "St Cecilia" looks as if she had been nurtured on English ground. She is not too high or good for daily converse with human nature. There is home and domesticity in the picture. Though Reynolds never reached the seventh heaven, he seldom touched earth's low levels; and if his ideas lacked substance and form to consolidate into great historic works, they had about them just the beauty, fitness, and propriety which serve well in portraiture. The painter's dreams of Italian art, the elevation his mind had contracted in contact with great master-works, rescued, at all events, his portraits from commonplace. Reynolds worked in the wholesome belief that Raphael, Michael Angelo, or Titian might at any time look in upon him in his studio, and approve or condemn what he was about, and hence it natural-

ly happens that the spirit of the great Italian painters shines from out his canvases. The upturned Cleopatra gaze of the Countess of Waldegrave is an inspiration from Guido. Titian must have been present at the painting of Nelly O'Brien. The melting flesh-tints, the silvery tone in the greys, the delicate half-shade in the shadows, the subtle management of white drapery against flesh, scarcely find their equal, save in the "Flora" of the great Venetian. Kitty Fisher, too, as Cleopatra in the act of dropping a pearl into a vase, and still more another portrait of the same frail beauty, both to the last degree delicate, tender, soft, delicious in tone and colour, prove with what success Reynolds sought in Italy the lost art of colouring. "D—n him, how various he is!" exclaimed Gainsborough. Varied, indeed, as were his great originals, no one of whom is ever twice alike—changeable not only in subject, but in treatment and manipulation—ever ready, like Titian, to use the method which served his ends the best—passing from grave to gay, from simple to severe—adopting a manner without mannerism—serving masters without servility,—such, in truth, were Reynolds and his art.

Yet must it be admitted that certain of the highest qualities of Italian art remained for Reynolds, even to the end of his life, objects not so much of possession as of desire and distant worship. His imperfect academic training forbade him approach to the grand form of the Roman school; his lack of imagination made him at the feast of genius a recipient and a pensioner. There gushed forth, however, in Venice a stream at which the English painter was permitted to quench what became for him an insatiable thirst. Drawing, form, creative power, in their utmost reach, might lie beyond the painter's grasp; yet there remained for him the feast of colour, and accordingly the harmonies of Vene-

tian art glow upon his canvass scarcely with a borrowed light. It is colour, the sense of which is perhaps the rarest of gifts, that makes the portraits of Reynolds superior to those of his contemporaries. There is, indeed, scarcely a picture by our English Titian which does not prove that the memory of Venetian colour, the principles of true chromatic relations, were ever present to the painter's mind. In fine, how completely Titian had become the worship of a life may be judged by the following anecdote: "Northcote asked Reynolds if he thought there would ever be a superior painter to Titian in portrait. He answered that he believed there never would; that to procure a really fine picture by Titian he would be content to sell everything he possessed in the world to raise money for its purchase, adding, with emphasis, 'I would be content to ruin myself.'"

Reynolds was carried away by the adventure of an experimentalist; indeed, not a few of his pictures may be looked upon as voyages of discovery, or problems to be solved in the science of art. There are paintings, such as the portraits of Lord Boringdon and the Earl of Morley, which show that our English experimentalist consulted Titian and Rubens as to the means whereby landscapes and life-size figures can be best associated. The remarks made by Reynolds on the recently burnt "Peter Martyr" prove how he was accustomed to arrive at the conduct and treatment of simple portraits through analysis of great and complex master-works. More than a hundred years ago Reynolds made notes on Titian's "Peter Martyr," the greatest landscape and figure picture ever painted, to the following effect: "The trees harmonise with the sky; in some places they are lost in it, in others relieved smartly by means of white clouds. The trees are of a brown tint; the angels' hair, wings, and the dark parts of the shadows, being of the same

colour as the trees, harmonise. The shadows of the white drapery are the same as the colour of the light foreground. The colour of the face of the saint is light. The landscape dark. The trees are opposed to the expanse of light; behind the trees is dark, and still further behind are blue scumbled mountains. The drawing in general is noble, particularly in the right leg of him that flies. The head, &c., of this figure is beautiful in shape; the shadows of his eyes and nostrils determined." The portraits already named of Lord Boringdon and the Earl of Morley, together with other pictures, prove that Reynolds had mastered the difficulties over which the "Peter Martyr" was triumphant. He had learned how to bring the landscape up to the pitch of his figures. The Italian notes just quoted show that Reynolds, with his usual insight into principle and power of generalisation, had come to a clear understanding of the composition and treatment of Titian's master-work. The picture of Lord Boringdon leaning against a gate, gun in hand, contains marvellous passages of colour, exquisite harmonies between figures, foliage, sky, and hill. Reynolds, as it were, had served an apprenticeship under Titian, and the "Peter Martyr" before analysed became for him a grammar of art. Taught by the great Venetian painters, he knew that landscape and life-size figures, when associated, must be alike noble; that between draperies, trees, and sky there should be interchanging harmonies; that the hair and wings of angels or mortals should in colour echo and respond to the tone cast over cloud, hill, and foreground. We may add that the detail must necessarily be broad and the execution powerful. Thus is the whole composition brought together, the action of the figures is projected into the trunks and branches of the trees, the human drama is taken up by sky and ele-

ments, tragedy casts a shadow across the face of nature; hence one and the same presiding idea governs the remotest parts and smallest accessories of the entire composition. Thus, as a consummation, figures and landscape become greater and more powerful together than either could be alone. Such is the noble Italian treatment which Reynolds did his best to make his own. The combined landscapes and portraits of Gainsborough are comparatively limited in range of truth, and restricted in scale of colour. They have nothing of the art which Reynolds learned of Titian.

The portraits painted by Reynolds which still merit notice extend far beyond our limits. Our catalogue of the Kensington collection is crowded with notes. Space remains sufficient only to fill up with some further details the general sketch already given. Some portraits, such as those of Lord Cathcart, Lady Cathcart, Duke of Cumberland, Mr and Mrs Garrick, are to the student specially interesting, as manifestations of the painter's first manner. In common with other artists, Reynolds began carefully by feeling his way. His early portraits have none of the hasty sketchiness or thinness of his later works; on the contrary, they are deliberate, solid, and studiously modelled. Thus the head of the Duke of Cumberland was carefully painted right through. In the details may be observed even a smallness, which contrasts strangely with the large generalised touch of later years. As an example of the painter's careful, detailed, and conscientious manner, no slight interest attaches to the picture of David Garrick, his wife, and child, the property of Mr T. Grissell. For true art qualities this work surpasses the more famous personification of Garrick divided between "tragedy" and "comedy." Reynolds, in his first manner, seems actuated by the fidelity and truth-

seeking common to Dutch and Northern schools generally. In his second and mature method he allied himself, as we have seen, to the schools of Rome, Venice, and Bologna. Thus in some degree simplicity and truth may have been surrendered to system, not to say sophism, and plain facts made subject to pictorial effects. So true is it that painting is a compromise and a surrender, and so much reason is there for oft-times preferring an artist's first manner to his last.

Reynolds, like a man of the world, suited his style to his sitters: he believed that the end of his art was to please, and that when he had made an agreeable picture, his sitters and the world at large were bound to be content. He had several manners, plain and prosaic, pretty and poetic, and according to the position of the patron was the quality of the portrait. The man of intellect he was accustomed to treat wholly differently from the gentleman or lady of rank and fashion; men, too, of sober and plodding ways, or of humble unambitious calling, he dressed in garments simple and in colours sombre. Yet Reynolds seldom painted a grander picture than the portrait of Baretti, tutor in the Thrale family. Baretti is put upon canvass without ceremony: he was singular for short sight, and so the portrait indicates. Raphael had painted a squinting cardinal, and Michael Angelo a near-sighted sibyl. No such plea, however, could avail when under like infirmities was depicted the great lexicographer. "Reynolds," cried Johnson, "may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not be blinking Sam!" Neither did Bartolozzi, the engraver, receive flattery; yet this portrait cannot be surpassed for harmonious relations between greys, greens, and browns, whether in the head or background.

Reynolds identified himself with genius: he welcomed talent to his

table; and men of large brain, flashing eye, or eloquent lip were received with equal favour at his easel. He took little note of mediocrity; his companions were recommended either by good parts or handsome fortunes. Reynolds, however, could not be reckoned altogether lucky in a worldly point of view in his friends and boon companions. His intercourse with notorious Wilkes must have been to his prejudice; his alliance with Burke and other leaders of Opposition denied him Court favour. Yet his studio never wanted a sitter, his prices never fell, and certainly the quality of his art could be none the worse for want of royal patronage. The people with whom he daily chatted—the authors, the actors, poets, and orators who kept the world astir—were not likely to permit the painter's intellect to stagnate. Goldsmith, while putting the last touches to 'The Traveller,' looked in upon the painter in his studio; Beattie, while yet his laurels were green as the champion of 'Truth,' craved from responsive Reynolds immortality in a portrait. This pretentious picture, by the by, is now looked upon as one of the few mistakes the painter ever committed. Then the poet Mason, himself an amateur artist, also sat to his friend, and, fondly flitting in and out from Leicester Fields, became acquainted with the painter's models and mode of work, saw the lad who knelt for "The Infant Samuel," the girl of sixteen, of flaxen hair flowing in fine free curls down upon the shoulders, who sat for "Venus," as well as old White, the Irish paviour, who served by turns for "Ugolino" and "The Banished Lord."

The best intellects of the day kept the mind of Reynolds in activity and tension. Burke, Gibbon, Garrick, and the Great Moralist himself acted as incentives to noble thought, as preservatives against commonplace and the dead

routine of professional life. Burke's youthful speculation touching the beautiful and sublime, forced, fanciful, and weak though it be, brought dissertation to the dinner-table; and the orator, heated with debate in the Commons, carried the fire of patriotism to "the Club." By this time Gibbon had succeeded Goldsmith in the friendly office of painter's "crony;" each in turn furnished ideas useful in the studio. The author of 'The Decline and Fall' did not prove as cheerful and chatty as his predecessor, but we may be sure that as historian he was not less serviceable and trustworthy. Reynolds was a prime favourite everywhere, and verses were written in his praise:—

"Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our art."

Garrick, "light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, came bounding on the stage;" old things, it was said, were done away, the barbarism and bigotry of a tasteless age dispelled! Reynolds and Garrick became, as it were, brothers in art: they had much in common in genius as well as in calling; they were akin in mobility and imagination, in keenness of eye to catch character in flitting movement and evanescent expression, in a mirror-like receptivity of mind which reflected life from nature. Reynolds painted of his friend seven portraits; three were exhibited at Kensington. We all know how indispensable was the company of Dr Johnson at the dinner-table and "the Club;" and no less than five replicas of the Doctor's face were seen among "National Portraits." The stalwart intellect of Johnson imparted to the mental fibre of Reynolds somewhat of vigour. It is true that he knew little of art as art; yet the man who could pack good sound sense into an essay, who could round off a couplet with sonorous ring, who had written dissertations on Shakespeare and criticisms on all

the poets, who was by trade a skilful manipulator of thoughts and words, could not be wholly ignorant as to the wise conduct of a picture. Certainly he might furnish hints to an artist ambitious of becoming the author; and whatever may be said to the contrary, it is hard to believe that Johnson's all-embracing knowledge did not communicate of its stores to the admired 'Discourses' of "the accomplished President." Reynolds, thus backed by the brightest and strongest intellects of the age, lectured and painted to the best advantage. Whatever his theme, he was up to the mark. Gifted in no ordinary degree with tact and taste, his style was ever suited to the occasion; his 'Discourses' were elegant and to the point, his portraits pleasing and true.

Reynolds, as we have said, treated his familiar friends with pictorial freedom; the pencil of adulation he laid aside; he never thought it needful to give his companions, when transferred to canvass, company manners; he believed it best that they should be painted just as they were, and appear, however celebrated, with an unconscious outlook upon posthumous fame. More than one reason might prompt to an offhand manner: fear there might be that certain of the painter's bosom friends had not the wherewithal to repay any heavy expenditure of time. It must be confessed that the painting of some famous heads is slight indeed; the sweep of a free yet firm pencil seems to have thrown off many a distinguished feature at a stroke, and the likeness coming quickly, the picture was laid aside without further thought. Restlessness and irascibility must have rendered Johnson a bad sitter; and thus, as soon as the Doctor's features were rounded off, minor details had to be merged in suggestive generalities. The well-known portrait of Goldsmith was, as before indicated, knocked off hastily. The head of

Gibbon suggests that familiarity might have bred contempt; a Hogarth-like satire has taken liberty with a set of features which could ill afford to be trifled with. Indeed, between the stuck-up, priggish conceit of Gibbon, and the prim, pugnacious, and pug-nosed dog of Hogarth, there is, strange to say, a strong family likeness. The unexpected consanguinities, indeed, which spring up in portrait-galleries, among both the dead and the living, are not a little entertaining. Who, for instance, would have conjectured that there could be strong facial resemblance between two distinguished writers not generally supposed to have otherwise much in common—the author of 'Tristram Shandy' and the writer of 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture'? That Charles James Fox, who carries on his brow stormy eloquence and a tumult of passion, should resemble his mother, Lady Holland, is but after the usual course of nature. To the many celebrities painted by Reynolds must be added Sheridan, strangely dense and plebeian in physiognomy; John Hunter, the comparative anatomist, with strong individualised head; and Sir Joseph Banks, made to look "the ardent inquirer into nature, the man of intense mind concentrated on discovery." Scarcely less individual, though far more quiet, is the well-known head of the student, Sir William Jones. To this gallery of celebrities may be added Sir William Chambers, R.A., and Sir Robert Chambers, Kt.; and it would surely scarcely be gracious not to include Sir Joshua himself, who certainly took some pains with his own features. On the whole, few painters have been more favoured by fortune. Holbein, Antonio More, Vandyke, Honthorst, Jansen, Lely, and Kneller came as foreigners to a world of strangers; Reynolds lived in the land of his fathers, in the midst of warm and admiring friends, who kindly lent him their

countenance in more senses than one.

Reynolds revered rank. Known by his friends, he might be a Whig; but judged by his intuitions, he inclined to the Tories. A dusky Rembrandt hue might befit the complexion of a commoner; but the noble of the land, whose aristocratic veins carried purple blood, were by the courtier-painter treated with the golden colour of Titian. Learning and law, also—when they reached the Bench—received from Reynolds seemingly reverence; grander portraits, indeed, were never seen than those which pay homage to the wisdom and power of Thurlow and Mansfield. Fox said, "No man could be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked;" accordingly "the black scowl" is on the Chancellor's brow; the whole head thunders; the style is individual, large, and masterly. Reynolds, as was his custom, made the sitter superior to the accessories. In his portraits draperies are seldom merely decorative, they fall into proper place; gold embroideries, insignia, and all other trappings are usually thrown into subordination to the head—they are held merely as means to a pictorial end. It is impossible to prize too highly such supremely artistic portraits as those of Chancellors Mansfield and Camden. From the first may be learned how defiant the painter was in his treatment of hot colours. He does not care to tone down Mansfield's red robes by neutral greys; on the contrary, he strives to outrival the red, and assails warm colour by paint still hotter. The wig and the robes are worthy of Titian; the figure preserves quiet power and judicial state. The execution is vigorous, yet in parts sketchy. The colour has been loaded fearlessly with a hand which plays and sports lightly, yet can strike home smartly with the sabre-thrust of a dexterous fencer. Much has been said, and scarcely too much, of the fading of the painter's colours. The lakes

and carmines fly. In our Kensington catalogue we have marked some eight or ten portraits which have suffered grievously. Chancellor Camden's robes are faded; yet "no matter," said Sir George Beaumont, "take the chance; even a faded picture from Reynolds will be the finest thing you can have." And so it seemed the other day at Kensington; even when the colours had fled, light and shade remained tender and in relative keeping. Against unpictorial costumes—hats, coats, wigs, bonnets—other painters inveighed; "Never mind," said Reynolds; "they have all light and shadow;" and so, when colour is gone, the original study of chiaroscuro survives singularly intact. The portrait of Chancellor Camden was painted a century ago; it has suffered, yet the head at all events continues supreme for vigour of touch and liquid transparency of tones. Reynolds returns again fearlessly to fierce force of colour in the full-length portraits of Townshend robed as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of the Earl of Suffolk seated in his library. Here hot reds are, as in certain works of Raphael, daringly thrown into the shadows even of flesh. In the portrait of Townshend the handling is in parts sketchy, and the paint has been loaded to gain force. Again, the head of Cavendish Duke of Devonshire is marvellous for handling and colour; the whole face seems to have been modelled while the paint was liquid. The opposition of opaque and transparent, of cool and warm, colour, the knack of blending the one into the other, the art of glazing thin washes over and into substantial layers while "tacky" or only half dry—methods mastered in Venice—Reynolds practised as often as he could find occasion—that is, just so often as a sitter sat before his easel. Not unfrequently, as in the gipsy "Fortune-teller," was thus obtained a triumph not unworthy of Titian or Giorgione. Here the face of the

little girl is radiant in play of light and colour, delicately attempered and liquidly blended. Of art-methods and treatments Reynolds was a master; yet in materials or pigments he remained to the last an experimentalist.

The female portraits of Reynolds would fill a volume; they are so lovely, it is hard to pass them by. Critics have sometimes amused themselves and their readers about a certain female phase in genius; they have fancied that strong men have always a weak side open to tenderness, an infirmity which may be counted as essentially feminine! Did we wish to substantiate the theory, we could do no better than at once adduce the works of Raphael and of Reynolds. It may be objected that Reynolds was merely, in the best sense of the term, a man of the world; that it was natural for him to be gracious and polite; that flattery came to him without effort; that courtesy to ladies might be deemed part of professional manners. Yet, while we look at the painter's female portraits, we have a consciousness of something beyond this matter-of-course routine. How much of womanly nature lives on canvass—how quiet and unassuming are the ladies who a moment before moved tiptoe in fashion—how modest the women notorious for amours—in short, how do the portraits of Reynolds bring out that which is pure, simple, and true in womanhood! Mr Tom Taylor with reason prefers the portraits least artificial; he speaks slightly of forced and far-fetched personifications of Juno, Hebe, and Diana. "To me," says Mr Taylor, "these pictures are indescribably inferior in charm to those in which Reynolds has painted the women of his time, in the clothes they usually wore, and engaged in everyday occupations or amusements, however commonplace—playing with their babies, feeding their chickens, or caressing their lapdogs. The most trivial of these occupations

has at least reality about it, and accommodates itself to the air and dress of the woman." Costume gave Reynolds great trouble. "The late Duchess-Dowager of Rutland told Sir Francis Grant that Sir Joshua made her try on eleven different dresses before he painted her in that bedgown." Reynolds would never allow an excuse for a bad picture; he believed that nature had provided means of escape from every difficulty; and certainly in his best works nature gets the upper hand, and art conceals artifice. Of course from the Kensington gathering might readily be selected female portraits not a few for superlative praise. Foremost there is that glorious picture of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and her infant child, the pride of the Art Treasures in Manchester. This superb work, in motive, colour, and composition, ranks as a triumph alike of nature and art. How much, too, might be written in laudation of such portraits as the following: Catherine Horneck, exquisite for ladylike bearing and art treatment; Mrs Gwatkin, no less admirable for management and colour; Duchess of Rutland, a tasteful composition; Mrs Abington—the one lent by the Earl of Morley—somewhat faded, but still a delicious picture; here the indication of colour is delightful, the drapery has been touched with utmost delicacy. Then, again, how admirable for grace and simplicity is the portrait of Lady Gardner, full-length, standing near a column, a tree in the background: the picture has been painted with a free hand, and colour is forced up from point to point till it reaches a climax of harmony.

From the details adduced the reader will draw his own conclusions: no space remains for summary. We may add, however, that Reynolds, engrossed in the active practice of his profession, never was able to supply the want of academic education. His knowledge of anatomy remained imperfect, his

drawing was infirm; fortunate for him had it been absolutely true that "in nature there are no outlines." Portraiture did not overtax his power; but when he essayed such subjects as "The Witches in Macbeth," "The Death of Cardinal Beaufort," extravagance and assumption were poor substitutes for knowledge and power. Reynolds was naturally more facile in the use of the brush than firm in the handling of the crayon; hence, when he came to execute designs for the famous windows of New College Chapel, Oxford, finding himself unable to think out his subjects in form, light, and shade, he threw down his pencil and set his palette with colours. Reynolds, said Burke, was a great generaliser; and his talents, which by nature were varied and powerful, received liberal if not profound cultivation. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings. To portraiture he communicated a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches of art; he appears to have come down from a more lofty sphere. Verily it were not too much to assert that "Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time."

The town was divided between Romney and Reynolds. "There are two factions," said Lord Thurlow, "the Reynolds faction and the Romney faction—I am of the Romney faction." Romney painted Thurlow, and found "some grand ideas in the gloomy head." This fashionable painter was but poorly represented at Kensington, yet his sitters were hardly less illustrious or varied than the patrons of Reynolds. Among the number we find the Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Derby, the Dukes of Portland and Grafton, the Duchess of Cumberland, the Countess of Egremont, the Countess of Sutherland, Bishop Porteus, Dr Paley, Tom Paine, John Wesley, Mrs Tighe, Dr Parr, Sheri-

dan, Cumberland the dramatist, Gibbon the historian, Mrs Inchbald the actress, and Mrs Trench, the mother of the present Archbishop of Dublin. Romney became so fashionable and so much in request, that it is said that in lucky years his sitters alone brought him in the annual income of above £3500. His pictures inspired innumerable poems, few of which deserve to live save, possibly, Cowper's lines penned in gratitude for a portrait:—

"Romney! expect infallibly to trace
On chart or canvass not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly
shown,
The mind's impression too on every
face."

Untutored Romney, when he came from Lancashire to London, was stigmatised as a "coat-and-waistcoat painter;" two years' tarriance in Italy, however, did as much for him as for Reynolds—with this difference, that Reynolds swore by Titian and the Carracci, while Romney stuck to Correggio. The life of this romantic painter, never too well regulated, knew two passions—the one doted on Correggio, the other on Lady Hamilton! Romney's lovely picture at Petworth—"The Countess of Egremont and her four Children"—confesses to the former passion; indeed, the work seems to have been composed and painted under the influence of Correggio's Leda, or Io. But though in this and other pictures beauty may be over-sensuous and the style rather too romantic, yet seldom was wanting to Romney poetry in thought and idealism in form. The painter lived as in a dream of romance; and Lady Hamilton, dowered with the fatal gift of beauty, acted as heroine. "I dedicate my time," confesses Romney in one of his many moods of infatuated weakness, "to this charming lady." In the meanwhile the painter's wedded wife was left in solitude far away. It is sad to see a man, who at best

was enfeebled under nervous and morbid emotion, absolutely undone by a woman who caressed and tormented him merely according to the caprice of the moment. It is not strange that the head of Lady Hamilton should recur so often in the works of Romney; she sat for no less than fourteen of his fancy pictures; in turn she served as the model for the Magdalene, Circe, Iphigenia, St Cecilia, Joan of Arc, and Cassandra! It is impossible that this way of going on can last either for a man or his art; grief must come, and shame, in place of immortality. Slight, superficial, flaunting, conspicuous by false glare, seductive by skin-bloom, are the portraits of Romney. The head of "Lady Dundas" is weak and affected; "Mrs Crouch" the actress is rubicund as a bacchante; "Mrs Inchbald," also from the stage, is brilliant but overacted; "Lady Horton" contracts the painter's mannerism—the reds are crude; "Countess Fortescue" is debilitate in Grecian grace—she attitudinises as if for a figure on an Etruscan vase; "Lady Milnes" is showy and meretricious. Beauty under the painter's touch breaks down and has not stamina to sustain itself. Romney, in these and other portraits, shows want of technical knowledge; an amateurish prettiness and incompleteness afflicts his pictures: there is want of study and detail; aspiration, taking no definite form, becomes vaporous. Yet at Kensington we had the pleasure of meeting portraits which had character, and not only complexion, colour, skin. The head of the "Marquess of Stafford" is unusually mature; here the painter surrenders his tricks of palette and brush, and tries for once to be sober. Again, "Viscount Melville," a full-length figure in robes, is more than commonly vigorous, if not in touch, in intention. The painter also gathered strength in order to grapple with the intract-

able countenance of Gibbon. But the portrait of the artist's stanch friend Richard Cumberland is strangely crude and unsatisfactory; the laudatory verses of the dramatist called for better recompense. Romney, however, is more than himself when he approaches "Mrs Trench," a character so strong and good that the weak, pretty conventionality of the painter stands corrected. This is the artist's best portrait; it is well studied; the face is refined; the features are exquisitely chiselled; the whole picture has moving grace and melancholy.

Romney's career is sad in the retrospect. His life was false, and his pictures have delusive pretence. Italy obliterated in the painter what of nature he had by birth, and gave in return grace second-hand, sicklied over by affectation. Romney's loftiness of thought was ill-sustained; his imagination winged itself weakly on borrowed plumes; his whole life was a dream, an illusion; he chased an ideal beauty which to the last eluded his pursuit. Shattered in nerves, shadowed in spirit, he returned to the mountains to die in the arms of a faithful wife whom he had for thirty years forsaken. Flaxman, an indulgent friend, has written on Romney a fond eulogy. Romney's school, pleaded Flaxman, was the cope of heaven; his colour had been caught from purple hills; his compositions were reflected from clouds, woods, and waters; his pictures, like the Lake country, the scene of his birth, have beauty, even grandeur; yet his life, like that mountain land, was shrouded in mist and gloom.

The feuds of artists, it has been said, are more frequent and deadly than those of other Christians! Romney and Reynolds were rivals, Gainsborough and Reynolds were barely friends. Deathbeds, however, have been known to bring even to painters repentance and reconciliation, and so it fared with

Gainsborough and Reynolds. Certainly the President paid a handsome posthumous tribute to the memory of his great contemporary. "If ever," said Reynolds in his discourse delivered before the Academy, "this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity in the history of the art among the very first of that rising school." The recent exhibition at Kensington proved how little Gainsborough stood in need of apology or even of praise. Leslie truly said, "The art of Gainsborough has a charm not to be found even in that of Reynolds—a pastoral feeling which raises him to the level of Burns." The figures of Gainsborough have natural simplicity. "The children of Sir Joshua," writes Allan Cunningham, "are indeed beautiful creations, free, artless, and lovely; but they seem all to have been nursed in velvet laps and fed with golden spoons. There is a rustic grace, an untamed wildness, about the children of Gainsborough which speak of the country and of neglected toilets. They are the offspring of nature, running free amongst woods as wild as themselves." The splendour of permanent colour, and the natural and living air that Gainsborough communicated to whatever he touched, made him, in the estimation of many, a dangerous rival of the President himself.

Gainsborough's portraits at Kensington created a sensation, and came upon many persons as a surprise, even as his "Blue Boy" and "Mrs Graham" did in the Art Treasures at Manchester. Mr Tom Taylor says truly that in the gradation of light, shade, and colour, Gainsborough is superior to Reynolds; certainly his pigments have lasted better, and in the technical use of materials time proves him the more trustworthy of the two. The flesh of Gainsborough,

indeed, retains almost too much freshness; it tells out from the canvass as enamel. Gainsborough, if he did not quite rule the fashion, was scarcely less fortunate than his rival in his sitters. Look at Mrs Horton, Duchess of Cumberland, certainly one of the most lovely portraits we can meet with in a twelvemonth's tour. Surely the artist who painted this could be second to none. And how greatly is the lady's face indebted to the painter's treatment! Observe the exquisite pencilling of the features, the blush of colour in the cheek, the tenderness of shadow playing into and over light and colour. The hair is fluffy and in execution free; the drapery is slight as a sketch: a rapid pencil plays with its subject sportively, and yet many an elaborated work has less of thought and intent. Even in the technical management of colour there is no ordinary knowledge shown, as for example in the interchange of opaque and transparent pigments, blended yet contrasted. Again, the Countess of Lincoln and the Countess of Ligonier stand supreme for grace, style, and artistic treatment. The execution may be a little slight—this was the manner of the master—and the touch is not always expressive of form; it neither lies upon nor sustains the surface, it is even "grassy," "reedy," "scratchy," as if the painter had mistaken the lady's head-dress for the foreground of a landscape! We are told that it was the habit of Gainsborough to bring from the fields into his painting-room weeds and stumps of trees, out of which he formed upon his table a kind of model landscape. Thus it happens that a decided "tree touch" alights upon the eyebrow of punctilious, propriety-loving Lord Chesterfield, who, if his eyesight still served him, must have been frightfully scandalised at so glaring a breach of etiquette and good breeding. His lordship's nostril, too, on the shadow side is without

ceremony just "rubbed in," as if it had been but a stone lying in the foreground of the picture!

Gainsborough, like Reynolds, was by turns ornamental or plainly intellectual, just as fashion or talent commanded. Many sumptuous portraits the simple countryman painted. The Duchess of Beaufort makes a splendid picture; the drapery is decorative and forced up to utmost brilliancy. The Countess of Buckingham is of delicate flesh, perhaps rather waxy; the whole figure stands out in grace and beauty. Miss Linley and her brother are certainly charming, the eyes lovingly liquid; these children retain simple nature, as if they were of the woods and fields. It must have done Gainsborough good when he could get quit for a little of fashion and conventionality. Yet sometimes he was a martyr to folly indeed. He ran the danger of acquiring quite a barber's reputation for a head-dress, as witness the towering bank of well-brushed hair mounted on the forehead of the Countess of Dundonald.

Gainsborough divided his time between portrait and landscape; he gave, says Cunningham, like the poet distracted between two mistresses, formal visits to the one and a warm heart to the other. Hence happy became the work which could claim the painter's undivided affection. There are pictures, such as that of Lady Dudley, wherein the rivalry between portraiture and landscape is reconciled. In such works the painter needs not the lore of academies, he feels not the want of foreign travel, but can trust simply to such knowledge as he may have gathered in the open school of nature. The portrait of Lord de Dunstanville is particularly fortunate in its just relation between figure and landscape; his lordship has the advantage of finding himself placed in the midst of nature; the figure, in fact, is made one with nature, each stands in accord with

the other. Perhaps it must be counted as unfortunate that his lordship should be made absolutely grassy, leafy, and sprayey, in order the better to assimilate with trees and foreground herbage; it is, however, on these conditions only that he holds communion with the soul of nature! Again, the portrait of Lady Dudley combines with advantage figure and landscape, though the mannerism of Gainsborough has been pushed rather far. Here, again, the "tree touch" is carried into the drapery with a certain looseness of hand peculiar to the master. Yet thus, when figures share in the landscape, and nature in return throws simplicity and ease into the figure, the entire picture becomes blended and mellowed in singular harmony and beauty. Thus Gainsborough's "handling and manner of leaving the colours," observed Reynolds, "appeared as the work of a man who had never learned from a master the regular practice of art, but of a painter of strong intuitive perception of what was required, and who hence found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose." Gainsborough, indeed, had system in his apparent carelessness, an art in his artlessness; and thus, as Reynolds admits, "those odd scratches and marks which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assume form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places." To a remarkable degree, indeed, Gainsborough learned in execution to reconcile substance with shadow and solidity with lightness.

Gainsborough, like Reynolds, reserved the best of his intellect for sitters of intellectual strength. William Pitt he treated as of cold calculating wisdom—a man whose features kept propriety and seldom were subject to passion. What a contrast is Reynolds's portrait of

Fox—passionate, ponderous, and of stormy eloquence! Gainsborough, strange to say, when he approached ungoverned Goldsmith, was unusually studious of form. And surely one of the most remarkable portraits ever painted is that noble head of Benjamin Franklin. This picture evidently cost the painter more than usual pains: he dares not play at random with his subject; it were desecration to turn such a noble head to decorative ends; and so Gainsborough represents Franklin simply the good great man of noble bearing. The artist kindly reserved his best powers for the portraiture of himself and his wife. Mrs Gainsborough, even to this day, is a delight to look on: age cannot wither the flowers that bloom in this brilliant picture. What resplendence of colour! what facility of execution! what taste, skill, and knowledge in art-treatment! The eyes look out from the canvass with light in their distant depths: there is speech in the lip and breath in the nostril. Yet, as common with hasty, offhand Gainsborough, the drawing of that nostril is defiantly wrong. Yet is it hard to withhold worship from Gainsborough even in his faults. He was at once an artist and a child of nature, and when death came to him, his regret, says Reynolds, at losing life was principally the regret at leaving his art.

Raeburn, with reason, has been reckoned the Reynolds of the North. To his keeping was committed the genius of Edinburgh. Near upon the time when Raeburn, on his return from Rome, set up his easel in Scotland, poetry, philosophy, and science had made Edinburgh a northern Athens. Burns had published his poems; Blair his sermons and rhetoric; Adam Smith was deep in the 'Wealth of Nations'; Dugald Stewart made metaphysics quite the fashion; Sir Walter Scott had created an era in the literature of imagination. Robertson, Hume,

Playfair, Hutton, Boswell, Mackenzie, and Ferguson still further swelled the bright company of celebrities congregated in the northern capital. It was the good fortune of Raeburn not only to be knighted as limner in ordinary to his sovereign, but to be, as it were, portrait-painter extraordinary to rank, beauty, and genius generally. And the artist, it must be confessed, was not unworthy of his good fortune; portrait-painting he deemed the most delightful of occupations, and his sitters, sharing the same opinion, brought with them smiles and best looks. Raeburn was just the man for lairds of mountain clans clad in picturesque tartans; these chiefs found themselves on canvass in the loftiness and command of small sovereigns; their figures stood out in a massive impressiveness, made all the more ominous by backgrounds portentous in storm, mingled with mountain-mist for poetry! At Kensington the other day were exhibited ten of Raeburn's portraits, which justified to a London public the fame enjoyed by the painter in his native land. Yet Raeburn seemed over-anxious to sustain his fame as a colourist. He planted in the cheek the rose rather than the lily, and thus his pictures contracted the vice of ultra-redness. The portrait of Adam Ferguson, however, leaves little to be desired: artists deem it masterly, the general public pleasing. The picture is capital for colour, art-treatment, and individual character. Raeburn lived till 1823, and therefore we shall hope to meet him again in the portrait-gallery, which in the coming year will enter upon the present century.

Lawrence, in like manner, is divided between two centuries: his style is essentially modern, he belongs to our own times. At all events, it is now impossible to accord to this tasteful and fashionable painter the space his merits deserve. Whatever his defects or mannerisms, certainly it were im-

possible to deny brilliancy and art-address to the portraits of the Honourable William Windham, Baron Auckland, the Marquess of Bath, Earl Grey, Warren Hastings, James Watt, the Marquess of Exeter, his Countess, and Lady Sophia Cecil, and Eliza Farren, Countess of Derby. Lawrence, doubtless, in his shadows sought force in excess of blackness, and in his lights he trusted to abrupt transitions for brilliancy: his reds and pigments generally are chalky and crude. Ladies as painted by Lawrence are not quite in the best style: they are not quiet enough; on the contrary, they incline to be loud, obtrusive, and showy. Hence women as painted by Reynolds and Lawrence have little in common; intuitively they would avoid each other. Neither are gentlemen on the canvasses of Lawrence quite the right sort of thing; they have overmuch attitude for statesmanship, too much consciousness for the quiet of good-breeding. In short, the characters of Lawrence are drawn from the stage rather than from nature; they have more the affectation of fashion than the honest truth of a large humanity.

Other painters there were who, by an occasional portrait, filled up gaps in the biographical history of our country. There was Northcote, the son of an honest watchmaker, who, with ten guineas in his pocket, walked from Plymouth, sleeping in hedges and haylofts on the way, and presented himself at the studio of Reynolds in Leicester Fields, determined to be a painter. A pensioner on genius, Northcote fed on the crumbs which fell from his master's table: his portraits are coarse, his original compositions commonplace. Then there was Opie, "the Cornish Wonder," the son of a village carpenter; he, too, set out from the west, drawn eastward by the ascendant star of Reynolds. Opie, it is said, bore the aspect of an in-

spired peasant, yet was there little inspiration in his works. Like other painters of the day he was ambitious of history, but lacked imagination, and so now his fame rests on the breadth, vigour, and character of his portraits. We owe to him the heads of Dr Priestley, Peter Pindar, his patron, Edmund Burke, Lord Kenyon, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Mrs Delany. In the presence of these pictures it is easy to understand how the peasant's genius might excite the eye of wonder, yet fail to secure the countenance of fashion. The painter's style has little refinement, subtlety, or art; the touch of the brush is vigorous as the stroke of a stonemason's hammer! Yet a certain rude strength of character enabled Opie to take the gauge of originality and eccentricity in others. The head of Mary Wollstonecraft, as a study of physiognomy, is a curiosity; the length of the woman's arm lying ready for mischief in her lap warns the spectator to keep at a safe distance! Another head, wherein by incisive lines a whole biography has been written, is that of good, gossip-loving Mrs Delany. Opie was a shrewd sententious man, and his touches, like his words, were home-thrusts much to the point. The painter and his sitters were well met: verily there was not a more delightful, chatty, or comfortable old woman last season at Kensington than Mrs Delany.

High art approaches portraiture not so much with condescension as with incapacity. It was said of Haydon that had he been able to portray a single head well he might have painted history worthily. From the time of Sir James Thornhill downwards it has been found that artists who cover acres of canvass make a sad mess of a single countenance. There was poor Barry, what could he do but give to his sitters a mock-heroic brow, with a rag of a blanket

thrown across the shoulders, the remnant of classic drapery and supposed symbol of high art? Then there was West, never too wise at best; he also, when intent on enacting high art, subjected poor humanity to a process of grand generalisation. Copley had certainly stronger stuff in him, as might be expected from the man who was father to Lord Lyndhurst. His chief picture, "The Death of Chatham" in the House of Lords, now the property of the nation, is individual and true. West in his sacred compositions was not particular as to facts; but Copley felt that with the peers of the realm he could not take the liberty that his contemporary had presumed upon when painting the whole company of the Apostles! Yet West on a certain signal occasion was no less than Copley to be applauded for honest resolve to chronicle public events just as they fell out, and portray men as they actually lived and looked. "The Death of Wolfe" is rightly reckoned as a turning-point in the practice of the English school of painting. The custom previously had been to clothe a British soldier as a Roman warrior; and Barry, to be still more classic, had cast off clothes altogether, and so painted Wolfe and his comrades on the battle-field absolutely naked! Now, when it was rumoured that West proposed to substitute coats for togas, Reynolds, accompanied by the Archbishop of York, thought it proper to call upon the painter to expostulate against the bold innovation. West was ready with his reply. He urged that the event to be commemorated happened in a region of the world unknown either to the Greeks or Romans, and at a period when classic costumes were no longer worn. Truth, he urged, which is law to the historian, should rule the painter also: it is needful to mark the place, the

time, and the people accurately. When the picture was finished Reynolds retracted; the innovation was justified by success, and the dreaded revolution in art peacefully accomplished. Henceforward the barriers were thrown down which had divided historic painting from portraiture. The writer and the painter of history were put upon equal footing: the one could not annul biography; the other was no longer permitted to do violence to portraiture. And so we arrive at length at our present practice: whenever an historic event is painted, search must first be made among the portraits of the period.

The art of portrait-painting since the days of Reynolds, we regret to say, has been in decline; the portraits of the present century compare unfavourably with those of the past. The prophecy of Reynolds has not been fulfilled. "I look," said he, "for such an improvement in British art, that all we can now achieve will appear like children's work in comparison with what will be done." Ninety years have sped since these words were spoken, and still the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough do not sink into "children's work." When the present century, with its statesmen, lawyers, men of science and of letters, shall have passed away, hard will it be to collect at Kensington a portrait-gallery worthy of our contemporaries. Paper photographs will be poor substitutes for oil pictures. It is the duty of each age not only to make history, not only to write history, not only to paint history, but also to put on worthy record the faces of the men and women who have embodied the spirit of the age. This was done faithfully and well by the portrait-painters of the past century, and we thank them for having thus made the dead present with us.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

A VERY POPULAR FALLACY.

CHARLES MATHEWS, who mimicked all mankind and was himself inimitable, used to give a most amusing sketch of a man returning thanks for his health being drunk at a public dinner. He was alternately modest and triumphant, peaceful and bellicose. He ventilated all the commonplaces, so dear to the English heart, about our rickety lath-and-plaster houses being castles, and our dominions on which the sun never sets—and on one of the most interesting spots to ourselves, he might have added, very seldom shone—and he ended by the words *British Constitution*, the very sound of which rouses John to a hoarse cheer, and enables the speaker to subside in a perfect torrent of applause. A great deal of time-honoured eloquence, civic and general, was rendered totally worthless and impracticable by this clever imitation. It was impossible for the most barefaced of aldermen to rise, unaccustomed to public speaking, or unable to find words to express this, that, or the other; neither could he declare that he had no merit in the matter to which they so flatteringly alluded beyond the humble one of good intention; he could not with humility refer to the rank from which he sprang in life, nor proudly proclaim the high station to which the kindness of friends and the favour of a gracious sovereign had raised him. The ground was cut from under his feet everywhere. The flag that braved the battle and the breeze was folded and laid by; the indomitable spirit which made the Anglo-Saxon the pioneer of civilisation throughout the globe was a little disposed to rest and thankfulness; and in fact the man out of sheer necessity was driven to be sensible, and in consequence to

be, what is scarcely less commendable, very brief.

It would be, however, too much to expect that in an architecture as composite as this every trace of incongruous ornament, or tasteless decoration, could be at once eradicated. A great deal certainly has been done: the flippant platitudes men once indulged in, and repeated with the applause of surrounding citizens, have in a great measure given way. People are not half so emotional as they used to be, and men do not pledge themselves in the same fervid manner to persist in doing something which they had not even begun to do at the time of the pledge.

A good deal of humbug has been weeded out of public eloquence, and high-faluten left almost entirely to the Buncumites beyond sea.

For the most part men say something when they rise now in public. It may not be very novel or very startling. It may not be suggestive nor even interesting, but it will certainly reveal something of the speaker himself, of what sort of man he may be, and what kind of faculties he is blessed with—that is to say, he will not limit himself to retailing a conventional set of phrases, which meant very little when first invented, and less every time they were reproduced.

If I were to judge from the success with which the oldest Joe Miller is greeted in the House of Commons, the roars of laughter that follow the most stupid sallies of a cross-examining barrister, or the way in which a Haymarket or Strand audience rock to and fro in enjoyment of the stalest old jokes in the language, I'd be disposed to say the British public has lost one of its greatest pleasures by this change of public speaking.

It must have been so pleasant to them to listen to the orator on the platform, as they listen to the parson in church, and know what will come next. It is such a nice drowsy sort of attention that costs no strain on the faculties, nor any effort of the intellect. There was a sort of half flattery, too, in hearing the words you expected. It was the next thing to uttering them yourself.

You were never shocked, never agitated, by this school of public speaking. You could tell to a minute where the orator had ceased to be droll, and where he would grow pathetic; and the same instinct that tells one in church that the drowsy preacher is drawing to a conclusion, apprised one here that the orator was nearing the haven of "the British Constitution."

I own, for my own part, I sorrow over this lost pleasure. I liked those plethoric little fellows, with wide-thrown coats, "who gloried in the name of Briton." I liked, too, the man who, with a wide sweep of his arm, said, "When I look around me," though I never was very clear afterwards what it was that he saw. In this decline and fall, therefore, of a time-honoured institution, I am grateful to those speakers who have rescued even a remnant of the past, and preserved to us, as it were, a link that may attach us to the bygone. I find that no speaker of any eminence now ever concludes with any other peroration than that which assures his hearers that amongst the blessings of this land we live in none is more pre-eminent than the fact that, however humble a man's origin and lowly his station, all the prizes of life are as open to him as to the most high-born of the land; that with the practice of virtue and self-control, and a few other like qualities, there is no eminence to which a man may not rise; and that the highest honours of the State are as much the inheritance of the lowliest peasant as of the proudest peer! These are very brave words, and when

told to us by dukes and earls, and bishops and lord-chancellors and attorney-generals, are very comforting assurances. It is a very pleasant thought to me, Cornelius O'Dowd, who find half a mile of level ground a sufficient day's walk, and an adequate effort for my strength, to know that the Righi is there if I like to climb it, and it must be out of sheer indolence if I don't see the sun rise from the summit to-morrow. It is inspiring at least, to say the least of it, to me to feel that though I labour in a very humble walk, and fight my small battle of life with difficulties, Lord Somebody's tutor has been made Bishop of Barbadoes, and Counsellor O'Flannigan sent Judge to the Gaboon.

Of all the pleasant fallacies we love to lay to our hearts, I know none like this. The man who believes it may be possibly a relative of him who is always sending to the Chancellor of the Exchequer £2, 4s. 9d. for unpaid income-tax; but let any one with experience of life in England be asked whether, for purposes of worldly advancement, he would rather have Mr Gladstone's abilities, or have been born in Mintoshire, and I think I know which he would tell you.

I won't deny that men of humble beginnings occasionally fight their way up to station and rank and high rewards; but what additional difficulties they have surmounted on their way, what added obstacles were opposed to them; what an amount of intellectual superiority they were forced to be charged with, to enter the race against those more highly born, we are not told. Mind I am not complaining of these things. I think I see a reason for them; at all events I see what makes them no subject of repining to me. I only object to being told, which I refuse to believe, that I, Cornelius O'Dowd, have as fair a chance of success in life as—I won't be personal—but—&c., &c.—not one of whom, if unaided by his

station, would be deemed competent to be village apothecaries.

As I make no complaint of this, as I say nothing at all against the order of Brahmins, which upon the whole gives our country a very favourable aspect, and certainly makes it pleasanter to live in, I only object to the theory that says, a Brahmin starts in life with no advantages above me, and I object to a Brahmin telling me so, and still more do I object when it is not a real Brahmin who says it, but a Brummagem Brahmin, who only knows Brahma by hearsay.

I am willing to hear myself called the luckiest dog in Europe if I succeed in arriving at what a Brahmin would deem a very suitable reward for some faithful but humble dependant whom he did not wish to see too often in his antechamber.

I accept the fact that I, and

thousands of others besides me, must enter the race weighted, and I make no complaint on the subject. I take it as I do my spring bronchitis, my autumn rheumatism, my income-tax, and my Christmas bills. These are things which pertain to humanity, and *humanus sum*; but I protest loudly against being assured that I start on the course on equal terms with all competitors, and that when I stood a candidate for that tide-waiter's place my rival's best claim was not his being late butler to a duke.

Once more I declare that these inequalities would never make me a Radical; but asking me to accept them as plane surfaces, without rise or indenture, would go far to drive me into very bad company. You'll not hear me grumble over my "crusts," but I'll be shot if you'll persuade me they are "mutton."

24TH AUGUST IN AUSTRIA.

Playful reader, has it not been your fortune, at some early era of your history, to have assisted at that pleasant game called "cross-corners"? Have you not participated in those exciting emotions born of alternate hope and fear, daring and irresolution, while watching an opposite player about to vacate his corner, and calculating within yourself whether you could not forestall another ere he reached it? Have you not felt the glorious sense of triumph that comes of arriving in time, and occasionally experienced the lamentable fate of losing your own place without securing another, and thus been left "out in the cold," till, by a new change, chance has offered you an asylum?

I do not speak of the varied incidents the action of the game gives rise to—the droll situations, as two arrive simultaneously, or two meet face to face, and cannot extricate themselves out of very confusion. The little accidents of the sport are

innumerable, and all provocative of laughter.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the game itself is more adapted to the active resources and high spirits of the young, than to persons of advanced age or sedentary habits. It is, in fact, a pastime that one would not expect to see popular in the "Senior Club" or the "Travellers," though young ladies in their teens, and passed midshipmen, might account it "awfully jolly."

There is no disguising the fact that prudent mothers do not regard it with an eye of favour, and hesitate not to pronounce it an "organised romp." Well, what think you of a whole nation—a nation of close upon forty millions of souls, devoting themselves to this strange pastime once a-year, and actually playing cross-corners from sunrise to sunset?

Such is the simple fact. On the 24th of August each year, every one, native or foreigner, in Austria

is turned out of his house, or supposed to be so, inasmuch as to continue to reside where he has been living, he must go through the form of assuming a new tenure, and be to all intents and purposes an incoming tenant; and this that the Government may exact a certain sum as stamp-duty on the new contract, or, in other words, impose an inevitable tax, under the apparent guise of a voluntary arrangement. Now, a tax upon sneezing would be bad enough; but what should we say to it if the Government officials were employed to throw snuff in the faces of the people who walked the streets?

I, for instance, may find my little lodging in the Kohl Markt or the Graben pleasant and convenient. I am on good terms with the porter, who lets me in even as late as midnight, and lights my candle, all for the modest sum of ten kreutzers in paper. I may enjoy the moving panorama which passes beneath me at some sixty feet, and feed my eyes on the black-and-yellow liveries as they splash by to the Hoff; or regale my ears with the glorious military bands that are always passing and repassing in Austria, and grow so attached to my dwelling-place that I could not bear the thought of leaving it. My landlord, too, may have found me punctual in my payments, and of those quiet orderly habits on which Germans lay a just value. This signifies little—on the 24th I must turn out, that another may come in. Five florins—certainly ten—more than I pay, will turn the scale against me, and my punctuality, and my orderly life, and my quiet step on the stairs, and my little courtesies with the *concerge*, be of no more value to me than last year's snow. I must, at all events, prepare to vacate my corner, and keep my eye out for another man's nook to shelter me in. The consequence is, that for months before the fatal day, I live in a condition of discomfort and insecurity which

is positively maddening. In every stranger that passes me on the stairs I conjure up an imaginary successor, wondering how this man or that can presume to outbid me, and actually appraising the rentals of the chance passers by the condition of their wardrobes, or the state of their boots.

I do not dare to drive a nail in the wall for fear of a commission of dilapidation at the suit of the new tenant; and if I scrape a lucifer-match on the wainscot, I spend half an hour trying to efface the mark. The state of the chimneys, too—the law obliges me to be careful in giving them up clean—hangs over me like a nightmare, so that I actually come to feel I am living in my own house on sufferance, and that an awful hour is approaching wherein it will be demanded of me if there be a smashed pane in the windows or an oil-stain on the floor. That awful hour at last arrives, and the morning of the 24th breaks on a city in full confusion. Before the clock strikes noon, the law requires that the landlord should make a formal surrender of the new premises to the incomer. As the outgoing tenant must be houseless if he leaves his dwelling before that hour, you may imagine, or indeed you can scarcely imagine, the tumult that ensues. A, for instance, is rushing frantically down with his chest of drawers, while B is struggling manfully up-stairs with his four-poster. Kitchen dressers confront bookcases on the landing, and mangles meet grand pianos and dispute the way. It is no small ingredient in this hour of chaotic disorder that the porters, who receive unheard-of wages on this one day, should be all drunk from an early hour of the morning. Such is the case, and wild oaths and shouts and blasphemies, more terrible from the tongue they are uttered in, abound, mingled with the screams of distracted heads of families who see their household gods trundled

ruthlessly down-stairs, or occasionally kicked ignominiously into the street, for the temporary occupation of dirty boys and other very questionable company.

While great carts and drays block the thoroughfares, loaded to the height of a second story, with chairs, sofas, and mirrors, the footway is crowded by people covered with precious objects of wearing apparel, or nicknackery too minute or too fragile for hurried packing. Respectable citizens move by with china ornaments or bronze candelabra, and are met by others with bird-cages, or glass cases of stuffed beasts. It is a moment of universal candour as well as confusion. The general public passes you in review; and your "properties," as the stage people call them, must be submitted, in all the glare of daylight, to a world spirited up to a most censorious tone of criticism. It is the doomsday of all things in furniture. Never before did you suspect how detectable was that flaw in your looking-glass, or that crack in your dinner-table. The turkey carpet which, in the softened light of your carefully darkened drawing-room, was a delight to the eye, is now a horror of faded tints and blotched patches; and your wife's portrait in oil, as borne along, elicits comments on her probable merits as a spouse that are little short of maddening.

Never was there such a favourable moment for self-knowledge. All a man's belongings—the indications, silent but eloquent, of his daily life—are trundled out before a world stimulated to severity by a like exposure. I'd not have been half so hard on my neighbour's chimney-clock if I had not overheard his ungenerous remarks on my teapot. It is an uncharitable hour, and the best-natured of men are soured under its influence.

Now, had all these domestic changes been filtered, as in other countries, throughout the entire year, they would have called for

little remark or notice. Men must "*déménager*" as they must die. It is at the sight of a universal mortality that people stand aghast and tremble.

I have in vain inquired the object of this enactment—what possible benefit there could be, or to whom, in a system so provocative of discomfort and annoyance. If it be that the Government desire to have a tax—as is their stamp-duty—paid to the hour, why not decree that no contract is binding in which the stamp has not been affixed before a certain day? To whom except the luggage-porters, who are certainly a vested interest, can it profit that I must hurry in mad haste from one house to occupy another? Can anything be imagined more full of annoyance and worry than such a proceeding? All thought of giving up a house in decent or cleanly condition is of course abandoned. It is as much as people can do, in this hurried moment, to move away with their *impedimenta*. None wastes a thought on his successor; and the conviction that the dwelling to which he is about to repair will be dirty and disagreeable in all respects, allays any qualm of conscience for the condition of that he is abandoning.

Paternal governments certainly do very strange things, arrogating to themselves that they know what is good for us better than we ourselves. They proceed to deal with us like creatures too incompetent to reason. Nor is it by any patient and careful study of the social relations of a people, by a keen and searching insight into their modes of thinking and acting, that they arrive at their faculty. They acquire it by a sort of divine right. It comes of the very air of the Bureau!

And why, may I ask, did not the high intellect that devised the great game of cross-corners for the 24th August carry out his principle? Why did he not suggest that all marriage-contracts should end on

that day, and people be bound to start with new conjugal arrangements within twenty-four hours? I'll warrant him the tax would have beat the house-tax tenfold. What a lively interest the project would have thrown over the comparatively sluggish current of married life! How it would have suggested hope to the down-trodden, and joy to the oppressed! how it would have redoubled the attentions of this one, or stimulated the anxious cares of that!

What a bail-bond to good behaviour on both sides would it have been to know that each was on the look-out to "better himself," as the maids call it. The month of August would become a national honeymoon, and such a thing as a pouting lip or a compressed brow be utterly and totally unknown. And how it would have bound the interests of the man to the State to feel that, in the most sacred relations of his life, the Government had an eye upon him!

GARIBALDI'S LAST.

It has been M. Rattazzi's evil fortune—and worse luck could scarcely have befallen an Italian statesman—to have twice been Garibaldi's jailer. In the affair which ended at Aspromonte, there were many who said Rattazzi was not clean-handed. He was, at the time, the head of the movement party in the country. He was regarded as the man most likely to carry out the project of which Cavour had given the initiative. Above all, he was believed to be a thorough-going foe to the Papacy. When, therefore, it was announced that Garibaldi had landed in Sicily, and was enrolling volunteers for an expedition against Rome, nine out of ten men in Italy would have told you that Rattazzi was a party to the whole project—that his ambition was to rival Cavour's celebrated raid against Naples, and to astonish the world by the spectacle of a downfall of infinitely greater moment than the ruin of a Bourbon dynasty. The supposition was far from groundless; there was a publicity—a sort of defiant publicity—in Garibaldi's preparations, which certainly implied connivance, if not complicity. The cafés were nightly filled with men loud of talk and free of their denunciations of Rome. The red shirts circulated freely through the streets, placards headed "*Roma o Morte*"

met the eye at every crossing. There was unquestionably no secrecy maintained on the score of the expedition, and men not unnaturally believed that what the Government saw and witnessed, and expressed no disapproval of, must, in the ordinary course of events, be deemed as not displeasing to them. People too recalled the memory of the expedition to Marsala, and the stories of the Government having made large grants of arms and munitions of war to Garibaldi, of having treated with him by confidential agents, and, in fact, made themselves partisans in all his acts, while they preserved that pretence of ignoring him which enabled Cavour to disown in his despatches all complicity, and continue to treat the Neapolitan minister at Turin as the envoy of a friendly power. People remembered all these things, and said, Rattazzi is following the lead of his great predecessor; he will wait till Garibaldi's success is sufficiently assured before he avows him to be his agent, and then, like Cavour, he will come forward to acknowledge the *fait accompli*, which, in the modern history of Europe, is a "Fate" recognised as the actual decree of Heaven. There was nothing in M. Rattazzi's character or antecedents to refute this supposition: he was known to be a very ambitious man, very

desirous to win a great name as a statesman, and more than envious of Cavour's transcendent reputation; he was believed to be very unscrupulous, and one with a genuine Italian love for intrigue and conspiracy. Such a story circulated about Ricasoli would have found little credence, while of Rattazzi it seemed all that was most probable and likely. When the Ministerial proclamation appeared, declaring the expedition an act of lawless and outrageous character, that all who joined in it would be treated with every severity of the law, and that General Garibaldi, as the leader, was a rebel to his own sovereign, men simply said, All this was necessary—it was exactly what Cavour did—Rattazzi must be able to satisfy the French Emperor that he has done all in his power, and only yielded to events when they became too strong for him.

The Italian is by nature so intensely subtle that he is never at a loss for a secret motive for what to the common-sense intelligence of an Englishman there would appear to be a very ordinary and open solution. If an English official in high station had declared that the Government was decided to treat Fenians as rebels, it would not be easy to find the man in England who would believe that the announcement was simply a blind, and that the Cabinet only waited till Captain O'Mulligan had planted the green flag over Dublin Castle, to avow that they were heart and soul in the whole conspiracy; and yet such a story as this would be currently believed in the Peninsula, and the chances are that the man who disbelieved it would be of a very crass and inferior intelligence. In fact, as a rule, the Italian who has not a spice of Macchiavelli in his nature is generally a very poor creature. It is this intense ingenuity in suggesting possible motives for everything that is the salt of the national character.

Rattazzi was then believed to be

doing what Cavour had done before him—disavowing boldly what he secretly approved of and was sure to recognise when recognition became safe. There were some who went even further, and averred that such was Garibaldi's personal attachment and regard for the King, that without the implied consent of the monarch he would never have embarked in the expedition.

Of course I do not pretend to any personal knowledge of these events. The sources from which I derive any information of them are such as are open to all, save in such chance opportunities as conversation offers, and in that amount of authenticity that one would feel disposed to accord to the rumours that reach him. My belief, however, is—and it is strengthened by what I remember of Garibaldi when a prisoner—that he himself was fully persuaded, in the outset of the expedition, that the Government was an approving party, and would give him connivance at first and support afterwards. One of Garibaldi's dearest and most devoted friends—the man whom Garibaldi made his chosen companion at Caprera, and in whose society his days were chiefly passed at Varignano, when he lay wounded and a prisoner—told me that he himself knew that Garibaldi had in his possession letters which would show that every step he had taken was made with the perfect concurrence and the fullest approval of those in power; but that Garibaldi was one who, under no possible circumstances, would stoop to devolve upon another any, even the smallest portion of a responsibility he had himself assumed willingly and openly; nay, more, that he would not resent a treachery, if in doing so it might impair his own self-respect.

Whatever may have been the complications of the former expedition against Rome, none of a like nature certainly attended this last attempt. M. Rattazzi has

had far too many difficulties to meet in his dealings with the French Emperor of late, to add to them a partisanship with Garibaldi. The September Convention was doubtless a great blow to the hopes and aspirations of Italian patriotism—to proclaim openly to the world that the promise of a King and the pledge of a Parliament should go for nothing, when the word of a foreign sovereign declared against them—that all the ambitions of a people should bow before the policy of the ruler of another state, and Italy accept the decrees of a foreign Cabinet as her guide and director. The change of capital was hard enough, but nothing to the tyranny that said, You must nullify the vote of your Legislature and renounce formally the pledge the nation has taken. These sufferings, however, had been endured; the season of sacrifice had passed, and the time now was dawning when any recompense which this treaty secured might be hopefully looked forward to. The French had gone—Italy was at last Italian—no event, no circumstance, would warrant a renewal of foreign intervention—none but a breach of that Convention for which Italy had paid so heavily, and by which, as yet at least, she had gained nothing in return. Was Garibaldi, then, to be permitted to risk the fate of the nation? was he to be suffered to expose the country to another intervention, and once again open Rome to the French? This was the view the Rattazzi Cabinet took of the situation. They did not suffer themselves to canvass the chances of success or the hazards of failure. No question of what resistance the Papal troops might offer, or how the Zouaves or the Antibes Legion would behave, disturbed their calculations: one only issue presented itself to their thoughts—What will the Emperor say? what will he do? If we suffer the Convention to be broken, will he assume the right he possesses to come back

and occupy Rome?—and if so, how shall we meet an event which all Italy will regard with shame, and be ready to resent with violence?

The enemies of the September Convention always declared that Louis Napoleon enforced stipulations that no Government of Italy could possibly fulfil, and that the condition of maintaining the Papacy imposed upon Italy was more than any Ministry could promise. The reply to this was, We only contract to protect Rome from external violence—we make no engagements against her being ruined from within—indeed, we are quite ready to lend a quiet unostentatious aid to that object.

This policy of waiting till the “pear was ripe” could not suit Garibaldi. To a man of his ardent impulsive nature delay savoured of deceit. Perhaps the only class of people he ever really distrusted in life were statesmen; he was not one to know and estimate the motives from which they acted, the necessities which pressed, the obligations which bound them; he simply saw something that would be good if it were done, and he could no more comprehend any delay in doing it than he would have understood any hesitation about saving a man from drowning.

It is said, too—I cannot say with what truth—that Garibaldi has been smarting sorely at the ungenerous treatment he met with in the last war. The task assigned to him was, with the means to accomplish it, a simple impossibility; and even his unsuspecting nature could not have failed to see in the project a deliberate intention to sully his bright reputation by an egregious failure, if he even escaped with life. They who were about him during this short disastrous campaign never scrupled to say that he was the victim of a French intrigue.

Whether this were true or not, it

is certain that he retired gloomy and discontented to Caprera ; and to the thanks somewhat tardily offered to his force, he returned a dry, cold, and not very gracious reply, and stating that they had simply done their duty.

The man who has lived much before the world, and attracted to himself an immense share of worldly homage and admiration, let him be ever so simple and self-denying, would not find it easy to retire from the gaze of his fellow-men and sink into the obscurity to which an unmerited failure had also contributed.

It is very possible that Garibaldi felt this, and determined, as has been asserted in the papers, to have sought a glorious end to his great career under the walls of Rome.

In this attempt he was doing what all well knew he had long determined on, whether the King's Government would aid him or not ; and many assured him that Rattazzi has so completely broken with the Roman Court by his late bill on the Church property, that though at first he might stand aloof and watch events, if fortune seemed to favour the movement he would be at Viterbo as Cavour was at Capua, with the whole force of an army, and ratify the victory.

The question that men are now eagerly asking is, Would Cavour have done what Rattazzi has done ? The mandate of the French Emperor, declaring that Cialdini should not march into the Legations, was as positive and as menacing as any stipulation of the September treaty. It was followed by a declaration of

very little short of actual war. The Minister was recalled from Turin, and all relations between the two countries were broken off. And yet Cavour braved all this ; not that he was then prepared to meet France on the battle-field, but that he knew the Emperor could not make a *casus belli* of an event which would arouse the susceptibilities of a whole people. He whose dogma is to succour suffering nationalities must occasionally meet rather knotty questions to resolve, and some which can only be solved by sacrifices.

It is not easy to say what might have happened had Garibaldi reached Rome and entered it as a conqueror. Would Rattazzi have accepted the event, and attempted to negotiate with France, or would he have thought himself bound by the treaty to expel the reds and restore Pio Nono ?

To declare by a proclamation that the man who assumes the right to place himself above the law, and by his simple authority usurp the functions of the Government, is an enemy to the State, is to issue a document which a change of date would make very awkward. Garibaldi is merely doing now what you applauded him for doing seven years ago ; he is the same rebel, and no worse, than he was then. To send him the highest order of the Crown one day, and to commit him to prison the next, for the self-same action, gives to patriotism in Italy all the excitement of a game of chance ; and as Garibaldi is not the least of a gambler, it may have no possible charm for him.

WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BEING alive to the awkward conjunction of the words "women" and "middle age" in the same sentence, we at the outset entreat patience until the sequel shall prove our innocence of the intention to write about "*middle-aged women*," or even to affirm that such beings are. Women, we know, are all either young or old. There is no debatable ground between these extremes. May and December are familiar, but there is no autumn, and, if there were, it is hoped that we have too much sense to call attention thereto.

The real subject of this paper is the social position of women during the middle ages of the Christian world; and the train of thoughts which led up to it began with reflections on woman's anxiety to unsex herself in the present age. The lovely being is tired of the sanctity in which she was enshrined centuries ago, and is determined to "clear out" of the same, to jostle us men on the walks which we have hitherto considered proper to ourselves, to owe nothing to our gallantry, but to forage for herself, and to prefer a fair field and no favour to all the homage which has been hitherto hers. She, no doubt, has weighed carefully the prescriptive rights which she is about to abdicate; but we, not being well informed on that subject, desire to "take stock" of these advantages, and to understand how she acquired them. For, looking back to our early histories, and especially to that earliest of all in which are recorded her first appearance in the world, and the little obligation which she laid us all under, we see her able to exact but small regard from men, and men disposed to concede but sparing regard to her. Milton has suggested something like a beginning of chivalrous homage in Eden, but

as 'Paradise Lost' is not the poetry of the period, it does not prove much for our inquiry. She appears to have been for ages little better than a drudge. Howbeit, between that original forced drudgery and the voluntary drudgery which she is to-day demanding as a right, she has known a canonisation, or rather an apotheosis; she has been exalted to an absolute sovereignty, her breath has been incense, her perpetual tribute adoration, the deeds of heroes have been amply rewarded by her smile, her displeasure has brought despair and ruin: to do her will was man's voluntary and laudable service, to offend her was to rouse the wrath of every manly bosom, and to incur the reproach of being recreant and disloyal. Perhaps this is attributing to the whole sex a power which only distinguished individuals could exercise to the full; nevertheless the sex at large was endued with it in kind, if not in degree. Strong in her weakness, overruling by the abnegation of all right and will, woman reigned despotic; her sway rested on no charter, but the swords of paladins leapt from their scabbards to sustain it; her wrong, borne in voiceless meekness, pointed the lance of chivalry, and made every true man her sworn avenger. How the resignation of such high influences as these, which set her in some senses above the world and its vicissitudes, can be compensated by a pair of small-clothes with tribulations, one is at a loss to understand: yet such is her pleasure, and our faith would be unfaithful if we did not bear with her even in her self-asserting caprice. In place of her true knight, woman proposes to champion herself to-day; it is not masculine strength, but her own right hand, that shall help her.

The sceptre is not one, we trow, which she can lay down and resume at will. It is an artificial ensign, not for all time, though it has endured for many ages. The halo will not disappear by a sudden eclipse, but it will go down slowly and with a mellow glory, like the setting sun, into the future; and Christendom, forlorn and chill, will accept its destiny, and seek a savage civilisation. And so, when the gentle tyranny shall be a tradition of the past, a power never to revive while the world standeth, the marvel will be how it ever existed. We do not pretend to solve the riddle, or to explain by what subtle course of feeling and opinion the unruly wills and affections of sinful men came to bow themselves before this absolute idol: but we do hope to be able to exhibit some of the circumstances of the dawn of the worship and of its meridian glory. Its decline and fall are already a topic familiar to our age.

On first considering the question we found ourselves possessed of an idea that the social state known to our own experience and pervading our literature was according to the eternal fitness of things; that woman's position is not an arbitrary one which she can relinquish or which she can be deprived of, but one prescribed by Providence and by our nature; one, therefore, certain to be re-established whatever attempts may be made to change it. But a very brief retrospect shows the fallacy of this. The mention of her in the books of the Old Testament does not indicate that she is a being claiming by natural right any particular influence, or that there should be merit in obeying or indulging her. Far less have we a warrant for worshipping her. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception," said the Creator to her; "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over

thee." There is not much foreshadow of supremacy in that sentence. And we are well assured that throughout the Jewish dispensation, woman, far from dictating or controlling, was not allowed to have a will of her own. An episode here and there proves that Eve's daughters were worthy of her, and that they did a little in the beguiling line, principally to their husbands' detriment, as Solomon, Ahab, Job, Samson, and others knew to their cost, though sometimes an Abigail or an Esther showed a better spirit. But there was nothing like an acknowledged deference to the sex: on the contrary, there was scarcely a decent respect. When Jehu, a prince and a warrior, saw wretched Jezebel at the window, his order was, "Throw her down;" and over her corpse he exclaimed, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her; *for she is a king's daughter.*" The concession of the rite of burial was not made to the woman, but to the daughter of a king. Thus, notwithstanding that between the ninth century B.C. and the nineteenth century of the present account there rises a great arch of time, on the keystone of which we see woman sitting supreme, the feet of the arch are nearly on a level. Jezreel suggests New Orleans, and Jehu might have been a humble follower of Butler. Jezebel was, it is true, an ugly old crone, but her treatment by the great charioteer is of kin to the modern outrage on Beauty by "the Beast."

If we refer to profane history we find that the heathen woman of ancient days was worse off than the Jewish. The Roman lady's condition has been carefully described by Gibbon as follows:—

"According to the custom of antiquity, he" (the Roman) "bought his bride of her parents, and she fulfilled the *coemption* by purchasing with three pieces of copper a just introduction to his house and household deities. A sacrifice of fruits was offered by the pon-

tiffs in the presence of ten witnesses; the contracting parties were seated on the same sheepskin; they tasted a salt cake of *far* or rice; and this *confarreatio*, which denoted the ancient food of Italy, served as an emblem of their mystic union of mind and body. But this union on the side of the woman was rigorous and unequal, and she renounced the name and worship of her father's house to embrace a new servitude, decorated only by the title of adoption. A fiction of the law, neither rational nor elegant, bestowed on the mother of a family (her proper appellation) the strange characters of sister to her own children, and of daughter to her husband or master, who was invested with the plenitude of paternal power. By his judgment or caprice her behaviour was approved, or censured, or chastised; he exercised the jurisdiction of life and death; and it was allowed that in the cases of adultery or drunkenness the sentence might be properly inflicted. She acquired and inherited for the sole profit of her lord; and so closely was woman defined, not as a *person* but as a *thing*, that if the original title were deficient she might be claimed like other movables by the use and possession of an entire year."

And in a note the same author quotes Aulus Gellius as follows:—

"Metellus Numidicus the censor acknowledged to the Roman people in a public oration that had kind nature allowed us to exist without the help of woman, we should be delivered from a very troublesome companion; and he could recommend matrimony only as a sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty."

Metellus and the Apostle Paul appear to have been much of the same mind on this head.

But when we begin to reflect on women as they are shown in classic lore, it is not the Roman lady that we feel inclined to dwell on, but our memories instantly summon up such brilliant names as Aspasia, Lais, Glycera. And here it would seem as if we came upon an oasis in the great desert—as if that glorious city of old days, whose image, once suggested, will lead the mind captive, and distract it from its work-a-day theme—

"Whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail,"

—as if the renowned Athene, pre-eminent in so much of what is beautiful and noble, had also been pre-eminent in removing the disabilities of women, and had anticipated the gentleness of Christianity by cultivating their minds, encouraging their talents, and venerating their opinions. If not worship, here they enjoyed equality with the other sex; if the female sex itself did not exercise an absolute supremacy, its individuals were recognised and celebrated according to their abilities and charms. But no: this is only a specious fancy, striking at first, but no exception when sifted and examined. We prefer, however, not to put forward our own argument on this head, but rather to show how far the instance was thought to be favourable to the rights of women by one of themselves, and a clever one too.*

"These women whose names are linked with those of the greatest and wisest men of antiquity, were the outcasts of society—its admiration, its pride, and its shame, the agents of its refined civilisation, the instruments of its rapid moral corruption.

"Born in slavery, or sold to it, infant captives taken in war, or of a class too lowly to be recognised as citizens by the state, these victims of civil combinations, foredoomed, by the accidents of their birth or of their lives, to an inevitable social degradation, had one privilege incidental to their singular lot; and of that they availed themselves to the triumph of mind over station, and of usurping acquirement over established ignorance. They were not under the ban of that intellectual proscription which was reserved by the law for the virtuous and the chaste. . . .

"The position of these women was a false one, dangerous to the best interests of society; and their privileges and their influence (for rights they had none), though uncontrolled by the lawgiver, and freely permitted by the conventional manners of the times and country, became a deteriorating principle, which worked out the political ruin of Greece through its moral depravity."

* Lady Morgan.

After this, we will add nothing of our own concerning the Athenian women, but accept the dictum of our gifted authority, the champion of her sex. From her pages, however, we will take the liberty of extracting another passage, illustrative of the condition of women in the East.

"The position of the woman of savage life, miserable as it may be, is less strikingly degraded than that of the females of those vast empires of the East which vaunt an antique origin, and in which the lights of a semi-civilisation have surrounded a fraction at least of the species with the luxuries of wealth, and afforded something of the semblance of a social policy. Of the earliest condition of these widely-extended nations nothing is known; and the few scanty fragments of their history which have reached posterity show them as then already far removed from the rudeness of savage life. In these fragments, the records of ages when civilisation was as yet exclusively confined to Asia (the supposed cradle of the human species, and certainly the cradle of its written history), physical pressure of another character and origin is found to determine the servitude of woman, and to crush her under a slavery, if possible, more revolting than that of the mere savage. . . .

"It is an awful and heartrending act to raise the dark curtain which hangs before the 'sanctuary of the women' throughout the great continent of Asia, and to penetrate the domestic holds of those vainglorious nations which arrogate to themselves the precedence in creation, and date their power and their policy from eras anterior to the written records of more civilised communities. In these states, on whose condition the passage of some thousands of years has impressed no change, and in which the sufferings of one half the species have awakened no sympathy, may be discovered the most graphic illustrations of the tyranny of man and of the degradation of woman."

And, referring particularly to China, both past and present, it is written—

"The female slave who, at the head of a band of inferior slaves, is dignified with the name of superior (adequate to that of wife), who has been purchased with gold, and may be returned if on trial not approved, is not deemed worthy to eat at her master's table."

And so, whenever we can arrive at any knowledge of the condition of women of old, whatever may have been their country, we find them in subjection—degrading subjection generally—to the male sex. Then the oldest antiquity passed away; Christ was incarnate in the world, was dead and buried, and rose again and ascended into heaven, yet clouds and thick darkness were not immediately dispelled from woman's lot.

Plutarch, as every student is aware, took some pains to set forth the merits of women of different nations. It is quite evident that, in doing so, he considered that he was putting in an apology or a plea. He is the Mill of ancient days, and his interference proves that woman in his time suffered, or fancied that she suffered, or was believed by him and his disciples to suffer, grievous wrong, and that the good that was in her was not appreciated by the times in which he wrote—that is to say, the latter end of the first and beginning of the second century. As time rolled on and Barbarian kingdoms were founded on the ruins of the Roman Empire, woman's moral position appears to have been a very subordinate one. Historians complain bitterly of the darkness of those periods; but the glimmer that we get shows us woman still a very humble if not a degraded being. Her physical burden was greater or less according to the customs of tribes; but legally and morally she was nowhere. At last we come upon the Round Table and see the beginnings of chivalry, which shone for a season only to be quenched in Saxon grossness and idolatry: that is, if it did shine, and if Arthur and his Court was not an imagination of later years. As to Lombardy, as late as the sixth and seventh centuries, "we incidentally learn that no woman was mistress of her own actions; she was under the *mundium*, the legal protection or control of her father,

her brother, her husband, or in their default, of the nearest male of her family, or even of the king ; if she were injured, the pecuniary composition went not to her, but to the person who exercised this mundium over her—in other words, to her owner.”* When we pass to other tribes and nations the picture is no better. The laws and customs show plainly that the honour and virtue of women were matters of small account. Not only is there no concession of rights or position to them, but there is no acknowledgment that they were due to them. The world was quite satisfied that woman as an *inferior* was in her right and natural place. Whatever alleviation or benefit she enjoyed, she enjoyed by the favour and condescension of man, whose caprice might lead him sometimes to indulge her ; but as to *her* grace being worth obtaining, there is not a vestige of such an idea !

Thus it is abundantly clear that up to the sixth or seventh century of the years of our Lord, the sex all over the world, far from enjoying worship or precedence or observance, was in an inferior and sometimes cruelly base condition, although individual women had, by their charms or their talents, enslaved here and there their own admirers. But the time had now come when it was to experience a rise in the world, when it was to become successively a *protégée* and a toy, an equal, a power, a glorified power, an idol, an object of the wildest fanaticism. To trace the origin and early growth of this influence until we find it recognised as a leading article of knightly faith, would be a grateful task ; but we fear that to trace them accurately is now impossible. As far as actual records guide us the account amounts nearly to this—viz., we lose sight of a moral insect somewhere in the third century after Christ, and in the tenth century find the same insect

developed as a moral butterfly, the intermediate grub state being a blank of seven or eight centuries. But in the absence of positive history to guide them, modern writers have speculated, though not very widely, on the probable circumstances and degrees of the transition.

It has been said by some whose opinions are well worthy of respect that the germ of female ascendancy is to be traced among the manners of the Germans or Gauls. Tacitus says that the Germans thought there was something holy in women, and that they never despised their counsels or neglected their answers. The following anecdote, which may be thought to support the same view, we take from an old translation of Plutarch's Essays :—

“ Before that the Gauls passed over the mountains called Alpes and held that part of Italy which now they do inhabit, there arose a great discord and dangerous sedition among them, which grew in the end to a civil war : but when both armies stood embattailed and arranged, ready to fight, their wives put themselves in the very midst between the armed troops, took the matter of difference and controversy into their hands, brought them to accord and unity, and judged the querrell with such indifferent equity, and so to the contentment of both parts, that there ensued a wonderful amity, and reciprocate good will, not only from city to city, but also between house and house ; insomuch that ever after they continued this custom in all their consultations, as well of war as peace, to take the counsell and advice of their wives ; yea, to compose and pacifie all debates and braules with their neighbours and allies, by the mediation of them, and therefore in that composition and accord which they made with Anibal, at what time he passed through their city, among other articles this went for one : That in case the Gauls complained of any wrongs done unto them by the Carthaginians, the Carthaginian Captaines and Governour which were in Spaine should be the judges between them ; but contrariwise, if the Carthaginians pretended that the Gaules had wronged them, the Gaule Dames should decide the querrell.”

* Dunham's 'Middle Ages.'

The Germans, according to Sir W. Scott, who follows Tacitus, fought in the presence of their women, who, with dishevelled hair and fierce aspect, rushed into the *mêlée*, thereby exciting the valour of the warriors to its highest effort. The females, by a natural instinct, admired and preferred those whom they had seen distinguishing themselves in fight; and so they became the judges and the rewarders of achievements.

But we confess that this reasoning does not satisfy us. If this cause would account for woman's elevation, she would have begun to rise long before the Germans were heard of, for in all savage or primitive wars, there must have been but too many contests of which women were spectators: and the fame of exploits produces as great or a greater impression on the female mind than the view of the exploits themselves. The deeds, therefore, of early days which woman might not witness, she would certainly know by report, and appreciate; yet her appreciation of them never seems to have done her much good. The Indian squaws revile the cowards of the tribe, and admire the great warriors—still they are only squaws. When the women of Israel answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," though their "damnable iteration" drove Saul mad, and sent David into exile after several narrow escapes from assassination, it does not appear that they themselves took anything by their clamour. We have all been taught that the Lacedæmonian and Roman mothers fostered the devoted valour of the two nations; and we cannot doubt that they criticised and favoured it: still they remained only as the Roman women whose condition Gibbon, as above quoted, has described. The learned Henry Hallam puts forward another theory, and maintains that the treatment of women must improve as civilisation ad-

vances, and will be, in every nation, proportioned to the degree of refinement. But, according to this rule, there would have been a certain chivalry in the most advanced of ancient nations; and, as we have been growing more and more refined since the days of Edward III., it would follow that woman's position, instead of declining, as it has done, would have continued, and if possible improved, up to the present day. Look, however, at the facts. Butler stalks about in whole skin, and with the rank of a general officer, defying opinion. In the fourteenth century a thousand knights would singly have gone in quest of him, immediately after hearing of his proceedings, and his mouth would have been stopped and his soul been sent to Hades as soon as an avenger could get within a lance's length of him. On this side the Atlantic, if we have not reached the point of tolerating brutality toward women, we have, by many infallible signs, abated in our homage to them. We cannot, therefore, quite accept Mr Hallam's doctrine as explanatory of the phase of woman's history into which we are inquiring.

Our own belief is, that although mere civilisation could never have produced the effect which we are contemplating, civilisation, accompanied by the spread of the Christian religion, might, and did, give rise to it. The nation which could approve the maxim *parcere subjectis*, would, by an expansion of its principle, exercise at least forbearance toward woman: but it required a knowledge of the doctrines of Christ to conceive the principle which was afterwards pushed to such a marvellous extreme. As soon as men learned to believe in the beatitudes, and to see in meekness, poorness of spirit, and earthly inability, marks for the favour of God, their toleration for women probably grew into respect; and the wish to uphold them whom God regarded with favour, would

suggest the protection of them. Allow for the enthusiasm with which a new and popular creed is often followed to the pitch of ridicule, and for the superstitious elements which are to be expected when the world is shaking off an old and inducing a new belief, and we have some plausible conception of the mode in which our fathers' minds were acted upon so as to assign to woman her place in the system of chivalry.

What pure and sober Christianity would have done for women may be learned from St Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, chapter 2d, verse 11, to the end of the chapter: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding she shall be saved in child-bearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." But Christianity, instead of being pure and sober, was engrafted, as we know, on some very ignorant and wilful stocks. As a general rule, conversion was only a compromise. Nations like individuals accepted the new religion with a proviso in favour of their besetting sins. The European nations held fast by war and violence, but acted them now for the glory of God instead of for the indulgence of their own savage passions. On the other hand they conceded the confession that hitherto their usage of the gentler sex had been unwarrantably severe. The blessed Redeemer was the son of David and of Joseph in name only, but He was truly and literally born of a woman. And this highest indication of Divine favour towards the sex was in conformity with those Christian teachings which sanction as blessings many of woman's attributes. Though the practice, therefore, of patience,

meekness, temperance, and forgiveness, was more than a warrior could stoop to, he was pleased to compound with religion by admiring and extolling these virtues in the weaker sex. And here were the beginnings of a reaction—a reaction whose force must be measured, not by the power which produced it, but by the contrary force which had prevailed before. By how much it was perceived that woman, blessed of God, had been degraded and enslaved by man, by so much it was felt, and sworn by the holy rood, that she should be exalted and compensated. She was to get not only her own, but her own with usury. Forty centuries of arrears were to be paid up to the fair creature: men heaped Ossa on Pelion to form a homage worthy her acceptance, and believed that they had come short of her desert. With this revolution woman herself had little to do. Intrinsically she remained much what she had ever been. She was translated, not transformed. She had been the Pagan's victim and thrall. She was the Christian's idol and mistress.

Inclination, no doubt, powerfully seconded the sense of duty. Men, having once tried the experiment, rejoiced to find a natural passion elevated to a noble sentiment. Emulation was excited and fostered on both sides. Woman strove to approach the perfection that was ascribed to her; ascertained and practised the virtues and graces that became her sex; and shed over domestic and public life a brightness and a tenderness which had never been seen in the world before. Man, to render himself worthy of his divinity, became in principle, if not always in practice, a combination of dazzling qualities and virtues. A new refinement began to improve manners. Courtesy, condescension, and subordination were found not only to be no detriment to the valour of a knight, but to add tenfold lustre to that valour.

Whatever may have been the

facts of the transition from the state assigned to her by St Paul, we find that in the days of Arthur and of Charlemagne, woman had already attained to some consideration; and the few glimpses that we get of her between that period and the period of the Crusades, when her exaltation may be said to have been fairly established, though not yet at its height, show that she is gradually ascending in the social scale. Her halcyon days may be said to have been contemporary with Edward III. and his glorious son. And about that period we are enabled to see and appreciate her worship and renown; for we have chroniclers who delight in details of knightly acts and magnificence.

However obscure may be the causes and progress of her power, there is no doubt or darkness about the height and glory to which it attained. *Malgré* the impiety, folly, and extravagance which are proved along with it, the fact of her ascendancy and the circumstances thereof are elaborately and indelibly stamped on the pages of the histories of the middle ages. The love of God *and of the ladies* was the prime motive of every true knight in his course of chivalry. To this he publicly and solemnly devoted himself. The ladies occupy the second place in the sentence, but it is to be feared that their prophets far outnumbered the prophets of the Lord. We ourselves believed before we examined, and we doubt not most of our readers now believe, that the expression above quoted, however great its impropriety, was simply a *façon de parler*, and that the religious faith of those days, when sifted, would be found to be sound and pure. But lo! when, in the hope of proving this, we begin to turn over the books and chronicles of chivalry, we are startled by the information that among some at least, and those persons who exercised a wide-

spread influence, the worship of the ladies was literally a RELIGION. Hear the doctrine of La Dame des Belles Cousines, a burning and a shining light in the days of chivalry. She held, as touching *l'amour de Dieu et des Dames*, that "the one should not go on (*ne devoit point aller*) without the other, and the lover who comprehended how to serve a lady loyally *was saved!*" And St Palaye, in his '*Memoires sur la Chevalerie*,' hesitates not to accept this as a serious article of the faith of a knight. Speaking of the education of gentle youth, he says, "The first lessons given to them had reference principally to the love of God and of the ladies—that is to say, to religion and to gallantry. If one can credit the chronicle of Jean de Saintre, it was generally the ladies who undertook the duty of teaching them at one and the same time *their catechism and the art of love*. But in like manner, as the religion which was taught was accompanied by puerilities and superstition, so the love of the ladies, which was prescribed to them, was full of refinement and fanaticism." La Dame des Belles Cousines was, we venture to hope, an extreme ritualist, claiming for her pet observances a merit which the great body of worshippers did not quite concede to them. Moderate believers may have been free from the sin of absolute and confessed idolatry. Still, whether the service of the fair sex was or was not regarded by them as a religious duty, it is certain that they entertained very strong opinions concerning it. The general maxim, according to Sir Kenelm Digby, was, "*Perdu est tout honneur à cil qui honneur à dame ne refère*;" and the same author quotes the poet Chaucer to the following effect: "Women are the cause of all knighthood, the increase of worship, and of all worthiness, courteous, glad and merry, and true in every wise." Gassier, in his '*Histoire de la Chevalerie Française*,'

speaking of the romancers or troubadours, has the following:—

“Many knights are numbered among these poets. To consecrate his heart and his homage to a mistress, to live for her exclusively, for her to aspire to all the glory of arms and of the virtues, to admire her perfections and assure to them public admiration, to aspire to the title of her servant and her slave, and to think himself blessed if, in recompense of so great a love, and of so great efforts, she deign to accept them; in a word, to serve his lady as a kind of divinity whose favours cannot but be the prize of the noblest sentiments, a divinity who cannot be loved without respect, and who cannot be respected without love—this was one of the principal duties of every knight, or of whosoever desired to become one. The imagination sought to exalt itself with such a scheme of love; and by forming heroes, it (the scheme of love, we presume) gave reality to all the flights of the poet’s imagination of that time. The fair whose charms and whose merit the knights-troubadours celebrated, those earthly goddesses of chivalry, welcomed them with a winning generosity, and often repaid their compliments with tender favours. . . . It is easy to understand that, love and war being the spring of all their actions, some celebrated the deeds of arms which had rendered so many brave knights illustrious, while others sang of the beauty, the graces, and the charms of their ladies, and of the tender sentiments with which the ladies had inspired them.”

St Palaye, speaking of the duties of knights, remarks, “It was one of the capital points of their institution on no account to speak ill of ladies, and on no account to allow any one in their presence to dare to speak ill of ladies.” In a note he says, “This is, of all the laws of chivalry, that which was maintained at all times with the greatest rigour among the French nobility.” “If a virtuous dame,” says Brantome, as quoted by St Palaye, “desire to maintain her position by means of his valour and constancy, her ser-

vant by no means grudges his life to support and defend her, if she runs the least hazard in the world, either as regards her life, or her honour, or in case any evil may have been said of her; as I have seen in our court many who have silenced slanderers who have dared to detract from their mistresses and ladies, whom by the duty and laws of chivalry we are bound to serve as champions in their troubles.”

“By the customs of Burgundy a young maid could save the life of a criminal if she met him by accident, for the first time, going to execution, and asked him in marriage.” “Is it not true,” asks Marchangy, “that the criminal who can interest a simple and virtuous maid, so as to be chosen for a husband, is not so guilty as he may appear, and that extenuating circumstances speak secretly in his favour?” Again, “The greatest enemies to the feudal system have acknowledged that the preponderance of domestic manners was its essential characteristic. In the early education of youth women were represented as the objects of respectful love, and the dispensers of happiness.”*

It is not necessary to adduce further proof of the eminence to which, morally, woman was exalted. Her empire was notorious and unchallenged. All writers of those times celebrate it, and in recent times it has been attested by the charming pen of Scott and by the sneer of Gibbon.† The theory of the worship is beyond dispute; but it may be interesting to examine how the practice of chivalry accorded with its profession, and whether the power and position of the sex were substantially as dazzling as speculation represented them. Upon reflection we shall probably

* Sir Kenelm Digby. *The Orlandus in the ‘Broad Stone of Honour.’*

† “As the champion of God and the ladies (I blush to unite such discordant names), he devoted himself to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to protect the distressed; to practise courtesy, a virtue less familiar to the ancients; to pursue the infidels, &c. &c.”—Gibbon’s *‘Decline and Fall,’* vol. vii. p. 340.

all admit that they were so. For though the phase of lady-worship most familiar to us is seen in the practice of the knights-errant, to whose vagaries a certain amount of ridicule attaches, there is ample evidence of a real, practical, established female ascendancy. The wandering or the soldier knight would vaunt the charms and virtues of a mistress whose favour he might or might not wear,* and enforce the acknowledgment of them with the point of his lance; he would draw his sword for the deliverance of a captive lady, or to redress a lady's wrong; but independently of the effects of real or fancied passion, independently of acts of individual compassion, or generosity, or condescension, the sex, as such, undoubtedly did experience and exercise the benefits and the powers which the knight's profession assigned to it. In proof of this be it remembered that a lady never hesitated to lay her commands upon a knight, whether specially devoted to her service or not, and that it was imperative upon the knight to obey her, except the command should unfortunately be incompatible with his *devoir* to his own elected lady, to his sovereign, or to a brother in arms. Conflicting orders and duties thus sometimes placed an unhappy knight in a "fix;" and so delicate an affair was it, that when he had the opportunity of obtaining advice he generally submitted himself to the decision of a court of honour. The expressed approbation of a noble or beautiful lady, whether dame or demoiselle, was fame. The ladies could and did soften and exalt the characters of knights and the sentiments of knighthood generally. "They can even impart," says Digby, "noble and generous sentiments, so that their power exceeds that of kings, who can grant only the titles of nobility." The exces-

sive exertions of this power by vain or indiscreet women are proofs of the reality of the power, if not very creditable to the ladies concerned. There is the story of the lady who sent her shift to a knight, and bade him combat, with this only for armour, in the *mêlée* of harnessed knights. The fine fellow vindicated her opinion of his valour, and proclaimed her inhumanity to after ages, by wresting the victory from his armed opponents, though he was fearfully slashed and gored in so doing. In return for the trifling service, he requested the owner to wear the blood-stained shift in public as an outer garment, which she with a complimentary speech undertook to do, and which she did. The well-known story of the knight bringing a lady's glove out of the den of lions, and other anecdotes scattered about the annals of chivalry, and setting forth most perilous adventures wantonly imposed by ladies on knights, also illustrate the argument. It is consolatory to know that in these last instances the knights, after performing their *devoir*, renounced the service of the exacting ladies, and obtained the general approbation by so doing; for these merciless ladies were not in harmony with the true spirit of chivalry, which "even gave warning to women not to forget the softness and humanity of their character, in requiring any unreasonable service of danger from a knight." But, to pass beyond instances of the abuse of the power of the sex by individuals, we have historical evidence that the peril or requirements of ladies were sufficient to interrupt military operations, and temporarily to unite, for their especial service, contending armies. The story of the ladies of Meaux, however well known, may, we hope, be here repeated without fear of its proving tedious.

France and England were at war:

* Sometimes a knight would vaunt a violent passion for a lady whom he had never seen.—St Palaye.

the former country had suffered cruel loss and humiliation from the armies of the Black Prince, and to its troubles from abroad were added disaffection and rebellion at home. The peasantry of Brie had risen upon the nobles, who were unable to suppress the rising, and they were ravaging the country in large bands, committing the most frightful atrocities on noblemen and knights and on their ladies. Panic-stricken and horror-stricken, a crowd of helpless dames and young children fled before this jacquerie, and some of the greatest ladies in France, married and unmarried, and children of quality, were assembled at Meaux under the protection of the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess of Normandy was there, and the Duchess of Orleans, with three hundred other ladies; but the Duke had not the means of defending them against such a mighty rabble as the peasants were becoming. The insurgents of Brie were joined by those of Valois, and another crowd was advancing from Paris. Altogether, about nine thousand of them were in motion, while the garrison of Meaux was but a handful of knights and men-at-arms. The danger was imminent, and the terror and misery of the ladies and the desperation of the scanty garrison of Meaux may be conceived. Every hour brought nearer the time when they were to be at the mercy of a brutal mob—all was lamentation and affright. At this crisis the Captal de Buch, who was in the service of the King of England, was returning from an expedition, and happened to be at Chalons with the Comte de Foix. There these gallant knights got word of the miserable strait in which the French ladies were. Forgetting their national animosities, remembering only that a flock of trembling women were exposed to the violence of the jacquerie, they started without hesitation to the rescue. They numbered about sixty lances, while the peasants counted

their thousands; but that consideration did not trouble them—they thought only of the fair fugitives and their danger. Happily they reached Meaux before the rabble; and it may be imagined how relieved the ladies were at the appearance of the brave little band, and how gratified they were at such devotion.

The peasantry, who had increased in numbers at every step, were not long in arriving; and it would appear that there was either poltroonery or treachery within, for the wretched inhabitants opened the gates, and in swarmed the whole motley force, filling the streets; but the market-place of Meaux was, it seems, a kind of citadel, defensible after the town was in the enemy's hands. The river Marne nearly surrounds it, leaving but a small front to guard. It was here that the ladies were lodged, and it was from hence that they saw their blood-thirsty pursuers advancing through the streets of the town. Their only hope was in the little band of knights and warriors: as long as they lived no woman would be molested, but if they should be overborne and slain by this vast multitude, as seemed not improbable, these helpless delicate beings would be at the mercy of the insurgents. The emergency was a dreadful one for all. The good knights, however, were equal to the occasion. Like wise soldiers, they did not wait to be attacked by the banditti, but went out to meet them in one company, as if they had been brothers in arms instead of being the servants of hostile sovereigns. Their knightly vows had bound them to the service of God and the ladies, and they were all therefore united for the time in the execution of their highest duties. Ensigns and battle-cries usually proceeding from opposite sides of the field were now all going forth together in a service of the greatest danger and responsibility: side by side fluttered the banners of Or-

leans and of Foix and the pennon of the Captal de Buch; and their valour met the reward which all true hearts would desire for it, although the throbbing bosoms in the market-place dared not expect so glorious a result. The sight of this firm and well-appointed array, small though it was, caused the foremost of the rabble to hesitate and to draw back a little; whereupon the knights allowed them not a minute to recover, but charged home, using their spears and swords in such fashion that the banditti, losing all their assurance, turned about and commenced a retreat which soon became an utter rout. In their confusion they fell one over another and prevented anything like resistance, so that the gentlemen had only to cut them down or to drive them before them like a herd of beasts, and clear the town of them. They were absolutely tired with slaying, and threw them in great heaps into the river. Indeed, they might have slain all had they been so minded, and, as it was, the slaughter was prodigious.

Thus did the ladies' peril outweigh all other considerations with these gallant knights, and thus did chivalry dare and do for the dames' deliverance.

We extract the following from 'The Broad Stone of Honour':—

"Before a tournament, the candidates hung up their shields in some public place; and if one of them was known to have spoken lightly of any woman, she had only to touch the shield in token of demanding justice. It was not a duel which ensued; but the knight guilty of this defamation was beaten soundly by his peers, *tant et longuement qu'il crie mercy aux dames à haute voix tellement que chascun l'oye en promessant que jamais ne luy adviendra d'en mesdire ou villainement parler.*"

The same book has—

"It appears from the treatise which René d'Anjou wrote on the form of tournament that, before commencing, the

king of arms was to lead some great knight or squire before the women, and to say, *Thrice noble and redoubted knight, or thrice noble and gentle squire, as it is always the custom of women to have a compassionate heart, those who are assembled in this company in order to behold the tournament which is to be held to-morrow, make known their pleasure that the combat before their eyes must not be too violent, or so ordered that they cannot bear assistance in need. Therefore, they command the most renowned knight or squire of the assembly, whoever he may be, to bear right to-morrow, on the end of a lance, this present cœuvre-chief, in order that when any one should be too grievously pressed, he may lower this cœuvre-chief over the crest of those who attack him, who must immediately cease to strike, and not dare to touch their adversary any more; for, from this hour, during the rest of that day, the women take him under their protection and safeguard.*"

"There was a sore assault and a perylous," says Froissart, speaking of the siege of Nerk Castle, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury, by the Scots; "ther might a ben sene many noble dedes on both partes. Ther was within present the noble Countesse of Salysbury, the most sagest and fayrest lady of all England. This noble lady comforted them greatly within, for by the regarde of such a lady, and by her swete comforting, a man ought to be worthe two men at nede."

Sidney* was of opinion that Edward IV. deserved the first place among the English kings, not for that he had gained a kingdom, not that he had awed the crafty Lewis,

"But only, for this worthy knight durst
prove
 To lose his crown, rather than fail his
 love."

Bojardo, defending Roland and Renaud, who fight for the love of Angelique, says—

"He who has never felt what they endured may blame two illustrious barons who fight with such fury, and who ought to have so honoured each other, being born of the same blood, and professing the same faith, above all the sons of Milon who provoked the combat; but he that knows the power which

impelled them will excuse this knight. In sooth it is stronger than prudence and wisdom. Neither art nor reflection can effect it. There is no remedy against it, as there is none against death."

The knights were sometimes, we read, invested with all the external marks of chivalry by one or more ladies.

Dunham, in the 'History of the Middle Ages,' writing of the period from A.D. 987 to 1270, says:—

"That woman should be regarded with new respect, that love and poetry should thrive together and become the greatest charm of life, was to be expected. In fact, from this period the sex assumed an empire which had never before existed—an empire which religion could not reach—over the minds of the fiercest nobles. It was not uncommon for a knight to expiate even a venial fault by years of penance at the mandate of some proud beauty."

But though possessed of such great and arbitrary powers, woman was not a wholly irresponsible despot. She had her duties as well as her privileges, and, notwithstanding that here and there a saucy sister strained her power to the utmost while taking little thought of her own obligations, yet with the sex generally it was not so; indeed it could not have been so without breaking down the system, which rested as much upon the fitness of women to be loved and served as on the merit of men in loving and serving them. To justify this extreme idolatry, it was necessary that the idol should be worthy of such worship; and a very high standard indeed was set up. The dame and the demoiselle were eminent for courtesy, affability, and grace; while at the same time they cultivated all useful arts which were proper to their sphere. They were emphatically *feminine*. *Fast* and *mannish* ladies were not, as we shall see, wholly unknown, but they were nonconformists, dissentients from the pure faith of chivalry, women who did not perceive their

true mission nor the real source of their strength. That source was, as has been said above, undoubtedly their weakness, and the absence of all pretension on their part. Anything like self-assertion or competition would, in those blustering ages when their influence began to bud, have been fatal to the tender plant. Woman became the arbitress of men's deeds, because she refrained from meddling in the affairs of men; she ruled because she did not rival. An author* who has helped us before shall here again be cited in testimony of her training and office:—

"Courts and castles were excellent schools of courtesy, of politeness, and of the other virtues, not only for pages and esquires, but even for young ladies. The latter were there instructed betimes in the most essential duties which they would have to fulfil. There were cultivated, there were perfected, those simple graces and those tender feelings for which nature seems to have formed them. They prepossessed by civility the knights who arrived at the castles. According to our romancers, they disarmed them on return from the tourneys and expeditions of war, gave them changes of apparel, and waited on them at table. The examples of this are too frequently and too uniformly repeated to allow of our questioning the reality of this custom. We see therein nothing but what is conformable to the spirit and the sentiments at that time almost universally diffused among ladies; and one cannot refuse to recognise the marks of usefulness which were in everything the stamp of our chivalry. These damsels, destined to have for husbands those same knights who visited at the houses where they were brought up, could not fail to attach them to themselves by the attentions, the consideration, and the services which they lavished upon them. How admirable the union which ought to proceed from alliances established on foundations like this! The young girls learned to render one day to their husbands all the services which a warrior, distinguished by his valour, can expect from a tender and generous woman; and they prepared to be to them the most touching recompense, and the sweetest solace of their labours. Affection prompted them to

* St Palaye.

be the first to wash off the dust and blood with which they were covered, for the sake of a glory in which they themselves participated. I quite believe, then, our romancers when they affirm that demoiselles and dames knew how to render even to wounded men that regular assistance, habitual and assiduous, which a skilful and compassionate hand is able to afford." "Our female ancestors," says Digby, "made no scruple of conducting the chariot, and even of discharging the office of the stable."

We of latter days, with all our vaunted progress of intellect and of art, have conceived nothing becoming, nothing lovely in the characters of women which the old maxims of chivalry had not fully recognised and sedulously inculcated. With all the honour that was paid to them, it is a wonder that they were bearable; and, no doubt, many weak heads were turned by it, and pride and insolence took the places of those virtues which more properly consisted with so high a position. But the majority not only understood, but practised what became them. There is a story of a lady of very high rank who, in her own château, made an obeisance to some very poor rogue—a tailor, if our memory fail not. A lord who witnessed the act remarked upon the condescension as being greater than was required from a person of her rank and honour. "I should have been unworthy," replied her ladyship, "of the rank and the honour if I had for a moment hesitated to render the courtesy." This true perception, this moderation, is, we fancy, the quality which old writers were wont to extol under the name of the *wisdom* of the ladies. For example, take a note from St Palaye—"Les Dames ont aussi diverses manières de se mettre en honneur; la beauté, la vertu, l'éloquence, la bonne grace, le don de plaire, et celui de sagesse. C'est un grand mérite que celui de la beauté dans une Dame; mais rien ne l'embellit tant que l'esprit et la sagesse :

c'est là ce qui lui attire de tout-le-monde l'hommage qui lui est dû." We have not the least doubt of it. It was her wise and clear recognition of that which was truly *womanly*, and her avoidance of all masculine properties, which constituted the secret of her power. Without this wisdom she will never obtain the respect of men: and we must admit with regret that with it she is not certain of their homage, except in peculiar and favourable circumstances. To this argument we may return further on; but for the present it may be best to follow out our review of the situation in times past. All, we have said, did not comprehend the height and the depth, the significance and the strength, of their estate. There were then, as now, women misguided enough to think that if they were of such consequence in robes, they must be absolute proprietors of creation in two-legged garments, and who consequently enacted some very rapid and sporting achievements. Such was the conduct of Isabella de Couches, whom Orderic Vitalis describes as a generous and valorous woman, in war mounting on horseback, armed like a knight, and equalling Camilla, Hippolyta, and Penthesilea.* At the tournaments of Edward III.'s time, women sometimes appeared on horseback, armed with daggers, and in armour. In the reign of Peter of Arragon, a Spanish lady put on armour and took a French knight prisoner, having killed his horse.† Many women appeared in armour in the ranks of the Crusaders. In 'Tirante the White' women are represented in steel armour.‡ In 1628, a gardener digging up a tree on the spot in Paris where the Exchange now stands, found nine cuirasses which had been made for women, as their form denoted; and in the Museum of the Artillery at Paris may be seen the steel ar-

* 'Broad Stone of Honour.'

† Idem.

‡ Idem.

mour which was worn by Elizabeth de Nassau, mother of the Maréchal de Turenne, and that of Charlotte de la Mark, dame de Bouillon, who died in 1594.*

Let those who will admire these dashing dames. For our part we take leave to think that they made an egregious mistake. They may have astonished people in their time, and even fascinated some of the indiscriminating of the other sex ; but they went the wrong way to work if they desired that delicate respect which the highest manly chivalry pays to the ladies whom it approves. Now that all are confounded in the dust of two or three centuries, and nothing remains of so much beauty and celebrity but the few acts which have been preserved by chroniclers, which obtain the verdict of time—these ladies of manlike tendencies, or the quiet, soft beings who held fast by the instincts and traditions of their sex? Many women, we read, refused even to appear at tournaments by reason of the rude scenes which were sometimes acted there, and that notwithstanding the strong prejudice of the times, and the entire sanction which fashion gave to their appearance there, if they desired it. The Duchesse of Burgundy, wife of Philippe the Good, would never attend on such occasions. The Cid could not inspire his wife Ximena and her women with his own spirit, for they were unable to look on from a tower when a battle was to be fought with the Moors ; and even in ‘*Amadis de Gaul*,’ Oriana always shudders at the sight of preparations for any hour of danger.† Let it, however, be noted that we make a broad distinction between those women who, for love of the thing, or for notoriety’s sake, adopt the habits and practices and callings of men, and those who, impelled by patriotism or other temporary enthusiasm, against their

inclination and their practice, transform themselves for a time. We honour Zenobia, and Joan of Arc, and the Maid of Saragossa, as much as any that may do us the honour of reading this paper.

We will conclude this branch of our subject by copying from Digby the narration of a manly frolic with which some ladies once diverted themselves in the olden time :—

“An event which happened in a fortress on the Rhine, where forty bold knights lived with their wives. During the absence of the men on Sunday, who had left their armour, the women laid a plot to hold a tournament ; so they put on their husbands’ armour, mounted their horses, and took each her lord’s name, all but one young maid, who therefore called herself Herog Walrable von Limburg, at that time one of the most renowned knights upon the Rhine. She tourneyed with such skill, that she sent most of the other women out of the saddle ; then they rode home, and put up the horses, and put the wounded to bed, and forbid the pages to mention what they had performed ; but when the knights came back, they found their horses in a sweat, their armour out of its place, and many of the women in bed with bruises, so they asked their little noble pages, and they told them all about it ; so they laughed heartily at their wives’ folly, and, the adventure soon getting wind, the Duke Walrable determined to see the maid who had won such worship in his name. He accordingly came to the castle, and gave her 100 merks for dowry, a war-horse, and a light hackney, and she was soon married to a man of honour.”

Chivalry passed its meridian and began to decline. Of course a system which was so firmly rooted gave way slowly and imperceptibly. Still it did give way. Sir Walter Scott, in his essay on the subject, has explained the causes and manner of its decay. Of course, woman’s ascendancy was weakened with the other parts of the system. Yet still in theory she remained divine, and no man dared openly to question her prerogative. The enemies of the old regime attacked

* ‘The Broad Stone of Honour.’

† *Idem*.

it and her with the greatest caution. As Plutarch before, in the days of her humility, gently insinuated a word in her favour, so Cervantes, when her tyranny was established, endeavoured to undermine her by the indirect attack of satire. He sought to show what sort of creatures the indiscriminate worship of the sex might deify. To "take her down a peg" he resorted to the demonstration known to mathematicians as the *reductio ad absurdum*, but he did not assail her openly. And as the doctrine of divine right is made somewhat ridiculous by the reflection that it hallows the office of a parish constable, so the divine right of the ladies is made contemptible in the person of Dulcinea del Toboso. But it took a long time to wean men from their old ideas and ways. When lances and armour were no longer in fashion, the spirit of chivalry was not altogether lost; and as lately as the days of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., warriors exchanged pistol-shots for the love and honour of their ladies. After sieges began to be made in modern style, an officer wounded to death was seen to write the name of his mistress on a gabion as he uttered his last sigh.

By a train of reflection like the above we arrive at a few important facts regarding woman.

1st, We find her *natural* relative state to be one of subordination to men both in ancient and modern times.

2d, We find this natural condition reversed at a particular period in one quarter of the world; but reversed by a particular combination of circumstances.

3d, It was not any effort of her own which emancipated and exalted woman: it was rather that her inability to help herself, and her withdrawal from competition with the stronger sex, induced the latter to espouse her cause.

By keeping these facts in view while considering the pretensions which some women, professing to

act on behalf of their sex, are putting forward in the present day, we shall be assisted in speculating on the character and prospects of the movement.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that her descent from the position which chivalry assigned to her has something to do with woman's discontent. We retain the language of times past while our practice does not correspond; so that we continually force upon her the contrast between what she was and what she is. The leaders of the movement probably think that she has been unjustly deprived of a prerogative which was hers by right. They perceive that the old ascendancy has gone. The imperial mantle has been soiled and torn; so they fling away the rags and tatters, and seek to found another empire on a new foundation. If this hypothesis be correct, we must look to find the discontent greatest where the old regime has been most determinedly abandoned. Accordingly we find its headquarters in America, where, notwithstanding a certain pretentious outward deference to her, woman is socially in a position far below that which the women of Europe still enjoy. The design of the movers is hazardous and astonishing. The chances of its success, and the consequences if it should succeed, are difficult to predict; yet the announcement that such a revolution is contemplated forces us to speculate.

We do not pretend to be in the confidence of the reformers, but, as we gather from report, they have scheduled their grievances and published their demands, the principal being—

That women shall possess the same political rights and powers as men.

That the law relating to marriages shall be altered, so that women may be on a perfect level with their husbands.

That facilities may be afforded for divorce, so that idle, intempe-

rate, and indifferent husbands may be got rid of.

That women shall be allowed to follow any of the professions of men, and be eligible for any of the offices which, according to the present scheme, men reserve to themselves.

That women shall dress like men.

These seem to be the principal points of the proposed female charter; but we learn from the perusal of Mr Dixon's chapter on the *Revolt of Woman*, that a select few of the fair philosophers have already outrun the early opinions, and "go in," not for equality, but for supremacy, on the ground that woman, from her physical organisation, her moral tendencies, and her intellectual capacity, ought to guide and control the other sex. The examination of this last flight will involve a review of the older doctrines; so let us contemplate it for an instant.

Its professors have found out, after much labour and a long succession of preliminary discoveries, that woman is the superior creature, and ought to enjoy a supremacy as such. But why take all this trouble to arrive at a conclusion which, in another form, has been a received and acknowledged creed for centuries? What else has chivalry been preaching since the fall of the Roman Empire? What else has every true man believed since the days of chivalry? and what else does every true man profess to-day? For our own part, we not only say in justice, but we proclaim with pride and delight, that in the highest, best, divine part of our nature woman is immeasurably our superior, and as such is entitled to our respect, our service, and our love. Her instincts and emotions are not alloyed as ours are by the contaminations of the world. Her affection and her sense of right are simple and strong. In her we desire to enshrine that which is most honourable in humanity. To her we owe it that, while

we are through the heat of the day worshipping idols of gold or iron or clay, a pure and holy altar is all the time preserved in the sanctuary of each man's home, upon which, at the time of the evening sacrifice, the celestial fire descends, and reminds us, day by day, how the course which our necessities and the worse demands of our nature force us to follow, diverges from the holy and noble and true one. Woman as she should be, and as she often is, is a perpetual homily to man, reminding him that charity, patience, devotion, and truthfulness are not mere names, but existences, and gently exhorting him to keep himself, if it be possible, unspotted, notwithstanding that he must walk through ways that are unclean. Infancy delights to hear from her those lessons of a higher life which take root in the mind, and though choked and overgrown by the weeds of earth, revive and bear fruit after many days, whenever sickness or old age shall withdraw us from the strife and turmoil of the world, and purify our minds, and assimilate them once more to hers. She is a link—the link between the gross humanity of males and the glorified humanity which, our trust is, will one day be perfected. We write this, be it remembered, of woman—true, feminine woman; not of a female creature in trousers, a miserable caricature of a man, a being that seeks by every means to subdue the most lovely yearnings of her nature, and to cultivate all that depresses ours. The woman to whom we would do homage must be a woman in very truth; and we would serve her *because* she is a woman. We would obey her *because* she would know her province and her duties as well as her rights. If she is to be sovereign she must maintain a queenly dignity, and carefully separate herself from all that would degrade her mind, body, or estate. But these, we fear, are not the terms on which the sticklers for female superiority would desire

that woman should reign. They would not have her deferred to for that she is on a higher level than that of men—far above, out of men's sight, in a region of purity and love and peace; but as a being that, after descending into the same arena with men, after throwing aside her native modesty and delicacy, enters into all the grossness of man's existence; examines, and boasts that she knows, and shrinks not from, the details of his traffic and his science, his folly and his vice; thinks no idea too gross and no sight too shocking for her, and everywhere vanquishes him on his own ground. Perhaps if she could do all this she might subdue man by superior force, energy, and intelligence, as a strong wilful man overmasters a weak and timid one. But we need not speculate on such a result, because an insuperable power has interposed and decided the question. Nature has said emphatically, No. It is not a question of intellect, but one of nerve and muscle. Until woman can cope with man in physical strength, in endurance, and in will, she cannot hope to beat man in his own proper field. Neither can she, without an abdication of all that entitles her to respect, enter upon the contest. The sights, the ideas, the work to which she would thus render herself liable are too revolting for us to contemplate in connection with her, and, we should hope, too shocking for any right-minded woman to think of.* The moment that she abandons the object of raising man to her level, and lowers herself to his level, she throws away the real talisman through which alone she can command. We have said above that her power is in her weakness and her womanliness.

But, suppose she does not absolutely subdue and control man, still, it may be urged, she may hold her own, and get her share of the world and the world's goods without having to thank man, or fortune, or anything but her own energy and industry. Again we say, No. Man can be a very tractable and docile subject in a constitutional government, where every power is kept within its proper sphere, and general accord is necessary to the scheme; but he is likely to prove a rough customer when challenged by women in matters with which he does not desire to see them conversant, and opposed, thwarted, and impeded in his pursuits and interests. The feelings which have grown with him, the traditions of centuries, may keep him for a time patient and tolerant; but remember that woman by her acts and her proclamation is to fling away her sword and shield, her old prescriptive homage and position, and sooner or later man will forget that she ever possessed them. Then where will woman be? She must find herself where evermore the weakest has been, and will be, found. She will be where she was before the enthusiasm of chivalry lifted her out of the mire: not condemned, perhaps, again to bodily drudgery as of old, but to intellectual toil for the benefit of him who will once more be properly her *master*. The negroes have a proverb to the effect that monkeys will not talk for fear they should be made to work: now, if women prove to be less cautious than monkeys, and talk too much, and exhibit too much ability in a wrong direction, while they altogether leave the province in which they are sure to excel and to have honour, it is very

* While engaged in writing this paper we saw, extracted from an American journal, an account of eighteen female medical students who, being in a lecture-room, were requested to withdraw, as the next patients would be *naked men*. The females are reported to have refused to move, and to have been present throughout the lecture.

probable that they will incur the penalty which monkeys hitherto have avoided !

All history goes to prove that woman cannot control, or maintain an equality with, man, except with man's consent and by his co-operation. He has made no demand for woman's participation in his business and duties, and he cannot spare her from her own. He is not likely to—he *will* not—concur in her degradation ; and if she persist in making herself vile in spite of him, he will cease to respect her as a being that has ceased to respect herself.

There are many obvious courses by which the subjection of women might be expected to be reached. One of the most likely is the following :—When the general scramble for wealth and fame and power should begin, the contest might for a time be between women and men. All the women would strive on one side against man as the common enemy and oppressor. But when a fortunate section of them should begin to win lions' shares of the spoil through superior aptitude for the struggle, can we doubt in what direction the disappointed ones would seek for consolation and support ? Is it not certain that they would court the alliance of the stronger animal against the winners ; would they not allure him by the old devices, and would he not yield as certainly as he did in Eden, albeit he might be proof against philosophy and pantaloons ? We would stake our lives upon her success. With reason, logic, law, and physic against his weakness, he would follow his fancy ; and amid the shrill tempest of strong-minded vituperation, accusation, and scorn, would bleat forth his old apology, "The woman gave me of the tree, and I did eat." We are certain that the leading article of the confederacy would be *Stare super vias antiquas*, and their war-cry, "Down with the hermaphrodites !" Man would thus be master

of the situation, and once more arbiter of female destiny.

Once the relations between the sexes are altered, more than a revolution in society must occur. Our literature up to the period of the revolution will become in great measure unintelligible. Commentators may for a time keep alive an idea of the meanings, but ere long the face of society will be so changed, and the minds, experiences, and affections of the race so entirely unlike what they are at present, that notes and glossaries will be ineffectual. What amount of learned exposition will ever convey what is meant by "our hours of ease ;" and how will man ever identify the "ministering angel" with the creature who, when affliction clouds the brow, read him a sharp lecture, or, drawing a pen from its breeches pocket, indites a mystic prescription and hands over the administration to a masculine Gamp ? Just conceive the puzzling there would be over the lines—

"Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :

And when she is froward, peevish, sul-
len, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel
for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love,
and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and
smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our
hearts

Should well agree with our external
parts."

This will be explained by the profound critic Aspasia Slick as a sample of the keenest irony ; while the learned Doctor Penthesilea Rodgers will hold that it was a political allusion, and explain that the Queen of Great Britain being much suspected of a too great pliancy toward King Philip, this delicate

method of admonishing her, and warning the nation, was adopted—both these scholiasts being refuted in a withering paper by Professor Xanthippe Cruet, who will affirm that the whole piece is the broadest burlesque, written to amuse children at Christmas by its absurdity; and the learned antiquarian will point triumphantly to an old print appended to her copy, where the character of the performance is attested by the fantastical costumes, especially those of the women, who are enveloped in full long sweeping garments, so that it is impossible to say whether they possess legs or any other members below the waists.

There will be great appreciation, too, of that screaming joke of Shakespeare,

“Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in
woman.”

And here let us own how, until these latter days, we thought the character of Petruchio to be an extravagance, forgetting that the Master wrote not for an age, but for all time. The days have come at last when a few active young men of the Petruchio stamp are greatly needed, and might do much good in the world.

Let us now glance at the complaint about marriage. The grievance in this matter has been found out to be so great that many ladies (principally in America) have come to the determination not to be married legally, or according to the forms of the Church, because the terms of the contract, as set forth by the Church and by the statute-book, are so manifestly oppressive toward women. The husband is installed as absolute irresponsible lord—lord of the person and of the substance of the wife, who, on her side, is to enjoy the infinite honour of serving and obeying him! Can this be tolerated? Can any sentient, intelligent female so far forget her dignity as to subscribe such an agreement? Now, we cannot

say that the bargain, as set forth in the marriage ceremony, has ever appeared to us such a one-sided engagement as the reformers represent it; if the concessions be unequal, that made by the bridegroom is the greater. The little word “obey” sticks, it seems, in the ladies’ throats; but what say they to “with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow,” which the husband has to repeat? Is it not a stiffish article? But, say the reformers, it is mere moonshine, and practically inoperative. To which we reply, that the obedience promised by the wife is not always seen in practice. Either party that has no conscience may not adhere to the vows; but that does not show the vows to be unfair; it only proves the faithlessness of individuals. The contract should be viewed according to its whole spirit, which certainly does not intend, and, when rightly understood, cannot be charged with, unfairness to either side. It has been admirably calculated to yield an equality of advantages, to give to each sex freedom for its own proper powers and talents, while securing to it the greatest amount of assistance from the other sex, although, from the difference of the sexes, it cannot promise each party absolute equality in everything. It is to be feared that many, very many, enter this estate without duly considering the real rights and obligations of the contracting parties; and it is to be feared that thousands in the present day are caught by the specious objections of the reformers, from not being fortified by a due appreciation of the meaning and spirit of Christian matrimony. There is an old sermon on the subject, which one who is now in the very van of English literature* has somewhere characterised as “most divine.” Its title is ‘The Marriage Ring;’ its author was Bishop Jeremy Taylor—a writer who, if he did not vault at conclusions with

* Lord Lytton.

the rapidity of genius which distinguishes the young ladies in America, has at any rate the merit of having thought profoundly on his subject. He had the advantage of possessing a clear head and a benevolent heart, which may in some sort compensate for his want of glitter and dash. And we would seriously recommend those who may have been electrified by the Transatlantic flash, to pause a while, that the descent to the homely old English style may not be too abrupt, and then to deign to read the sermon on 'The Marriage Ring.' They will find therein expositions and reflections that may not have occurred to them before; and they will perceive that the subject is by no means new, but that it was carefully considered and discussed in the old country before America had begun to lisp. We are much mistaken if they do not rise from the perusal a little shaken in their belief of woman's wrongs.

As to the state of the law on the subject, we cannot see any objection to revising it, now that so many ancient statutes are receiving attention. The enactments, we presume, were to a great extent arbitrary, and framed to suit the times in which they were made. And, as we permit any pair on the eve of wedlock to make, by special settlements, a disposition of property other than that which the general statute would prescribe, and every pair might resort to such settlements if they were so minded, and thus make the common law of none effect, we presume that in altering the statutes so as to suit the general convenience, we should do nothing repugnant to the spirit of the English code. Let woman's grievances be looked into by all means; or rather let us, by all means, examine and ascertain whether woman is aggrieved by the law or no. For really we have our doubts not only as to the extent of the grievance, but whether there be any grievance. In times past, the very fact of such complaints as these finding a voice

would have proved that at any rate a respectable number believed themselves to be aggrieved; but in these days, when the ear of the public is so readily obtained, a handful of dissentients can raise as much clamour as a million. The appearance of the manifesto is no sort of voucher that it is numerously subscribed; and, as the non-reforming ladies are, from their nature, not likely to disturb the eternal silences by a counter declaration, we can form, after all, but a very vague idea of the movement's strength. In some of the regions of America, it would seem, the males greatly outnumber the females, and the latter are using the opportunity to drive exceedingly hard matrimonial bargains. Well, let them. But they will surely not complain if, when the tables are turned, and man shall get the dominion, he shall break their yoke from off his neck. It is not now, in the Old World, so difficult, man says, to find a help-meet for him; and whenever prophecy is fulfilled, and seven women lay hold of one man, clamouring to be called by his name, and offering very liberal terms, man may take his revenge.

We have implied a doubt as to the real numerical strength of the movement, because the latter lies open to the suspicion of being, after all, only an association of the disappointed females, one or two of whom are to be found in every community. All of us are familiar with the unattractive and sometimes repulsive woman who, feeling that she has not a chance of admiration or attention from the other sex, rates men for their blindness and perversity, rails at beauty and feminine charms, and labours to excite a comparison of intellectual gifts, in which she hopes beauty will be found wanting, and in which she herself may bear away a prize. If it should prove that the movement is but an aggregation of such envious philosophers as these, their system is no more likely to prevail than was the fox who had lost his tail likely to induce other foxes to

cut off theirs. Therefore it is very desirable that it should be ascertained what manner of women the foremost reformers are—whether the movement is an effort of desperation or not. If it be so, the mischief will be comparatively small; yet, even then, womankind are much endangered by it, and would do well to denounce and repudiate the whole affair. They can gain nothing; they may lose a great deal.

Provoked to speak by the many observations which have been submitted to the public since we first addressed ourselves to the subject, we have been led away from our intended track, and find that we have left the middle ages far behind. It was an almost inevitable digression. Yet, linked as they are, what a contrast between the shrouded glories of the past and the restless realities of to-day! Five centuries ago such a future as is now around us could not have been believed in. We to-day find it hard

to realise the world which existed five centuries ago. The difference in external things is, no doubt, marvellous; and so, perhaps, is the difference in the sum of human knowledge and the attainment of human intellect. But human nature has *not* changed; it is the same to-day as it was yesterday. We trust, therefore, that we have not unprofitably turned aside from the contemplation of what woman was, and how she ruled of old, to a review of what has been said professedly on her behalf in these latter days. She did once achieve the subjugation and subordination of men, but she has forgotten her spells, and her influence is waning. Blind guides incite her to a course the very opposite of that whereby she formerly prevailed. We believe that if she follows this course she will fail; but that if she remain true to herself, her reign may last. May her better nature support her through the trial, and heaven send her a good deliverance!

THE IMPENDING CRISIS IN AMERICA.

It has been said that the quadrennial election of a President of the United States is a subject that is never absent from the minds of American politicians; and that all other elections and party struggles, which are of constant occurrence in the state, the county, or the municipality—whether these elections be great or small, important or unimportant—are invariably conducted with a view to aid or influence the paramount contest for the chief magistracy. If this be true on ordinary occasions, it may well be believed in Europe, even if the American press did not loudly proclaim the fact, that the preliminary elections which are now taking place, and which are certain to influence the election of a successor to Mr Johnson, and involve issues more irritating, as well as more vital, than any election since the estab-

lishment of the Republic, should even at this early period absorb the attention of the professional politicians, and hungry aspirants for place and emolument, and fill the minds of the whole people, and especially the commercial classes, with inquietude and alarm. The situation is novel, unforeseen, unguarded against. The constitution of the Republic—looked upon by Washington, Jefferson, and the early fathers of the nation as a masterpiece of skill and wisdom—is in abeyance, and overridden by military authority in that half of the country which was once the proudest and most powerful. Its provisions are not only disregarded by the dominant party, but afford no clue out of the labyrinth of perplexity and danger which the civil war has left behind. The existing Congress, which legally and con-

stitutionally is no more a congress than the Rump Parliament was a true parliament in England, inspires no confidence except among the party or faction which it represents; and has succeeded, by the revolutionary violence of its enactments, and its excessive severity towards the prostrate and helpless Southern people, in arraying against itself a vast amount of Southern hatred and Northern ill-will. The war that unsettled everything has settled nothing, except the doom of negro slavery, and the absolute power of a small majority, even in a free democratic Republic, to rule and coerce a large and unwilling minority. The first of these results may be satisfactory, though the cost of blood and treasure at which it was achieved is too formidable to be regarded with complacency, especially when we know that it was possible to effect the peaceable manumission of the slaves without shedding a drop of white man's blood, and at less than one-third of the money-cost of the Civil War. The second result is not satisfactory to the minority, and will scarcely be satisfactory to the party which is now in the majority at the North, when the growth of adverse opinion, and the defection of its own friends, shall turn the scale against it, and leave it the weaker of the two. In fact, it may be said that the civil war has really settled nothing but the emancipation of the negroes: for it may well be doubted whether it has settled the question of the Union, except for one generation, or perhaps for less time; and whether slavery were the last occasion of quarrel powerful enough to array one part of the nation against the other in deadly conflict. The political atmosphere is dark with approaching storm. The enormous debt, the still more enormous corruption prevalent in every department of the public service, the high protective tariff, the bestowal of the right to vote upon the lately

emancipated slaves, amounting to two millions of ignorant and brutal negro paupers, totally unfitted for the exercise of any political duty, and the simmering disaffection of the whole Southern people, who feel that they are powerless, but who hope some day to regain their lost influence over and proper share in the Government—all these things are elements of evil, and may well give cause of grave anxiety to every true American patriot and statesman, and every friend of rational liberty throughout the world.

It should never be forgotten by those who would really understand the American question—before, during, and after the great civil war—that the Republican, Abolitionist, and Puritanic party which in 1860 succeeded in obtaining possession of power was in reality opposed by a decided majority of the American people. There were four candidates in the field—Messrs Lincoln, Bell, Douglas, and Breckenridge. Mr Lincoln alone represented the Republican and Abolition party; Messrs Bell, Douglas, and Breckenridge represented three different shades of the Democratic and pro-slavery Southern party, and that large and influential portion of the Northern people who desired to make a compromise with the South for the preservation of the Union. Mr Lincoln received 1,866,452 votes; Mr Bell, 590,631; Mr Douglas, 1,375,157; and Mr Breckenridge, 847,953. Lincoln, having an absolute majority over each competitor, was elected, though the numbers make it clear that a true majority of the American people was opposed to the principles which he represented. Had the Democratic party not committed the suicidal folly of splitting itself between three candidates, and concentrated its vote upon one, as the Republicans did, the Democrats would have carried the day by a majority of nearly one million; the numbers who actually voted against Mr Lincoln's party

being 2,813,741, or a majority of exactly 947,289 for the Democrats. The great State of New York was almost equally divided between Lincoln and Douglas. The contiguous State of New Jersey was largely in favour of Douglas. The flourishing Western States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were almost as evenly balanced as New York; while the Border States, that never joined in the Secession movement like those of the South, gave large Democratic majorities. Even in Pennsylvania, Mr Breckenridge polled 178,871 votes against Mr Lincoln's 268,030. The States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, and Texas did not give Mr Lincoln a single vote; while Virginia gave him less than 2000 out of 167,223 distributed among all the candidates. The fact that Mr Lincoln was thus imposed upon the Union by a minority was one which the Southern leaders pertinaciously employed to embitter the minds of the people, and produce the Secession that so rapidly ripened into war. On his second election, when no one suspected that the power of the South was broken, or that the war might not be protracted for years, the formidable opposition of General M'Clellan compelled the Republicans to look out for support for Mr Lincoln in every direction. Tennessee had not given him a vote upon the first occasion, and to strengthen themselves in that State, and by alliances elsewhere with that wing of the Democratic party which was earnest in demanding the vigorous prosecution of the war, they abandoned Mr Lincoln's first vice-president (Mr Hannibal Hamlyn, a man of no mark or particular ability), and substituted the more popular name of Andrew Johnson, who had been winning golden opinions in the North by the vigorous manner in which, as Governor of Tennessee, he had kept the people to the strict letter of their allegiance. Lincoln and

Johnson were as much the elected of a minority of the American people as Lincoln and Hamlyn had been; for had it been possible to have taken the votes of the South while the war was raging, and to have added those votes to the numbers polled by M'Clellan and Pendleton, the Republicans, as before, would have arrayed about three-fifths of the whole nation against them. The assassination of Mr Lincoln produced a still more remarkable condition of affairs, for it vested the chief magistracy in a statesman who belonged to neither of the two great parties, and who had only been elected to the vice-presidency for the two reasons—that his name on the ticket helped to secure support to his superior, and that the office was of no importance. It is very doubtful whether, if Mr Johnson had been proposed as a candidate for the presidency in the usual way, he would have received a hundred votes beyond the boundaries of Tennessee. The circumstance explains the bitterness of the Republican party leaders, as soon as they discovered that Mr Johnson—elevated to the presidency by the pistol of an assassin—was not a convert to the principles of the men by whose votes he had been placed in the way of this unhappy promotion; and why they so rabidly oppose his generous and constitutional efforts to restore the Southern people to political equality with their Northern fellow-citizens. If the Southern people, whites as well as blacks, be allowed to vote at the next presidential election, it is not only possible and probable, but all but certain, that the Democratic party, made wise by eight years' absence from office, and enforced abstinence from the "spoils" which the professional politicians so dearly love, will regain the power which nothing but its own divisions allowed its weaker opponents to snatch out of its hands in 1860. Without negro aid and support—even if all the Southern whites be disfranchised—it is doubtful

whether the Republicans of the North will be able to hold their own in 1868. Hence the severity of the struggle; hence also the earliness of the period at which the wager of battle has been thrown down; hence also the multiplicity of the questions that are imported into the strife; hence to balance the negro vote—which it is expected the Republicans will be able to manipulate—the Irish more than ever before will be flattered and coaxed and humoured by promises of support to Fenianism; hence the rapid growth of Free Trade as a question for discussion; and hence also the very ominous popularity into which the idea of repudiation of the National Debt has sprung within the last month, over every part of the North, except in New England, and among the bankers of New York. These—all of first-rate importance—are but a few of the questions that will agitate men's minds in America for the next fourteen months: happy for the Union if they do not agitate masses of armed men, and goad them into physical violence against their opponents.

A very strong, and at the same time a very natural, reaction against the unconstitutional and revolutionary violence of the Radical and pro-negro party has already commenced, and promises to strengthen as it spreads. All the State elections that have taken place during the present autumn either show majorities largely in favour of the Conservatives, who would conciliate and do justice to the Southern white people, and save them from being handed over to the government of the negroes; or Radical majorities very largely reduced, as compared with their strength in 1866. The great State of California, that was last year in favour of the Radicals, has this year returned the Democratic ticket, to the intense delight of the party, which, in all the principal cities of the Union, has celebrated the victory by mass meetings, by torch-light processions,

by bonfires, by illuminations, and by much "high-faluten" and "spread-eagleism." The intensely Radical State of Maine, which, in proportion to its population, sent a larger number of soldiers to the late war, without the impetus of bounty money, than any other State in the Union, followed suit; and if the Democrats did not wholly succeed in carrying their candidates, they at least succeeded in diminishing the majority against them by such immense numbers, as to prove that the reaction had commenced in right earnest, and will be made complete in 1868.

One great cause of the disfavour into which Radicalism has brought itself in Maine, is the attempt of the cold-water bigots, with their Maine liquor-law, to render still more stringent the penalties upon the sale of wine, beer, and spirits, and to deprive the poor man of his "lager." As we write, the Atlantic cable brings news of a Democratic victory in the populous and wealthy States of Pennsylvania and Iowa, who, if they had gone in 1860 as they have gone now, would have prevented the election of Mr Lincoln, and adjourned for a time at least, and possibly for ever, the great Civil War, and prevented all the debt and misery that have grown out of it. If New York, the greatest of all the States, follows the example, as is expected, the next President of the United States will not be a member of the Republican party. The chances are that the Radicals will die hard, and that the final struggle (even if it be unattended with violence, which seems almost too much to hope for in the Border and Southern States, considering the attitude assumed by the negroes under Northern guidance) will be the fiercest ever known in American history.

The candidates, declared and undeclared, for the perilous position which Mr Johnson occupies, are far too many; but their numbers will be thinned as time advances.

General Fremont, once the Republican favourite, gained no laurels in the war ; and made, in fact, some conspicuous failures, which have removed him from the political arena. Mr Seward, an aspirant but not a candidate in 1860, is out of the field, and would have no chance if he offered himself. His claims are of the past, and not to be revived. In the same category stands General M'Clellan, an able, a deserving, but an unlucky man ; " a dead cock in the pit," as described even by his friends. Douglas is dead—possibly Bell also, though we are not certain ; and Breckenridge, a gallant Confederate General, is an unpardoned " rebel," and therefore ineligible. The candidates—all hopeful just now, though some of them are certain to be in a very different frame of mind a few months hence, when the Republican and Democratic Conventions shall assemble to decide upon conflicting claims, and eliminate the weak and unacceptable from the lists—are, first, the actual occupant of the Presidential chair ; second, General Grant ; third, Mr Salmon P. Chase ; fourth, General B. F. Butler ; fifth, Mr Stanton, late Secretary of War ; and sixth, Mr Thaddeus Stevens. Many others have been named, and will probably declare themselves ere the thick of the battle begins. Among the number are such Generals as Sherman, the best and noblest of them all, Sheridan, Meade, Dix, and Banks ; and such civilians as Mr Benjamin Wade, President of the Senate, Senator Sumner, Mr Speaker Colfax, Mr Pendleton of Ohio, and Mr Charles Francis Adams, now Minister at the Court of St James's. The last mentioned is a man peculiarly acceptable to the Republican party. He is the son and grandson of presidents, and having been out of the way for seven years, has probably made fewer enemies than any of his possible competitors.

If Mr Johnson had been always as brave in his public acts, and as discreet in his public utterances, as

he has been legally and constitutionally right in all his efforts to restore the Union, he might have concentrated around himself an amount of Democratic support sufficient to have made him the nominee of the party. In this case the final struggle would have been simplified to a fair stand-up fight between himself and the nominee of the Republicans. But in the early part of his career Mr Johnson threw away his golden opportunities, and annoyed the Conservative party by the bad taste and the violence of his " stump " speeches, forgetful that as soon as he became President, the days of " stump " speaking ought for him to have terminated ; and that if he had to address himself to public meetings—a point of very doubtful expediency—he should have performed the task with as much dignity as if he had been a king or an emperor, or any other high functionary, whose lightest words may be powerful for good or evil. This is a fault, however, of which he became speedily aware, and it is doing him no more than the barest justice to admit, that he has learned both reticence and gravity in all his later addresses to the people ; and that his written messages and other public documents have always been marked by good taste, sound logic, and great legal ability. But the tardiness of his action has been his greatest fault, and enabled his enemies to triumph over him. Unlike the Stuarts or the Bourbons, he is capable of instruction from the lessons of experience ; but like the Stuarts and the Bourbons, he is always *too late*—a fatal error in politics, even in the calmest seasons, and especially at a time like that which immediately followed the close of the American Civil War. Mr Lincoln was a sovereign all but absolute, and Mr Johnson, within the first four months after the surrender of General Lee, might have been as absolute as his predecessor if he had boldly taken the initiative in all the measures which re-

commended themselves to his deliberate judgment as necessary for the salvation of the country. But he was timid and irresolute. Instead of dismissing Mr Seward and Mr Stanton, and appointing in their places men who would work with him cordially in carrying out the great Conservative principles of the constitution, he submitted to be continually thwarted by both of these gentlemen, more especially by Mr Stanton—one of the most unpopular men in America, and the most unrelenting of all believers in the justice of inflicting “woe upon the vanquished.” Instead also of issuing a generous and general amnesty to the Southern people—excepting for form’s sake Mr Jefferson Davis, and a few other prominent leaders—as soon as it became apparent to the Northern people; as it did in less than three months, that the South accepted their crushing defeat with as much bravery as they had sought victory in a hundred hard-fought fields, he deferred action, and only granted pardons to a comparatively small number of prominent individuals. Thus by letting “I dare not” wait upon “I would,” he alarmed the congressional majority, and gave it warning of what it might expect if he were allowed to follow his own course. Congress, bolder than he was, saw its opportunity; and, under the leadership of Mr Wendell Phillips out of doors, and of Mr Thaddeus Stevens in the one house, and of Mr Benjamin Wade and Mr Charles Sumner in the other, set about the task of diminishing the prerogatives of the President, curtailing his power of pardon, denying him the right to dismiss his incompetent, dishonest, or hostile secretaries, or other civil or military officers of the Government, without the consent of the Senate, and usurping other powers which the Constitution had vested in the Chief Magistrate. The only power left him was to veto any acts of Congress which he might consider unconstitutional—

a power that became virtually of no value, unless as affording him an opportunity of recording in the most authoritative manner his own fidelity to his oaths; inasmuch as his vetoes, however sound and logical, were invariably overridden, sometimes hastily, and always contemptuously, by the two-thirds majority required for the purpose. The position into which his want of “pluck” at the right moment brought Congress, himself, and the country, is eloquently set forth in a recent letter to the Democracy of Maryland, by the Hon. James W. Wall of New Jersey:—

“The Radical oligarchy now controlling the Rump Congress mean revolution. They fully intend to absorb within themselves, as the Central Directory of the Nation, the Executive and Judicial powers. They have already, with an insolent audacity which should have been rebuked at the time, attempted to reduce the President to a ministerial officer to register Congressional decrees. President Johnson appears at last to have been startled into a full consciousness of the insidious designs of these unscrupulous fanatics, and manifests a determination to obey the injunctions of his solemn oath of office, ‘to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.’ These conspirators against constitutional liberty mean impeachment and deposition before impeachment, condemnation before trial. They mean to seize upon the powers of the Government by violence, to bring the President before the bar of the Senate, strip of the functions of his office by a Congressional decree. Let him meet them at the threshold of their traitorous revolutionary attempt with all the powers with which the Constitution of the country has invested him; and let the true friends of the Constitution and the Union rally round him, and be ready to sustain him at every hazard in the struggle with these mad zealots, who seem determined that the country shall not have peace or restoration except by again passing through the fires of civil strife, or by the degrading sacrifice of all those constitutional rights and liberties that the patriotic men hold dearer than their lives. The Radical system of treating elections as though they never had been, if they happen to be unfavourable to themselves, as illustrated in the case of your own able and

patriotic Senator, and in that of the Representatives from Kentucky, is to be pursued throughout in reference to all the elections in the Northern States.

They seem determined to drive an indignant and outraged people from the ballot-boxes to the cartridge-boxes to redress their grievances; and we are nearly at the point now where the outrages of the mother country found our patriotic forefathers when they declared that 'A long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce us under an absolute despotism; it is our right, it is our duty to throw off such government, and provide new guards for our future security.'"

Emboldened, apparently, by the support afforded by such appeals to the Conservative feeling of the country as these, and many others as fierce and as eloquent, that have for the last few months been circulated in the Democratic press, the President has resolved to be a real president once again—to dismiss his ministers when they displease him, and his generals if they disobey his orders—leaving his enemies to impeach him if they will. The question suggests itself to every one, Will Congress (the rump of a congress) dare to take such a step, especially in face of the recent changes in public opinion? And if it do, may there not be a disposition in some of the great generals produced by the war to cast in their political fortunes with those of the President, and in case of continued aggression upon his office, or any attempt at his deposition, to march a few battalions to the capital, turn out the representatives and senators, *vi et armis*, lock the doors, and call upon the whole people, South as well as North, to elect a true instead of a "bogus" legislature? The President has both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution on his side in all that he has yet done; and if he have *de l'audace, de l'audace*, and *toujours de l'audace*, he may yet do more to save the Union than General Grant and his legions.

General Grant, the next candidate in the order of importance, was,

until within the last few weeks, in the favourable position of being almost equally acceptable to both parties. The Democrats suspected him to be of their political faith; the Republicans believed him to be more inclined towards theirs; while both knew that the prestige of his name was immense, and that his popularity was almost unbounded. Nobody knew or knows whether he has any political talent, or has made politics in any way his study; but all knew that he was a good soldier, and a successful one, and were willing on this account to overlook, or consider as of slight importance, the fact that he was neither a scholar nor a statesman. He had, moreover, one especial talent—invaluable to a man in his position—the talent of knowing how and when to hold his tongue; the talent of non-committal, worth more than all the graces and gifts of scholarship and oratory to one who has to fight such a hard civic battle as he will have to fight, if he accepts a nomination for the presidency. But though the moderate men of the Republican party might be well content to cast their votes for the conqueror of the South, it is—unfortunately for his chances—a fact that the rank and file of the Republicans are not moderate men, but the very reverse; and that their leaders have already taken alarm at the too close political affinity which he seems to have established with Mr Johnson. His assumption of the post of Secretary at War, rendered vacant by the dismissal of Mr Stanton (under protest, and with the full expectation in the mind of that vigorous and troublesome personage of being reinstated by Congress) has given great offence to the extreme Radicals, who, having got the South down, mean to keep it down, by bayonet-thrust or negro supremacy, and at any cost; and who consider Mr Stanton a model minister, and the bright exemplar of what a partisan ought to be. Mr Wendell Phillips, the pro-

phet and lawgiver of the party—always in advance of it, but always compelling its submission to his supreme decrees, and bringing it up to his mark—has already denounced General Grant with a fervour of animosity which will make many converts. Frederick Douglass, the most eloquent of living negroes, and almost as effective an orator as Mr Phillips himself, has followed suit in behalf of the negro race, declaring that neither in Johnson nor in Grant has that race the slightest confidence. Another negro, named Gustavus Horton, who is declared to have great influence with the coloured people both of North and South, lately declared to a meeting of negroes and mulattoes at Mobile, that President Johnson was an “arch-traitor,” that Grant was “a military puppet in his hands,” and that Johnson and Grant “had conspired to rob *this Revolution (sic)* of its legitimate fruits, and undo the great work of Abraham Lincoln.” He added that Grant was not the liberator of the negro race—that he had it butchered on every occasion, to spare the lives of his German and Irish hirelings; and that, despairing of obtaining the negro vote for the Presidency, he was addressing himself to these “mercenaries” for support. He predicted that Grant “would soon find that the coloured citizens, led by faithful and devoted friends, would raise against him a storm which would sweep him and his allies from the field quicker than did the rebels at Shiloh.” The “faithful and devoted friends of the negro,” to whom the speaker alluded, are doubtless the Northern Abolitionists who have charge of the Freedmen’s Bureaux in all the Southern States; and whose object at the approaching election will be to disfranchise every white man of the South, and take the vote of every negro for the Republican ticket. It would seem, therefore, that Grant, if he accept a nomination, which is extremely doubtful, will have mainly to rely upon the

support of the Democratic and Conservative party in the North; and that only a small and unimportant section of the Republicans—if any at all—will record their votes in his favour. But he has not yet declared himself to be a Democrat; or if he be a Democrat, he has not proved that he is stancher to the Democratic faith than Mr Johnson. He is, it is true, the conqueror of the South; but those who object to treating any of the States as conquered and foreign territories, require to know from him, before they will give him their vote, whether he is of opinion that the rights of conquest are to be exercised for ever, and if not, for how long, over the Southern people? This part of the question is excellently put by Mr Wall of New Jersey, whose letter we have already quoted:—

“If the result of the late war was conquest, then all the institutions of the States may be changed. If it is conquest, there is no longer any constitutional duty to protect the conquered portion of the country from invasion or insurrection, for the conquest may be abandoned at pleasure; and there is no longer any duty to hold courts under the Constitution, or provide for the wants of commerce. Conquest means emphatically acquisition by the power of force, and it carries with it the right to dispose of the conquered territory and people at the pleasure of the conquering nation, subject only to the requisitions of humanity and the rights of other nations, if any they may have.

“Such a doctrine as this must be resisted at all hazards, for it is revolutionary, and contemplates the overthrow of the Constitution and the Union together.”

Until General Grant declares himself satisfactorily to the Democratic party on this vital point, he cannot calculate on Democratic support. What the Republican, or, more properly speaking, the Radical, party expected that he would do to gain their favour is not difficult to discover, if such Radical papers as the ‘Detroit Press’ and the ‘New York Tribune’ really express the opinions of the party. The first

named, after insisting that General Grant should not have consented to the removal of the insubordinate General Sheridan, in obedience to the commands of the President, says :—

“By implication and intent, the law gives General Grant power to resist the President in precisely such a case as the present, but not in direct terms. It places in General Grant's power the privilege of insubordination, if he chooses to accept the responsibility; but it still leaves a refusal to obey in the nature of insubordination. It tells the General, that if a crisis shall arise such that you think best to disobey the President, the President shall be powerless to punish you, unless the Senate thinks you deserve punishment. In short, it furnishes an opportunity for the General, without imposing upon him a duty.

“For a bold, ambitious General, trained in political as well as military tactics, this law furnishes a splendid opportunity. Such a man, by refusing to obey the President's recent orders, and planting himself upon this law, could practically have made himself master of the situation, and dictator over reconstruction during the recess of Congress; and, in this, sure of the enthusiastic support of the people, and of the gratitude of Congress and the country. Such a General could have retained Sheridan and Sickles in place, and blocked the President's whole game. Such a man General Grant is not.”

The ‘New York Tribune,’ by far the ablest and most independent organ of the Revolutionists, expressly says in effect, if not in terms, that the party looked to General Grant to become the agent of a *coup d'état*.

“We want Grant to be with us, so essentially with us, that we can lean upon his strong right arm. We believe his heart is right; but he has himself to dread more than any other influence. He has been too easy with the President, too good-natured, too anxious to please, and so has been betrayed into false positions, to the detriment of the general welfare. We regret that he has consented to the removal of General Sickles; for there is an important principle involved in this case, quite as deeply as in that of Sheridan. If he has a right to object to the removal of Sheridan, he has the right to object to the removal

of Sickles, and all the other district commanders. *This is no mere technical quarrel about the wording of an order. It is a conflict of fundamental principles.* Congress has imposed upon the General of the army the responsibility of seeing that the reconstruction laws are faithfully executed in the spirit in which they are framed. General Grant cannot throw off that responsibility upon Mr Johnson. It is not enough for him to place himself upon record as an enemy of the President's policy. He has a strict duty to discharge toward the people who have confided to him his high trust. It is time for him now to be stern. He should know that the President means war, and that he cannot escape a sublime responsibility.”

If General Grant were not wiser, more prudent, and more sincerely attached to the Constitution of the United States, which he, as well as the President, has solemnly sworn to uphold, a new civil war might already have been inaugurated.

The third great name on the list of probable candidates is Mr Salmon Portland Chase, by far the ablest and most sagacious man in the ranks of the Republican party; a sound lawyer, a dignified judge, a consistent and unmercenary politician, and a man who in any country in Europe would take rank with the highest order of statesmen. Unlike Mr Johnson and Mr Lincoln, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is both a scholar and a gentleman, and has the manners and bearing that are the physical reflex of a cultivated mind. During his whole political life an active and sincere opponent of slavery, he never made himself conspicuous as an opponent of the Southern people; and not even party necessity—real or seeming—has made him take up a position by word or deed, among the extremists, who would rather exterminate the Southern whites, and colonise the South afresh, than suffer the Republican party to be placed in a minority by the aid of the Southern vote. Had it not been for the legal impediments which, as Chief Justice, Mr Chase deli-

berately placed in the way of the trial of Mr Jefferson Davis, until such time as the violent passions excited by the assassination of Mr Lincoln had abated, it is probable that the Northern people might have been driven, in the frenzy of the hour, to the commission of a political crime which would have left a stain upon their victory and their history, and which every true American would have regretted, now and for ever. Mr Chace is strictly a moderate man, and has the further recommendation of being highly acceptable to the banking and commercial interests of the country. It was under his administration of financial affairs, when the North was struggling not only for conquest, but, as it seemed, for life, that nearly the whole of the gigantic National Debt was contracted; and he, of all men, is not likely to lend his name or his influence to the idea of repudiation which has suddenly come into favour with many members of the Republican, and with a still greater number of members of the Democratic party. According to present appearance—which, however, the events of a few weeks or months may alter—Mr Chace stands the best chance of the Republican nomination.

General Benjamin Franklin Butler—of unenviable notoriety—whose name is synonymous over the whole South, and a large portion of the North, with all that is hateful and unmanly, was once a Democrat, and has gone over to the Republicans without receiving much appreciation from his new associates. His pretensions to the presidency are infinitely stronger than his chances. The utmost severity to the vanquished white Southerners, the utmost possible privileges to the freed negroes, and the payment of a portion of the National Debt by fresh issues of greenbacks, seem to be, to use a current Americanism, “the main planks in his political platform.” Were it pos-

sible that such a man could receive the votes of a considerable number of his fellow-citizens, it might be suggested that his name for President, and that of James Gordon Bennett of the ‘New York Herald’ for Vice-President, should stand together on the “ticket.” They would make a conspicuous pair, and each is worthy of the companionship of the other. Mr Stanton would be a more likely aspirant, but he has made enemies too many and influential to be agreeable to the “wire-pullers.” Mr Thaddeus Stevens, who has been nominated for the presidency by Mr Wendell Phillips, with Frederick Douglas, the negro orator, for Vice-President, is too old and feeble to undertake the duties, even should they, which is not at all likely, be thrust upon him. The idea of a negro for President or Vice-President has some charms for the professional philanthropists and philosophers of the Puritanic pulpit, as also for some of the strong-minded ladies of the lecture-room and the conventicle; but is too distasteful to the great bulk of the American people to be seriously entertained by any one concerned in the secret manipulations of party struggles on either side of the political line. Mr Wendell Phillips has great power to draw his party after him, whithersoever he chooses to lead; but it may well be doubted whether his power extends to such a length as this. Mr Sumner has not been much spoken of, but, next to Mr Chace, would be a very acceptable man to the Republicans of all classes, more especially to those among them who think that the President should have the education and the manners of a gentleman. Chace for President, and Sumner for Vice-President, would be a strong ticket, if the large ambition of the latter would allow him to accept so unimportant a post as the deputy of a President who himself would be but the deputy

of the Senate, if the recent curtailment of the presidential powers should be perpetuated.

As the question stands at present, Mr Johnson's popularity is on the increase, General Grant's on the wane, while Mr Chace stands unmoved in the respect of the powerful party to which he belongs. From these facts, bystanders might believe that ultimately the great fight will be between Johnson and Chace—the one representing State rights, the old Constitution, fellowship with the South, and a thorough restoration of the Union; the other representing the Revolution that grew out of the war, a new Constitution to replace the old, the strong hand of military power to coerce dissentients, and the consolidation of the States into one great nationality. But opinions change so rapidly, and events march along with them with such giant strides in America, that the pattern of to-day in the great political kaleidoscope may not be anything like the pattern of to-morrow. In these contests, the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, or neither Mr Lincoln nor Mr Johnson would ever have reached the perilous elevation of the presidential chair. To be great and prominent in political life in that seething Republic is to have many and powerful enemies; and these enemies, at the last moment, may deprive the ambitious man of the coveted prize which seems to be within his clutch, and to the attainment of which he may have devoted the heart, the hope, and perhaps the honesty of his life, and substitute for his name at the nominating convention that of some obscure individual who has no enemies, simply because few ever heard of him. This has happened many a time since the days of Andrew Jackson, the last of the great Presidents, and in all probability will happen again if the Americans are in the

mind to continue the presidential office.

But turning from the men who are likely to be the champions and representatives of the great political and social questions that are now agitating the minds of the American people to the consideration of those questions themselves, we find that the line of demarcation between the Democrats and the Republicans—or, as they may be called, Conservatives and Revolutionists—is no longer clear and well defined. The negro vote, the high protective tariff, the repudiation of the debt, and the continued subjection of the South to military despotism, are the great and paramount subjects that will embitter the contest, and that embitter it now; and on neither of these can any party count upon the hearty allegiance of all the members who are supposed to belong to it.

The negro question, and the question of the negro vote—related, but not identical—is not by any means so simple a subject as it seems in the eyes of the ultra-Republicans and Puritans, who *must* have the negro vote in the South, or run the risk of losing power. If the Northern Radicals had not interfered between the Southern whites and the freedmen, it is extremely probable that the acute politicians of the South would have secured the negro vote for the Democratic party. Foreseeing, and being determined to prevent, this result, the Radicals established agencies over the whole South, under the title of Freedmen's Bureaux, the ostensible object being the protection of the freedmen against the anticipated oppression of their former masters; the real object being the organisation of the negroes into a political party for the support of the Radical candidate for the Presidency. Under the guidance and protection of these "devoted friends," as Mr Gustavus Horton calls them, the negroes in the ten Southern States,

and in the border State of Tennessee have been enrolled into "loyal leagues," which are described by the 'Louisville Journal' as secret oath-bound associations, comprising at least nineteen-twentieths of the male negro population. The regulations in some, if not most of the States, require all the members "to keep themselves well armed. The oaths sworn by them are terrible. These leagues have their lodges, and when any work, such as voting, is to be done, the leaguers march forth from their lodges in military procession, led and controlled by their regular military officers." The 'Louisville Journal'—one of the ablest newspapers in America, and one that, from first to last, was consistently in favour of the vigorous prosecution of the war—goes on to remark that, "when it is considered that the members of these atrocious associations constitute, even without the aid of white Radicals, a clear majority of the entire population in at least six of the ten Southern States, we may form something like an adequate idea of the condition of affairs in that unhappy country." To this statement it should be added that the negroes have got it into their heads that the whites of the South are never again to be allowed the privilege of voting; that the blacks are to rule; and that every black voter is to have a farm, "free, gratis, and for nothing," carved out of the estates of the former slave-owners. As we write, the news comes to us from Savannah in Georgia, that a mulatto from Boston, in Massachusetts, who had been admitted to the bar in that city, harangued a large meeting of negroes on the 30th of September, and dwelt upon "the necessity of a division of the Southern lands among the coloured people, informing his hearers that Congress would certainly at its next session distribute the property of the rebels among their former slaves, and advised all present to select the estates and

farms that pleased them best." The negroes had come armed with muskets, and when some white men, drawn by curiosity to the gathering, expressed by hisses and groans their disapprobation of such doctrines, a riot ensued, the civil and military powers were called out and acted in concert, and, after some bloodshed, succeeded in disarming this black *Jacquerie*, capturing the orator and dispersing the crowd. From this incident—but one out of hundreds of a similar character—it will be seen that the negroes have learned their lesson but too well; and, no longer contented with social and political equality, they desire to establish their superiority, and look down upon the ruined whites with the same lofty protection as was formerly bestowed upon themselves. The editor of a Savannah newspaper—the 'Republican'—who has declared himself in a series of articles to be in favour of the "equal rights of the blacks, but opposed to their domination," has lately published—*verbatim et literatim*—the following threatening notice, which has been served upon him by one of the Black League, after "due consideration :"—

"SAVANNAH, GEORGIA,
August 30, 1867.

"To John E. Hayes :

"Union League of America Baker Council No 9 have duly considered the baneful effects of your editorials in the 'Savannah Republican' for two years, pray, that you discontinue your most beautiful epithets and descriptions of the colored citizens of Savannah and the United States : or one thousand members will take such Legal and Natural means to stop you as the Law and the God of nature have been pleased to place within our power.

JACKSON BRAND, *President.*

"PAUL S. REYNOLDS, *Ass't.-Sec'y.*"

The Southern white people—in sullen indignation at such airs as these assumed by the negro population, and remembering that negro suffrage is not permitted in many of the Northern and Western States

unless the negro claiming to vote can read and write, and pays a certain amount of annual taxation—may refrain altogether from voting at the presidential election, and content themselves by meeting in State Convention, to protest against the legality of the whole proceedings, if by means such as the black leagues and their “devoted friends” employ the Republican candidate be successful. And worse even than this as an element of evil in the future politics of America, is the war of races that is certain to break out sooner or later, if the negroes persist in claiming supremacy over the whites. Nothing can come of the pretension but fearful bloodshed. It needs no gift of prophecy—no special insight—to predict that if such a conflict unfortunately becomes general throughout the South, the negroes will get the worst of it; and that the fate of the Red Indians will be theirs—banishment from the soil, or extermination by fire and sword. The prospect is an awful one to contemplate; and if, as seems but too probable, that ghastly result should indeed be the end to which the sudden emancipation of the negroes is tending, it can never be urged with truth or justice that the Southern whites provoked the aggression. They have loyally and wisely accepted the fortune of war. They appealed to the sword for independence, and the sword decided against them. The decision was unwelcome, but they took it as it came, and bore it with sorrowful dignity. Had it not been for the rabid interference of the Northern Radicals between them and their former slaves, they would have managed to live in peace and amity with the freedmen, if not in social equality; and established new relations, mutually beneficial to the employers and the employed. But this has been prevented for party reasons; and the “malignant philanthropists,” sowing the wind, will doubtless reap the whirlwind—such

a whirlwind, it is to be feared, as once swept over St Domingo, and left behind it a name at which the world even now grows pale when the story is related.

The next great question is that of the tariff on foreign manufactures. It has often been asserted by English sympathisers with the great cause of the abolition of slavery, who were otherwise ignorant of the political history of the United States, that negro slavery was the sole ground of quarrel between North and South, and the sole cause of the great civil war. But long before slavery assumed importance as a political question, the protective tariff imposed by Northern influence was so irritating to the South, and affirmed by its leading statesmen to be so prejudicial to its interests, as to lead to constant threats of separation. A high protective tariff was passed in 1824; a still more stringent tariff was passed in 1828. On the latter occasion the Legislature of the State of Georgia drew up a protest against the measure, which was introduced into the Senate of the United States by the Vice-President on the 12th of January 1829:—

“In her sovereign character,” said this document, “the State of Georgia protests against the act of the last session of Congress, entitled ‘An Act in Alteration of the several Acts Imposing Duties on Imports,’ as deceptive in its title, fraudulent in its pretenses, oppressive in its exactions, partial and unjust in its operation, unconstitutional in its well-known objects, ruinous to commerce and agriculture, to secure a hateful monopoly to a combination of importunate manufacturers. Demanding the repeal of an Act which has already disturbed the Union, and endangered the public tranquillity, weakened the confidence of the whole States in the Federal Government, and diminished the affection of large masses of the people to the Union itself, and the abandonment of the degrading system which considers the people as incapable of wisely directing their own enterprise, which sets up the servants of the people in Congress as the exclusive judges of

what pursuits are most advantageous and suitable for those by whom they were elected, the State of Georgia expects that, in perpetual testimony thereof, the deliberate and solemn expression of her opinion will be carefully kept in the archives of the Senate; and in justification of her character to the present generation and to posterity, if unfortunately Congress, disregarding the protest, and continuing to pervert powers granted for clearly defined and well understood purposes, to effectuate objects never intended, by the great parties by whom the Constitution was framed, to be intrusted to the controlling guardianship of the Federal Government, should render necessary measures of a more decisive character, for the protection of the people of the State, and the vindication of the Constitution of the United States."

This was, as clearly as words could make it, a threat to dissolve the Union on the question of free trade. The State of South Carolina followed the example of Georgia; and on the 10th of February 1829, the Hon. W. Smith presented to the Senate a protest against the tariff, for eight sufficient reasons:—

"1. Because the good people of this commonwealth believe the powers of Congress were delegated to it in trust for the accomplishment of certain specified objects, which limit and control them, and that every exercise of them for any other purpose is a violation of the constitution as unwarrantable as the undisguised assumption of substantive powers not granted or expressly withheld.

"2. Because the power to lay duties on imports is, and in its very nature can be, only the means of effecting the object specified in the constitution; since no free government, and least of all a government of enumerated powers, can of right impose any tax (any more than a penalty) which is not at once justified by public necessity, and clearly within the scope and promise of the social compact; and since the right of confining appropriations of the public money to such legitimate and constitutional objects is as essential to the liberties of the people, as their unquestionable privilege to be taxed only by their own consent.

"3. Because they believe that the tariff law passed by Congress at its last

session, and all other acts of which the principal object is the protection of manufactures, or any other branch of domestic industry—if they be considered as the exercise of a supposed power in Congress to tax at its own goodwill and pleasure, and to apply the money raised to objects not specified in the Constitution—is a violation of these fundamental principles, a breach of a well defined trust, and a perversion of the high powers vested in the Federal Government for Federal purposes only.

"4. Because such acts, considered in the light of a legislation of commerce, are equally liable to objection; since, although the power to regulate commerce may, like other powers, be exercised so as to protect domestic manufactures, yet it is clearly distinguished from a power to do so *eo nomine*, both in the nature of the thing, and in the common acceptance of the terms; and because the confounding of them would lead to the most extravagant results, since the encouragement of domestic industry implies an absolute control over all the interests, resources, and pursuits of a people, and is inconsistent with the idea of any other than a simple consolidated government.

"5. Because, from contemporaneous expositions of the Constitution in the numbers of the 'Federalist' (which is cited only because the Supreme Court has recognised its authority), it is clear that to regulate commerce was considered by the convention as only incidentally connected with the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures; and because the laying imposts and duties on imports is not understood to justify, in any case, a prohibition of foreign commodities, except as a means of extending commerce by coercing foreign nations to a fair reciprocity in their intercourse with us or for some other *bona fide* commercial purpose.

"6. Because, whilst the power to protect manufactures is nowhere expressly granted to Congress, nor can be considered as necessary and proper to carry into effect any specified power, it seems to be expressly reserved to the States by the tenth section of the first article of the Constitution.

"7. Because, even admitting Congress have a constitutional right to protect manufactures by the imposition of duties, or by regulations of commerce designed principally for that purpose, yet a tariff, the operation of which is grossly unequal and oppressive, is such an abuse of power as is incompatible

with the principles of a free government, and the great end of civil society, and equality of rights and protection.

"8. Finally, because South Carolina, from her climate, situation, and peculiar institutions, is, and must ever continue to be, wholly dependent upon agriculture and commerce, not only for her prosperity, but for her very existence as a State; because the valuable products of her soil, the blessings by which Divine Providence seems to have designed to compensate for the disadvantages under which she suffers in other respects, are among the very few that can be cultivated by slave labour; and if, by the loss of her foreign commerce, those products should be confined to an inadequate market, the fate of this fertile state would be poverty and desolation; her citizens in despair would emigrate to more fortunate regions, and the whole peace of her civil polity be impaired and deranged, if not dissolved entirely.

"Deeply impressed with these considerations, the representatives of the good people of this commonwealth, anxiously desiring to live in peace with their fellow-citizens, and to do all that in them lies to preserve and perpetuate the union of the States, and the liberties of which it is the surest pledge, but feeling it to be their bounden duty to expose and resist all encroachments upon the true spirit of the Constitution, lest an apparent acquiescence in the system of protecting duties should be drawn into precedent, do, in the name of the commonwealth of South Carolina, claim to enter upon the journals of the Senate their protest against it, as unconstitutional, oppressive, and unjust."

The opposition was not confined to Georgia and South Carolina, but extended all over the South, and created an agitation which prevailed for several years. In his message to Congress in 1832, General Jackson recommended a modification of the offensive measure, and the abolition of duties on numerous articles of necessity and comfort not manufactured in America. The recommendation was opposed by Mr Clay, the strong advocate of what he called "The American System," by adherence to which America would in due time, he thought, be enabled to produce everything she required,

to the entire exclusion of foreign trade. General Samuel Smith, of Maryland, strongly opposed Mr Clay and the so-called American System, which, if it could have been carried out, would have been as irrational and narrow-minded as the policy of the Chinese and Japanese, who excluded themselves from the rest of the world for ages, acting in this respect about as wisely as rabbits in a burrow, or ostriches with their heads in a hole.

"We have," he said, "arrived at a crisis. Yes, Mr President, a crisis more appalling than a day of battle. I adjure the Committee on Manufactures to pause—to reflect on the dissatisfaction of the South. South Carolina has expressed herself strongly against the tariff of 1828—stronger than the other States are willing to speak. But, Sir, the whole South feel deeply the oppression of this tariff. In this respect there is no difference of opinion. The South, the whole Southern States, all consider it as oppressive. They have not yet spoken; but when they do speak, it will be in a voice that will not *improve*, but will *demand* redress.

"I am, Mr President, one of the few survivors of those who fought in the War of the Revolution. We then thought we fought for liberty, for equal rights. We fought against taxation, the proceeds of which were for the benefit of others. Where is the difference if the people are to be taxed by the manufacturers, or by any others? I say manufacturers; and why do I say so? When the Senate met there was a strong disposition with all parties to ameliorate the tariff of 1828; but now I see a change, which makes me almost despair of anything effectual being accomplished. Even the small concessions made by the senator from Kentucky (Mr Clay) have been reprobated by the lobby members, the agents of the manufacturers. I am told they have put their fiat on any change whatever, and hence, as a consequence, the change in the course and language of gentlemen that precludes all hope. Those interested may hang on the Committee of Manufacturers like an incubus. I say to that Committee, depend upon your own good judgment, discard sectional interests, and study only the common weal. Act with these views,

and thus retain the affections of the South."

We make these extracts, not only to show that the question of Free Trade is not a new one in America, and that it once endangered the stability of the Union, but to narrate by what means it came to pass that the Southern people were induced to support a still higher tariff than that which so much aggrieved them. The northern manufacturers, growing fat and rich by charging the whole people, North and South, almost as much for their inferior goods as English or French goods of superior quality, *plus* the duty, could have been imported for, took up the slavery question, and so managed it as to give the South new cause of alarm, and precipitate an attempt at separation. It was ultimately arranged, however, by the "wire-pullers" of the two hostile sections, and with the intention of preserving the Union, that if the Northern politicians would let the question of slavery alone, and support the Fugitive Slave Law, the Southern politicians would waive their objections to the high tariff. The bargain was an immoral one on both sides, and it ultimately became out of the power of the Northern manufacturers to keep their plighted faith. The anti-slavery tide—increased, it must be admitted, by English aid—ran too strong; and the South speedily found, to use a common vulgarism, that it had been "sold," and that the Northern party had got its votes for the tariff without being able to render the stipulated equivalent. The result of the Civil War, however, has simplified this great question, and Free Trade, for the first time in American history, stands on its own merits, the whole South being as much in its favour as ever, and having no possible inducement to sell its convictions. In the first anti-tariff agitation, when Georgia and South Carolina placed themselves in the front of

the movement, the great West was a wilderness. The prairies were the abode of the wild Indians and the buffaloes. Chicago was a name unheard—a log-hut, perhaps, inhabited by some solitary vedette of civilisation, Milwaukee had not seen the face of a white man; and what is now the prolific granary that can feed not alone America, but all Europe, out of its overflowing resources, produced nothing but wild grass and flowers for the consumption of the *feræ naturæ*—for the birds and the bees, and the teeming life of a prolific soil uninhabited by man. The steady growth of the agricultural West has added to the agricultural South another party clamorous for Free Trade, and that desires, as a matter of the strictest right, to exchange its breadstuffs for European manufactures, without paying toll or tribute to the sharp Yankee manufacturers of New England, or the equally sharp practitioners of Pennsylvania—the two great homes and hotbeds of protectionism. The Western farmer knows that he could buy a comfortable coat of good broadcloth for the London price—say three pounds or three pounds ten—if there were Free Trade between England and the United States; and sees no reason why he should pay about eight pounds for a similar, and sometimes for a very inferior article, to the shoddy manufacturers of the Eastern States, without in reality contributing anything to the necessities of the national exchequer by the extra outlay. The South has not only this powerful ally in the cause of Free Trade in the immense agricultural regions of the West, but finds allies even in the North, among men who have studied the science of commerce, and have come, though originally protectionists, to the conclusion of Sir Robert Peel, when wrought upon by the "unadorned eloquence" of Richard Cobden—that Free Trade is as necessary to the happiness and progress of the whole human race as

free speech, free printing, free institutions, and free intercourse. The West sees in Europe, and especially in England, the best customer for its agricultural wealth; and even if the South should continue to be held in subjection by military despotism, and disabled from lending its political support to a revenue tariff, as opposed to a protective one, the West will be strong enough single-handed, at the approaching election, to bring the Free Trade question into the foreground, and help to decide the contest upon that, as one of many issues almost equally important.

The question of the debt—which, in the height of the war-fever, and amid the profuse and reckless expenditure of the Government, suddenly converting paupers into millionaires, and making thousands of influential but dishonest and corrupt persons rich at the public expense, was treated as a matter of no importance, and as at worst a mere flea-bite upon the rhinoceros-hide of the great and wealthy American Republic—has within the last few months assumed a very irritating and ominous character. The Democratic politicians who four years ago asserted that repudiation of the debt would be the most popular plank in the party platform of 1868, were either laughed at as idle dreamers, or denounced as treasonable “copperheads;” but their jocular prediction has become seriously true; and the partial repudiation of the debt is a question that is earnestly debated in every part of the country, with the sole exception of the unhappy South, that sees before it, in the negro question, a more engrossing object of solicitude. The taxation necessary to pay the interest upon the debt is found to be no such “flea-bite” as was anticipated, but, on the contrary, a hundred leech-power, to suck the blood of everybody engaged in trade or agriculture. Few Americans, and none of any political note or importance,

have openly advocated the repudiation of the debt. The time is not ripe for that as yet, and possibly the time may never come for such a scandal to be perpetrated; but men of all parties and in very influential positions are strenuously endeavouring to cultivate public opinion to the extent of approving the liquidation of the five-twenty bonds by the issue of 500,000,000 of paper dollars, and thus escaping the annual payment of interest on that very large sum—no less than £100,000,000 sterling, if gold were at par with greenbacks. Many of the individual States which contracted debts in Europe prior to the Civil War, and, until that event, paid the interest in gold, thought it just—though their creditors did not think so—to pay the interest in greenbacks. The new proposal as to the five-twenties savours of the same immorality. The interest on these bonds was stipulated to be paid in gold; but as no stipulation was made as to the mode, but only as to the time at which the United States might redeem them, it is held that when the five years expire—as they will very shortly—the Federal Government has the option of redeeming them at that date, if it pleases. So far so good, if they were redeemed in gold. But the proposal is to redeem them in legal tender, or in greenbacks—a proposal which, if carried out by the creation of such a large amount of paper-money, would render the dollar the representative in Europe of little more than a shilling, and possibly of less. Mr Pendleton of Ohio, a leading Democratic politician, fathers the view, that the Federal Government has a perfect right to adopt this course, and urges it as a means of giving a great relief to the taxpayers of America, which it doubtless would be in one sense, though possibly not in another. General B. F. Butler, who is of the Radical party, joins the Democratic Mr Pendleton, on this question; and

a greater man, and more influential politician than either of them—no less a person than the redoubtable Thaddeus Stevens, the Robespierre or the Danton of the American Revolution—stands before the world as the original author of the project, though we are not aware that he has recently given utterance to his opinions on the subject. What he thinks, or thought, may be learned from the following discussion in the House of Representatives in June 1864, while the war was still raging. In reply to Mr Spalding of Ohio, who asked Mr Stevens—then, as now, the acknowledged leader both of the House and his party—whether in his judgment the principal of the 500,000,000 dollars of five-twenty bonds was payable in gold, Mr Stevens said—

“It is just as clear as anything is clear that the interest is payable in gold, but the principal in lawful money.

“Mr Spalding.—I ask the gentleman if he knows whether this is the opinion of the head of the Treasury Department?

“Mr Stevens.—Well, sir, I have not consulted him. *I know that a great many legal gentlemen of distinction agree with me in the opinion I express.* I suppose I should bow to the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject if I had it, and it was right, but I have not.

“Mr Pruyn.—I would like, with the permission of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, to ask the gentleman from Ohio (Mr Spalding) whether he has any information that the Secretary of the Treasury has decided that the principal of the five-twenty bonds was payable in gold?

“Mr Spalding.—If I may be permitted to reply to the gentleman from New York, I will say that I have this morning learned from the Secretary of the Treasury that, in his opinion, the principal of the five-twenty bonds is payable in gold.

“Mr Stevens.—*Then, sir, his opinion is entirely different from the law. These bonds are made payable in money by the express terms of the law, and if legal tender notes are money, then they are payable in that.* But, sir, if both principal and interest are payable in gold, then the difficulties in which the

Government is becoming involved are all the more aggravated.

“Mr Wilson.—Was not the statement made just now by the gentleman from Pennsylvania based upon the payment of these five-twenties in gold?

“Mr Stevens.—Upon the payment of the interest in gold. There is no doubt that the interest is payable in gold.

“Mr Wilson.—I speak of the principal. I understood the gentleman to say that there were now about eight hundred million dollars of the public debt payable in gold.

“Mr Stevens.—No, sir; the interest is payable in gold. *I say that no man who is a lawyer—and I could not say the Secretary of the Treasury is not a lawyer—who will carefully read the law, can positively come to any other conclusion than that the principal of these five-twenty bonds is payable in currency.* The law says expressly that the interest is payable in coin, and that the principal is payable in money. The difference in the terms employed is as distinct and definite as if it had been, in so many words, that one is payable in coin and the other in paper currency.”

The Western States, that did most of the fighting during the war, are represented, in all the papers that reach Europe, as greatly excited on this question, and as strongly in favour of the payment of the five-twenties in the mode indicated. The press of the Southern States very generally supports the proposal; none the less willingly, perhaps, because they see in it a partial adoption by the North of the principle of repudiation which was forced upon the Southern people at the point of the sword, and that they have a malicious pleasure in seeing the “engineer hoist with his own petard.”

Reconstruction under military control; the burden of the debt; the enormous and universally prevalent corruption; the troublesome and hostile attitude assumed by the ignorant blacks under Radical guidance; the discontent of all persons engaged in trade; the pressure of the high tariff; the rottenness of the National Bank system introduced under Mr Chase's ad-

ministration of the finances; and, lastly, the possibility of Mr Johnson's impeachment by Congress, and the equal possibility of his resistance, by force of arms, to any attempt at his deposition, *pendente lite*;—all these together form a combination more ominous of civil strife than anything that occurred within the few months that preceded the election of a successor to Mr Buchanan in 1860. We have briefly indicated the dangers ahead, but incline to believe that the negro danger is the greatest of all. Hitherto the Irish were to a large extent enabled to hold the balance of power between rival parties, but the balance has been shifted into the hands of the blacks. Should the Republican ticket for President and Vice-President be elected by a small majority, and mainly by the aid of the black vote of the South, it is impossible not to foresee that the legality of the election will be disputed. At a local election in Louisiana the other day, it was discovered that the number of black votes registered on the electoral lists was greater than that of the whole black population of men, women, and children; that black men registered themselves under different names at different times; and that when the day of polling came, they did not remember the names they had assumed—or any other than their Christian names of Cæsar, Pompey, or Sambo, as the case might be. And this stupid as well as dishonest tampering with the sacred right conferred upon them—by bayonet thrust—by their Northern allies, is represented as general in the ten Southern States, and as not unknown even in Tennessee. Hitherto, the presidential elections in America have been conducted with fairness, and, on the whole, with good temper and propriety; but if armed negroes are to

take possession of the polls in the South, and the Southern whites are either to be illegally or violently prevented from exercising the privilege which cannot be constitutionally denied them, the chances of a renewed civil war—or perhaps of a war of races—are only too imminent. A great and signal triumph of the Conservative party—so great and signal as to compel the Radicals to admit their defeat as unreservedly as the South has done—is a possibility that is daily growing stronger. The triumph of the Radicals presages war, that of the Conservatives means peace and conciliation, and a return either to the old Constitution or its replacement by a better.

“The indissoluble link of union between the people of the several States in this Confederation,” said John Quincy Adams, President, and son of a President, “exists, after all, not in the *right*, but in the *heart*. If the day should ever come—may Heaven avert it!—when the affections of the people in these States shall be alienated from each other, when the fraternal feeling shall give way to cold indifference, or collisions of interest shall foster into hatred, the bonds of political association will not long hold together parties no longer attracted by the magnetism of conciliated interests and friendly sympathies; and *far better will it be for the people of the disunited States to part in friendship from each other, than to be held together by constraint*. Then will be the time for reverting to the precedents which occurred at the formation and adoption of the Constitution, to *form again a more perfect union by dissolving that which could no longer bind, and to leave the separate parts to be united by the law of political gravitation to the centre*.”

Happy would it have been for all America if the North had been of this opinion in 1861. Happy will it be for them now if such sentiments shall animate the majority, on whichever side it shall declare itself.

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LINDA TRESSEL.—PART III.

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK passed by, and Linda Tressel heard nothing of Ludovic, and began at last to hope that that terrible episode of the young man's visit to her might be allowed to be as though it had never been. A week passed by, during every day of which Linda had feared and had half expected to hear some question from her aunt which would nearly crush her to the ground. But no such question had been asked, and, for aught that Linda knew, no one but she and Ludovic were aware of the wonderful jump that had been made out of the boat on to the island. And during this week little, almost nothing, was said to her in reference to the courtship of Peter Steinmarc. Peter himself spoke never a word; and Madame Staubach had merely said, in reference to certain pipes of tobacco which were smoked by the town-clerk in Madame Staubach's parlour, and which would heretofore have been smoked in the town-clerk's own room, that it was well that Peter should learn to make himself at home with them. Linda

had said nothing in reply, but had sworn inwardly that she would never make herself at home with Peter Steinmarc.

In spite of the pipes of tobacco, Linda was beginning to hope that she might even yet escape from her double peril, and, perhaps, was beginning to have hope even beyond that, when she was suddenly shaken in her security by words which were spoken to her by Fanny Heisse. "Linda," said Fanny, running over to the gate of Madame Staubach's house, very early on one bright summer morning, "Linda, it is to be to-morrow! And will you not come?"

"No, dear; we never go out here: we are so sad and solemn that we know nothing of gaiety."

"You need not be solemn unless you like it."

"I don't know but what I do like it, Fanny; I have become so used to it that I am as grave as an owl."

"That comes of having an old lover, Linda."

"I have not got an old lover," said Linda, petulantly.

"You have got a young one, at any rate."

"What do you mean, Fanny?"

"What do I mean? Just what I say. You know very well what I mean. Who was it jumped over the river that Sunday morning, my dear? I know all about it." Then there came across Linda's face a look of extreme pain,—a look of anguish; and Fanny Heisse could see that her friend was greatly moved by what she had said. "You don't suppose that I shall tell any one," she added.

"I should not mind anything being told if all could be told," Linda.

"But he did come,—did he not?" Linda merely nodded her head. "Yes; I knew that he came when your aunt was at church, and Tetchen was out, and Herr Steinmarc was out. Is it not a pity that he should be such a ne'er-do-well?"

"Do you think that I am a ne'er-do-well, Fanny?"

"No indeed; but, Linda, I will tell you what I have always thought about young men. They are very nice, and all that; and when old croaking hunkses have told me that I should have nothing to say to them, I have always answered that I meant to have as much to say to them as possible; but it is like eating good things;—everybody likes eating good things, but one feels ashamed of doing it in secret."

This was a terrible blow to poor Linda. "But I don't like doing it," she answered. "It wasn't my fault. I did not bid him come."

"One never does bid them to come; I mean not till one has taken up with a fellow as a lover outright. Then you bid them, and sometimes they won't come for your bidding."

"I would have given anything in the world to have prevented his doing what he did. I never mean to speak to him again,—if I can help it."

"Oh, Linda!"

"I suppose you think I expected him, because I stayed at home alone."

"Well,—I did think that possibly you expected something."

"I would have gone to church with my aunt though my head was splitting had I thought that Herr Valcarm would have come here while she was away."

"Mind I have not blamed you. It is a great shame to give a girl an old lover like Peter Steinmarc, and ask her to marry him. I wouldn't have married Peter Steinmarc for all the uncles and all the aunts in creation; nor yet for father,—though father would never have thought of such a thing. I think a girl should choose a lover for herself, though how she is to do so if she is to be kept moping at home always, I cannot tell. If I were treated as you are I think I should ask somebody to jump over the river to me."

"I have asked nobody. But, Fanny, how did you know it?"

"A little bird saw him."

"But, Fanny, do tell me."

"Max saw him get across the river with his own eyes." Max Bogen was the happy man who on the morrow was to make Fanny Heisse his wife.

"Heavens and earth!"

"But, Linda, you need not be afraid of Max. Of all men in the world he is the very last to tell tales."

"Fanny, if ever you whisper a word of this to any one, I will never speak to you again."

"Of course, I shall not whisper it."

"I cannot explain to you all about it,—how it would ruin me. I think I should kill myself outright if my aunt were to know it; and yet I did nothing wrong. I would not encourage a man to come to me in that way for all the world; but I could not help his coming. I got myself into the kitchen; but when I found that he was in the house I thought it would be better

to open the door and speak to him."

"Very much better. I would have slapped his face. A lover should know when to come and when to stay away."

"I was ashamed to think that I did not dare to speak to him, and so I opened the door. I was very angry with him."

"But still, perhaps, you like him,—just a little; is not that true, Linda?"

"I do not know; but this I know, I do not want ever to see him again."

"Come, Linda; never is a long time."

"Let it be ever so long, what I say is true."

"The worst of Ludovic is that he is a ne'er-do-well. He spends more money than he earns, and he is one of those wild spirits who are always making up some plan of politics—who live with one foot inside the State prison, as it were. I like a lover to be gay, and all that; but it is not well to have one's young man carried off and locked up by the burgomasters. But, Linda, do not be unhappy. Be sure that I shall not tell; and as for Max Bogen, his tongue is not his own. I should like to hear him say a word about such a thing when I tell him to be silent."

Linda believed her friend, but still it was a great trouble to her that any one should know what Ludovic Valcarm had done on that Sunday morning. As she thought of it all, it seemed to her to be almost impossible that a secret should remain a secret that was known to three persons,—for she was sure that Tetchen knew it,—to three persons besides those immediately concerned. She thought of her aunt's words to her, when Madame Staubach had cautioned her against deceit, "I do not think that you would willingly be false to me, because the sin against the Lord would be so great." Linda had understood well how much had

been meant by this caution. Her aunt had groaned over her in spirit once, when she found it to be a fact that Ludovic Valcarm had been allowed to speak to her,—had been allowed to speak though it were but a dozen words. The dozen words had been spoken and had not been revealed, and Madame Staubach having heard of this sin, had groaned in the spirit heavily. How much deeper would be her groans if she should come to know that Ludovic had been received in her absence; had been received on a Sabbath morning, when her niece was feigning to be ill! Linda still fancied that her aunt might believe her if she were to tell her own story, but she was certain that her aunt would never believe her if the story were to be told by another. In that case there would be nothing for her, Linda, but perpetual war; and, as she thought, perpetual disgrace. As her aunt would in such circumstances range her forces on the side of propriety, so must she range hers on the side of impropriety. It would become necessary that she should surrender herself, as it were, to Satan; that she should make up her mind for an evil life; that she should cut altogether the cord which bound her to the rigid practices of her present mode of living. Her aunt had once asked her if she meant to be the light-of-love of this young man. Linda had well known what her aunt had meant, and had felt deep offence; but yet she now thought that she could foresee a state of things in which, though that degradation might yet be impossible, the infamy of such degradation would belong to her. She did not know how to protect herself from all this, unless she did so by telling her aunt of the young man's visit.

But were she to do so she must accompany her tale by the strongest assurance that no possible consideration would induce her to marry Peter Steinmarc. There must then be a compact, as has be-

fore been said, that the name neither of one man nor the other should ever again be mentioned as that of Linda's future husband. But would her aunt agree to such a compact? Would she not rather so use the story that would be told to her, as to draw from it additional reasons for pressing Peter's suit? The odious man still smoked his pipes of tobacco in Madame Staubach's parlour, gradually learning to make himself at home there. Linda, as she thought of this, became grave, settled, and almost ferocious in the working of her mind. Anything would be better than this,—even the degradation to be feared from hard tongues, and from the evil report of virtuous women. As she pictured to herself Peter Steinmarc with his big feet, and his straggling hairs, and his old hat, and his constant pipe, almost any lot in life seemed to her to be better than that. Any lot in death would certainly be better than that. No! If she told her story there must be a compact. And if her aunt would consent to no compact, then,—then she must give herself over to the Evil One. In that case there would be no possible friend for her, no ally available to her in her difficulties, but the one. In that case, even though Ludovic should have both feet within the State prison, he must be all in all to her, and she,—if possible,—all in all to him.

Then she was driven to ask herself some questions as to her feelings towards Ludovic Valcarm. Hitherto she had endeavoured to comfort herself with the reflection that she had in no degree committed herself. She had not even confessed to herself that she loved the man. She had never spoken,—she thought that she had never spoken a word, that could be taken by him as encouragement. But yet, as things were going with her now, she passed no waking hour without thinking of him; and in her sleeping hours he came to her in her dreams. Ah, how often he leaped

over that river, beautifully, like an angel, and, running to her in her difficulties, dispersed all her troubles by the beauty of his presence. But then the scene would change, and he would become a fiend instead of a god, or a fallen angel; and at these moments it would become her fate to be carried off with him into uttermost darkness. But even in her saddest dreams she was never inclined to stand before the table in the church and vow that she would be the loving wife of Peter Steinmarc. Whenever in her dreams such a vow was made, the promise was always given to that ne'er-do-well.

Of course she loved the man. She came to know it as a fact, to be quite sure that she loved him, without reaching any moment in which she first made the confession openly to herself. She knew that she loved him. Had she not loved him, would she have so easily forgiven him,—so easily have told him that he was forgiven? Had she not loved him, would not her aunt have heard the whole story from her on that Sunday evening, even though the two chapters of Isaiah had been left unread in order that she might tell it? Perhaps, after all, the compact of which she had been thinking might be more difficult to her than she had imagined. If the story of Ludovic's coming could be kept from her aunt's ears, it might even yet be possible to her to keep Steinmarc at a distance without any compact. One thing was certain to her. He should be kept at a distance, either with or without a compact.

Days went on, and Fanny Heisse was married, and all probability of telling the story was at an end. Madame Staubach had asked her niece why she did not go to her friend's wedding, but Linda had made no answer,—had shaken her head as though in anger. What business had her aunt to ask her why she did not make one of a gay assemblage, while everything was

being done to banish all feeling of gaiety from her life? How could there be any pleasant thought in her mind while Peter Steinmarc still smoked his pipes in their front parlour? Her aunt understood this, and did not press the question of the wedding party. But, after so long an interval, she did find it necessary to press that other question of Peter's courtship. It was now nearly a month since the matter had first been opened to Linda, and Madame Staubach was resolved that the thing should be settled before the autumn was over. "Linda," she said one day, "has Peter Steinmarc spoken to you lately?"

"Has he spoken to me, aunt Charlotte?"

"You know what I mean, Linda."

"No, he has not—spoken to me. I do not mean that he should—speak to me." Linda, as she made this answer, put on a hard stubborn look, such as her aunt did not know that she had ever before seen upon her countenance. But if Linda was resolved, so also was Madame Staubach.

"My dear," said the aunt, "I do not know what to think of such an answer. Herr Steinmarc has a right to speak if he pleases, and certainly so when that which he says is said with my full concurrence."

"I can't allow you to think that I shall ever be his wife. That is all."

After this there was silence for some minutes, and then Madame Staubach spoke again. "My dear, have you thought at all about—marriage?"

"Not much, aunt Charlotte."

"I daresay not, Linda; and yet it is a subject on which a young woman should think much before she either accepts or rejects a proposed husband."

"It is enough to know that one doesn't like a man."

"No, that is not enough. You should examine the causes of your

dislike. And as far as mere dislike goes, you should get over it, if it be unjust. You ought to do that, whoever may be the person in question."

"But it is not mere dislike."

"What do you mean, Linda?"

"It is disgust."

"Linda, that is very wicked. You should not allow yourself to feel what you call disgust at any of God's creatures. Have you ever thought who made Herr Steinmarc?"

"God made Judas Iscariot, aunt Charlotte."

"Linda, that is profane,—very profane." Then there was silence between them again; and Linda would have remained silent had her aunt permitted it. She had been called profane, but she disregarded that, having, as she thought, got the better of her aunt in the argument as to disgust felt for any of God's creatures. But Madame Staubach had still much to say. "I was asking you whether you had thought at all about marriage, and you told me that you had not."

"I have thought that I could not possibly—under any circumstances—marry Peter Steinmarc."

"Linda, will you let me speak? Marriage is a very solemn thing."

"Very solemn indeed, aunt Charlotte."

"In the first place, it is the manner in which the all-wise Creator has thought fit to make the weaker vessel subject to the stronger one." Linda said nothing, but thought that that old town-clerk was not a vessel strong enough to hold her in subjection. "It is this which a woman should bring home to herself, Linda, when she first thinks of marriage."

"Of course I should think of it, if I were going to be married."

"Young women too often allow themselves to imagine that wedlock should mean pleasure and diversion. Instead of that it is simply the entering into that state of life

in which a woman can best do her duty here below. All life here must be painful, full of toil, and moistened with many tears." Linda was partly prepared to acknowledge the truth of this teaching; but she thought that there was a great difference in the bitterness of tears. Were she to marry Ludovic Valcarm, her tears with him would doubtless be very bitter, but no tears could be so bitter as those which she would be called upon to shed as the wife of Peter Steinmarc. "Of course," continued Madame Staubach, "a wife should love her husband."

"But I could not love Peter Steinmarc."

"Will you listen to me? How can you understand me if you will not listen to me? A wife should love her husband. But young women, such as I see them to be, because they have been so instructed, want to have something soft and delicate; a creature without a single serious thought, who is chosen because his cheek is red and his hair is soft; because he can dance, and speak vain, meaningless words; because he makes love, as the foolish parlance of the world goes. And we see what comes of such lovemaking. Oh, Linda! God forbid that you should fall into that snare! If you will think of it, what is it but harlotry?"

"Aunt Charlotte, do not say such horrible things."

"A woman when she becomes a man's wife should see, above all things, that she is not tempted by the devil after this fashion. Remember, Linda, how he goeth about,—ever after our souls,—like a roaring lion. And it is in this way specially that he goeth about after the souls of young women."

"But why do you say those things to me?"

"It is to you only that I can say them. I would so speak to all young women, if it were given me to speak to more than to one. You talk of love."

"No, aunt; never. I do not talk—of love."

"Young women do, and think of it, not knowing what love for their husband should mean. A woman should revere her husband, and obey him, and be subject to him in everything." Was it supposed, Linda thought, that she should revere such a being as Peter Steinmarc? What could be her aunt's idea of reverence? "If she does that, she will love him also."

"Yes,—if she does," said Linda.

"And will not this be much more likely, if the husband be older than his wife?"

"A year or two," said Linda, timidly.

"Not a year or two only, but so much so as to make him graver and wiser, and fit to be in command over her. Will not the woman so ruled be safer than she who trusts herself with one who is perhaps as weak and inexperienced as herself?" Madame Staubach paused, but Linda would not answer the question. She did not wish for such security as was here proposed to her. "Is it not that of which you have to think,—your safety here, so that, if possible, you may be safe hereafter?" Linda answered this to herself, within her own bosom. Not for security here or hereafter, even were such to be found by such means, would she consent to become the wife of the man proposed to her. Madame Staubach, finding that no spoken reply was given to her questions, at last proceeded from generalities to the special case which she had under her consideration. "Linda," she said, "I trust you will consent to become the wife of this excellent man." Linda's face became very hard, but still she said nothing. "The danger of which I have spoken is close upon you. You must feel it to be so. A youth, perhaps the most notorious in all Nuremberg for wickedness——"

"No, aunt; no."

"I say yes; and this youth is spoken of openly as your lover."

"No one has a right to say so."

"It is said, and he has so addressed himself to your own ears. You have confessed it. Tell me that you will do as I would have you, and then I shall know that you are safe. Then I will trust you in everything, for I shall be sure that it will be well with you. Linda, shall it be so?"

"It shall not be so, aunt Charlotte."

"Is it thus you answer me?"

"Nothing shall make me marry a man whom I hate."

"Hate him! Oh, Linda."

"Nothing shall make me marry a man whom I cannot love."

"You fancy, then, that you love that reprobate?" Linda was silent.

"Is it so? Tell me. I have a right to demand an answer to that question."

"I do love him," said Linda. Using the moment for reflection allowed to her as best she could, she thought that she saw the best means of escape in this avowal. Surely her aunt would not press her to marry one man when she had declared that she loved another.

"Then, indeed, you are a castaway."

"I am no castaway, aunt Charlotte," said Linda, rising to her feet. "Nor will I remain here, even with you, to be so called. I have done nothing to deserve it. If you will cease to press upon me this odious scheme, I will do nothing to disgrace either myself or you; but if I am perplexed by Herr Steinmarc and his suit, I will not answer for the consequences." Then she turned her back upon her aunt and walked slowly out of the room.

On that very evening Peter came to Linda while she was standing alone at the kitchen window. Tetchen was out of the house, and Linda had escaped from the parlour

as soon as the hour arrived at which in those days Steinmarc was wont to seat himself in her aunt's presence and slowly light his huge meerschaum pipe. But on this occasion he followed her into the kitchen, and Linda was aware that this was done before her aunt had had any opportunity of explaining to him what had occurred on that morning. "Fraulein," he said, "as you are alone here, I have ventured to come in and join you."

"This is no proper place for you, Herr Steinmarc," she replied. Now, it was certainly the case that Peter rarely passed a day without standing for some twenty minutes before the kitchen stove talking to Tetchen. Here he would always take off his boots when they were wet, and here, on more than one occasion,—on more, probably, than fifty,—had he sat and smoked his pipe, when there was no other stove a-light in the house to comfort him with its warmth. Linda, therefore, had no strong point in her favour when she pointed out to her suitor that he was wrong to intrude upon the kitchen.

"Wherever you are, must be good for me," said Peter, trying to smirk and to look pleased.

Linda was determined to silence him, even if she could not silence her aunt. "Herr Steinmarc," she said, "I have explained to my aunt that this kind of thing from you must cease. It must be made to cease. If you are a man you will not persecute me by a proposal which I have told you already is altogether out of the question. If there were not another man in all Nuremberg, I would not have you. You may perhaps make me hate you worse than anybody in the world; but you cannot possibly do anything else. Go to my aunt and you will find that I have told her the same." Then she walked off to her own bedroom, leaving the town-clerk in sole possession of the kitchen.

Peter Steinmarc, when he was

left standing alone in the kitchen, did not like his position. He was a man not endowed with much persuasive gift of words, but he had a certain strength of his own. He had a will, and some firmness in pursuing the thing which he desired. He was industrious, patient, and honest with a sort of second-class honesty. He liked to earn what he took, though he had a strong bias towards believing that he had earned whatever in any way he might have taken, and after the same fashion he was true with a second-class truth. He was unwilling to deceive; but he was usually able to make himself believe that that which would have been deceit from another to him, was not deceit from him to another. He was friendly in his nature to a certain degree, understanding that good offices to him-wards could not be expected unless he also was prepared to do good offices to others; but on this matter he kept an accurate mental account-sheet, on which he strove hard to be able to write the balance always on the right side. He was not cruel by nature, but he had no tenderness of heart and no delicacy of perception. He could forgive an offence against his comfort, as when Tetchen would burn his soup; or even against his pocket, as when, after many struggles, he would be unable to enforce the payment of some municipal fee. But he was vain, and could not forgive an offence against his person. Linda had previously told him to his face that he was old, and had with premeditated malice and falsehood exaggerated his age. Now she threatened him with her hatred. If he persevered in asking her to be his wife, she would hate him! He, too, began to hate her; but his hatred was unconscious, a thing of which he was himself unaware, and he still purposed that she should be his wife. He would break her spirit, and bring her to his feet, and punish her with a life-long

punishment for saying that he was sixty, when, as she well knew, he was only fifty-two. She should beg for his love,—she who had threatened him with her hatred! And if she held out against him, he would lead her such a life, by means of tales told to Madame Staubach, that she should gladly accept any change as a release. He never thought of the misery that might be forthcoming to himself in the possession of a young wife procured after such a fashion. A man requires some power of imagination to enable him to look forward to the circumstances of an untried existence, and Peter Steinmarc was not an imaginative man.

But he was a thoughtful man, cunning withal, and conscious that various resources might be necessary to him. There was a certain packer of casks, named Stobe, in the employment of the brewers who owned the warehouse opposite, and Stobe was often to be seen on the other side of the river in the Ruden Platz. With this man Steinmarc had made an acquaintance, not at first with any reference to Linda Tressel, but because he was desirous of having some private information as to the doings of his relative Ludovic Valcarm. From Stobe, however, he had received the first intimation of Ludovic's passion for Linda; and now on this very evening of which we are speaking, he obtained further information,—which shocked him, frightened him, pained him exceedingly, and yet gave him keen gratification. Stobe also had seen the leap out of the boat, and the rush through the river; and when, late on that evening, Peter Steinmarc, sore with the rebuff which he had received from Linda, pottered over to the Ruden Platz, thinking that it would be well that he should be very cunning, that he should have a spy with his eye always open, that he should learn everything that could be learned by one who might watch

the red house, and watch Ludovic also, he learned, all of a sudden, by the speech of a moment, that Ludovic Valcarm had, on that Sunday morning, paid his wonderful visit to the island.

"So you mean that you saw him?" said Peter.

"With my own eyes," said Stobe, who had his reasons, beyond Peter's moderate bribes, for wishing to do an evil turn to Ludovic. "And I saw her at the parlour window, watching him, when he came back through the water."

"How long was he with her?" asked Peter, groaning, but yet exultant.

"A matter of half an hour; not less anyways."

"It was two Sundays since?" said Peter, remembering well the morning on which Linda had declined to go to church because of her headache.

"I remember it well. It was the feast of St Lawrence," said Stobe, who was a Roman Catholic, and mindful of the festivals of his Church.

Peter tarried for no further discourse with the brewer's man, but hurried back again, round by the bridge, to the red house. As he went he applied his mind firmly to the task of resolving what he would do. He might probably take the most severe revenge on Linda, the revenge which should for the moment be the most severe, by summoning her to the presence of her aunt, by there exposing her vile iniquity, and by there declaring that it was out of the question that a man so respectable as he should contaminate himself by marrying so vile a creature. But were he to do this Linda would never be in his power, and the red house would never be in his possession. Moreover, though he continued to tell himself that Linda was vile, though he was prepared to swear to her villany, he did not

in truth believe that she had done anything disgraceful. That she had seen her lover he did not doubt; but that, in Peter's own estimation, was a thing to be expected. He must, no doubt, on this occasion pretend to view the matter with the eyes of Madame Staubach. In punishing Linda, he would so view it. But he thought that, upon the whole bearing of the case, it would not be incumbent upon his dignity to abandon for ever his bride and his bride's property, because she had been indiscreet. He would marry her still. But before he did so he would let her know how thoroughly she was in his power, and how much she would owe to him if he now took her to his bosom. The point on which he could not at once quite make up his mind was this: Should he tell Madame Staubach first, or should he endeavour to use the power over Linda, which his knowledge gave him, by threats to her? Might he not say to her with much strength, "Give way to me at once, or I will reveal to your aunt this story of your vileness"? This no doubt would be the best course, could he trust in its success. But, should it not succeed, he would then have injured his position. He was afraid that Linda would be too high-spirited, too obstinate, and he resolved that his safest course would be to tell everything at once to Madame Staubach.

As he passed between the back of Jacob Heisse's house and the river he saw the upholsterer's ruddy face looking out from an open window belonging to his workshop. "Good evening, Peter," said Jacob Heisse. "I hope the ladies are well."

"Pretty well, I thank you," said Peter, as he was hurrying by.

"Tell Linda that we take it amiss that she did not come to our girl's wedding. The truth is, Peter, you keep her too much moped up there among you. You should re-

member, Peter, that too much work makes Jack a dull boy. Linda will give you all the slip some day, if she be kept so tight in hand."

Peter muttered something as he passed on to the red house. Linda would give them the slip, would she? It was not improbable, he thought, that she should try to do so, but he would keep such a watch on her that it should be very difficult, and the widow should watch as closely as he would do. Give them the slip! Yes; that might be possible, and therefore he would lose no time.

When he entered the house he walked at once up to Madame Staubach's parlour, and entered it without any of that ceremony of knocking that was usual to him. It was not that he intended to put all ceremony aside, but that in his eager haste he forgot his usual precaution. When he entered the room Linda was there with her aunt, and he had again to turn the whole subject over in his thoughts. Should he tell his tale in Linda's presence or behind her back? It gradually became apparent to him that he could not possibly tell it before her face; but he did not arrive at this conclusion without delay, and the minutes which were so occupied were full of agony. He seated himself in his accustomed chair, and looked from the aunt to the niece and then from the niece to the aunt. Give him the slip, would she? Well, perhaps she would. But she should be very clever if she did.

"I thought you would have been in earlier, Peter," said Madame Staubach.

"I was coming, but I saw the fraulein in the kitchen, and I ventured to speak a word or two there. The reception which I received drove me away."

"Linda, what is this?"

"I did not think, aunt, that the kitchen was the proper place for him."

"Any room in this house is the proper place for him," said Madame Staubach, in her enthusiasm. Linda was silent, and Peter replied to this expression of hospitality simply by a grateful nod. "I will not have you give yourself airs, Linda," continued Madame Staubach. "The kitchen not a proper place! What harm could Peter do in the kitchen?"

"He tormented me, so I left him. When he torments me I shall always leave him." Then Linda got up and stalked out of the room. Her aunt called her more than once, but she would not return. Her life was becoming so heavy to her, that it was impossible that she should continue to endure it. She went up now to her room, and looking out of the window fixed her eyes upon the low stone archway in which she had more than once seen Ludovic Valcarm. But he was not there now. She knew, indeed, that he was not in Nuremberg. Tetchen had told her that he had gone to Augsburg,—on pretence of business connected with the brewery, Tetchen had said, but in truth with reference to some diabolical political scheme as to which Tetchen expressed a strong opinion that all who dabbled in it were children of the very devil. But though Ludovic was not in Nuremberg, Linda stood looking at the archway for more than half an hour, considering the circumstances of her life, and planning, if it might be possible to plan, some future scheme of existence. To live under the upas-tree of Peter Steinmarc's courtship would be impossible to her. But how should she avoid it? As she thought of this, her eyes were continually fixed on the low archway. Why did not he come out from it and give her some counsel as to the future? There she stood looking out of the window till she was called by her aunt's voice—"Linda, Linda, come down to me." Her aunt's voice was very

solemn, almost as though it came from the grave; but then solemnity was common to her aunt, and Linda, as she descended, had not on her mind any special fear.

When she reached the parlour Madame Staubach was alone there, standing in the middle of the room. For a moment or two after she entered, the widow stood there without speaking, and then Linda knew that there was cause for fear. "Did you want me, aunt Charlotte?" she said.

"Linda, what were you doing on the morning of the Sabbath before the last, when I went to church alone, leaving you in bed?"

Linda was well aware now that her aunt knew it all, and was aware also that Steinmarch had been the informer. No idea of denying the truth of the story or of concealing anything, crossed her mind for a moment. She was quite prepared to tell everything now, feeling no doubt but that everything had been told. There was no longer a hope that she should recover her aunt's affectionate goodwill. But in what words was she to tell her tale? That was now her immediate difficulty. Her aunt was standing before her, hard, stern, and cruel, expecting an answer to her question. How was that answer to be made on the spur of the moment?

"I did nothing, aunt Charlotte. A man came here while you were absent."

"What man?"

"Ludovic Valcarm." They were both standing, each looking the other full in the face. On Madame Staubach's countenance there was written a degree of indignation and angry shame which seemed to threaten utter repudiation of her niece. On Linda's was written a resolution to bear it all without flinching. She had no hope now with her aunt,—no other hope than that of being able to endure. For some moments neither of them

spoke, and then Linda, finding it difficult to support her aunt's continued gaze, commenced her defence. "The young man came when I was alone, and made his way into the house when the door was bolted. I had locked myself into the kitchen; but when I heard his voice I opened the door, thinking that it did not become me to be afraid of his presence."

"Why did you not tell me,—at once?" Linda made no immediate reply to this question; but when Madame Staubach repeated it, she was obliged to answer.

"I told him that if he would go, I would forgive him. Then he went, and I thought that I was bound by my promise to be silent."

Madame Staubach having heard this, turned round slowly, and walked to the window, leaving Linda in the middle of the room. There she stood for perhaps half a minute, and then came slowly back again. Linda had remained where she was, without stirring a limb; but her mind had been active, and she had determined that she would submit in silence to no rebukes. Any commands from her aunt, save one, she would endeavour to obey; but from all accusations as to impropriety of conduct she would defend herself with unabashed spirit. Her aunt came up close to her; and, putting out one hand, with the palm turned towards her, raising it as high as her shoulder, seemed to wave her away. "Linda," said Madame Staubach, "you are a cast-away."

"I am no castaway, aunt Charlotte," said Linda, almost jumping from her feet, and screaming in her self-defence.

"You will not frighten me by your wicked violence. You have—lied to me;—have lied to me. Yes; and that after all that I said to you as to the heinousness of such wickedness. Linda, it is my belief that you knew that he was coming

when you kept your bed on that Sabbath morning."

"If you choose to have such thoughts of me in your heart, aunt Charlotte, I cannot help it. I knew nothing of his coming. I would have given all I had to prevent it. Yes,—though his coming could do me no real harm. My good name is more precious to me than anything short of my self-esteem. Nothing even that you can say shall rob me of that."

Madame Staubach was almost shaken by the girl's firmness,—by that, and by her own true affection for the sinner. In her bosom, what remained of the softness of womanhood was struggling with the hardness of the religious martinet, and with the wilfulness of the domestic tyrant. She had promised to Steinmarc that she would be very stern. Steinmarc had pointed out to her that nothing but the hardest severity could be of avail. He, in telling his story, had taken it for granted that Linda had expected her lover, had remained at home on purpose that she might receive her lover, and had lived a life of deceit with her aunt for months past. When Madame Staubach had suggested that the young man's coming might have been accidental, he had treated the idea with ridicule. He, as the girl's injured suitor, was, he declared, obliged to treat such a suggestion as altogether incredible, although he was willing to pardon the injury done to him, if a course of intense severity and discipline were at once adopted, and if this were followed by repentance which to him should appear to be sincere. When he took this high ground, as a man having authority, and as one who knew the world, he had carried Madame Staubach with him, and she had not ventured to say a word in excuse for her niece. She had promised that the severity should be at any rate forthcoming, and, if possible, the discipline. As for the repentance, that, she said meekly

must be left in the hands of God. "Ah!" said Peter, in his bitterness, "I would make her repent in sackcloth and ashes!" Then Madame Staubach had again promised that the sackcloth and ashes should be there. She remembered all this as she thought of relenting,—as she perceived that to relent would be sweet to her, and she made herself rigid with fresh resolves. If the man's coming had been accidental, why had not the story been told to her? She could understand nothing of that forgiveness of which Linda had spoken; and had not Linda confessed that she loved this man? Would she not rather have hated him who had so intruded upon her, had there been real intrusion in the visit?

"You have done that," she said, "which would destroy the character of any girl in Nuremberg."

"If you mean, aunt Charlotte, that the thing which has happened would destroy the character of any girl in Nuremberg, it may perhaps be true. If so, I am very unfortunate."

"Have you not told me that you love him?"

"I do;—I do;—I do! One cannot help one's love. To love as I do is another misfortune. There is nothing but misery around me. You have heard the whole truth now, and you may as well spare me further rebuke."

"Do you not know how such misery should be met?" Linda shook her head. "Have you prayed to be forgiven this terrible sin?"

"What sin?" said Linda, again almost screaming in her energy.

"The terrible sin of receiving this man in the absence of your friends."

"It was no sin. I am sinful, I know,—very; no one perhaps more so. But there was no sin there. Could I help his coming? Aunt Charlotte, if you do not believe me about this, it is better that we

should never speak to each again. If so, we must live apart."

"How can that be? We cannot rid ourselves of each other."

"I will go anywhere,—into service, away from Nuremberg,—where you will. But I will not be told that I am a liar."

And yet Madame Staubach was sure that Linda had lied. She thought that she was sure. And if so,—if it were the case that this young woman had planned an infamous scheme for receiving her lover on a Sunday morning;—the fact that it was on a Sunday morning, and that the hour of the Church service had been used, greatly enhanced the atrocity of the sin in the estimation of Madame Staubach;—if the young woman had intrigued in order that her lover might come to her, of course she would intrigue again. In spite of Linda's solemn protestation as to her self-esteem, the thing would be going on. This infamous young man, who, in Madame Staubach's eyes, was beginning to take the proportions of the Evil One himself, would be coming there beneath her very nose. It seemed to her that life would be impossible to her, unless Linda would consent to be married to the respectable suitor who was still willing to receive her; and that the only way in which to exact that consent would be to insist on the degradation to which Linda had subjected herself. Linda had talked of going into service. Let her go into that service which was now offered to her by those whom she was bound to obey. "Of course Herr Steinmarc knows it all," said Madame Staubach.

"I do not regard in the least what Herr Steinmarc knows," replied Linda.

"But he is still willing to overlook the impropriety of your conduct, upon condition——"

"He overlook it! Let him dare to say such a word to me, and I would tell him that his opinion in

this matter was of less moment to me than that of any other creature in all Nuremberg. What is it to him who comes to me? Were it but for him, I would bid the young man come every day."

"Linda!"

"Do not talk to me about Peter Steinmarc, aunt Charlotte, or I shall go mad."

"I must talk about him, and you must hear about him. It is now more than ever necessary that you should be his wife. All Nuremberg will hear of this."

"Of course it will,—as Peter Steinmarc knows it."

"And how will you cover yourself from your shame?"

"I will not cover myself at all. If you are ashamed of me, I will go away. If you will not say that you are not ashamed of me, I will go away. I have done nothing to disgrace me, and I will hear nothing about shame." Having made this brave assertion, she burst into tears, and then escaped to her own bed.

When Madame Staubach was left alone, she sat down, closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and began to pray. As to what she should do in these terrible circumstances she had no light, unless such light might be given to her from above. A certain trust she had in Peter Steinmarc, because Peter was a man, and not a young man; but it was not a trust which made her confident. She thought that Peter was very good in being willing to take Linda at all after all that had happened, but she had begun to be aware that he himself was not able to make his own goodness apparent to Linda. She did not in her heart blame Peter for his want of eloquence, but rather imputed an increased degree of culpability to Linda, in that any eloquence was necessary for her conviction on such a matter. Eloquence in an affair of marriage, in reference to any preparation for marriage arrange-

ments, was one of those devil's baits of which Madame Staubach was especially afraid. Ludovic Valcarm no doubt could be eloquent, could talk of love, and throw glances from his eyes, and sigh, and do worse things, perhaps, even than those. All tricks of Satan, these, to ensnare the souls of young women! Peter could perform no such tricks, and therefore it was that his task was so difficult to him. She could not regard it as a deficiency that he was unable to do those very things which, when done in her presence, were abominable to her sight, and when spoken of were abominable to her ears, and when thought of were abominable to her imagination. But yet how was she to arrange this marriage, if Peter were able to say nothing for himself? So she sat herself down and clasped her hands and prayed earnestly that assistance might be given to her. If you pray that a mountain shall be moved, and will have faith, the mountain shall certainly be stirred. So she told herself; but she told herself this in an agony of spirit, because she still doubted,—she feared that she doubted,—that this thing would not be done for her by heaven's aid. Oh, if she could only make herself certain that

heaven would aid her, then the thing would be done for her. She could not be certain, and therefore she felt herself to be a wretched sinner.

In the mean time, Linda was in bed up-stairs, thinking over her position, and making up her mind as to what should be her future conduct. As far as it might be possible, she would enter no room in which Peter Steinmarc was present. She would not go into the parlour when he was there, even though her aunt should call her. Should he follow her into the kitchen, she would instantly leave it. On no pretence would she speak to him. She had always the refuge of her own bedroom, and should he venture to follow her there, she thought that she would know how to defend herself. As to the rest, she must bear her aunt's thoughts, and if necessary her aunt's hard words also. It was very well to talk of going into service, but where was the house that would receive her? And then, as to Ludovic Valcarm! In regard to him, it was not easy for her to come to any resolution; but she still thought that she would be willing to make that compact, if her aunt, on the other side, would be willing to make it also.

THE CHURCH—HER STATE AND PROSPECTS.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago the prelates of the United Church of England and Ireland were warned, in the presence of the most august assembly in the world, to "set their house in order." The warning sounded the more ominous, coming as it did, during a season of great political excitement, from the First Minister of the Crown. That it was intended to convey the meaning which was, not unnaturally, put upon it at the moment, few who have outlived the prejudices of earlier life now pretend to believe. The late Earl Grey, though a rash politician, had little of the leveller about him. He certainly never intended, by his great Reform measure, to disturb the order of society, and made no secret of his belief that he would be accused in after times of infusing too much of the aristocratic element into the Constitution. In threatening the bishops, therefore, and through them the Church, he probably had no more in view than to withdraw them if possible from offering further resistance to his Reform Bill, lest, amid the confusion to which the battle then raging might lead, the Church should lose her hold upon the reverence of the people, and be violently overthrown. Such, at least, was the explanation which he and his friends gave to a not very wise or dignified utterance; and with the evidence before us which his published correspondence supplies, we can hardly refuse to accept it as a just one. Yet the threat was never forgotten. It rankled in the minds both of those who were friendly and of those who were hostile to the Church; and mainly, as we said at the time, and as we still believe, through the misdirected zeal of the former, and the steps which they took to avert an evil which seemed to them close at hand, it changed its character,

and grew into a popular aphorism. This at least is our opinion. But be the opinion sound or unsound, there can be no doubt whatever as to the fact that Lord Grey's utterance is now very generally received as prophetic, and that thoughtful men, whether they look to it as involving a desirable issue or the reverse, are beginning to receive the impression that they themselves may possibly live to witness its accomplishment. It may not be either uninteresting or without profit if we devote, under such circumstances, a few pages to the inquiry, How far are they who thus deal with this near future justified in so doing?—in other words, Whether there be anything in the social atmosphere indicative of a change so momentous as that with which these interpreters of the signs of the times tell us that we are threatened.

We must begin by reminding our readers that the destruction of a Church as a Church is one thing, and the overthrow of a Church as a great national institution is quite another thing. Any Government which is either strong enough to despise, or too weak to resist, the popular will, however little it may approve that will, can achieve the latter object, or be forced to achieve it. Not all the power of the most despotic Government that the world has ever seen, nor the will of a people as mad as were the mobs which paraded the streets of Paris in 1792, can effect the former, at least in perpetuity. The Church as a Church is sure, though suppressed for a time, to rise again sooner or later. The Church, as a great national institution, once overthrown, will never hereafter recover her lost status, whether she fall amid the crash of a political revolution, or be set aside by due course of law. Of both of these facts the state of the Continent affords, or

is in progress of affording, ample proof. In France, the Church went down at the Revolution both as a Church and as a great national institution. As a Church it revived under the Consulate and the Empire. But not even the Restoration put it back again, as a national institution, into the condition from which it had been removed a quarter of a century before. It exists, therefore, as a Church, but not as a national institution. In like manner, the Church in Italy, in Austria, and in the other Roman Catholic countries of Europe, is gradually ceasing to be a national institution. It exists as a Church, and will continue to exist, though deprived of its property, and, with its property, of the social independence of the clergy. But its position in regard to the State is changed, and is changing, and in most respects not for the better. What the final issues will be in Italy and Austria remains to be seen. There, as yet, all things are in a state of transition. But in France the Church, which was once the most independent of all Churches in connection with the Papal See, is now the most Ultramontane in the world. The French priests, having no status, no ties to link them with the very soil of their native country, are far more Italians in all their views than they are Frenchmen. The allegiance of the heart and of the mind they give exclusively to the Court of Rome, and to the utmost of their ability they teach their people to do so likewise. The allegiance which they render to the Government of France is that of outward action only, and that they will cease to give as soon as they are persuaded that by preaching and acting rebellion they are likely to promote the interests and extend the influence of their spiritual sovereign. So to a great extent it is in Italy already, though there the Romish clergy are still tolerably independent; and so it will be in Austria as soon as the Reichs-

rath shall succeed in reducing the priests to the condition of pensioners. As to the Protestant Churches of the Continent, the less that we say about them the better. Their clergy have no status nor independence anywhere. They contribute nothing to the formation of national character. Like the priests and other ministers in France, they receive salaries from the Government, greater or smaller in proportion to the extent of their charges; but, unlike the French priests, they are without a common head, without a common principle, and therefore without any means of exercising influence over their people which is not exercised more extensively by laymen. Many of the Lutheran clergy are able and learned and good men, but they are not to the people what our own clergy are, nor ever can be.

Up to times comparatively recent these matters were well understood, and their proper value was put upon them by the leading statesmen of this country. Looking at the subject through a purely secular medium, they greatly preferred the state of things as it exists both in Great Britain and Ireland, to what they saw and rightly appreciated on the Continent. In England and in Ireland, too, the constitution of the Church by law established chimes in and harmonises admirably with the social condition and political institutions which exist within these realms. It accepts the supremacy of the Crown in things ecclesiastical, just as the State acknowledges the Crown's supremacy in things secular. Neither the one nor the other concedes to the Crown the right of making laws, but both admit that without the Crown's sanction no laws can be made; and both are agreed that with the Crown, and the Crown only, rests the power of enforcing obedience to the laws when made. The clergy of a Church so constituted recognise no divided allegiance. They are the

Crown's subjects in all matters, and the subjects of no other power. But the clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland are so distributed among themselves as to fall into the utmost nicety with the arrangements of secular life. The Bishops—peers of Parliament—attain their high station, or are supposed to attain it, exclusively because they surpass their contemporaries in learning, piety, and wisdom. As peers of Parliament they mix on terms of perfect equality with the highest in the land; as ministers of religion they are accessible on like terms to the lowest. In the country, their houses—palaces, as they are called, which word means nothing more than places—are the seats of a generous but unostentatious hospitality. In London they make their presence felt for good as well in the Legislature as elsewhere. There are no more munificent supporters than they, up to and beyond their means, of all works of charity. They move among us, living examples of meekness, gentleness, and dignity. Their influence for good upon society is, besides, the more marked, that, equally with rectors and curates, they may be and generally are family men. Educated at the same schools and colleges with the laity, they are in all their after-life linked to the laity by the bond of common tastes, common feelings, common interests, and common associations. You do not see anything like this in any other country of the world. It cannot coexist with the social degradation or the caste-ordering of a priesthood. Observe that what we are now discussing is what ought to be, what might be, what would be were the great national institution, the Established Church of England and Ireland, dealt with fairly. In point of fact, the Church, as a great national institution, is not always dealt with fairly, and the blame which attaches of right to individuals who abuse their influence

falls unjustly on the institution itself. If the Prime Minister, for example, dispense his patronage, no matter by what influence swayed, unwisely, we get bad bishops, bad deans, bad rectors—not morally bad, perhaps, but bad, because ill qualified to make use of the opportunities brought within their reach. But this proves nothing against the fitness of the institution to subserve the best interests of the State *per se*.

A watch well put together will always tell the time correctly. A watch in which cogs and wheels are misplaced misleads. But nobody, because of the blunders committed by individual watchmakers, ever thinks of pronouncing watches to be useless. So in appointing particular men to the highest stations in the Church mistakes may often be committed. But surely these mistakes furnish no argument against the value, to society at large, of high places in a National Church, to which men of the humblest origin may aspire—to which the sons of tradesmen not only aspire, but often attain. If the Crown were always well advised how to nominate to bishoprics, bishops, as the law and constitution of the United Church of England and Ireland constrains them to be, would soon become, in their own communion at least, as universally and deservedly popular as, we cannot deny, they are here and there at this moment the reverse.

Again, the cathedral establishments, with their estates and patronage, offer admirable places of retreat to men eminent among the clergy for their learning and piety, but who, from some idiosyncrasy of constitution, are not, perhaps, qualified to exercise authority over their fellows. That the places in these establishments are not always filled by occupants of this description; may or may not be the fact. If it be the fact, the fact is a melancholy one; yet let us not make too much of it. Dignified retirements such as these—not absolutely sinecure, yet

lightly burdened with duties—may be otherwise turned to commendable uses, and often are. The brother of the great Lord Nelson, for example, was as little distinguished for learning—we say nothing of his piety—as a clergyman could well be; nevertheless the Crown presented him to a stall in Canterbury Cathedral because he was Lord Nelson's brother: and no human being grudged that this tribute of respect should have been paid, even in the person of one not himself eminent, to the memory of England's greatest naval hero. Be it observed that, in speaking of the cathedral establishments of England and of their uses, we do not pretend to excuse or to make light of the many mistakes which are made in filling them up by patrons, both secular and ecclesiastical. A bad appointment to a deanery or a stall is not so mischievous to the National Church as a bad appointment to a bishopric. It does harm, doubtless, by bringing into disrepute what ought to be one of the bulwarks of the national institution. But the fault is in the loose conscience of the individual in whom the right of patronage is vested. The patronage, as an essential ingredient in the constitution of the Church, is not evil because it is perverted from its proper purpose. The simile of the watch and the watchmaker is as applicable here as elsewhere; but we need not repeat it.

Probably there is no man living out of the pale of the Anti-Church-and-State League who considers the parochial system of England to be other than theoretically excellent. As first established, it secured in every manor the presence of one educated man, fairly learned, and competently provided for, to be the religious instructor and moral exemplar of the dwellers on the manor. And though the policy of the Church itself in the dark ages seriously interfered with this arrangement, and though the Reform-

ers of Henry and Elizabeth's time took care to perpetuate the evil, enough of good remained to demand the respect of all who are capable of taking a large view of a most important subject. The rector or vicar of an English parish, however small his income may be, is not only a minister of religion, but a proprietor and a gentleman. He owns for life a freehold, of which only the law can deprive him; and, apart from his personal character, takes a place in society such as no other inhabitant of the parish, except the squire alone, if there be a squire, can claim. But, as our readers are doubtless aware, very many parishes in England cannot boast of a resident squire at all, and not a few see the squire in the manor-house only when the season of field-sports comes round. Now, consider the benefit which the residence of a rector or vicar confers upon a place so circumstanced. The rector is neither a paid servant of the State, nor is he thrown for subsistence on the voluntary offerings of his people. His freehold benefice makes him independent, and the sense of independence renders him manly and straightforward. His parsonage is a centre round which all who hear the sound of the church-bells gather. The very Dissenters respect and look up to him as a model of what an English gentleman ought to be. His wife is the promoter and chief support of clothing clubs, coal clubs, lying-in clubs, and what not. She and her daughters are always to be seen, basket in hand, going among the poor. Wherever there is sickness, wherever there is sorrow, he is himself at hand to minister to the sufferer. He is at once the friend, the adviser, the instructor, and the pastor of his people. What would village education do without his money and his care? How soon would the last glimmer of civilisation die out in many places, were there not in the rectory a

lamp always burning whence it may be fed! No doubt this is the *beau idéal* of parish life in an English village, which we can scarcely hope to find except in villages, and which we do not always find there. But even in towns—and manufacturing towns too—what may not earnest, active, and able incumbents achieve? Ask Leeds how much it owes to its late rector, Dr Hook, now Dean of Chester. Ask Kidderminster how much it stands indebted to Dr Claughton, the present Bishop of Rochester. Go into the crowded and squalid parishes of the east of London, and see how not a few of them are worked. At the same time, never let us forget that when the parochial system first arose, and for long after, great manufacturing towns like Leeds and Kidderminster had no existence. These are the growth of time and circumstances, on which, if the Church have failed to establish a fast hold, the fault rests with those successive generations of enterprising laymen who, in making themselves rich, and converting villages and hamlets into overgrown cities, forgot, or took no heed to provide for, the religious wants of the crowds of men and women whom they thus brought together. Hence the rapid growth in such places of Dissent, and of something much worse than Dissent.

Again, we are bound to guard ourselves against being supposed to describe more than what might be, and ought to be, under the parochial system of this country. We believe, indeed—and our experience is not of yesterday—that, so far as regards the rural districts, that which ought to be generally prevails. You meet with exceptions, doubtless, but they are comparatively rare. Yet if they were ten times more frequent than we know them to be, their frequency would not tell as a reason for exchanging a system theoretically so excellent for any other. Devise, if

you can, expedients strong enough to restrain the patrons of benefices, whether they be laymen or ecclesiastics, from preferring to rectories and vicarages any except deserving men, and all that is good in the system will be everywhere brought out. Let us be quite sure, however, that we put the right interpretation on the term “deserving.” The United Church of England and Ireland wants neither prigs nor sporting parsons to minister about her holy things. She will tolerate for a permanency no extreme men, whether they be Ritualists or sleepy slovens. Your ultra-Evangelical is as little suited to be the guide of the English people as your ultra-Anglican. They become, each of them, the leader of a clique in his own neighbourhood; they can never be the heads of parishes. But a frank, open, manly gentleman, who knows when to quote Scripture and when to let it alone, whose heart is in his work without being closed against the sympathies of common everyday life, with its occupations and even its amusements,—such a man, wherever planted, makes his mark upon society. And such a man every parish in England has a right to require of the patron that he shall settle in its midst.

We come now to the curates, about the hardship of whose condition a great deal of nonsense is spoken and written, but who are not themselves generally given, we believe, to echo the complaints which their friends make for them. They have no status in the Church as established by law. That is true; and so long as the Church continues to be what she is—an estate of the realm, having a polity of which the law takes cognisance—they never can nor ought to acquire such status. As churchmen in full orders, they are, indeed, as competent to perform all the offices which devolve upon the clergy as rectors or vicars or deans. As ordained members of a Church in

connection with the State, they are excluded from a fixed status insuring to them political and social rights till they succeed to incumbencies. They are, however, eminently useful—not alone as individuals, but as a body. Men must serve an apprenticeship before they become doctors, solicitors, civil engineers. The Crown does not in this country place young gentlemen at once in command of ships, regiments, or even companies; much less ought patrons to confer freehold benefices involving the cure of souls on untried clergymen. How can the fitness of young clergymen to undertake the more important charge be made to appear till they have shown their capability to deal well with a less important charge? It may be that among English and Irish curates there are some deserving men who never emerge from the condition of a curate. This is hard upon them individually, and proves, what nobody disputes, that patrons, whether they be laymen or ecclesiastics, do not always consider with what a grave moral responsibility they are burdened. But we cannot, because some curates are hardly dealt with, do without the order of curates altogether. The same man may not be at one and the same time a curate and an incumbent. Not only, therefore, is this arrangement—which, by the by, happens to be one of convenience only, not inherent in the constitution of the Church, or necessary to it—a good arrangement, but it is the only one by which, without violating any individual right, or doing outrage to any great principle, the work of overgrown parishes can be efficiently overtaken. Incumbents, if they were prohibited from providing themselves with curates, must, especially in towns, depend more than they now do upon lay agency, which for certain purposes is invaluable; but which, if carried further, will, without doubt, hurry on that catastrophe to which Lord Grey's pro-

phesy is supposed to point, and of the approach of which many are beginning already to distinguish the signs.

All this, we shall be told, may be excellent logic so far as it affects England; and, if received as such, it will establish the fact, that to destroy the connection between Church and State here—in other words, to disestablish the Church in England—would be a great mistake. But does your reasoning apply to Ireland, or even to Scotland? and can you expect, if the Church be disestablished in one of these countries, far more if it be set aside in both, that you will long be able to maintain it as an Established Church anywhere else? We answer, Probably not. Church Establishment, as a principle, has a framework so delicately put together, that whatever damage you inflict upon it in one quarter of a kingdom or empire, must sooner or later extend to all the rest. Overthrow the Established Church in Ireland this year, either partially or wholly, and the sooner the Established Church of Scotland puts her house in order the better. She will go by the board, probably next year; without all doubt, the year after. And when the Church of England is left by herself, how long will she stand? But why should the Church be disestablished either in Ireland or in Scotland? What will the State gain by doing in either section of the empire what we assume for argument's sake that no serious design has as yet been formed to attempt here in England?

The reasons given for disestablishing the Church of England in Ireland are these: The Church of England in Ireland is not the Church of the people. It has existed among the Irish people three hundred years, yet has failed to conciliate them to its communion. The Irish people long bore with the grievance, because the weight of harsh laws kept them

down; but now the weight of these laws being removed, they demand to be freed from an ecclesiastical establishment, from the teaching of which they turn away, and which they cannot look upon in any other light than as a badge of their degradation. Nor are these things said in a whisper. The Roman Catholic prelates, in synod assembled, have spoken out, and spoken plainly. It is clear also that they have not spoken in vain. The appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of the Church in Ireland is an event pregnant with meaning. Royal Commissions in Henry's time prepared the way for the suppression of the monasteries, and the secularisation of their property. A Royal Commission made the path plain for the great measure of Church reform which Sir Robert Peel originated, and Lord John Russell carried through. A Royal Commission went before the suppression of ten out of twenty-two Protestant bishoprics in Ireland, not very many years ago; and what this second Commission may recommend, will unquestionably, we may rely upon it, be carried into effect fully, or subject to not very important modifications. All this is significant enough. How are we to deal with it?

Were we living in the year of grace 1827, we should say that, whatever else it may recommend, the Royal Commission will certainly not advise the spoliation, much less the gradual or immediate extinction, of the Established Church in Ireland. Living as we do in 1867, we cannot lay this flattering unction confidently to our souls. The United Church of England and Ireland, regarded as a great national institution, has already descended from its vantage-ground so far that we defy the most astute of legislators to show any reason, in principle, why it should not descend still farther. Sir Robert Peel's Church Reform Act—for his it was, and not Lord

Russell's—very materially changed the condition of the Church's existence in England. How Archbishop Howley and Bishop Bloomfield could fail to see this, while yet the preparation of the measure was in their hands, is more than we can divine. Their friends cannot claim for them that they were not warned, and well warned too, as to the inevitable consequences of their handiwork. The writer of these pages took the liberty of pointing out to both, that excellent as their object was, they were pursuing it by a course which involved very serious consequences. Both turned away from him. Sir Robert Peel was written to, and his answer lies before us—complimentary, evasive of the main question, and eloquent on the enormous revenues of the See of Durham. The Great Duke himself was on the same ground addressed, and his reply was, "The Church may depend upon it that I will never consent to anything, unless it be approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London." What came of all this? The scandals of a bishop-palatine in Durham, of a primacy with its dual revenues, of a hierarchy most unequally remunerated, some bishops being very poor, others very rich;—these things, with the abuses, as they were called, of over-wealthy deaneries, golden stalls, and prebends such as that of Finsbury, were got rid of. But how? By an Act of Parliament which literally confiscated the property of every see and cathedral body in the kingdom; which passed this property in a lump into the hands of Commissioners appointed by the Government to receive it; which changed the status of bishops, deans, and canons from that of great proprietors into that of paid servants of the State, and fixed the exact amount which the State should pay to each through the hands of its own agents. The fact that all the bishops sit and act *ex officio* as Ecclesiastical Com-

missioners, makes no difference in the nature of this arrangement. They were not all nominated, in the first instance, to the Commission; and when they joined it, laymen of weight and authority stood side by side with them to administer a fund over which the civil government, not the State ecclesiastic, gave them control. And these Commissioners, having first assigned to the prelates individually the incomes allowed by Parliament, apply the funds which remain in their hands over and above these charges to the gradual augmentation of poor benefices. Hence, inconsequent reasoners are able to say that the Church still retains her property, and that Parliament has not ventured to do more than distribute it more justly among the Church's ministers. But how stand the facts of the case? Has the Bishop of London any other hold upon what was once the property of the See of London, than that which the occupancy of the palaces of Fulham and London House give him? How is the Archbishop of Canterbury independent, except in his liferent, if such be indeed left him, of Lambeth Palace and Addington Park? Are they not both of them stipendiaries, paid by the State on a scale set forth by Act of Parliament; and liable, whenever Parliament shall determine, to have that scale reduced or abolished? All this may be admirable in the abstract,—a wise provision, removing abuses, and satisfying many just desires. And so long as friends and foes are alike willing to keep their eyes shut, it may serve to leave the prelates exactly where they once were, except that some are more, others less, wealthy than their predecessors. But the case is not so. Any lawyer whom you may consult will tell you that it cannot be so. The fact is, that the Act of 1836 so entirely changed the status of the English hierarchy, that when we ask ourselves the

question, By what title do the bishops continue to take their seats in the House of Lords? we find ourselves at a loss for a satisfactory answer. If they sat originally by right of their baronies, as most constitutional authorities affirm, it follows that, their baronies having gone from them, their right ceases. If they claim their place in the House of Lords because they represent the Church, which is one of the estates of the realm recognised by the Constitution, we are fain to put the question to whomsoever it may concern, What is there to show that the Church really is, or is considered to be, a distinct estate of the realm? Acts of the Legislature, we believe, after the royal assent is given, contain a preamble of this sort:—"Be it enacted, on the advice and by the authority of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons in Parliament assembled." But does anybody suppose that if the Lords Spiritual were to dissent, Parliament would not pass what bills it chose in the teeth of their dissent, or that the Minister would hesitate to advise the Queen to affix her signature to the same, probably with the old preamble prefixed, meaningless and even false as in such case it would be? No. The Church is not what it was, even in England, previously to the passing of the measure of 1836, and all well-informed Churchmen know the reason why. Moreover, Churchmen are day by day surrendering, or proposing to surrender, for the sake of peace, one right after another, which, as a distinct estate of the realm, the Church cannot afford to part with. We do not include under this head either the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, or the removal of the Roman Catholic Disabilities, disappointing in their results as both have been. But every Churchman who decides to abolish, or even to compound for, the old right of levying church-rates in parishes by the free votes

of the parishioners, is cutting, or doing his best to cut, one strand more in a cord which has been pretty well sawn through already. The Church Reform Act, if it cannot be said to have separated the bishops and lesser Church dignitaries from all connection with the State, has undoubtedly revolutionised the nature of that connection. It has reduced them from the rank of independent citizens to the condition of functionaries paid by the Government; and converted into public property an immense amount of land and tithes which from time immemorial belonged as exclusively to particular sees and particular chapters as the Duke of Bedford's estates belong to him. Another Act may divert all this, either in whole or in part, to secular uses. And an Act abolishing church-rates will pretty surely pave the way for revolutionising, in like manner, the status of every incumbent of a parish in the kingdom.

With these noticeable facts before us, and remembering with what facility ten bishops were cashiered in the Irish branch of the Establishment a few years ago, we confess that our hopes for the Church in Ireland as an Establishment are a good deal clouded. They would disappear altogether, but that we find some gleam of comfort in the reflection, that it is easier to speculate upon the possibility of effecting great revolutions than to bring them about. The tone of the Irish Roman Catholic bishops, for example, is well calculated, in our opinion, to make more than Ministers of the Crown and members of Parliament stop and reflect. They ask for the removal of no positive grievance from themselves. They complain, indeed, that the Church as by law established is a robber, and assert that she holds property which belongs of right to their Church, having effected the outrage three hundred years ago. They do not, however, seek to have this property restored to their own hierarchy.

That would be intelligible. But, stepping entirely out of the record, they dictate two plans of action to the civil Government: first, that it shall deprive the Established Church of its endowments, if it hope for peace in Ireland; and next, that these endowments shall be employed in the maintenance of the poor. It appears to us that any Government which should yield to such dictation as this, would be undeserving of the respect of the country. We are not disposed to believe that the Government, as now constituted, will put up with it. Whether or no the challenge will be met, as in our judgment it ought to be, is another question. But there are very urgent reasons for anticipating that this is at least possible.

If what we said, a few pages back, of the advantages to England of an Established over either a Stipendiary or a Voluntary Church be true, surely, on the ground of social wellbeing alone, the truth holds equally good in reference to Ireland, could we only adjust some difficulties.

Looking also to the constitution of society in Ireland, it is further evident that an Established Church which recognises distinctions of rank among its clergy is more suitable to the genius of the Irish people than any other. If, therefore, we must have a change, the obvious course would be, to promote the Church of the majority to the rank of an Establishment, by transferring at once to the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland the rights and possessions which are now secured by law to the clergy of the Protestant Church. But could this be done? Can a State fundamentally Protestant in its constitution ally itself with a Church which is not Protestant? Having barred the approach to the Throne against Roman Catholic princes, is it possible for us to receive into Parliament a distinct estate of the realm, which, being

Roman Catholic, can render only partial allegiance to the Crown? Observe that this is a very different thing from giving seats to individual Roman Catholics in either House, and paying Roman Catholic priests for officiating to the Queen's troops, and in prisons and work-houses. A Roman Catholic peer and a Roman Catholic commoner are equally individuals. They are atoms, nothing more, each in his own estate; but they cannot become a separate estate of the realm, be they ever so much of one mind among themselves. And the Roman Catholic priest who is paid for his services in camps and prisons, stands toward the nation on exactly the same footing with any other Roman Catholic state official. There is therefore no arguing from such small cases as these to the prodigious case of an intimate alliance between the Protestant State of the United Kingdom and a State spiritual in a branch of these kingdoms which is not Protestant.

What follows? Lord Russell and Lord Dufferin speak out like men, and recommend that the State should seize the ecclesiastical property of Ireland, and provide out of it stipends for the ministers of the three greater religious bodies, according to a measure which they have very consistently explained. What the objections are to this device we shall take occasion presently to show: yet it has plausibility in it, for without some purpose of this sort, or the adoption of one or other of the thousand alternatives elsewhere proposed, it would appear to be the very height of madness to move at all. No Government would agree, no Commission would recommend, that the property of an entire Church should be confiscated for the poor purpose of redistributing the whole among the clergy of the Church so dealt with. This would be to incur all the disadvantages without securing any of the advantages of a policy of

spoliation. It would leave all the old sores unhealed, and produce many new ones. Must we then stand still?

No, say the two great authorities just quoted. Act more boldly, and, better than this, get rid of an exclusive Establishment which satisfies nobody, and pay the clergy of the three most important communions in just proportions out of the fund so acquired. We shall have something to say on the question of getting rid of an exclusive Establishment presently. Meanwhile it is prudent to ask whether this suggestion is likely to be received with favour even by the parties more immediately affected by it. Now on that head there can no longer be any doubt. The Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, whether requested so to do by the Government or not, have met in synod, and declared that on no account whatever will they consent to receive a State endowment, whether it come out of the general revenue, or be taken from the property of the Establishment. The Presbyterians have certainly not spoken, as they have certainly not as yet been consulted. But probably no politician would think of revolutionising the condition of the Established Church in Ireland merely with a view to make the clergy of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland State pensioners. The declaration of the Roman Catholic bishops has disposed of Lord Russell's plan.

We look now to what the Roman Catholic bishops have themselves proposed, and turn to the expositors of public opinion, in order to satisfy ourselves of the sort of treatment which their suggestions are likely to receive from advanced Liberals, not being Roman Catholics. Hear, for example, the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' The writer of the leading article in that journal of October 17, after declaring that "for all political purposes he agrees in the opinion that the continued maintenance of the Established

Church is a gross injustice and an abiding insult," goes on to observe that he cannot admit that "the Catholic Church of Ireland is the rightful owner of anything whatever."

"The law of the land can recognise the body which takes that title only in the character of a purely voluntary religious association. No doubt a number of persons who were in a sense the predecessors of that association did three centuries ago hold a position and enjoy an amount of property in Ireland of which they were subsequently deprived; but all property, and especially all property held upon the tenure of discharging public functions, is the creature of the law, and that which the bishops call the Catholic Church of Ireland, meaning thereby the public establishment which existed at the time of the Reformation, has long since ceased to exist, and, though some of its functions are now discharged by a different body calling itself by the same name, that circumstance can give the existing body no right to the enjoyment of the property which its predecessor held under circumstances now completely altered."

This is a slap in the face to the writer's friends the bishops. Having got rid of them, he turns round upon another friend—a Liberal of mark and merit, Mr Grant Duff, one of our Scottish members—and tells him, in a straightforward manner, that to think of applying the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland to purposes of education would be ridiculous. Follow this course and "the inevitable religious question will meet us again under a slightly modified shape. If a national system were established out of the ecclesiastical property, the cry of spoliation would still be heard; and to establish a denominational system under the control of the Roman Catholic clergy is to give them even greater power over the souls of the people than they possess as it is." What then? He addresses himself next to the episcopal proposal in favour of the poor, and says: "As to giving the money to the poor, it is not easy to say what the proposal means. If it means simply

that large sums should be distributed in alms, we can imagine nothing more mischievous. If it means that charitable institutions, likely to be generally useful, should be founded, the suggestion seems excellent." Excellent! Now, in the first place, what are these institutions to be?—hospitals or workshops? Well; is the writer of this paper so far behind the age as not to know that hospitals and workhouses are already battle-fields between Papist and Protestant? And does he flatter himself that they would change their nature merely on account of the source whence their maintenance was derived? But he is not satisfied even now. "If nothing else could be done with the money, it might go towards lightening local taxation or local public debts, and would thus, at all events, do no mischief." It would do no mischief!!! That is all!!! The head of this gentleman is manifestly in a fog. Not so that of a writer in the 'Daily Telegraph.' He too rejoices in the prospect of spoliation, but has his own plan for disposing of the booty.

"What," he asks, "shall be done with the confiscated Church revenues? The answer of the Irish bishops is that the endowments should be appropriated for the benefit of the poor—one of the purposes for which they were originally destined, and to which they were devoted in Catholic times. It is somewhat singular that they do not suggest another project. They manifest much concern for the education of their flocks, and it is strange that they do not invite us to plant schools in every parish, to rear colleges in every large town, and to make the educational endowments large. With the funds at our command we could do all this so completely as to render the educational machinery of Ireland better than that of any other country. We could cast Prussia and America into the shade, and speedily make Irishmen rank with the best-educated peoples on earth."

Who shall decide where such doctors disagree? But the same evidence of inability what to recommend in regard to the stolen property, is manifested by every

other journal which touches the subject to advocate spoliation. The 'Times' has long considered the Irish Church as a public scandal. It admits that the people of Ireland—the millions of peasantry—don't exactly see the matter in this light, and is quite aware that individually the Irish clergy are popular with their poor neighbours—who go to them, rather than to their own priests, when small matters of business, in which money is concerned, demand attention. Still the thing is clear that "a sentimental grievance is a real grievance;" and that whatever may be done with the booty after it shall have been secured, the Irish Church ought to be, and must be, set aside. As to the 'Spectator,' the 'Examiner,' and the whole host of publications besides which advocate plunder in the widest sense of the term, their tone is this—"Knock down, destroy, get rid of the Irish Church at once, and of the Churches of Scotland and England in their turn; and leave the question of what is to be done with the spoil to be settled as circumstances shall direct." Now, all this gives us hope. Whatever the report of the Royal Commission may be, Lord Derby's Government will be cautious of committing itself to a policy of spoliation, his abhorrence of which separated Lord Derby himself more than a quarter of a century ago from the friends of his youth. For when they who are most clamorous in demanding the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland are unable to settle among themselves what the consequences of that act ought to be, it would be monstrous if statesmen, who make no secret of their disinclination to approach the subject at all, allow themselves to be pressed into a course of action which gives assurance of nothing, except that fresh troubles will arise out of the very remedy which they, in opposition to their con-

victions of what is right, are invited to apply to the evils now in existence. For what can the Government do in the face of so many conflicting projects? Distribute the Church's revenues as Lord Russell and Lord Dufferin propose? The Romish prelates put a veto upon that, by declaring that they will accept no portion of the spoil. Lay out the endowments on schools and colleges which shall be national, not sectarian? Can this be done in the face of the episcopal manifesto, that the clergy of the Romish Church are the rightful moral and religious instructors of the Irish people, and that whatever education is provided out of public funds must be under their exclusive control? Appropriate the ecclesiastical property of Ireland for the benefit of the poor? Till we know what this expression means, what light is let in by it on the darkness which surrounds us? See, then, into what a perfect ocean of difficulties we are carried the moment we begin to excogitate a plan for the disendowment of the Church in Ireland. Nor must another evil be wholly overlooked. The Irish Presbyterians are a powerful body. They have not come forward to ask for the spoliation of the Church in order that they may be enriched by it. Quite the reverse. They are as hostile to the overthrow of the Establishment as Churchmen themselves, and tell us plainly that it shall not take place if they can prevent it. Would it be wise to force on a measure to which the whole of the Protestantism of Ireland objects, and that, too, under the delusive idea that the millions demand it? The millions do nothing of the sort. There will be no rebellion of the Roman Catholics—that we may rely upon—though the Protestant Church be left as she is till doomsday. The bishops may continue to rail, and the more violent of their adherents among the Roman Catholic gentry to threaten. But the people will

never rise for such a cause as this. And this the Romish bishops know full well, for they have very craftily mixed up with the Church question another which touches far more deeply the feelings of their flocks. Make some such arrangement with Irish landlords as, without confiscating their property, shall satisfy the tenantry, and Ireland may find rest. Can this be done? We do not know; but we do know that the solution of the greatest problem of the day will be attained by nothing else, and that the overthrow of the Established Church, were it effected to-morrow, would bring us not one foot nearer to peace than we are now.

For these reasons, and many more of a like kind which we need not stay to enumerate, there is a strong persuasion in our mind that the end of the Church of England, as the Established Church in Ireland, is not quite so near as her enemies imagine. At the same time, it would be worse than idle to shut our eyes to the fact that, if the end be not approaching, it is believed to be approaching by thoughtful men of all shades of opinion both in Ireland and in England. What is the object of those Church congresses which have grown of late years into a sort of institution in this country? Why were there gathered together in London a month or two ago bishops from the east and from the west, representing all Churches of the world in communion with the Church of England? That they might take counsel together under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It may suit the purposes of Lord Sydney Godolphin and the 'Times' to sneer by turns at this Synod, and by turns to revile it. We cannot see the subject in a light to incur either ridicule or censure. Certainly the issues of the conference, so far as these have been made public, are trivial enough. The Encyclical, if without mockery

we may use that term, is very meek, very apostolical, and very harmless. It gives excellent advice in strictly scriptural language, and somewhat vaguely. Still it has its significance. It seems to have been drawn up by men who had that upon their minds which they would neither openly avow nor openly repudiate. The Most Rev. Chairman, in one of his addresses to the Synod, speaks of the whole affair as tentative. It was so; and in the possible contemplation of some great event as yet in the future, it has served its purpose. The Church of England, so long as she holds her ground as an Establishment, cannot even by her own prelates and clergy, still less with the assistance of the prelates of other Churches, make laws for herself. But her bishops know that the time may come when she shall either abandon or be forced from her ground as an Establishment; and it is worth their while as her spiritual heads, in anticipation of this possible contingency, to consider how far she is able, not only to hold her own, independently of State support, but to make common cause with her offshoots all over the world for the maintenance of the truth as she has received it. There was no more obvious mode open to the English bishops of feeling their way in the direction here indicated than that which they actually adopted. As to any further result accruing from the Synod—any positive gain to the Church of England, as she now is—any suppression of heresy within, or conciliation of hostility from without,—of that we entertain no hope. It will be well if the reverse do not occur. But high-minded men, believing that great principles are at stake, do not always care to weigh the consequences of standing up boldly for their principles. The peace of the Church of England has been cruelly broken of late by unwise strifes about points of doctrine, and strifes, still more

unwise, about matters of practice. The law has been appealed to, to ally both, and it has failed to do so. And more than this, nobody, whether he belayman or ecclesiastic, appears to be satisfied as to what the law really is, either at home or in the colonies. This is a great misfortune. But will the misfortune be lightened if ecclesiastics, in their eagerness to assert what they believe to be the Church's true teaching, bring Church and State, even apparently, into collision?

We do not profess to speak at this moment in the character either of theologians or ecclesiastical lawyers; our object rather is to treat the important subject on which we have entered more as a social than a religious one. We entirely object to the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, because the measure would not only be unwise in itself, but would inevitably lead to others worse than itself. Were Ireland before us in the condition of New Zealand, or the Cape, or any other colony, we should certainly never think of setting up in her a Protestant Established Church. After the course which events have taken, we scarcely care to hide our regret that a Protestant Church ever was established in Ireland. But that is a very different thing from assenting to its disestablishment now, on no other ground than because the Irish Roman Catholic bishops demand its disestablishment, and are supported in that demand by Liberal writers and speakers, who are quite at a loss what to advise after their demand shall have been complied with. And we object for this reason also: The process of disestablishment is one which, once set it agoing, we shall find ourselves puzzled how to arrest. Observe the plea on which the Irish Church is denounced. It is the Church of a mere portion of the population, and if you fling into the same scale with it all the Protestants in Ireland, it must still in a balance of numbers

kick the beam when weighed against the Romanists. Nobody pretends to say that the property, or the great bulk of it, which pays tithe to the Church, is not in Protestant hands. Nobody can dispute the fact, that a considerable portion of its present endowments the Irish Church has received from successive benefactors since the Reformation. Still the argument of numbers is against it; and because it is pretended that these numbers regard the Established Church as an offence, it will be policy as well as justice to sweep it aside. Apply this argument to other portions of the empire, and what is the result? Of the Church in England we shall for the present say little. Its turn may ultimately come. But at this moment, in spite of the heavy blow inflicted on its influence by Sir Robert Peel's Reform measure of 1835, it is far too closely interwoven with the interests, not to speak of the affections, of the English laity, to be in imminent danger. There are plenty of lay impropriations in England for which the owners will fight hard, and in fighting for which they fight for appropriations also. No small share of the patronage of the Church of England is in the hands of the laity. These are stout collateral ties, which, concurring with the higher one of reverence for the teaching and respect for the constitution of the Church, must range upon her side a phalanx of champions quite able to keep their ground, for a time at least, against her assailants. How is it in those respects with the Established Church of Scotland?

Casual observers may suppose—demagogues, who know what they are about, profess to believe—that the Established Church of Scotland is safe,—first, in the affections of the Scottish people, and next in the modesty of her own constitution. The position of her clergy is as unpretending as the

most rigid purists could desire ; and hence agitators—English agitators, be it observed, like Mr Bright—speak of her as worthy of all respect, because, though established, she is democratic. But they who understand, as we do, the tone of feeling in Scotland, know perfectly well that, however faithfully she may have striven to accomplish her mission, she is in no favour with the Scottish people, counted by heads. Compared with Dissenters (we put Scottish Episcopalians and Roman Catholics alike out of this category), she is in a decided minority as regards numbers. Of the working classes—the class of domestic servants, of shopkeepers in towns, of tenant-farmers in the country—many went from her at the period of the last disruption. Some, we are glad to believe, are returning to the faith and worship of their fathers, but as yet the reconversions seem to be comparatively rare. It is a fact, too, that, generally speaking, the ministers, if not the laity, of the Dissenting bodies in Scotland, bear towards the Established Church that bitterness of feeling which invariably attends upon family quarrels. For, after all, what are the grounds on which they justify their secession? The U.P., the Free Church, the Cameronians, equally with the Established Church accept the Westminster Confession of Faith as the standard of their creed, and equally instruct their children in the Larger and Shorter Catechisms. Their government is in Presbyteries, Synods, and a General Assembly. So is hers. They will not tolerate printed forms of prayer, and object to written sermons. She, too, puts these things aside, and of late with a strong hand. But this is not all. The legislation of the Established Church on the subject of patronage has not been such as to conciliate towards her the aristocracy of the kingdom. So long as they enjoyed

the undisputed right of presenting to her benefices, they had a personal interest, even if declining to communicate with her, in helping to maintain her temporal rights. But the restrictions now imposed upon them in that matter irritate not a little; and it may be doubted whether the people gain in proportion as much as the Church loses by the circumstances. Another source of weakness there is in the mode in which the Scottish clergy are paid. It is not north of the Tweed, as it is south of that river, that the roots of church property intertwine and mingle with the roots of lay property. The teinds are raised exclusively for the support of the clergy in Scotland and the parochial schools, and they are never paid, even by Presbyterian heritors, nor manse built or enlarged, without a grudge.

All this being so, it is clear to us that if the status of the Irish Church be successfully assailed, the blow will at once rebound towards Scotland; and we shall have an immediate demand for the confiscation of Church property there which the stoutest champion of ecclesiastical establishments in the abstract will find it difficult to put aside. The very fact that her enemies agree with her in doctrine and discipline, must indeed shut the mouths of her friends. There is something to be said in defence of a Church which, though it be the Church of a minority, has a clear principle of its own, as well as a distinct worship and constitution. These may be sound or unsound; but the State has adopted them as sound, and because of their soundness the State is morally pledged to sustain them. But what can we allege as a ground of upholding an institution from which the bulk of the people have withdrawn themselves, and that, too, without giving up a single religious opinion or practice to which they had been trained from their childhood?

We repeat, then, that if the Church of Ireland go, the sooner the Church of Scotland shall begin to put her house in order the better. And when both are thrown over, assuredly the Church of England, though she may stagger on for a while by herself, will carry about with her the seeds of decay. But will the evil end here? Certainly not. The Churches, as Churches, will doubtless survive their political degradation. But the shock of the political destruction of the Church of England at least must make itself felt in every nerve of English society. Let not statesmen, whether they call themselves Whigs or Conservatives, fall into the mistake of supposing that the democracy, if it succeed in disestablishing Churches, will stop there. The coronet is as distasteful in the eyes of that abstraction as the mitre. The Crown commands little or no reverence, and property of every kind has got, as is well understood, too much into lumps. If we must fight for all these, let us make our first stand where we are first attacked.

Are we then resolved to kick against the pricks, by refusing to inquire into the condition of the Irish Church at all? or if the result of such inquiry be to make clear some mode by which its efficiency as a Church may be extended without casting it adrift entirely from the State, are we determined to reject it? Certainly not. A Commission has been issued. We shall wait patiently before going further into the subject than we have here done, till the Commission sends in its report. We ourselves see a good deal that may be effected to conciliate even ultra-Liberal prejudices, without striking at the root of Conservative principle; but we doubt the expediency of anticipating either the Government or its agents by explaining, at this moment, what it is that we see. When the Royal Commissioners deliver

themselves, we shall take the liberty of criticising their deliverance; and they may depend upon it that we shall do it in a spirit of perfect fairness. Meanwhile it may not be amiss to remind the bishops and clergy of the United Church that the fate of the Church, not as an establishment only, but as a Church also, is very much in their own hands. If they persist in squabbling among themselves, as for the last four or five years they have been doing, they will give increased boldness to their enemies, in exact proportion to the disgust with which their best friends are affected. Why should Bishop Colenso and his absurd and most unscholarlike criticisms set the world in a blaze? Rather let him be free to teach the Zulus, to his dying day, that Moses is a myth, and the resurrection from the dead a mere form of speech, than that infidels should have the opportunity of pointing to him as a living proof that men cannot profess Christianity in any form, especially as it is taught by the Established Church, without putting heart and soul and the intellect itself into bondage. Dr Colenso will find his level—and is finding it fast. Leave him alone, and six years hence his heresies will cease to trouble any one. Why should the wearers of albs and coloured stoles, and the burners of incense, and the silly creatures who love to walk in procession up and down the aisles of St Alban's Church, be prosecuted for their tomfoolery? Plain men—men of common sense—need not go all the way to Holborn in order to get their feelings outraged unless they like. Leave Mr Maconochie and his curates to play their antics unopposed, and we venture to predict that they will soon get tired of them when no spectators come either to censure or admire. And extinguish if you can, by ceasing to take them in, such nox-

ious publications as 'The Church Review,' 'The Record,' and every other periodical which teaches that men cannot be true believers unless they nurse within them continually a spirit of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The Church, as she really is—not as her partisan ministers represent her to be—has as yet a strong hold upon the affections of the people. They turn to her Prayer-book, and see that it breathes the very soul of devotion to God and good-will to man. Her Articles may here and there be obscure—because they are of old date, and expressed in language which has become partially obsolete—but nobody pretends any desire to meddle with them; and of her canons, few indeed, even of the clergy, take much

heed. But her large, expansive heart—her anxiety to gather all outsiders within her wide bosom—her willingness to concede to her sons and daughters the utmost limits of free thought which are compatible with the acceptance of those few grand principles on which Christianity rests,—surely all these would be more clearly seen and better understood by the British people if the clergy would consent to forget their differences of dogma, and to act together earnestly for the moral and religious training of the nation. At all events, he must see but a little way before him who fails to be convinced that if conduct like this on the part of the bishops and clergy cannot save the Church, both as a Church and as an Establishment, nothing else will.

N I N A.

How bright, how glad, how gay,
 To thee, O Nina, dear!
 Day after day slipped smooth away,
 Through childhood's simple joy and simple fear.
 Strained by no adverse force,
 Life, like a clear and placid stream
 In some delightful clime,
 Bearing the sky within it like a dream,
 And all the fair reflected shapes of time,
 Flowed on its gentle course!
 How many a time, oppressed with gloom,
 While sitting in my lonely room,
 And toiling at my task,
 Neglected, humble, wan with care,
 Aspiring, hoping, though I did not dare
 Fate's laurelled prize to ask,
 Have I been gladdened by that voice of thine,
 Singing, perhaps, some trivial song of mine,
 And listened, and looked up, and felt a thrill
 Come o'er my heart, as over waters still
 A light breeze flutters, and almost forgot,
 Hearing that happy voice, my wretched lot.

Years went; the round and rosy face
 Grew fairer, paler; and as Childhood went,
 Came Maidenhood's more tender grace
 And thoughtful sentiment:

And when the first soft airs of Spring
 Wooed the flowers forth, and with a subtle fire
 Stirred in the human heart a vague desire
 For what life cannot bring,
 Often I watched you moving to and fro
 The alleys of the garden-plot below,
 Your white gown 'mid the roses fluttering ;
 And now you paused to train some wandering spray
 With almost a caress,
 And now you plucked some last year's leaf away
 That marred its perfectness ;
 Or where the lilies of the valley grew,
 Like them as modest, sweet, and pale of hue,
 You bent to breathe their odour, or to give—
 Almost it seemed as if they must receive
 From you a sweeter odour than they knew.

Sometimes as lingering there you walked along,
 Humming half consciously some little song,
 You paused, looked up, and saw me, mute and still,
 Gazing upon you from my window-sill ;
 And with a voice, so glad and clear,
 It rang like music on my ear—
 You cried, " Antonio ! look, Antonio, dear !"
 Ah, happy memories !
 They bring the burning tears into my eyes.
 Oh, speak again and say, " Antonio, dear !"
 Ah, vanished voice ! call to me once again.
 Never ! ah, never ! in this world of pain,
 No tone like thine my heart will ever thrill.

Oft when the spring its perfumed violets strewed
 Along the greensward, 'neath the ilex wood
 I strolled with you, how many an afternoon
 In the perfection of the early June—
 Not owning to myself, as there we roved,
 Not knowing, truly knowing, that I loved ;
 And all the while thy pure young thought
 So deeply in my inmost being wrought,
 That it became a happy part of me—
 And as it were a sweet necessity—
 From which I wanted never to be free.

Yet never spoke I of my love ; so slow,
 So gently in my heart it grew,
 That when it fully came I scarcely know—
 Not bursting into rapture strange and new,
 Splendour and perfume on the air to pour,
 That from the sense was hidden in the bud
 A little hour before ;
 But slowly rising, like a tide to brim
 My being, widening ever more and more,
 And deepening all my central life with dim
 Unconscious fulness, till its joy ran o'er.

Then when I knew at last
How very dear thou wast,
I dared not trust my tongue to ease the load
Of love that lay upon my heart,
But lonely, silent, and apart,
Of you I dreamed—for you I hourly prayed—
Glad of my secret love, but how afraid !

'Twas but a child's affection that you bore
For me—a placid feeling—nothing more.
Across your heart, so gentle and serene,
The burning thrill of love had never been ;
And childhood scarce had given place
To maidenhood's more subtle grace,
When Death, who darkly walks along
Amid the gentle and the strong,
When least we fear to see his face,
Paused, gazed at you, and took you for his own,
And all the joy from out my life had flown—
And I was left of all bereft,
Too utterly alone.

Will earth again renew
That simple love for me ?—ah, no !
Spring comes again—again the roses blow—
But you—ah, me !—not you !
Oh, Nina ! in your grassy grave
I buried what can never grow again ;
Life but one perfect joy can have—
That in thy grave is lain !

W. W. S.

SIR CHARLES WOOD'S ADMINISTRATION OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

FROM 1859 to 1866 Sir Charles Wood was Secretary of State for India, and Mr Algernon West was his private secretary. Sir Charles Wood having retired from office to the honourable retreat of a peerage, Mr West sits down to write an account of what he did during his administration of Indian affairs. Thus, if we have not Cæsar himself writing his own memoirs, they are written by Cæsar's own particular scribe, and we may at least presume that Cæsar corrected the proof-sheets. And Cæsar's scribe has copied his model to some purpose. What reader of 'The Gallic War' has not been struck with the contrast between the cold simplicity and brevity of the style in which the events are related, and the excitement, fury, and desperation with which those events must in reality have been attended? When, at the end of a hard day's fighting, the sight of their general's scarlet cloak, as he hastens to the critical point, brings new energy to the favourite tenth legion, and turns the tide of victory, ending in the final subjugation of the Gallic nations, the incident is described with less detail or word-painting than would be bestowed nowadays on an Aldershot review. And when we are told that the men of a town were put to the sword, and their wives and children sold into slavery, it is difficult to realise that this single cold sentence is the record of ruin and misery wrought on ten thousand families. To appreciate the force of the events described in Cæsar's Commentaries requires, in fact, the exercise of a strong imagination. And, to com-

pare small things with great, the same faculty is needed to appreciate the meaning of the commentaries now before us. Who would infer, from the calm air of repose which pervades Mr West's *résumé* of Indian affairs, admirably brief, simple, and accurate, the state of high pressure and excitement that prevailed throughout these seven eventful years? When we are told that the spirit of Sir Charles Wood's consideration for the Indian army, and anxiety for their interests, pervaded his measures for its amalgamation, a powerful imagination is needed to convert this brief outline into the actual picture of five thousand officers seeking at the door of Parliament to be delivered from him and his blunders. The statement that an Indian Finance Minister finds the Indian climate unsuited to his constitution, hardly conveys the impression that his complaint was an excess of bile, induced by the gall in which certain Indian Office despatches were written. This is our first objection to Mr West's book. Nothing can be more unlike the Sir Charles Wood, so calm, gentle, and considerate, here portrayed, than the actual Secretary as we remember him. So far, therefore, the commentary fails to give an accurate representation of him. The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. Mr West, while stating what Sir Charles Wood did, has naturally enough omitted all reference to the manner of doing it. But the arrogant and dictatorial style in which the Indian Office despatches were clothed during his incumbency, constituted a serious

'Sir Charles Wood's Administration of Indian Affairs, from 1859 to 1866.' By Algernon West, Deputy Director of Indian Military Funds, and lately Private Secretary to the Right Honourable Sir Charles Wood, Bart., M.P., G.C.B., and the Earl de Grey and Ripon. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1867.

political blunder. It was surely very bad policy, on the first assumption of direct government by the Crown, thus to lower the position and dignity of the Governor-General and his Council in the eyes of the people of India, while it caused Sir Charles Wood to be intensely unpopular with the Indian services. The despatches were, indeed, of course usually confidential; but the extracts from them which from time to time it became necessary to publish in the official 'Gazette,' were naturally accepted as an index of the tone generally pervading them. Now the Indian services entertain a strong feeling of respect for the Supreme Government on the spot, and resent any slight on it as an affront to themselves, and in this respect Sir Charles Wood kept up a constant feeling of irritation. It is true that he had precedent to a certain extent for his peculiar style, in the despatches of the Court of Directors; but he went much further than they did. Moreover, there is a very sensible difference between the effect produced by what purports to be the collective opinion of a body, and the expression of any one person, however highly placed. The Court also were wont to soften off their despatches by signing themselves "your affectionate friends," which conclusion gave their utterances, however despotically expressed, a parental or guardianlike tone, so to speak. Nor was there any necessity for taking the Directors as a pattern in this respect. The fact is, that the relation between the Secretary of State and the Governor-General must always necessarily be somewhat delicate, requiring tact on both sides. The despatches of the Court of Directors were understood to embody the sentiments of the majority of that body, concurred in by the Board of Control, or even the orders of her Majesty's Government, conveyed by law through that channel; so that the quarter from

which the instructions emanated usually remained more or less veiled in mysterious uncertainty. But the orders now issued are, without concealment or legal fiction, the mandates of the Secretary of State, which may or may not be concurred in by any of his Council; and although by law he is the superior of the Viceroy and Governor-General, and the latter is his servant, the position is frequently an anomalous one. The Governor-General may be, as in the case of the late Lord Canning, the most esteemed public servant of the day, and the Secretary of State by no means the ablest of a numerous body of Ministers; while, as regards the business on hand, the former will usually have the better information and means of arriving at a sound judgment. The case is, in short, similar to that which an appeal at law would offer, where the judge of the lower court was the more eminent legal authority of the two, and had, moreover, a fuller view of the evidence. And although we by no means desire to imply that the relations of these two officers should be altered, and that the proceedings of the Supreme Government in India should not be controlled by some tribunal in England, we do say that a wise Secretary of State will as far as possible make the collective government prominent, and keep his own individuality in the background. It rested with Sir Charles Wood to make a precedent on this point (for Lord Stanley held office too short a time to settle it), and a very bad precedent he has established.

This, however, is comparatively a minor point. The whole conception of Mr West's book appears to us to be based on a radical misconception. Mr West details the different measures carried out in India from 1859 to 1866; he states that Sir Charles Wood was Secretary during this time; and hence infers they were carried out by Sir

Charles Wood. But in reality the two occurrences had in no way the relation of cause and effect. The Lord Mayor of London, for the time being, might with almost equal propriety plume himself for the same reason. The fact is, that the administration of India is conducted by the Government in India; schemes for improvement are instituted and worked out there; and the functions of the India Office are as a rule limited to noting and recording approval to the measures reported to it from time to time, as having been, or being about to be, carried out. That Office is thus, so to speak, a board of audit which passes the charges submitted to it, either before or after the expenditure has been incurred. Such a board may do its duty very well, but it is hardly entitled to receive credit for all the improvements the expenditure may effect. And we may add, legislation and administration will be well or ill done in India, just according as this principle is maintained or violated. We do not of course mean to say that the Indian Government does not frequently blunder; but merely that the India Office will invariably do so whenever it leaves its proper functions of control to enter on the active business of administration. We shall point out presently a notable instance of this.

To come, however, in the first instance, to a matter which, beyond question, does lie in the immediate province of the Secretary of State—namely, the organisation of his own Office:—the arrangements made by Lord Halifax seem, on Mr West's own showing, to be scarcely a very happy illustration of his lordship's success. Mr West points out very clearly (p. 16) that "the position of the Under-Secretaries of State for India has never been on a proper footing. In the same relation as other Under-Secretaries of State to their Chief, they had no recognised place in the Council,

and were unable to take any part in the deliberations of that body. Sir Charles Wood did all in his power to remedy this anomaly, by causing all papers to be referred to them, and arranging that one of the Under-Secretaries should always attend the periodical meetings of Council, so that he might have an opportunity of at least hearing their discussions; but this, it must be admitted, is scarcely a fitting position for the Under-Secretary, who would have to defend, either in the House of Lords or House of Commons, the policy of the Home Government."

That is to say, the place of the Under-Secretaries has been completely usurped by the subordinate and irresponsible Council. It appears clear that the working of the Office has been allowed to drift into a very unsatisfactory state. It is difficult to understand why Lord Halifax, during his seven years' tenure of office, did not effect a suitable modification of system for giving the Under-Secretaries their proper place in the establishment, by legislative enactment if necessary. The present state of the India Office, be it observed, is entirely that nobleman's work; for although Mr West contrasts the arrangements established by him with those in force during the incumbency of his predecessor, Lord Stanley held office about six months, during which there was barely time to set the machine in motion, certainly not enough to find out the points of friction.

Further, although Mr West asserts (p. 12) that Sir C. Wood arranged that all business should be initiated by himself, all papers being sent to him for orders before being referred to the different Committees into which the Council is divided—we must nevertheless record our belief that, in practice, all business is initiated by the Council, who have become a complete clog on the Secretary of State, even when he desires to initiate:

measures himself. How far this is the case may be inferred from Lord Cranborne's late speech on the subject in the House of Commons. And if it were merely the case that the proceedings of a Council approved by the Secretary of State had been substituted for those of a Secretary aided by a Council, as was originally contemplated, the result might not be so objectionable. But we have not even this. The despatches of the old Court of Directors represented at least the collective opinions of the majority, conveyed in intelligible language. The despatches of the new Council have come at last to represent the varying sentiments of each individual member. On all questions which produce a difference of opinion, compromise appears to be arrived at by allowing each member to have a turn at the draft orders, the result being that an India Office despatch often reads like a paper of the well-known game of "consequences." The paragraphs have either no connection with, or else are entirely contradictory of each other; and the whole constitute an *ensemble* as difficult to decipher a meaning from as a cuneiform inscription. The fact is, a proper organisation for the India Office is a task which still remains to be worked out.

To turn now to the Parliamentary legislation carried out by Sir Charles Wood, and which, says Mr West, deeply affected the welfare of the people of India:—let us see how far the changes effected by it deserve to be styled great reforms in the administration.

Three Bills were passed by Sir C. Wood. "The first of these was to make better provision for the constitution of the Council of the Governor-General, and the Local Government of the several presidencies and provinces of India, so as to render the legislative authority more suited to the requirements of the times, and to the altered state of circumstances in

that country." We believe that this measure was actually the creation of Lord Canning, and that all the details were elaborated by him; however, it was no doubt, as Mr West says, passed through Parliament by Sir Charles Wood, so let him have the credit for it, such as there is. But so far from the change made in the constitution of the Legislative Council being a step in advance, we believe every one acquainted with the facts will pronounce it to be precisely the reverse. The Legislative Council, as established by the Act of 1853, and as worked by Lord Dalhousie, consisted of two judges of the Calcutta Supreme Court and members nominated by the different local governments. It certainly laboured under the defect of being composed wholly of servants of the State, and especially that the natives of India were excluded; but the members were, from the nature of their appointments, independent of the Governor-General. The procedure was based on the ordinary Parliamentary model, and the discussions were frequently animated, and listened to with much interest by the public. Unfortunately the two judges conceived that it was necessary for completing the resemblance to Parliament, that they should enact the part of her Majesty's Opposition. This gave offence to Lord Canning, who punished them by completely extinguishing the independence of the Council. The *venue* was changed from a separate building to the chamber of the Executive Council; members are required to speak sitting; and the standing orders generally are framed so as to prevent anything like independence of expression or liveliness of manner. As a consequence, the discussions have ceased to afford the smallest interest to the public. Except when the financial member of Government delivers the annual budget statement, the Chamber is rarely visited by a single stranger, and the

debates, published in the official 'Gazette,' are probably not read by any person in India save those who took part in them. Not that we would be understood to imply that the time has come for establishing independent legislative bodies in India : this is a long way off ; only let things be called by their right names. So far from being a step in this direction, the Legislative Council of 1861 is less independent than that of 1854. It is true that non-official persons may now be nominated, and as a rule a couple of Calcutta merchants and two or three natives of rank are called up every second year to sit in it. The latter are usually ignorant of the language in which the discussion is carried on, and can take no share in it ; and therefore, although as giving even the appearance of bestowing a share of the government on the natives of India the measure is unimpeachable, it can scarcely have any perceptible influence on the course of legislation. The two merchant members seldom open their lips. Practically, therefore, the Legislative Council is identical with the Executive Council of the Governor-General, and though we are far from wishing to see it otherwise at present, we fail to see wherein the change made deeply affects the welfare of India.

The same Act of Parliament which altered the constitution of the Supreme Council, created also Legislative Councils in Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, framed on the model of that of the Governor-General, containing, that is, each two or three non-official European and as many native gentlemen. But as the Supreme Council necessarily retains for itself all powers of general legislation and taxation, the measures which come before these local councils are usually of the most insignificant character ; and the proceedings of the Bengal Council especially partake of scarcely more dignity and interest than those of an English vestry.

The amalgamation of the Supreme (or Queen's) Court at each presidency town, consisting of judges appointed from England, with the Sudder or head Courts of Appeal from the civil and criminal district courts of the country, carried out by one of the three Acts of 1861, is indeed a measure wholly beneficial ; but, as Mr West says, "the idea had long been contemplated." For Sir Charles Wood not to have carried it out during his long term of office, when all adverse opinion had been overcome both in India and England, and when the Governor-General was strongly urging the change, would have been practically impossible. We believe it is no secret that the details were all elaborated in India under Lord Canning's direction.

As regards the third measure, termed the "Civil Service Act," something more must be said. The Act of Parliament of 1786 relating to the East India Company stipulated that all appointments "in the civil line" of the service should be held by members of the covenanted civil service. This clause had never been repealed, but it had gradually ceased to be acted on ; and as the territory of the Company increased, and with it the number of offices to be filled, military men in course of time came to be appointed to posts—such as those of military secretary to Government, military paymaster and auditor—which under the Act could be filled by civil servants only ; while a large number of subordinate posts had been created on emoluments lower than a civilian would care to accept, and had consequently been officered from the heterogeneous body known in India as the uncovenanted service, who receive their appointments direct from the Government on the spot. Further, the extension of public works, and the introduction of small cause courts at the presidency towns, had led to the demand for a class of

servants with specific professional qualifications. No question of the legality of these appointments was ever raised ; but on Colonel (now Major-General Sir Henry) Durand being appointed by Lord Canning Foreign Secretary, it was contended—not that the selection was otherwise than the most suitable one which could be made—but that the appointment, the most important under the Indian Government, was a perquisite of the civil service, and the forgotten clause of the old Act of Parliament was recalled to light. Hence, we believe, the origin of the Civil Service Act of 1861. Mr West indeed cites Colonel Durand's appointment as a happy instance of the working of the Act, as if it had followed out of the latter ; but, as we have explained, Colonel Durand's nomination took place some time previously, and the Act was passed in primary view to legalise it.

The above we believe to be an accurate account of the matter. The Act, however, goes a good deal beyond this. It not only legalises the appointment of persons not being covenanted civil servants to offices the existence of which was not contemplated by the aforesaid Act,—it also throws open under certain restrictions every appointment in India to persons qualified by a certain period of residence, and fulfilling certain specified tests. It was generally expected that the opportunity would be taken of this permissive power, to break down the barrier which restrained the uncovenanted service from all possibility of rising to posts of honour and emolument, no matter what their merits, and that at least two or three of the most deserving subordinate officers of the extensive judicial service would be promoted to district judgeships. Had Lord Canning remained at the head of the Government we believe it is little doubtful such promotions would have been made. But he left India shortly after the Act

was passed, and it has remained a dead letter ever since. Now we are quite aware that the right of making such appointments rests with the Government in India, and that the Secretary of State has no legal power of interference. Still, if Lord Halifax is to receive praise for his share in the measure, it should at least be shown that he has done something to make it successful. Lord Canning would not have required pushing in the matter ; but Sir John Lawrence, himself a civilian, has all a civilian's prejudices, and without some pressure from the India Office the uncovenanted service is likely to remain wholly without recognition. One solitary exception has indeed been made, in the appointment of an able native pleader of the High Court to the bench ; but if one man was fit for promotion there might surely be others. The cry is of course raised that the covenant with the Civil Service would be broken, if the appointments they are accustomed to look to are given to others. But the fact is frequently lost sight of, that the field open to that service has been enormously increased of late years. The extension of territory has been one cause of this, the increase of administrative business another. Lieutenant-Governorships on £10,000 a-year ; Legislative Councilorships ; Chief Commissionerships of Provinces : these are among the numerous prizes which have been created during the last few years ; and in face of this fact it was surely a legitimate arrangement to extend simultaneously the prospects of other public servants. Nor was it merely a question of claims and privileges ; there was the much higher ground of the public good. Promotion in the civil service was so rapid a short time ago in one part of India, that men qualified by age and experience, even in the limited degree considered necessary by Indian official traditions, were not to be

found for judgeships; yet at this time there existed a large judicial service of uncovenanted servants, containing many men of long training and ample qualifications, and whom, under the present Act, it would be legal to appoint to these posts. When we say that the pay of a covenanted judge is £3000 a-year, and that of the highest uncovenanted judge, exercising almost precisely the same functions in civil cases, about £850, and that the salaries of the covenanted and uncovenanted magistrates are very nearly the same respectively, the hardship of the case will be apparent. We are not urging, be it observed, any indiscriminate promotions, but merely that marked ability and conduct in the public service should be recognised in India, as it would be anywhere else; and that the slur should be removed from our administration which is caused by this relic of the old system of monopoly—heretofore pervading every branch of Indian administration, but now confined to the Civil Service—which permits no uncovenanted servant, no matter how great his merits, to rise beyond a subordinate position, nor receive more than what in India is a mere pittance for salary. The selection of a few picked men for such promotions could not fail to have an excellent effect on the *morale* of the whole body from which they were chosen, while it could have no appreciable effect on the prospects of the covenanted body. This view of the matter is, perhaps, not to be looked for from a Governor-General himself trained in the strictest sect of the Pharisees; but until the provisions of the Act of Parliament are acted on, where is the merit of Sir C. Wood in the matter?

Passing by the chapter on the indigo and rent laws, regarding which the great interest felt at the time has now subsided, at any rate in this country, we come to the part of Mr West's book relating to the financial measures carried out

in India during Lord Halifax's tenure of office. Finance is a subject which would naturally engage the attention of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he is generally understood to have taken the lead more himself, and left less to be done by the Council, in this than in any other branch of the administration.

We first observe that Mr West shares in what we must regard as a popular delusion regarding the supposed success of the late Mr Wilson and Mr Laing, in restoring financial equilibrium after the Mutiny. It seems usually to be supposed that the finances of India were in a state of impending collapse when Mr Wilson went out to India, and that it was owing to his exertions and those of his successors that this prostration of the Indian Empire was averted. Mr West assumes this to be the fact, although he implies that the merit of salvation must be shared by these gentlemen with Sir C. Wood, under whose instructions they acted. But it appears to us that the matter is involved in a good deal of misconception, which may be usefully cleared up.

A state of war naturally leads to a largely increased outlay, and the Indian war of 1857-59 was no exception to the rule. Not only did the nature of the struggle towards its termination involve the employment of a very large number of detached columns, to stamp out the embers of the fire which had been kindled over a vast area of country; the circumstances of the time demanded that even those parts which were not disturbed should be held in strength; while, at a time when ordinary business occupation of every kind was suspended, it was desirable to afford employment for large classes, who, if left to themselves, might have become dangerous. The war was one requiring, therefore, not only large forces in the field, with corresponding equipments, but the maintenance of

large reserves in the non-disturbed districts. And thus, when the old Sepoy army had been finally crushed or dispersed, the Government of India found itself with a larger army on its muster-rolls than that which had risen in rebellion. And when we take into account the losses in treasure and public stores and buildings which had to be made good all over the country, it will readily be understood that the war was exceptionally costly for Indian wars, although not so when compared with wars in Europe. But no nation at the present day ever undertakes to pay war expenditure out of income; and had the Indian Government simply provided for merely its ordinary expenditure out of the ways and means of the year, and defrayed its war and extraordinary charges by loans raised in a methodical way, this cry about the alarming state of the Indian finances would never have been raised; on the contrary, it would have been seen how little costly the war had been. But the financial department of the Indian Government, at that time miserably conducted, had no conception of these common-sense and well-known principles. It had no better plan to offer, than to show the whole of this exceptional expenditure as an ordinary charge of the year, supplementing the ordinary receipts by advertising an open loan at five and a half per cent. The uncertain amount of the sum to be realised from this loan was very properly omitted from the income side of the annual estimate; but the whole expenditure being shown, as above explained, on the other, it was hardly surprising that the budget of 1858-59 showed a deficit of more than fourteen millions, and that of 1859-60 of more than ten millions sterling. Mr Wilson arrived in India in the middle of the latter year, having previously, Mr West tells us, "received clear and explicit instructions as to what was to be done." It would per-

haps have made the matter clearer if Mr West had stated what was the nature of those instructions; for, so far as can be seen, it was the natural course of events, and not any instructions received or acted on by Mr Wilson, which restored the state of the Indian finances. That gentleman came to India just as the tide of expenditure was beginning to recede. The surplus European troops, beyond the strength considered necessary for the permanent garrison of the country, were gradually being withdrawn, and the heterogeneous levies raised in the two previous years were in course of being disbanded. But this last was necessarily a work of time, and the still more delicate task had also to be undertaken of reducing the Madras and Bombay armies, which had generally shown an excellent spirit of discipline and loyalty, as well as a portion of that remnant of the Bengal army which had remained faithful to its colours. The permanent increase made to the European army in India rendered a large reduction of the native army, below the standard of 1857, everywhere practicable; but considerations more important than even those of finance demanded that the reduction should be cautiously made; and that it took place subsequently to Mr Wilson's arrival is noway to be ascribed to a sequence of cause and effect. No doubt Mr Wilson, and his successor Mr Laing, urged, as in duty bound by their official position, the reduction of expenditure, and consequently of the army, on their colleagues; and we may readily suppose that despatches containing similar recommendations were issued from the India Office about this time. And no doubt pressure of this kind brought to bear from a distance acts as a valuable support to those on the spot, who may be more or less hampered by personal influences, from the parties whose interest would be affected

by the reduction. But these reductions were the work of Lord Canning and his military advisers, and to them is due in chiefest measure that the retrenchment and reform were of so sweeping a character. In the civil department of Government, where it might have been expected that retrenchments should also, in these critical times, have been found practicable, little or nothing was effected. A Civil Finance Commission was indeed appointed to overhaul the civil expenditure, but its constitution was not of a kind to carry sufficient weight for dealing with the important interests involved; and its recommendations were chiefly confined to petty savings in details, most of which have been abandoned after trial as not worth the inconvenience they involved. Yet there are not wanting at first sight in the civil department objects suggesting themselves for reduction. There is, for example, the anomalous establishment in Bengal of a large staff of Commissioners of Revenue. In Madras, where the details of revenue business are much heavier, the duties of the Collector are superintended by the Board of Revenue. In the Bombay Presidency, in place of a Board of Revenue, two Commissioners supervise the revenue department, each having charge of half the Presidency. But in the Lower Provinces of Bengal, as well as in the North-Western Provinces, there is a Board of Revenue which controls the revenue collectors through the intermediate agency of a large body of Commissioners of Division. We believe the opinion of the more enlightened and far-seeing of the civilians to be, that either the Commissioners or the Board are superfluous; that the double agency causes expense and circumlocution without any corresponding advantage; and that the interests of their own body would not be sufferers in the long-run by the re-

duction of one or the other unnecessary agencies. But it would require on the part of the Government on the spot the exercise of a strong will to carry out a change of this kind, affecting the interests of the most powerful official body in the world. It is not likely to be effected except under a mandate from this country; yet here, where the influence of the India Office might really have been usefully exerted, the opportunity offered by the critical times of the Mutiny has been lost.

So much with respect to the reductions. It remains to observe that when these were carried out the revenue and expenditure at once returned to a state of equilibrium, and the state of panic passed off, which a little consideration in the first instance would have shown to be groundless. The expenditure has indeed not returned to its former rate. The public conscience, awakened by the tragedy of 1857, has discovered new duties demanded on behalf of the people of India, involving a better and more costly machinery of administration; and yearly on this account do the estimates show an increase. The cost of the army is also permanently augmented, partly from the substitution of European for native troops, partly from the rise in prices requiring an increase in the charges of all kinds. And the debt incurred for the war has of course occasioned a permanent increase to the public debt. But the revenues of India have fortunately shared in the general prosperity brought about by peace and increase of trade, and the balance-sheet of the Empire continues to show the close approximation to equilibrium which it had attained in 1856. But other causes than Lord Halifax and his measures brought about the late extraordinary expansion of Indian trade, and they can no more be credited with these results than with the bounty of the late harvest.

What, however, might fairly be placed to the account of the Secretary of State and his Indian Finance Minister, is any accession of revenue due to the increase of taxation, or to its better adjustment. And on this head very little has been done. There have been a few trifling additions and reductions of the customs duties; and the income-tax, which at most never produced two millions a-year, was imposed with Sir C. Wood's sanction, and taken off with his sanction. The licence-tax (of 1860), though passed into law, was never imposed; and the general result is, that the Indian tariff and sources of revenue are very much the same now that they were in 1859.

The really important reform effected by the introduction of a financial member into the Governor-General's Council has been the establishment of a proper system of account, which, as we have said, if it had been established before, would have prevented the misconception and groundless panics about the financial collapse of India that took place in 1860. A better man than Mr Wilson for introducing such a reform could not have been found, but unfortunately his early death came before he had been able to do more than lay its foundation. The work begun by him was, however, carried forward with vigour by his successors, Mr Laing and Sir C. Trevelyan, by whom great progress was made towards a sound system of public account. But all this work has been done in India; and when Mr West says that "the financial measures of Sir Charles Wood's administration have been numerous and successful beyond all reasonable expectation," although the statement may be verbally accurate, since these measures were carried out during the time Sir Charles Wood presided at the India Office, the inference to be drawn from it, that the measures emanated from Sir C. Wood, appears to us to be in no way sub-

stantiated. The hall-porter at the India Office might in truth claim the credit with as much justice. The share of the Secretary of State in these, as it properly is in all detailed measures of Indian administration, was confined to selecting the instruments for effecting them, and conveying formal approval from time to time to the proceedings of the Government in India.

We now come to the other great financial question referred to by Mr West—the Indian currency. Here also his book gives us a clear and accurate *resumé* of the course of the currency measures adopted during the last seven years; but we think a very slight acquaintance with the matter will dispose of the conclusion he seeks to establish, that the guiding influence of Sir Charles Wood may be discerned throughout them. We need hardly remind those of our readers who are familiar with the currency question, that Mr Wilson belonged to the small but able school of economists which is opposed to the principles of the Bank Charter Act, of which Sir C. Wood has always been a staunch supporter. When, therefore, we find that Mr Wilson, on his arrival in India, immediately announced his intention of introducing a paper currency, of which one-third was to be covered by a reserve in gold and silver, and the remaining two-thirds by Government securities, we at once recognise the scheme which he had advocated so ably during a long period in the 'Economist,' and afterwards in his well-known work on currency, and we may be sure that Sir C. Wood had no claim to paternity of the measure. We may observe, by the way, that Mr Wilson had no intention of pressing his principle to a conclusion at the beginning. He meant to proceed cautiously, and in the first instance to protect the paper issues by a metal reserve of nearly the whole; so that the practical result would

not have differed appreciably from that attained on the approved plan of issuing all paper in excess of a certain fixed minimum only against coin and bullion. Mr Wilson, however, could not reasonably have expected that his plan would be allowed; and it was, of course, vetoed by Sir Charles Wood. His successor, Mr Laing, who assumed office before the measure had come into operation, adopted the orthodox plan, and his Bill provided that all paper issues in excess of four millions sterling should be covered by metal reserves. But he went astray from the Secretary of State's views, in proposing to hand over the management of the paper currency to the chartered State banks, and it was not till after long discussion, extending beyond the date of Mr Laing's resignation of office, that the measure, as it was finally enacted, at all harmonised with the Secretary of State's views. Even now, as Mr West informs us, the Government of India have deviated from his wishes in fixing the lowest denomination of note at ten rupees (about £1) instead of five rupees, as he desired—a very material alteration, as we shall presently see.

Somuch for the history of the case. As regards the merits of the controversy, we conceive it would not be difficult to show that the peculiar conditions of India, with its large agricultural population and stable trade, render it especially suitable for the application of Mr Wilson's theory, of issuing a *proportion* of the paper currency against Government securities; and that such a scheme, cautiously and gradually carried out, might end in the establishment of a paper currency on a perfectly safe basis, exceeding in amount the largest estimates ever hazarded, and constituting a source of large profit to the Government, and benefit to the country. This, however, is not the place for pursuing that idea; what we have

now to point out is, that the history of the currency question, as told by Mr West, merely confirms our proposition that the Secretary of State can in practice only exercise a veto over the proceedings of the Indian Government. He cannot initiate measures, or take an active part in carrying them out. In certain cases, no doubt, his judgment is the better of the two, and this of the currency is in some respects one. The non-introduction of a five-rupee note especially, we conceive to have been an unwise departure from his views. But principles of government are not to be inferred from particular instances; and there is nothing in the history of this case to justify the inference, either that the attempt had been made to administer India directly from the India Office, or that it would be desirable to do so.

As to the result of the measure, Mr West admits that it has not been thoroughly successful, since comparatively few notes have been taken out for local use; and we conceive that this partial failure is due to a feature in the currency measure which both the Secretary of State and the Indian Government have agreed in introducing, while we may observe that Mr West seems to overestimate the virtual extent of the operation of the measure. The former paper currency of the three Presidency banks, now superseded by Government notes, reached to about £3,200,000, while the circulation of the latter nearly a year ago had attained to the sum of £10,160,959; hence the latter appears to be more than threefold the former. But, in the first place, the comparison is not made between like things. The paper circulation of the Presidency State Banks was the amount of their notes held by the public: the paper circulation of the Government is the amount of Government notes held by the public, *including* the amount held by the

State banks and the different Government treasuries. A very large deduction has therefore to be made from the nominal, to arrive at the virtual paper circulation.

In the next place, the introduction of this paper currency took place simultaneously with an extraordinary development of Indian commerce. We believe that the increase of paper circulation has been mainly due to this cause alone, and that it would have taken place to quite the same extent had the currency continued to belong to the State banks. This view is supported by the fact that the principal increase has occurred at Bombay, the great centre of the Indian cotton trade.

As to the almost total failure to introduce the paper currency into the interior of India, the cause is not far to look for. That currency is practically inconvertible. At the very time when the attention of European economists is directed towards introducing uniformity of currency among different nations, the British territories in India have been mapped out into a number of "circles," each of which has been endowed with a separate paper currency of its own. The traveller proceeding from Calcutta to Lahore finds himself after the first day's journey in a country where the notes he had provided himself with are not a legal tender. And if, at considerable loss, he exchanges them for notes of the "circle" where he has arrived, a precisely similar inconvenience occurs on arriving at his destination. Is it wonderful if under these conditions the Government notes should be depreciated, and fail to prove an attractive form of investment?

The reason which determined the formation of these circles is, of course, readily apparent. If a universal note had been issued by the Government, convertible on demand at various offices of issue, the notes would have been largely

employed by traders for remittances to buy the produce of the country; and the cost of sending specie from the presidency towns to the interior, to meet the notes presented at the branch offices, would have fallen on the Government. Hence the device of these circles of issue. The circle office, say at Lahore or Nagpoor, is bound by this means to cash only the notes issued from it; and the practical result is that the operations of these branch issue offices are kept down to a perfectly insignificant scale.

But the danger which it is thus sought to avert, arises from the measure having been dealt with in an incomplete, half-hearted fashion. The danger to be guarded against, it is said, is of this kind, that the trader wanting to buy cotton, for example, will procure notes at the Bombay office, and present them at the Nagpoor office, to be exchanged for the silver rupees which he desires to distribute among the cultivators about Nagpoor, in the purchase of cotton. Therefore, it is said, Government would not only have to bear the cost of sending silver up from Bombay to Nagpoor to meet the notes, but large reserves of coin would have to be kept at the latter place to meet the chances of a sudden run on it. Even with this precaution, there would always be the danger, it is argued, of the reserves of a branch currency-office proving insufficient to meet the demand. Bombay notes should therefore be kept from use in this way. Hence the establishment of currency circles. The knot has been severed, not untied.

But it will be obvious on consideration that the difficulty to be provided against will arise on the supposition that the capitalist will demand to have his notes changed, and will conduct all his operations with the owners of the raw produce by means of specie payments. And no doubt he will do so. But why? Simply because the currency note

is not current among the people of the country. And it is not current, because it is practically not convertible. There are ten offices of issue in India; but it needs hardly be said that the tenth part of that vast country is a large tract. Within that tract the note is payable only at the office of issue, and although a legal tender, it only circulates freely within the immediate neighbourhood of that office. The denomination is too large for the bulk of transactions occurring; the holder of a note is therefore usually obliged to seek the intervention of a money-changer; and the notes in consequence are usually at a discount. If, however, a note of smaller denomination were introduced, of five or even two rupees, and if it were cashed freely at every district treasury, this depreciation would disappear, and the note would circulate with perfect confidence. There would no doubt be difficulties to be overcome, and precautions to be taken at first; but we conceive such a measure would be found quite practicable and eminently successful. It may especially be pointed out, that precisely in proportion as the notes are readily cashed, will the demand for cashing them be reduced.

This is, however, not the place to discuss the details of the measure; we have no space to enlarge on the enormous benefits that might be derived from the introduction of a sound paper currency, freely circulating among all classes throughout the breadth of the land. But we think enough has been said to show that what has as yet been done in this way is not much for either the Government of India or the Secretary of State to be proud of.

This device of circle issues seems to have from the first been accepted by both as a necessary feature of the plan. Mr Laing, indeed, would have done away with them; but his scheme was mixed up with a plan for employing the banks as cur-

rency agents, and was disallowed on that ground. With respect to a gold currency, the Secretary of State has expressed himself opposed in opinion to those who, without any evidence in favour of the assumption, have urged that a gold currency would be more suitable to the wants of a poor people like the natives of India than the existing silver coins, and it perhaps hardly requires acquaintance with M. Chevalier's great work to perceive that the presumption lies the other way. However, no practicable scheme has yet been submitted for his approval. The only definite one was that preferred by Sir Charles Trevelyan, who, having written a minute which shows conclusively that the sovereign always passes current in India at considerably more than ten rupees, proposed that it should be received in the Government treasuries in lieu of that sum. Sir Charles Wood agreed to the proposal, which it need hardly be said has proved quite inoperative.

Let us now pass on to the subject of public works, to which Mr West devotes a short chapter. Here also our criticism must be of the same kind as before. That great progress has been made in this direction during the last few years is undoubtedly the case. Not only have the sums annually devoted to the purpose out of the ways and means of the year largely increased year by year, from four millions in 1859-60 to seven millions in 1866-67, but the principle has now at last been fairly recognised that expenditure on public works is not to be regarded as a temporary obligation, to be wiped off by a brief spasmodic effort, but that a vast and protracted undertaking lies before the Government, extending over an indefinite period into the future, and only to be carried out successfully by sustained, continuous labour. Public works outlay has therefore come at last

to be regarded as a necessary burden, to be provided for as a certain annual charge, provided beforehand just in the same way as the cost of the army and the civil establishments of the State, and not determined simply by the fluctuating amount of the surplus revenue. More has been done in India in the way of material progress during the last six years than was done in the previous quarter of a century, and threefold as much again will be effected during the next six years, if the arrangements now set on foot be persisted in. But that the credit for this vigour and foresight is to be fairly assigned to Sir Charles Wood we deny. In this, as in the other matters of administration already referred to, his part has been limited to the passive one of non-interference with the arrangements made by the Government of India. The sums devoted by that Government to public works are distributed annually among the different local Governments long before a report reaches the Secretary of State; and although of late years the sums thus devoted have been so large as to create a deficit in the budget account, and the Secretary of State has thus been called on in effect to obtain the amount from the London market, practically there was no option in the matter. It would have been quite impossible for any Minister, in face of the demand raised at Manchester for Indian cotton, to cut down the estimates of the Indian Government for expenditure on roads and canals. Mr West says, indeed, that Sir C. Wood in 1862 sanctioned "the employment of a sum amounting to £3,000,000 from the cash balances for the further prosecution of reproductive works;" but the local Government were quite at liberty to employ their cash balances as they think proper, without asking the leave of the India Office. As a matter of fact, the idea of and sanction to this mode of employing them came to nought. As

we said before, spasmodic efforts of this kind are of no real service; material progress, if it is not to be attended with waste and extravagance, must be gradual and steadily prosecuted.

There are indeed two ways in which the Secretary of State can actively co-operate in extending public works in India. It rests with him to raise loans in England for reproductive works of irrigation, should such a course be desirable; this might even be done without waiting for an application from India. And in all matters relating to the extension of railways it has been usual to take the initiative quite as much in England as in India, while the negotiation with the railway company is always conducted by the Secretary of State. But with respect to neither of these matters do we find in Sir Charles Wood's administration any cause for eulogy. It is not, indeed, very long since the discovery was first made of the truth, that a great estate like India cannot be brought rapidly up to the required state of improvement by merely spending on it the surplus income that may remain after every other demand has been satisfied, and that if reproductive canals and tanks for irrigation are to be constructed throughout the breadth of the land on a comprehensive scale, and within a reasonable time, capital must be appropriated to the purpose, *i.e.*, that loans must be raised. But at any rate the perception of this truth reached the Governor-General and his Council long before it penetrated to the recesses of the India Office. From correspondence published in the newspapers a short time back, it appears that the Indian Government have been since 1864 urging on the Secretary of State the necessity for at once commencing a comprehensive system of irrigation works by means of loans, but that until Lord Cranborne came into office no reply was vouchsafed, and

a grand scheme for assurance against the recurrence of famine had been postponed for two years—time now irrevocably lost.

As regards railways, with the exception of concessions granted by Sir C. Wood for one or two trifling lines, the works at present in progress in India are merely those of the main arterial lines planned by Lord Dalhousie, and to which the Government were committed before Sir C. Wood came into office. And so soon as those lines are completed, railway progress in India, so far as that statesman is concerned, will come to an end. Yet the financial success of the railways, even in their present incomplete state, has been abundantly shown already, and every consideration of policy points to a persistent and methodical extension of Indian railways, involving due forethought, and provision for the commencement of new lines as the first approach completion. The necessity for this provision has long been foreseen in India, and so far ago as 1863 a company was formed for the purpose of undertaking an extensive system of railways through the fertile and populous country north of the Ganges. But the arrangements between it and the Government never took a practical shape until the Conservative party came into office, and three years of valuable time have been lost.

The important subject of the Indian army would require an article to itself, and can be merely glanced at here. It may be freely admitted that in this case, at any rate, Sir Charles Wood's administration was not merely passive; and Mr West's admission that the Secretary of State's measures had to be submitted to the review of two successive Royal Commissions, each of which pronounced them to be more or less illegal, and that the changes which Sir Charles Wood thought to introduce by a couple of despatches in the beginning of

1861 were not concluded until 1866, and then by his successors, is sufficient commentary on the method in which this change was carried out. A more blundering mess of a great organic change was never perpetrated, nor is the reason why it proved such a failure far to look for. Sir Charles Wood on this occasion departed from the sound principle ordinarily observed, which we have endeavoured here to enunciate forcibly, under which the initiation of all administrative measures, and especially the elaboration of details, is left to the Government in India, while power of control and approval rests with the Government in England. The consequence was the preparation of a scheme which those competent to judge would at once have pronounced impracticable. All that was left to the Governor-General was to make the best of a bad bargain; but with every desire on Lord Canning's part to administer the details of the scheme, so as to meet the emergency of the case as far as practicable, while acting in the spirit of his instructions, the two conditions were not found compatible. Difficulties, unforeseen at the India Office, and which the Governor-General and his advisers were powerless to remove, arose at every point, involving endless references to England, and confused and contradictory rulings in reply, till at last the so-called amalgamation measure became a helpless muddle, and the complication was only got clear of, after five years of strife, by sweeping away the regulations which had formed the principal features of the original scheme. Even now Mr West seems not to have apprehended the nature of the difficulties which Sir Charles Wood created, any more than Sir Charles Wood understood them himself. He repeats the old defence put forward, that the Indian officers could not have a real

grievance, because the change had created such great advance in emolument and promotion. So it did; but the radical character of the change was that it divided the officers of the Indian army into two great divisions, one of which, and the larger, benefited vastly, while the position of the other was made not only relatively, but absolutely, worse. It is this minority which has been making all the noise. The lucky half has been well satisfied enough with its new situation, and has naturally made no sign; but a wise administrator would have foreseen the difficulty as regards the others, and would not have waited for the operation of time to discover that a body of several hundred men put on the shelf and maintained in idleness, and superseded in pay and promotion by their more lucky comrades, would naturally employ their enforced leisure in grumbling. Had these superfluous officers been got rid of in the first instance on liberal terms, a large saving of pay would have been practicable, and we should have heard nothing whatever of grievances. There would have been none left with a pretext for complaint, and the

unseemly spectacle of a body of officers appealing for justice against their masters at the door of Parliament would never have occurred.

As to the future, we believe it is a mistake to think that the matter has been finally disposed of. Lord Cranborne has solved the immediately pressing problem, by admitting the men whom Lord Halifax had left out in the cold to the snug provisions of the staff corps; and this liberal act, it may be admitted, was the best, if not the only, solution of the difficulty possible. All the Indian army has now been advanced and benefited by the amalgamation, and the officers are left absolutely without cause of complaint. But the result is an army expensive in an extraordinary and very needless degree, organised on a most faulty and cumbersome plan. Sooner or later a knowledge of this will force itself on attention; and we venture to predict that, although the matter may be staved off for a season, a second and thorough re-organisation of that army will have to be undertaken before many years have passed away, as one of the measures arising out of Sir Charles Wood's administration of Indian affairs.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

THE last three volumes of Count de Montalembert's book* come in appropriately enough at this moment, when ecclesiastical affairs take up so much of the public time and thoughts. Ritualism, Pan-Anglicanism, and all the curious commotions which have lately stirred the Church of England, should do something to prepare an audience, fit and happily not few, for the story of that Church's origin. It is not a story, as told in these fascinating volumes, which English Churchmen will be disposed to endorse; but there are lessons in it which might not be without effect upon us all, were they duly considered, as well as an inalienable interest in the tale. The Anglican Church, which carries matters with so high a hand in these days, and is so much more sure of her own sacred claims than she has ever been before during her distinct and separate existence, is not indeed the Church whose beginnings M. de Montalembert relates, with his usual grace and enthusiasm. But his book, as being more generally diffusible among the mass of English readers, more attractive and more easily within reach than the great bulk of purely Catholic productions, may afford to some of them a new sensation. In Scotland of recent days many good people have been shocked and irritated by certain little attempts at priestly impertinence on the part of stray Anglicans towards the Church of Scotland; but none of these can approach the quiet and matter-of-fact contempt with which the most tolerant Roman Catholic treats the Church of England. To him, as to

ters little whether the figures beneath him are on a plain of a hundred or a thousand feet above the level. They are all so far from him that the distinction between themselves is nothing in his eyes. Never did Anglican bishop ignore the existence of the humble Dissenter with more lofty calm than the humblest preacher, the most unknown writer on the other side, ignores the Anglican hierarchy and all its pretensions. Those overtures of union, those stretchings out of hands towards their ancient Mother, which a small body in the Church of England have been making, evidently attract no response in her bosom. We may be to our own consciousness a long-descended, well-born National Church, with our apostolical succession and patents of nobility unbroken; but to her we are but a vulgar modern sect, one "denomination" among the many Protestant Dissenters upon most of whom we look down so loftily. The position is quaint, and full of unconscious, unintentional irony upon the modern temper of ecclesiastical England. The Church of England has separated herself from the Churches of the Reformation. She is disposed to consider herself a distinct offspring of the primitive Church, more enlightened and purer than the Roman and Eastern branches, but equally apostolical, ready to hold communion with her elders, who alone are her equals, and standing at an immeasurable distance above all the ecclesiastical developments of the Reformation. This position she holds stoutly; but the unfortunate circumstance is, that her elder sisters stand unconscious, and recognise no difference. To the

* 'The Monks of the West,' Vols. III., IV., V. 'The Conversion of England.' By the Count de Montalembert, Member of the French Academy. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Roman Catholic the whole Protestant world stands on the same level. There are no degrees to speak of within its bounds. The Scotch presbyter or the Dissenting minister is no worse and no better in his eyes than the Anglican clergyman, be he dean or bishop. It makes no difference. In the present position of affairs, the lesson thus taught may be not without advantage. It is one which is echoed by Roman Catholic opinion everywhere whenever it has a chance to express itself. Unless some wonderful change of mind should come about, of which at present there are no signs, any recognition of the peculiar claims of the Church of England by the Church of Rome, any step to meet her overtures, any union or communion between them, is simply impossible. It is more than impossible; judged from the Roman point of view, it is ridiculous, if not wicked. In this point, though to say so is a digression and abrupt departure from our immediate subject, M. de Montalembert's book, like every other Catholic book that has fallen under our observation, may be of special use at this moment to the Anglican ecclesiastical mind.

It is a narrative of the birth and early progress of a great, famous, and flourishing national Church—a Church full of vigour and expansive power, rich in this world, richer for the world to come, with many saints and many glories—a Church with distinct dates in its chronicles, showing when it was born, and when, nationally speaking, it died. It died, M. de Montalembert says, so far as nationality and general recognition was concerned. Our Bishops say it entered upon a new and purer phase of its life. For the latter doctrine we have our own opinion; for the former the belief of Roman Catholic Christendom. So far as our sins against Catholicism go, it is but natural that we should be tried by a Catholic jury—just as it

must be before honest men that every supposed transgressor of the eighth commandment must be arraigned. We say we are not guilty, but so does the thief; and after all it does not much matter what are the views of the culprit at the bar. Our jury is unanimous against us. We have good instincts, religious impulses, a national character which is worthy admiration (or horror); but we have no Church, no true teaching, no sacraments nor ordinances. We are wandering as sheep without a shepherd. It is worth while realising this as the genuine opinion about us of all good, all moderately good Catholics. The Roman Catholic Church regards our great and wealthy establishment with a contempt much more sincere and thorough than that with which the High-Church clergy south of the Tweed regard the poor but stout-constituted Scotch establishment. It seems extraordinary to us, but such is the case; and perhaps, taking this into consideration, it might be more worth our while to descend to the depths of what is meant by Catholicism, and try whether we could not get at the spirit, and leave off stretching out towards the letter and outward form of it, such unavailing hands.

M. de Montalembert's book is about an ecclesiastical corporation which, according to his idea, exists no longer; which attained its Golden Age in the seventh century, and came to a violent end under Henry VIII.; and which, being thus cut short nationally by a premature end, can be judged of with all its virtues and imperfections, as the dead are judged. It is not necessary to say that the history is eloquent and graceful, that it is full of picturesque details and admirable pictures, or that it overflows with a generous enthusiasm for all goodness, and sympathy for everything that is noble and natural, even in a race fallen out of the Roman pale. All these qualities are implied in

the name of the distinguished author; whether it is to be received with perfect reliance as well as hearty admiration, and whether its claims as history are as high as its claims as literature, is a question into which we will not now enter.

The story commences far away in the morning ages of Christianity, when even human nature, though in fact bearing the snows of many ages, seems young and fresh in the distance. Even our historian can make little of St Ninian and St David, of the Armorican Cadoc, and the holy Winifred whose well, more certain than her story, still bubbles up on the northern borders of Wales. They planted a problematical Christianity and lived a monastic life almost before the general world knew what Christianity and monasticism were, amid the wild yet (according to M. de Montalembert) melodious Gael. Our own poor barbarous progenitors, the Picts, get but few plaudits at his hands, but the Celts of Wales make a pretty picture in the foreground. This is how he describes that poetic people:—

“Nothing can describe them better than that provision of their ancient laws which forbids the seizure by justice in the house of any Welshman of three things—his sword, his harp, and one of his books; the harp and the book because in time of peace music and poetry were regarded as the best occupation of an honest and free man. From infancy, accordingly, all the Welsh cultivated these two arts, and especially music, with a universal and unwearying passion. It was the favourite form and gracious accompaniment of hospitality; choirs of singers everywhere offered a welcome to the traveller. From morning till night every house echoed with the sound of the harp and other instruments, played with a perfection which delighted the foreign listeners, who, however, were always struck, in the midst of the skilful exercises of musical ability, by the constant recurrence of sweet and melancholy chords, in which, as in the music of Ireland, the candid genius and cruel destiny of the Celtic races seemed to be reflected.”

In such a harmonious world lived the holy Archbishop Dubricius, who crowned King Arthur in 516; but naturally there is little known about this pontiff, though he is reported to have founded a great monastery in Cambria, and to have preached to as many as a thousand hearers. We cannot, however, linger on the faint figures appearing through the mist, to whom not even the skill of M. de Montalembert can give life or reality. The first true portrait on his canvass comes before us boldly with a certain human solidity about it, which identifies the man as flesh and blood. It is the form of Columba, the first great missionary of the British Isles, which thus rises out of the obscurity, not a dove as the name imports, nor even possessing many saintly qualities, at least in the first part of his life; but a fine genuine pugnacious hot-headed and somewhat shifty Irishman, proving the unchangeableness of race by his strongly marked national features, as well as do those Saxons whose riding and foxhunting M. de Montalembert takes such pleasure in remarking. Columba was of royal race, and in the line of direct succession, so that he too might have been king, as kings were in those days among the turbulent tribes of the Island of Saints. Notwithstanding the curious optimism with which chiefs and clans, whole masses of people, seem to have precipitated themselves into the monkish ranks, as who should say, “Here is the best thing—let us all seize upon it,” the state of the country does not seem to have been paradisiacal. Monastic foundations were innumerable, but rapine and murder, fire and flame, intestine struggles of the most violent kind, prevailed everywhere. The government, such as it was, was in the hands of provincial kings, professedly subordinate to a general suzerain. But “nothing,” M. de Montalembert admits, “was more contested or more stormy than this

suzerainship. It was incessantly disputed by some one of the vassal kings, who often succeeded by a pitched battle in depriving the supreme sovereign of his crown and life, and replacing him on the throne of Tara, with the almost certain chance of being himself treated in the same fashion by the son of the dethroned monarch." This wild *régime* did not, however, as it appears, disagree with the race; and the life of the monks, who formed so large a portion of the population, seems to have been, on the whole, a pleasant enough life. The pretty incidents of the youth of Columba which are herein recorded—his mother's dream of the angel who brought her a veil embroidered with brilliant flowers, as a token that her child was to bloom for heaven—his own visions of angels, guardian and symbolical—though very charming and very harmonious with the idea of a meek and gentle youth devoted to the cloister from his birth, do not accord, it must be confessed, with the early manhood of the adventurous young abbot, who was full of chivalrous tastes and athletic inclinations, full of sentiment and poetry, the love of books, and boats, and horses, fond of travel, enthusiastic about literature, and very fond of his own way. The young man has no conventional features of sanctity about him, but looks marvellously like the *beau chevalier* of all ages. Before he was twenty-five he had established, it is said, thirty-seven monasteries in Ireland. His favourite spot was Derry, where he watched with care, his historian tells us, over the discipline and studies of his community, and also over the preservation of the forest. He would allow no oak to be cut down. "Dear Derry, dear little oak-grove," sings the young poet. And he speaks of the angels that come and go under every leaf of the oaks, and of the salt sea where the sea-gulls scream. Nature is sweet to him, and the

boat in which he comes back from afar, and the quiet of the cell under his oaks; but there is not much about the studies of his community. When minstrels passed that way they were brought in to sing before the young abbot and his monks, "and the latter reproached him energetically if he permitted one of these wandering poets to depart without having asked to hear some of his chants, accompanied by his harp." At the same time, the ardent young soul thirsted to try everything, and have everything, that was held excellent and glorious. He made an attempt at Latin poetry, and he got into sad trouble, and changed the whole tenor of his life, by a refined and enlightened covetousness in respect to books.

"He went everywhere," says M. de Montalembert, "in search of books to borrow or copy, often experiencing refusals, which he resented bitterly. There was then in Ossory, in the southwest, a holy, very learned recluse, doctor in laws and philosophy, named Longarad with the white legs, because in walking barefoot, his legs, which were covered with white hair, were visible. Columba having gone to visit him, asked leave to examine his books. The old man gave him a direct refusal; then Columba burst forth into denunciations. 'May thy books no longer do thee any good, neither to thee nor to those who come after thee, since thou takest occasion by them to show thy inhospitality.' The curse was heard, according to the legend. As soon as Longarad died, his books became unintelligible. They still exist, says an author of the ninth century, but no man can read them."

The incident which had so great an effect upon his life is scarcely less whimsical. His former tutor, Finnian, who has also a place in the calendar, possessed a certain copy of the Psalter which attracted Columba's admiration. And on the occasion of a visit paid to this monk, "our saint found means to make a clandestine and hurried copy . . . by shutting himself up at night in the church where the Psalter was deposited." Heaven lent its aid to the theft in a way which M. de Monta-

lembert does not seem to think extraordinary, by supplying Columba with supernatural light, "which escaped from his left hand while he wrote with his right." This piece of dishonesty was of the most villainous kind, for the value of the MS. of course lay in its unique character; notwithstanding which all the unseen powers helped the daring young robber. His unlawful labours were discovered by a passer-by, who, surprised to see light in the church at such an hour, peeped in at the keyhole, but was punished for his impious curiosity by a crane, which suddenly tore out his eye. Notwithstanding these signs of heavenly favour, Finnian, not unnaturally, was angry at such a breach of hospitality, and claimed the copy "on the ground that a copy made without permission ought to belong to the master of the original, seeing that the transcription is the son of the original." Columba refused to give up his book, and the question was referred to King Diarmid or Dermott, the supreme monarch of Ireland, and a kinsman of Columba. This potentate pronounced against the young abbot, who was enraged by the judgment, and, denouncing the king in the plainest language, was naturally pursued by his soldiers, and fled before them over the hills into his native province. "As he went upon his lonely way," says M. de Montalembert, with that beautiful indifference to the causes of the fugitive's flight which is to be remarked in the historians of the saints, "his soul found utterance in a pious song." The song, no doubt, is pious, and full of that strong conviction that the singer is one of God's elect, and his adversary the enemy of goodness, which is another remarkable and most sustaining element in saintly troubles. Singing his song of trust, Columba fled over the hills, breathing fire and flame, to rouse every chief and fighting man over whom he had any influence, against the king who had

deprived him of his book; and betook himself to fasting and prayer, while the clans gathered "to obtain from heaven the punishment of the royal insolence." Besides these spiritual means of securing the victory, he was himself present on the battle-field, justifying the quarrel, and taking upon himself the responsibility of the bloodshed. The offending king was punished to his heart's content, and this outburst of passion and vengeance became the turning-point of Columba's career.

For it is apparent that public opinion existed in force sufficient to bring the impetuous young abbot-prince to a sense of his shortcomings. He was summoned before a synod to answer for the shedding of Christian blood, and summarily excommunicated even before he could appear at its tribunal. When he did appear, however, he was received with a fraternal embrace by the saintly abbot, Brendan, who declared that he saw a pillar of fire going before the excommunicated, and angels accompanying him, and that he dared not disdain a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to eternal life. The sentence of excommunication was consequently withdrawn, with the touching condition that Columba should win as many souls to Christ as had fallen in the battle. Thus his career was determined. He was afterwards seized with compunctions, and wandered from solitude to solitude, seeking counsel and help, though not without impulses of self-defence. One of his confessors gave the necessary point to the judgment of the synod by condemning him to perpetual banishment. None of his friends seem to have attempted to detain him, for even in so disturbed a country the presence of a firebrand like Columba, handsome, daring, fierce, and unscrupulous, with all the weight of royal race and priestly influence, must have been dangerous to all concerned. He went away accordingly with

twelve disciples, leaving for ever the country to which, with all the impetuosity of his character, he was attached—to wander among the wild maze of the Hebridean isles, and plant a little centre of Christianity, world-renowned, and of incalculable influence upon the succeeding age.

We are tempted to quote the sketch of these islands, “placed far amid the melancholy main,” with which our historian prefaces his narrative of Columba’s mature career. The colours are dark, the tones sombre, the touches of light few. Perhaps the gloom of the scene, the solemn roar of the sea, the half-seen mountains, and dark retiring lochs, will suggest to the reader that the landscape, which is undeniably solemn in its character, has not been seen by the accomplished traveller on one of those “rare days when the sun—that pale sun of the North—gives life to these shores.” It is one of the most aggravating features in our uncertain climate, that those rare days are so often left to the enjoyment of the natives, and that the stranger, to every patriotic showman or showwoman’s intense discomfiture, has generally no such good fortune. When such days come we do not complain of our sun that he is pale. He is pathetic; there is in his great eye something like a gleam of regret that he sees the scene so seldom; but from the beginning of the day, from the first peep of the morning over the hills, one perceives that he means to make the most of it. The way in which he lingers over all those far-withdrawing ridges, catching the gleams of water deep down among their windings, the flash of the mountain waterfall, the glimmer even of a bit of flint on the mountain side; the white soft dissolving mists which he calls forth from the watery nooks; the Iris-garment of rainbows which he trails along the surface of the hill, when by times a bright sudden shower plunges out of the sky,—these are

features with which the islander is familiar, but which do not occur to the imagination of the traveller who has seen the lone Hebridean seas under their greyest and gloomiest aspect. But Columba probably did not feel the landscape so gloomy as he coasted the dark shores of Mull in his coracle, and steered among the islands. A pretty, pathetic story is told of his landing. The first island he lighted on was not Iona, but Oronsay, from a hill on which Ireland was visible, a distant speck on the horizon. This was more than the exile could bear. He took to his boat again, and when he had reached Iona mounted instantly to its highest point. Here there was no farther spectre of the beloved land to tantalise him; and when he had gazed wistfully into the horizon, and found Ireland invisible, he decided to take up his abode in Iona. The cairn on the spot is still called *Carn cul ri Erin*, the back turned on Erin—words full of pathetic satisfaction, and a love beyond the usual energy of patriotism. It was for this that Columba chose his new home. And there was no doubt a wistful pleasure more supportable than actual sight in gazing upon the sea which concealed his native island. “What joy,” he sings, “to fly upon the white-crested sea, and to watch the waves break on the Irish shore! what joy to row the little bark and land among the whitening foam on the Irish shore!” But yet, amid all this pathos, it is still the fierce Columba of yore who wails over his lost country. “All is dear to him in Ireland *except the princes who reign there.*” His lost Psalter, and the unjustifiable disturbance made about it, still rankles at his heart.

A change, however, passed upon the character of the exiled abbot with his transfer to this bleak and novel scene. He developed into the kind of preacher so well known among his countrymen. He was impetuous, self-willed, self-denying,

caring nothing for circumstances, contemptuous of ease, with a fiery eloquence at his command, and ready tears. "These tears became the most eloquent part of his preaching," his biographer adds, with pleasant unconsciousness. His was not the kind of soul which is chary of trouble or pain, slow to feel, or diffident to utter. His emotions lay on the surface, and were always ready to spring forth. No sooner was he settled in Iona in his rude hut built of planks, than monks and neophytes crowded round him. So far as appears, they were mostly countrymen of his own—Irishmen or Dalriadian Scots, members of a colony which had already taken possession of the dark Caledonia—although we are also told that "they came from the north and south of Britain, and even from the midst of the still heathen Saxons." However that may be, the simple records, which give the facts and little else, and go into no disquisitions about growth and progress, soon reveal the existence of a crowded shifting population upon the desert isle—showing the tilling of the sterile fields, the scanty crops gathered in, the cows driven to the thin pasturage; and at the same time opening to us strange glimpses of the stormy sea alive with boats, and the bristling rocky islets round changed into, here a hermitage and there a community of novices. Scores of hardy adventurers ready for any fate, and all subject with an absoluteness unknown in any secular community to Columba's sway, were thus prepared to aid him in his mission. They were chiefly men to whom the sea was as familiar as any highway, to whom danger and hardship were everyday accidents, whose faith was utterly beyond reason, and who could give the rude but supreme homage of obedience, that grand quality of the savage, to their chief.

This crowd produced an immediate, material, and palpable ex-

tension of Christianity, such as it would be impossible to gainsay. It is not said that they set about instantly to preach to the heathen, but they multiplied so prodigiously within themselves that it was necessary to send out colonies on all sides. The foundation of three hundred monasteries and churches is imputed by tradition to Columba, a hundred of which were in the islands or neighbouring mainland of Caledonia. "And modern learning," says M. de Montalembert, "has discovered and registered the existence of ninety churches, whose origin goes back to Columba, and to all, or almost all, of which, according to the custom of the time, monastic communities must have been attached. Traces of fifty-three of these churches remain still in modern Scotland." This, it will be perceived, was a way of spreading Christianity much more efficacious than the mere temporary voice of a preacher addressing a savage race. The Dalriadian Scots, who had taken possession half a century before of the western shore of Scotland, were Columba's immediate neighbours, and he had over them the influence which naturally belonged to a son of their old kings, increased, no doubt, by certain national prejudices, if no more, in favour of Christianity, which was the special distinction of their mother island. They were his neighbours, and no doubt furnished a great part of his docile and hardy ecclesiastical clan; but the ruder Picts were his true field of labour. The little coracle which he celebrates in his songs went bravely over the stormy sound, and up the dark lochs into the fastnesses of the mountain country where those painted men abode. What is now the Caledonian Canal was explored by the stout adventurers, not for the sake of science, but for the sake of souls. They went up Loch Ness to the fortress of the Pictish king, who shut his royal gates upon them. But it is not thus that a saint is to

be eluded. Columba went up to the gateway, made the sign of the cross upon the gates, and they rolled open before him. He went among them singing psalms in the sonorous Latin, which was no more, nor less, intelligible to them than his native tongue. He met their violence with a dauntless countenance, and, as his biographer asserts, with the constant aid of miracle. The difficulties about him only roused his spirit. When the native medicine-men made noises to drown the sound of his address, the brave abbot lifted up his voice in stentorian tones. "My heart is inditing a good matter," "*Eruclavit cor meum verbum bonum*"—chanted forth the dauntless Irishman, and reduced his adversaries to silence, making even the king himself "tremble before him." His sermons might have to be translated, but the tears already noted as a feature in his eloquence needed no translation; neither did the ready impulsive kindness—the equally impulsive acts of arbitrary justice which so great a missionary had in his power. And the Picts and Scots believed his miracles whether we do so or not. Another feature much less general shows us a certain breadth in Columba's character which is very honourable to his nature. While he preached the new faith, he was yet aware of and acknowledged the natural virtues which existed here and there among his heathen neighbours.

"While thus preaching faith and the grace of God by the voice of an interpreter, he at the same time recognised, admired, and proclaimed among those savage tribes the lights and virtues of the law of nature. He discovered the rays of its radiance in many an unknown hearer, by the help of that supernatural gift which enabled him to read the secrets of the heart, and to penetrate the darkness of the future; a gift which developed itself more and more in him as his apostolical career went on. One day while labouring in his evangelical work in the principal island of the Hebrides, he cried out all at once, 'My sons, to-day you will see an aged Pictish

chief, who has kept faithfully, all his life, the precepts of the natural law, arrive in this island; he comes to be baptised and to die.' Immediately after a boat was seen to approach the shore with a feeble old man seated in the prow, who was recognised as the chief of one of the neighbouring tribes. . . . At a later date in one of his last missions . . . he said to the disciples who accompanied him, 'Let us make haste and meet the angels who have come down from heaven, and who wait for us beside a Pict who has done well according to the natural law during his whole life to extreme old age; we must baptise him before he dies.'"

This liberality of mind lifts Columba above the level of his time, and stands in singular contrast with the passionate sympathies and animosities of race which also characterised him. When war was in hand—and it was continually in hand in these chaotic times—his whole soul went forth to the combat. "From the far distance of his desert isle he fought along with his kindred in heart and mind as of old he had aided them in person. He breathed from afar the air of battle. . . . One day towards the end of his life, being alone with Diarmid his minister (as the monk attached to his personal service was called) he cried out all at once, 'The bell! let the bell be rung instantly!' The bell of the modest monastery was nothing better than one of the little square bells made of beaten iron, which are still shown in Irish museums, exactly similar to those which are worn by the cattle in Spain and the Jura. At its sound the monks hastened to throw themselves on their knees around their father. 'Now,' said he, 'let us pray—let us pray with intense fervour, for our people and for King Aidan, for at this very moment the battle has begun between them and the barbarians.' When their prayers had lasted some time, he said, 'Behold, the barbarians flee! Aidan is victorious!'"

Happily these were days when no man had any doubt that his side of the quarrel was the one

favoured by heaven. Columba's mission became so important, and his position so influential, that his sacred sanction was appealed to, to consecrate a new king; thus inaugurating, M. de Montalembert adds, "not only a new kingdom, but a new rite, which became at a later date the most august solemnity of Christian national life." This consecration was performed, according to tradition, on the Black Stone of Scone, now in Westminster Abbey. In his capacity as a great national influence, Columba was also employed on a mission to Ireland, to obtain remission of a certain tribute demanded by the mother country from the Dalriadan colony. Reasons of state thus broke the bond of his religious vow never to revisit his native island. The revolutionary and fire-brand monk, between whom and themselves laymen and ecclesiastics alike had been grateful to put the stormy sea, returned to his native country as a great power, the ambassador of a powerful colony, a personage of the highest influence both in his adopted land and in the mother isle. He was evidently the greatest figure in the parliament at which he appeared; and not only obtained the remission of tribute, which was his special mission, but, with his usual energy, threw himself headlong into Irish affairs as well, doing his country the doubtful service of interfering in behalf of the bards, a body which had swelled into extraordinary proportions, and filled the agitated and excitable island with a swarm of idle poetasters, inciters of mischief and fomenters of quarrel. The Irish king had proposed their abolition as an order, and "the banishment, even outlawry, if not, as some say, the massacre, of all the bards." Columba, himself a poet—an exile, not apt to be injured by their influence—and inspired by the splendid meddlesomeness which is the natural attribute of such a man, threw himself into the breach

in their defence, and saved them; a good work for which he was rewarded by the universal laudation of the minstrel craft, and by the special composition of a poem called the 'Ambhra, or Praise of St Columbcille.' This 'Ambhra' came to be so popular that at a later date it was believed "that even great sinners, without either conversion or penitence, had only to sing the 'Ambhra of Columbcille' every day in order to be saved." A corrupt ecclesiastic, however, "who desired to be saved without making any change in his conduct," was punished in a whimsical way. He "succeeded in learning the half of the 'Ambhra,' but never could remember the other half. It was in vain that he made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint, fasted, prayed, and spent the entire night in efforts to impress it on his memory. The next morning he found that, though he had at length succeeded in learning the latter half, he had completely forgotten the first."

Having once broken his vow as to visiting Ireland, Columba made repeated visits to his beloved country, and was received with an enthusiasm which shows how entirely the tide had turned in his favour. The monks crowded to meet him wherever he went, prostrating themselves on the ground at his feet. "An ancient author even goes so far as to say that on the occasion of his return and prolonged stay in his native country, he was invested with a sort of general supremacy over all the religious in Ireland, both monks and nuns."

Our space forbids to enter more fully into the many naïve and graphic details of the primitive, adventurous, stirring life of the Abbot of Iona. The existence of the monks in these days was anything but a dull or languid one. They explored the stormy sea, plunging in their frail vessels into the unknown depths of ocean, meeting the storms bravely, landing on un-

known islets, penetrating as far as Iceland itself it is said, finding out in the wild enclosure of waters the Shetland and the Farøe Islands, upon which latter they left signs of their visit in the shape of Celtic books, crosses, and bells. During these daring voyages, the father of the great monastic family watched, as tradition loves to tell, over his children. When they were in special danger his prayers saved them. Sometimes taught by his supernatural intuition that something was amiss with the wanderers, he sounded the humble monastery bell, and gathering his monks about him, continued on his knees till the wind changed, or some other sign of deliverance made itself apparent. Such touching conceptions of the fatherly office, the nearest approach to a just understanding of the Christian idea of a heavenly Father, but which, to tell the truth, make the heavenly Father almost unnecessary, abound in this narrative. Besides his religious character, Columba was also the leader of his great community in every kind of beneficial temporal work. He made the brackish fountains sweet, and called forth new ones by a stroke of his crosier, the legend says; and lowered the cataracts of a river that the salmon might ascend, and turned the sour crab-apples into wholesome fruit. All which benevolent miracles M. de Montalembert willingly allows to have been no doubt produced by the purely natural exercise of skill and the resources of superior knowledge. As Columba grew older his character softened more and more; angels flocked about him like birds, as in the days of his youth; his generous impetuosity of impulse melted into perpetual tenderness; he made peace in households; he prayed for everybody; he blessed everybody and everything—the island, the fields, the patient cattle, his old white horse, with whom he was found a few days before his death. The

animal “came and put his head on his master’s shoulder, as if to take leave of him. The eyes of the old horse had an expression so pathetic that they seemed to be bathed in tears. Diarmid would have sent the animal away, but the good old man forbade him. ‘The horse loves me,’ he said; ‘leave him with me; let him weep for my departure. The Creator has revealed to this poor animal what He hath hidden from thee, a reasonable man.’” And thus, his last days filled with supernatural intimations of what was about to happen to himself and to others, he died at last, full of serene and radiant joy.

“We have lingered perhaps too long,” says M. de Montalembert, “on the grand form of this monk, rising up before us in the midst of the Hebridean sea, who for the third part of a century spread over those sterile isles and gloomy distant shores a pure and fertilising light. To select the most marked and graphic incidents from the general tissue of his life, and those most fit to unfold that which attracts the modern reader—that is, his personal character and influence upon contemporary events—from a world of minute details having almost exclusive reference to matters supernatural or ascetical, has been no easy task. But when this is done, it becomes comparatively easy to represent to ourselves the tall old man, with his fine and regular features, his sweet and powerful voice, the Irish tonsure high on his shaven head, and his long locks falling behind, clothed with his monastic cowl, and seated at the prow of his coracle, steering through the misty archipelago and narrow lakes of the north of Scotland, and bearing from isle to isle and from shore to shore, light, justice, and truth, the life of the conscience and that of the soul.”

From St Columba to St Wilfrid is a long stride, and one which involves much change, not only of scene and time, but of conditions. Our space compels us to pass over much that is both valuable and interesting, for which, however, our readers will consult the book itself. The narrative of the immense extent and influence of the minis-

trations of Columba and his followers—the metropolitan character assumed by Iona, the head of a crowd of religious establishments—the evangelisation of the northern half of Britain by their means—and the altogether pious and Christian, but very bloody and horrible, state of Ireland, the island of saints, under the powerful influence of the family of Columbkille, will furnish most readers with curious information conveyed in the most attractive way. From this branch of his subject, however, the author passes to tell us of Pope Gregory, of the bright-haired Saxon boys in the market-place, the holy father's pun upon Angli and Angeli, the departure of Augustin and his band of monks, and all the fluctuations of that, on the whole, ill-fated mission. There are many charming details woven into the story. One of the most beautiful, which we cannot refrain from quoting, is a speech made by one of the Anglo-Saxon chiefs, consulted by Edwin of Northumbria as to whether he should or should not hear the new preachers:—

“You remember, perhaps,” he said to the king, “what sometimes happens in the winter evenings. Whilst you are at supper with your ealdormen and thanes, while the good fire burns within, and it rains and snows, and the wind howls without, a sparrow enters at one door and flies out quickly at the other. During that rapid passage it is sheltered from the rain and cold; but after that brief and pleasant moment it disappears, and from winter returns to winter again. Such seems to me to be the life of man, and his career—but a brief moment between that which goes before and that which follows after, and of which we know nothing. If, then, the new doctrine can teach us something certain, it deserves to be followed.”

This true but pensive thinker is nameless. We fear that there are many of his descendants nowadays who would give the same account of this mysterious existence, without having much hope in any explanation. The mission of Augustin had many temporary successes,

but fell by degrees and shrank into nothingness, in a way indeed for which it is difficult to account, considering the fervour of the nation very shortly after, when it had once entered into the number of Christian nations. M. de Montalembert does his best for Augustin, but he cannot do much. Nothing can make the first missionary of England interesting, or throw around his saintly and injudicious weak-mindedness the characteristic light that shines about Columba, or even the interest which attaches to his successor Wilfrid. Augustin's companions seem to have been weak and insignificant like himself, of no particular character; no doubt good men, but unfit for the rude task and frequent rebuffs they had to meet with. And they seem to have made no bold attempt upon the people, but to have moored themselves on princely favour, a very uncertain anchor always, and doubly so among the sons of Hengist, whose gods were their fathers, and among whom the influence of Odin and Thor, congenial deities, was always ready to crop up again to the confusion of their missionary guides. Augustin and his followers laboured for thirty-six years, now and then mounting to the very height of apparent success, but at length gradually falling into powerlessness, till nothing was left to them except their central establishment at Canterbury, a metropolitan see without any suffragans, a primacy with no Church to sway, a forlorn, and, as it seemed, futile monument of evangelical zeal.

“Nevertheless,” says M. de Montalembert, “except the supernatural courage which seeks or braves martyrdom, no virtue seems to have been wanting in them. No witness, no suspicion ever rises against the unconquerable charity of their souls, the fervent sincerity of their faith, the irreproachable purity of their morals, the glorious disinterestedness, the unwearied activity, the constant self-denial, and the austere piety of their life.”

After the failure of Augustin, the land lay fallow and in darkness for about a dozen years, with one little stationary light in Canterbury, and perhaps some smouldering embers here and there among the heathen darkness. The beginning of the last and really effectual mission was brought about by King Oswald of Northumbria, who, during his youth, had been an exile in the northern part of Britain, the country of the Scots and Picts, which Columba and his monks had made Christian. As soon as he had secured his seat on the throne, he called to him the priests by whom he had himself been taught and baptised. Thus the Celtic monks came in like a flood among the Saxon conquerors; and whether by dint of greater perseverance and boldness, or a natural fellow-feeling, succeeded ultimately in their difficult task. The Saxons caught to a great degree the contagion which had run like wildfire among the Irish. They did not themselves, it is true, embrace monastic life with the same lavish self-abandonment; but they emulated each other in founding monasteries, in giving grants of land, and in protecting and patronising certain of their saintly visitors. The coast of Northumbria became dotted with great monasteries, of which Lindisfarne was the first and most important. These monasteries were, in the first place, crowded with Celtic monks, and the Christianity of the newly-converted nation rose into being within the trammels of a nationality very unlike its own, wearing, as far as it was possible, upon its large, loose, Teutonic limbs the absolute and inelastic garments of the Celt. There are so many features of difference between the two races, and the new converts were themselves so full of life, daring, and originality, and so unlikely to deck themselves in the vestments of other men, that a reaction naturally followed. The Celtic monks died or grew old.

Young Saxons, learning for the first time the delights of education, learned too to adopt the new vocation, the life of quietness, labour, prayer, and learning which was offered to them by the cloister. Thus, no doubt, gradually a change came over the scene, and Wilfrid, at once the offspring and the cause of this silent revolution, arose upon it, the second great figure in the national tale. Nothing can be more unlike the primitive form of Columba than that of the great Saxon bishop, who, though he had no claims to be called the apostle of his country, was at least the man who shaped it into Catholicism. The character of Wilfrid possesses as little meekness, as small a portion of evangelical humility and gentleness, as that of his predecessor. He is not unlike him in respect of being more Christian; but, notwithstanding the comparatively short interval of time—not more than a century—between them, the difference between the primitive man and the product of civilisation and ecclesiasticism could not well be more marked. Columba was a wild Irishman, simple and impassioned; fierce as a savage, yet plaintive as a child, obedient to all natural impulses, and even in his monastic cowl more of a prince than a monk. The first and greatest point in Wilfrid's character, on the contrary, is not his nationality or individuality, but the stamp of churchman impressed upon it with a distinctness remarkable at so early a period. In him, too, there are lively passions and strong self-will; but, above all, he is an ecclesiastic, the officer of a corporation, a member of a hierarchy, a subject yet a despot, one of the earliest yet most remarkable examples of the lordly Churchman of the middle ages.

He was of high birth like Columba, and like him was ushered into the world by signs of coming greatness. In his case one of these miraculous indications was very

characteristic. The house in which he was born suddenly appeared as if wrapt in flames; the neighbours in alarm rushed to extinguish them, but were met by the attendants, who calmed their fears. It was no fire, but the light which surrounded the new-born infant—the child who was destined to set all Northumbria, and almost all England, ablaze. When he was very young he devoted himself to the priesthood in a picturesque way, presenting himself a boyish esquire, a kind of pious Cherubin, to King Oswy, to obtain his consent to his vocation. The young queen, charmed by the boy, took him under her special protection, and it was at Lindisfarne that he was trained in his monastic duties. He had all the power of fascination which so generally accompanies such a character, and in the first freshness of his youth seemed to have attracted the enthusiasm of everybody he came in contact with. But even at so early an age the budding ecclesiastic, looking about in the dim fresh morning world, perceived a certain shadow as of a larger and mightier Church beyond the severe Celtic model, with which alone he was acquainted; and in his ambitious soul conceived the idea of going to the fountainhead—to Rome itself, and ascertaining what were the laws and usages there. Such a project had never before dawned upon an Anglo-Saxon mind. The unsuspecting monks of Lindisfarne, who probably knew not at all what fancies the boy had in his fertile brain, encouraged him in the pilgrimage which was destined to bring so much confusion and disturbance among themselves. Everybody, in short, furthered the adventurous project; and with commendations and encouragements from both kings and priests, the young Saxon, warily declining to commit himself by taking any vows or receiving any tonsure in the mean time, set out upon his way, though not without making a

previous study of the ways of the Roman establishment at Canterbury. “He took the trouble to substitute, in his happy and accommodating memory, the fifth edition of the old version of the Psalter, then used at Rome, for the version corrected by St Jerome, which he had learned by heart at Lindisfarne, and which was then used in the Celtic Church, in the Churches of the Gauls, and in Germany.” He travelled in company with another young Saxon, afterwards known as Benedict Biscop, the founder of the Abbey of Monkwearmouth—the first dilettante, artist, architect, and bookworm, of Saxon England, with whose lighter temperament, however, Wilfrid did not long accord. Always bent on his one object, he paused at Lyons with the Archbishop Delphinus, winning the heart of that prelate by the way, doubtless to investigate the customs of his Church. Delphinus was so worldly-minded as to tempt, it appears, the handsome young Saxon from his vocation. He offered to adopt him as his son, to give him his niece in marriage, and to make him governor of a neighbouring province. Wilfrid, however, resisted this snare. When he arrived in Rome, the young pilgrim visited diligently, as young English pilgrims, pious or otherwise, are still apt to do, all the churches and sanctuaries of that melancholy metropolis of the world, beginning with the Church of St Andrew, from which Augustine came. On his way back from this pilgrimage he again paused at Lyons, and there received the orthodox tonsure—not that of the Celts, which consisted in shaving the front and crown of the head—but the tonsure of St Peter, which was intended to copy the crown of thorns. Bearing this startling mark of his superior orthodoxy upon him, he returned to England, evidently with that delightful readiness to stand up against the world for his new doctrine, which

is evermore, heaven be praised, a characteristic of youth. It seems a pity that it should only have been about a fashion of hairdressing, and the date of a feast, that Wilfrid exhibited so much heroism, and wrought so much mischief to himself and others. He was the first ritualist of the English Church. Let us be thankful that his humble imitators among ourselves have not so much in their power.

He went back, not content with his own superiority, a violent propagandist, as was natural, at the height of youthful arrogance, with all his new lights and bloom of travel and experience upon him. The young coadjutor-king, Alchfrid, was seized with sudden enthusiasm for the splendid young monk with his bran-new Roman tonsure, and hastened to put him at the head of a great monastic establishment. The one chosen was the Monastery of Ripon, which had been lately founded and put into the possession of a certain Abbot Eata, with a community of Celtic monks. They were not dispossessed rudely, or in any discourteous way. On the contrary, all that was asked of them was, that they should give up their national tonsure, and celebrate Easter on the day fixed by Rome. The soul of the Celt rose against these requirements; rather than submit they were ready to abandon everything—monastery and lands. When they went out Wilfrid triumphant marched in. Everything was in his favour. He had the affection of the young king to back him; and, M. de Montalembert adds, "was almost as dear to the people as to their king." He had in his power besides an admirable means of obtaining popularity. "He employed the gifts of his friend in obedience to the generous impulses of his heart, and distributed abundant alms." In short, for the moment he carried everything before him. Up to that period nobody had been particularly excited about the la-

mentable Easter question, which now became a bone of contention throughout Northumbria. It had been no doubt a matter of personal inconvenience and awkwardness; and nowhere more so than in the royal household, where Queen Eanfleda, under the direction of her Roman confessor, kept the Roman Easter, while her husband, Oswy, trained and educated by the Celts, naturally obeyed the precepts of his masters. "Two Easter feasts, says M. de Montalembert, "were thus held yearly in the same house; and as the Saxon kings had transferred to the principal holidays of the Christian year, and especially to the greatest of Christian feasts, the assembling of their parliaments, and the occasion these assemblies gave them for the display of their pomp, it is easy to understand how disagreeable it must have been for Oswy to seat himself with his earls and thanes to celebrate the great festival of Easter at the end of a long and wearisome Lent, and to see his queen, with her maids of honour and other attendants, persist in fasting and penance, it being, according to her calendar, only Palm Sunday."

This inconvenience, however, had been submitted to as a matter of course, as so many inconveniences are, until the revolutionary arose, who made it seem intolerable. Various mild attempts had been already made to raise it into a question between the Churches; but hitherto they had met with no success. Canterbury, too feeble or too indifferent to take any trouble in the matter, made no sign; and even when Wilfrid's agitation began, gave the champion no assistance. The Roman Church throughout the whole controversy maintained an attitude of "exemplary moderation." The mission of Wilfrid was voluntary, imposed upon him neither by Pope nor bishop. His very tonsure, the banner of his crusade, was given him, not at Rome, but at Lyons, among the

congenial Gauls. Rome, so far from treating such illustrious Celtic dissenters as Columba and Aidan as heretics or schismatics, had crowned their shaven brows with the halo of canonisation. Wilfrid took the matter up at his own hand.

And "it is evident," our historian adds, "that under the external form of a purely ritualistic controversy a question of personal and political influence was hidden. The previous greatness of Wilfrid and his ambitious fervour must have called forth many hostile feelings among the clergy and nobility of Northumbria: his pretensions, which seemed rash innovations, must have wounded a newly converted people, naturally disposed to attach great importance to the external forms of the new worship. But it was especially a struggle of race. On one side the Celtic spirit, proud, independent, and impassioned, of which the great Abbot of Iona was the type, and which was then represented by the apostles of Northumbria, his sons; on the other, the Roman influence, the spirit of discipline and authority imperfectly personified by the first missionaries, Augustin and Paulinus, but endowed with a very different degree of vigour and energetic propagandism, since an Anglo-Saxon of the character of Wilfrid constituted himself its champion. England was the stake of this game. The future of Christianity, so laboriously planted in the island, depended on it."

The first public event in this controversy was the Council or Parliament of Whitby, one of the national assemblies usual among the Saxons, in which the lay and clerical elements were combined. It was held in or close by the great Monastery of Whitby, of which St Hilda, a princess of the royal race, and devoted partisan of the Celtic rites, was abbess. All the great community which she represented and which included a monastery of monks as well as of nuns, according to a curious custom of the time, were on the Celtic side of the question, as was King Oswy, Colman, the only bishop then existing in Northumbria, with all his clergy, and Cedd, the bishop of the East Saxons. On the other side was the young coadjutor-king Alchfrid; a

certain wandering Frankish bishop called Agilbert, who had been bishop of Wessex, but had lost his diocese from the very just but amusing reason that the king got tired of listening to sermons which he could not understand, and set up for himself a bishop who preached in the Saxon tongue; the queen's confessor, Romanus; a deacon, James, the sole remnant of the Roman mission in Northumbria; and Wilfrid, who of course was in himself the whole strength of the party. After much discussion, the controversy came thus for the moment to a climax. The argument on the Celtic side, that the Celtic tonsure and Easter celebration must be right because maintained by Columba and his successors, was thus triumphantly met by Wilfrid:—

"As regards your father Columba," says the fiery young Saxon, with that contempt for every unknown greatness which unfortunately has continued to be characteristic of Saxons both young and old, "his disciples and their miracles, I might reply that at the day of judgment many will say to our Lord that they have done miracles in His name, to whom He will answer that He knows them not. But God forbid that I should speak thus of your father! it is much better when we are ignorant to believe good rather than evil. I do not deny that they were servants of God and beloved by God. I believe that they loved Him in their rustic simplicity, with pious intentions. I do not believe that their error in respect to Easter has injured them as long as no instructor had come to teach them the more perfect way. If a Catholic calculator had presented himself to them, I believe that they would have followed his counsel as they followed the commandments of God which they knew. But you will certainly sin if, after having heard the decrees of the Apostolic See, and even of the universal Church, confirmed by Holy Scripture, you despise them. Admitting even the holiness of your father, how is it possible to prefer this handful of saints in the corner of a distant isle, to the Church spread over the whole earth? In short, as for your Columba (and I will willingly add our Columba, in so much as he was a servant of Christ), holy and powerful as he may have been by his miracles of virtue, can

he be preferred to the blessed prince of Apostles, to whom our Lord said, '*Thou art Peter*, and upon this stone I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: and I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven?'

"The Saxon king then said to his bishop, 'Is it true, Colman, that these words were said to Peter by our Lord?' 'It is true, O king,' answered the bishop. 'Can you show me,' said the king, 'a similar authority given to your Columba?' 'No,' said the bishop. 'You are then agreed,' continued the king, 'that the keys of heaven were given to Peter by our Lord?' 'Yes,' replied both the adversaries in the same breath. 'Then,' said the king, 'I say with you that he is the porter of heaven, and that I will not go against him, but on the contrary obey him in everything, lest I should find on arriving at the gates of the heavenly kingdom that there was no one to open to me, if I became the opponent of him who holds the keys. In all my life I shall approve nothing and no one that is in opposition to him.'

"The entire assembly sanctioned this decision of the king by vote, holding up their hands, the lords who were seated as well as the freemen who stood around, and unanimously agreed to adopt the Roman rite. The sitting came to an end without any discussion of the other disputed points, which were doubtless considered as settled by the first decision."

This, everybody will allow, was a very satisfactory and prompt way of settling the difficulty. The reader would admire the dexterity and rapidity with which the Gordian knot was cut, if history did not afterwards make comments which much impair the felicity of this mode of settlement. For the moment Wilfrid was at the height of triumph. His Celtic adversary Colman withdrew, sad and sullen, from Lindisfarne, taking with him a mixed community of monks, and the bones of Aidan, the first Northumbrian missionary; and after a little interval Wilfrid himself was elected to fill the vacant bishopric, which gave him the ecclesiastical supremacy of all Northumbria. Every opposition seemed to have given way before him; his foes had fled, his friends were victorious;

his views had been generally received, and both kings and people united in his elevation. At this height of human prosperity the arrogance of the true churchman blazed forth. The future difficulties of posterity about the true line of Apostolical succession did not trouble him. He was determined, at least, that in his own person it should be unimpeachable. He would not be consecrated by any of the bishops of his own country—not even by the Primate at Canterbury. "It was not his part to accuse them," he said, with mock humility, "but they had ordained Britons and Scots whom the Holy See had not received into communion, because it does not receive those who communicate with schismatics." And he begged the two kings to send him to Gaul, where there were many Catholic bishops, that he might receive his episcopal ordination from hands utterly above suspicion. He was accordingly sent forth with a great train and abundant means, in order that he might display to the Franks "the pomp he loved, and which became the bishop of a great kingdom." He went forth with a certain simplicity of self-confidence, for which perhaps the early period, and as yet young civilisation of the Anglo-Saxons may account, if it is not to be referred solely to the high-flying arrogance and incapacity of realising the feelings of others which was natural to the man. His consecration took place at Compiègne with every accessory of splendour. The intoxication of success and vainglory must have come over him, for he is said to have been carried about the church on a golden throne, bishops alone being admitted to the honour of carrying him; and the title of his bishopric was changed from that of Lindisfarne to York, which had been momentarily the see of the Roman Paulinus before his discomfiture and flight. Amid all this glory he lingered in France, where there was

nobody to cross him, and had at last a troublesome and dangerous voyage home. It is easy to imagine the clerical party, full of triumph, full of excitement, sweeping back gloriously to the land in which they, members of a hierarchy bigger than Britain, were henceforward to hold the highest place—the bishop condescending and gracious, with great projects in his head, and the most powerful protection and patronage in his hands—the priests full of adulation and humble expectancy. The ball was at their feet, and everything seemed in their power.

An awful reverse awaited them. Wilfrid's prolonged absence and over-confidence had produced their natural fruits. The Celtic party, totally unconvinced, but yet compelled to submit, had, as was natural, taken advantage of the opportunity. King Oswy's momentary logic about the porter of the celestial kingdom had not stood him in any stead against the prejudices of his own education, and the persuasions of his relative Hilda, and others of his Celtic friends. When Wilfrid returned he found another bishop reigning in his place. From all that is apparent in the narrative, he bore this first assault with wonderful temper. He was only thirty, still young, and fit for many fights and higher successes. He withdrew to his great and wealthy monastery at Ripon, "peacefully, and even joyfully," says M. de Montalembert, but was soon called to the aid of other kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Mercia and Kent, in both of which he exercised his episcopal functions, received immense grants of land, and founded many monasteries; and after some years was restored to his see by means of the new metropolitan, St Theodore, whom the Pope had placed at the head of the English Church. When this fortunate event came about Wilfrid behaved with wonderful grace and kindness to the intruder—"the holy intruder—by unanimous testimony a saint," whose "strange forgetfulness of his duty"

in allowing himself to be substituted for Wilfrid our historian cannot sufficiently wonder at—who had replaced him in his see. Worse troubles, however, remained for the reappointed bishop. That he was cast entirely into the shade by St Theodore, the new primate from Rome, was a secondary matter. He ran fatally ashore on that great rock which always threatens the Roman priest, and apparently with more disastrous effect in England than anywhere else. He was tempted to interfere in domestic life—between a royal husband and wife; and doing so came to unspeakable grief, and involved all the rest of his life in a perpetual maze of troubles and storms.

The lady in this case was Etheldreda, the wife of King Egfrid of Northumbria, the son and successor of Oswy. Although young and beautiful, and much beloved, she had managed to remain a wife only in name, "consecrating herself to God according to the example of the Virgin Mary." In this determination she was sustained and encouraged by Wilfrid, to whom her husband appealed, and who, according to the official panegyrist of Etheldreda, while pretending to second the king's desire, supported the queen in her purpose, "indicating heaven to her as the reward of her virtue," and permitting her to take the vow of a nun while the vows of her marriage were still upon her. Wilfrid, in fact, assumed the wretched rôle which is assigned, often with great injustice, by the British and Protestant imagination to the father-confessor. The result of these secret counsels was that the rebellious wife finally fled from her duties, taking refuge first at Coldingham with the Abbess Ebba, her husband's aunt, which retreat she had soon to leave on foot and in disguise; and at length, after a dangerous and exciting journey, finding shelter in her own country, East Anglia, on an estate given her by her first husband, whom she had treated with similar contempt.

Here she founded the great Monastery of Ely. Her romantic flight, and what was then considered her heroic devotion and self-sacrifice, filled the popular mind with admiration. And it is just possible that in times so rude, such an example might have been of greater service to some in fixing a high ideal of purity than it was harmful to others in shaking that regard for truth and allegiance to a vow which was a natural virtue of the Teutonic races. But there can be no doubt, at least in a modern mind, as to Wilfrid's share in these proceedings. "Touching and dramatic as this story may be," M. de Montalembert allows, "it is happily certain that no one now in the Catholic Church would either authorise or approve the conduct of Wilfrid." Nor is it any excuse for the wily priest to say that he was severely punished for his treachery. "His life, which up to this time had doubtless been a disturbed, but at the same time a glorious and prosperous existence, became, from the moment of Etheldreda's consecration, nothing but a tissue of storms and trials." The king, as was natural, from being his warm friend became his pitiless enemy. All the smouldering hatreds of old which had once inflicted temporary humiliation upon him awoke into new life; and Egfrid's queen, the successor of Etheldreda in his affections—"she who," as our historian somewhat quaintly adds, "thanks to Wilfrid, and to him alone, had been made capable of elevation to Etheldreda's place on the throne"—applied herself with special vehemence to his destruction. She called attention to his unbounded luxury and pomp, the immense number of his monasteries and lands, and his innumerable army of dependants and vassals, better armed and better clothed than those of the king himself. It is not the first time such an accusation has been the means of ruin to a priest. "The irritated king and queen had the art," says M. de Montalembert, "to

draw Theodore into their conspiracy, and to strike their enemy, the great champion of Rome, by the hand of the direct and supreme representative of Roman authority in England." One of the most puzzling facts in the whole story to our historian is the willingness with which all the other holy personages of the time entered into the plot against his hero Wilfrid. How to make out that they were all holy, wise, and blameless, and yet to admit that the one side was cruel, overbearing, and tyrannical to the other, is a very difficult matter.

"Eddi (the biographer of Wilfrid) plainly accuses the primate of having been bribed to support the King and Queen of Northumbria. It is painful to us to admit such an accusation against a saint placed in the Roman martyrology side by side with St Wilfrid. It is better to believe that the archbishop suffered himself to be led away by an apprehension of the too great power of Wilfrid. . . . It is, besides, very certain that he allowed himself to be circumvented by a kind of Celtic reaction, the agents of which did not even profess to return to the anti-Roman rites, but only to strike in Wilfrid the destroyer of their ancient services, and their temporary conqueror."

The difficulty of accounting for the opposition shown by the Church to Wilfrid, with the utter saintliness and perfection of the combatants on both sides, is one which pursues our historian through the entire narrative. St Theodore, taking advantage of Wilfrid's absence, divided his diocese into four bishoprics, the smallest and meanest of which was allotted to his own share—under the pretence, sufficiently reasonable in itself, that his diocese was too large; and three other saints accepted without hesitation the new sees formed by this treacherous partition. They are all in the calendar, and consequently none of them can have been actuated by the jealousy, malice, or uncharitableness of profane minds. But how was it? M. de Montalembert, driven to the end of his resources, has to fall back in one very

bad case on the expedient of "foreseeing the repentance and expiation" which is hereafter to set his holy archbishop right. It is the only thing that can be said for him.

Wilfrid's life after this was a continued succession of struggles with the authorities in his own country and appeals to Rome. There he was justified, reinstated in his bishopric, and received bulls recording and ordering the execution of these decrees. But nobody paid attention to his bulls. For nearly ten years he wandered a dispossessed outlaw over the country, doing a bit of missionary work now and then to keep his hand in, as it were, and everywhere gaining immense results. At length the Archbishop Theodore fell ill, and was seized by that repentance and desire to expiate which M. de Montalembert foresaw. Then ensued another restoration, which lasted five years. At the end of this time we find Wilfrid once more at war with the new king, Aldfrid, and once more expelled from his diocese; a calamity which, after another plunge into missionary work, was followed by a second appeal and visit to Rome. This visit was so many years after the former one, that five popes in the interval had occupied the chair of St Peter. And Wilfrid had lost the elasticity of youth, and with it the wealth and pomp that he loved. Though still accompanied by a number of faithful monks, it was on foot that he made this third journey. He had experienced every kind of vicissitude, success and failure, grandeur and poverty, much treachery and unkindness, as well as much that might seem a just recompense for his own shortcomings. "Nevertheless he goes on continually; he perseveres—he lifts his whitened head in the midst of the storm; in his old age he is as ardent, as eloquent, as resolute, and as dauntless as in the first days of his youth. Nothing in him betrays either weariness, discouragement, bitterness, or even sorrow."

At Rome his case, thus again presented, had a long discussion—a discussion which was brought summarily to an end when it was discovered, while reading the records of the previous council, that Wilfrid had himself held a place in it. He was sent back to England once more, fully absolved from all penalties, carrying orders to king and archbishop to see him righted; but once more these commands were resisted. King Aldfrid refused point-blank to pay any attention to them. "I will change nothing as long as I live," said the proud Saxon—"certainly never out of respect to what you call a sentence of the Holy See." But Providence, according to M. de Montalembert, fought for Wilfrid, in a way which Providence indeed seems little in the way of adopting. The bishop's adversaries had a bad time of it in this world. Egfrid, his first enemy, had come to a disastrous end; the queen, also an adversary of Wilfrid, had after her widowhood sought refuge in a cloister. Now it was Aldfrid's turn. Very shortly after the impious speech above quoted he too fell ill and died, charging his successor, after David's example, to set matters right with the persecuted bishop. And accordingly Wilfrid in his old age was restored to a much-modified position, the small bishopric of Hexham alone, which, with his impaired strength, and, doubtless, softened impetuosity, he did not scorn to accept. There his long life came to an end. It had been a hard life, though success and splendour had checkered it, as well as misfortune and downfall. Intervals of silent work in Friesland, in Mercia, and in Sussex soften the tale of struggle; but his true occupation in the world seems to have been that of continual conflict. He began, carrying matters with a high hand in his struggle with the Celts, and the same principle runs through his life. It was not a Saxon principle. To the national Teutonic race the will of his own prince and

laws was superior to everything else in the world. But Wilfrid was a churchman—conformity with Catholic rule, the subjection of the Church, not to the native kings and princes, but to its own hierarchy and the laws of its own organisation, was the continual sentiment of his life. For this, notwithstanding the entire failure in England of his first appeal to the Holy See, he repeated it, repeating at the same time a laborious and dangerous journey. He cannot have even flattered himself that the Papal injunctions, so utterly disregarded the first time, would receive obedience the second. Notwithstanding, he repeated his appeal. In those silent intervals of his life, when he was fighting with nobody, he laboured to good purpose, working on with a stout-heartedness which reveals the true vigour of his character. But his place in the world is that of a fighting man. It was he who set the example of constant reference to Rome. It was he who set up Rome as the final and supreme authority upon all ecclesiastical questions. He did more to consolidate spiritual authority in distinction to temporal authority in the British Islands than any other man. Columba and his monks made Britain Christian; Wilfrid made it Catholic and Roman.

The two offices were of a very different kind; but probably in the eyes of M. de Montalembert the second was very nearly as great and important as the first; and unquestionably it fills up the historical circle of which Columba and his work make but an imperfect segment, and upon which Augustin and his labours leave little trace. It was Wilfrid who wove the imperfect and impulsive Christianity of the Celts into the fine web of Catholicism. The medieval Church of England, so great, so rich, and so influential, could not have existed but for him. And we might add the present development of Anglicanism—that Anglicanism which endeavours, with a curious futile

pertinacity, to graft itself on to the ancient Church which disdains it, and cuts, with an obstinacy as amazing, the bonds which attach it to other recent but less perfectly developed religious bodies—owes to him all its nationality of character. There is indeed a certain, almost humorous, resemblance between the present position of the English Church, absorbed in specialties not much more important than that of the tonsure, repulsed by the priesthood which it aspires to share, standing aloof in proud superiority from all others, baffled on all sides, with no man to take its part; and the position of Wilfrid in the Anglo-Saxon Church. He too claimed for himself a superior standing and superior orthodoxy, from the height of which he looked proudly down upon all round him. He too stretched out vain hands towards Rome, which looked calmly on and gave him little sympathy, leaving him to struggle in her cause for years without the smallest notice or encouragement. Her formal verdicts were no doubt in his favour, but it is evident that these verdicts were all his recompense for a life spent in her service. If personal resemblance has anything to do with descent, the Pan-Anglican bishops are surely justified in tracing their pedigree back to the pugnacious Northumbrian. May their fate be more fortunate than his!

It is impossible, in our limited space, to enter further into the details of ecclesiastical progress in England. That the conversion of the country was accomplished, as it is M. de Montalembert's aim to prove, by monks, seems sufficiently established. In fact, there is no appearance of the existence of secular clergy in the days of Columba, and not much in the later days of Wilfrid. Parochial divisions, and a certain degree of civilisation, were necessary before the class of parish priests, public teachers for whom it could be safe or expedient to dwell alone in the midst of a turbulent and restless peo-

ple, became possible. The sacred character of such notably human personages as Columba and Wilfrid, as it was totally insufficient to keep themselves from participation in the conflicts of their time, could scarcely have surrounded them with an infallible protection from their neighbours; and monastic institutions in which numbers and wealth gave a certain strength, and attached to which there were sometimes bands of retainers "better armed and clothed than those of the king," must have been essentially necessary to protect the teachers of religion, the books, the worship, and primitive learning of the age. M. de Montalembert devotes a long chapter in his last volume to a consideration of the social and political influence of the monks, in which he makes an able *résumé* of the information afforded by the facts in his History, showing their action upon the laws, literature, political government, social order, and economies of the country, in which, however, we cannot at present follow him. One thing, however, must be remarked, a fact most honourable to the candour of the historian, though calculated to diminish any enthusiasm which the reader might be moved to feel for his favourite heroes. The institution to which M. de Montalembert devotes his genius, was, according to his own showing, scarcely well established when it fell into the most appalling corruption. Bede, who was Wilfrid's contemporary, though much younger, lifts up his voice against the abuses which even at so very early a date had overtaken the system, with the most uncompromising plainness of speech; and his famous letter to the Bishop of York, which is quoted at length, and in which he denounces the "senseless liberality" of the Saxon kings who had given so largely to the monasteries that they left themselves nothing with which to reward the defenders of the country, is a curious comment upon the eloquent outburst with

which M. de Montalembert winds up the narrative of the monkish historian's life. Our author draws a terrible picture of the condition of Northumberland and its coalpits, taking his facts from the revelations made before the Parliamentary committee in 1841; and adding only a very slight acknowledgment in a footnote of the improved state of affairs at present. He contrasts the aspect of the country "covered as with a veil of mourning"—"*la nuit noire de l'industrie*"—with that of the coasts lined with light, the long series of sea-board monasteries which dispersed sweet influence over the entire district in ancient times. The spectacle of the present fills him with dismay. He trembles and grows prophetic over the sight:—

"The light of faith and moral law are still more wanting than the daylight," he says. "Buried alive in mines and manufactories, without pontiffs, without spiritual guides, a prey to all the excesses, sins, and forgetfulness which ever accompany the labour of a crowd, almost all strangers to any thought of God, of hope in a future life, and of the habits of decency, victims and instruments of the worship of mammon, they are a perpetual menace to the blind and matter-of-fact egotism of the materialists of our age. No one can admire more than I do the wonders of human activity and intelligence realised by the free genius of the English nation—no one gives a more sincere homage to its natural and unconquerable religious instincts. But how is it possible to see unmoved in that region once so fruitful in sanctuaries of prayer, virtue, moral and intellectual life, religious indifference, and the insatiable thirst for wealth replacing everywhere the tender and watchful solicitude of the Church for souls? How can the spectator behold without alarm the forsaken condition, the spiritual destitution in which so many thousands of our fellow-creatures live? How is it possible to refrain from regretting those days in which the docile fervour of the people answered so well to the zeal, science, and disinterestedness of the clergy? and when, like the light-houses which, on the height of every headland, at the rivers' mouths, on the edge of rocks, and along all that dangerous and much frequented coast, now hold forth to the sailor their protecting

light, there arose upon the shores, then desert, unknown, and scantily peopled by a few savages, such brilliant centres of intellectual and moral life, laborious, pure, fruitful, and sober, as those at Lindisfarne, Yarrow, Whitby, Coldingham, Wearmouth, and Tynemouth, increasing year by year?"

When, the reader asks, were those happy days? Certainly not at the time when Bede made his indignant protest against lands alienated from the service of the commonwealth, and false monasteries set up for the sake of gain—of bishops who exacted their dues from corners of their diocese for which they took no care, and in which they were never seen—of "vast and numerous establishments good for nothing, either for God or man"—of high dignitaries of the Church who for a bribe sanctioned the formation of fictitious communities in order to secure the lands granted to them to lay proprietors. All these complaints, says M. de Montalembert, "were only the indignant protest of a true monk against the false monks who already began to infest the cloister, and against the greedy and cowardly bishops who sanctioned or tolerated these abuses." But the state of things disclosed in Bede's letter is very different from the charming picture of those centres of life and illumination standing up over the dark country like lighthouses, of the docile people and the disinterested clergy, which only a few pages farther on our author suddenly places before us in brilliant contrast with existing darkness. We speak with no prejudice against the theory of monastic institutions, which seems to us a theory which might be put to admirable use; but experience certainly, and history, give, even in M. de Montalembert's hands, a very indifferent testimony to its practical success.

The last chapter of all will to many readers be the most touching in the book. Its subject is the Anglo-Saxon nuns, and it is full of the graceful and poetic

enthusiasm of which the author's mind is full. "I had thought my task finished; but I seem to hear a choir of sweet and pure voices which reproach me for leaving in the shade one entire side of the great edifice which I have attempted to reconstruct," he says; and it is not difficult to imagine how such a writer should open his heart on such a subject. The influence of the Anglo-Saxon nuns, it is evident, was exceptionally great; but the whole subject is one upon which the British Protestant intelligence is so hopelessly and obstinately ignorant, that it is to be doubted how far this eloquent chapter will move anybody among us, except to a certain compassionate pity for the deluded writer, and sentimental sympathy with the burst of personal feeling which concludes the book. Our curious English notion, existing nowhere else so far as we are aware, that nuns in general are lovely victims either of "disappointment" or of the cruelty of parents, pathetic shut-up creatures, condemned to everlasting gloom, petty quarrels, gossip, and vain regrets, is so deeply rooted, that we doubt if anything in the shape of argument can touch it. M. de Montalembert probably would be as much shocked as the most Protestant of Protestants were we to say, what is our conviction, that a great many women in Catholic countries, of energetic and vigorous character, seek and find a vocation and career in a convent—utterly beyond the reach of that humiliation which is supposed to accompany the exercise by a woman of a secular profession, and at the same time beyond the reach of the derisive contempt which generally hails the beginnings of any attempt at independent benevolent work—such as Protestant women, in the present state of society, are in infinite want of. Of course, to the author of the 'Monks of the West,' a supreme "vocation," necessitating the greatest of sacrifices, is

the sole warrant and consecration of a nun, just as among ourselves a heart-break, the death of a lover or his infidelity, is the supposed sentimental cause of the supposed frightful self-immolation. Our opinion will satisfy neither party, and yet it is our conviction. The nuns of all the active orders are, as everybody must confess who has had any personal intercourse with them, the most busy, cheerful, bright-faced women whom you can meet with in a summer-day—as free from the crotchets and angularities of our own independent charitable ladies, as they are from all trace of the “disappointment” theory. This subject, however, is one which, with the intention of entering upon it much more fully, we will not now pursue. M. de Montalembert treats it with a tenderer and loftier strain of feeling than we can possibly emulate; and ere he lays down his pen, the white procession of the brides of God which has been passing before his eyes brings to his mind, with a certain acute pang of recollection, the sacrifice which he has himself been called upon to make. It is himself who lifts the veil; and, such being the case, we need not hesitate to indicate to the sympathy of his readers the outburst of paternal emotion with which the book closes. He has just been describing the irresistible attraction towards the cloister—the “religious vocation” which is so well known a phenomenon in Catholic countries.

“This daily spectacle,” he adds, “we who speak have seen and undergone. What we had perceived only across past centuries and through old books, suddenly rose one day before our eyes, full of the tears of paternal anguish. Who will not pardon us for having, under the spell of that everlasting recollection, lengthened, perhaps unreasonably, this page of a long uncompleted work? How many others have also, like ourselves, gone through this anguish, and beheld with feelings unspeakable the last worldly apparition of a beloved sister or child?”

“One morning she rises, she comes to her father and mother. ‘Farewell! all is over,’ she says; ‘I am going to die—to die to you and to all. I shall never be either a wife or a mother; I am no more even your child—I am God’s alone.’ Nothing can withhold her. ‘They immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him’ (Matt. iv. 22). Lo! she comes already arrayed for the sacrifice, brilliant and lovely, with an angelic smile, fervent and serene, blooming and beaming, the crowning work of creation! Proud of her last beautiful attire, bright and brave, she ascends to the altar, or rather she rushes—she flies like a soldier to the breach, and, hardly able to keep down the impassioned ardour which consumes her, she bows her head under the veil which is to be a yoke upon her for the rest of her life, but which will also be her eternal crown.

“It is done. She has crossed the gulf with that impetuous bound, that soaring impulse, that magnanimous self-forgetfulness, which is the glory of youth, with that pure and unconquerable enthusiasm which nothing here below will ever equal or extinguish.”

Whatever the differences of opinion may be, few readers will be able to restrain a thrill of sympathy in reading these words. Thus, at the end of the book (so far as it has gone) as at the beginning, the author discloses himself to our regard. He is himself, we may be pardoned for saying, as interesting, perhaps more interesting to his contemporaries, than any of the heroes whom he magnifies by his praise. And if the vivid and graphic narrative we have thus briefly surveyed leaves any regret on our minds, it is that an intelligence so keen, acute, and brilliant, should not leave to the world something more distinctly characteristic than are those beautiful but half-sentimental sketches of a world which lies so far away in the past. All who have ever been so fortunate as to be brought into personal contact with M. de Montalembert, must feel that the reflection of his mind in these books is but an imperfect one, and that, beautiful as are the works he has given us, something better remains still behind.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

GARIBALDI *versus* PIO NONO.

ITALY must make her choice between the Pope and Garibaldi. Assuredly she cannot have both, and the grave question now is, Which does she prefer? There are many who think they see, in the changed feeling of Italians towards the Church, the dawn of a more enlightened view of Christianity, and they are fond of ascribing this change in great part to the efforts of those who have introduced into Italy the teachings of the Reformed religion. The tolerance which a wise and liberal Government has practised, has certainly not only permitted the free circulation of the Scriptures, but given to the Waldensian and other sects of the Reformed Church facilities for conversion, of which they have availed themselves with more or less of success. Although in certain centres, Genoa and Florence notably, societies exist where Bible-reading and Scriptural inquiry have made marked progress, I am far from believing that this spirit has penetrated into the heart of the nation, or that the opposition to Romanism has any other basis than the political repugnance men feel to a system whose whole machinery is the denial of all freedom, and the negation of human progress and advancement. The enemies of the Pope in Italy are not men who dispute the doctrines of the Church; for they are men who hold so lightly all religious teachings, that they laugh to scorn the allegation that they could be influenced by an encyclical, or deem an œcumenical council of more moment than a tea-party.

It is Popery, as a power in the State, that they combat,—Popery, with its staff of cardinals and legates, and its army of priests and friars; Popery that can appeal to the

ignorance of a nation by arguments enlightenment has never learned how to meet; Popery that can resist the law without an open breach of legality, and make legislation inoperative by mere impassiveness; and, lastly, Popery that can control all attempts of the State for education, and subordinate the teaching of the Government to a terrorism the most degrading and debasing. It is not the spiritual infallibility of the Pope, or the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, that makes men rebels to the Church in Italy, though Exeter Hall would fain believe so. It is the fact that the Priest rules the family, dictates its mode of action, decides the destiny of the children, and denounces, under heavier penalties than human laws impose, all opposition to his edicts.

When men found that the mechanism of representative government could not work alongside of the machinery of a Church that insinuated itself into the entire social framework of a nation, they became the enemies of Rome. If the Church had kept to her dogmas, her mock miracles, her canonisations, and her grand festivals, regenerated Italy would never have quarrelled with her. It was when they met on the same road—that of popular direction—that they jostled, and it was then they fell out.

The first sense of freedom is enough to suggest resistance to priestcraft; so was it in Italy, so is it at the hour I write in Austria. Let not worthy people in England, then, who speculate on the spread of Scriptural knowledge in Italy as the mainspring of the resistance to Rome, deceive themselves. The resistance is there unquestionably, but its origin is wholly and solely political.

There are maladies, however, for which the only remedies are to the full as dangerous as the disease; and many are of opinion that to treat Popery by Garibaldi is one of these—for the question is, When you have got rid of the Pope, how will you get rid of Garibaldi? The priest is the sworn enemy of all liberty and all progress, but the patriot is just as great a foe to all order and good government.

Can a country exist where a citizen can set himself above the law and the legislature? Is government possible where an individual, by the sole force of his popularity, can override the counsels of the State and the decrees of the Parliament, and make peace or declare war at his own humour?

Is a nation governable where one man, whose services have made him the favourite of a whole people, aspires to understand its interests, to feel its instincts, and to guide its ambitions, not only independent of, but totally in opposition to, the counsels of the responsible advisers of the Crown?

The Pope may be impracticable, but is not Garibaldi impossible? So say many; and how far are they right? It is certain that this is the state of things now existing in Italy, where there is a King, and a Cabinet, and a Parliament, but no Government.

Nations cannot, any more than individuals, profit by their own "wrong." The countenance and encouragement first given to Garibaldi, and the eagerness of Italian statesmen to avail themselves of his undisciplined valour and his irresponsible boldness, have at length recoiled on the nation. They made him, and they have now to learn that they cannot unmake him. He was a man neither to be cajoled nor intimidated. No blandishments in high places, no glittering honours, could influence one who was never ashamed of friends the very humblest in condition, and who constitutionally was inclined to believe

that probity and honour only dwelt in low places.

It was indeed possible for the Ministry to have accepted this last venture of Garibaldi as the outburst of a national enthusiasm. They have since avowed that the September Convention imposed conditions beyond their power to fulfil. They might, then, have acted up to their convictions, and as, once before, they followed the great leader to Capua, they might have gone after him to the Vatican. The great battle which overthrew the Neapolitan dynasty was won by regal troops, not by Garibaldi; and in the great issue with the Pope, the Italian army would have completed the work so effectually, had they marched at once on Garibaldi's first advance, that resistance would have been impossible, and French intervention too late.

In this way there would, in all probability, have been no bloodshed. The Papal forces could, without dishonour, have retired before the overwhelming masses of their opponents; and Rome once occupied, the Emperor would, it may be supposed, have been satisfied to make terms for the Papacy, and not have threatened a war with Italy. Prompt action alone by the Italian Government could have borne out the assertion that Garibaldi was but the exponent of the national will. To delay was to expose the allegation to a test, and a test which perhaps it could not satisfy.

To delay, too, was actually to compel the French Emperor to come in. There was no *fait accompli*, to undo which might be dangerous, or at any rate unpopular. There was not one of those unquestionable manifestations of a national will which the great patron of oppressed peoples would have been bound for very consistency's sake to maintain. The Garibaldian raid could only have been legalised by its adoption by the King's Government. To hesitate

was to peril the expedition and to peril the Crown. It is true that Louis Napoleon, making capital out of Italian weakness, can afford to spare the dynasty; but, I would ask, how is Victor Emmanuel better off to-day than that unlucky King of Saxony, who is only a Prussian Prefect in plain clothes? Is his vassalage less complete, or his humiliation less notorious?

Has the great work of Cavour only ended in a change of masters? And is there less indignity in being bullied by France than garrisoned by Austria? Garibaldi may be, and probably is, the great obstacle to the good government of Italy; but as Italians have made him what he is, and profited by what he has done, was there any reason to denounce to-day what was called patriotism a few years back? Having once accepted Garibaldi as an agent, it was as pusillanimous as it was weak in policy to disavow him.

It is not easy to bring Italians to anything approaching to unanimity, but on this occasion they certainly were so. Some were heart and soul with Garibaldi; many were against the Pope and his temporal power; many desired to finish, once for all, with a great source of internal trouble, and a great excuse for external interference; but all—all were strong in their spirit to resist French domination and dictation, and in their resolution to tell the French Emperor that men may be grateful, but need not be servile. There was, then, this one chance for Italy, and she did not take it. That France would have sulked, written a severe and cutting despatch, and withdrawn her Minister from Florence, is possible enough; but all these are not intervention, and I sincerely believe she would have gone no farther. The thief was so long in breaking the lock, and showed such palpable fear of consequences, that the policeman could not do other than arrest him.

There is no greater tact in statesmanship than knowing the things that may be done if no permission be asked, but which are sure to be vigorously resisted if subjected to time and discussion. It was in all probability the very last wish of the Emperor that Victor Emmanuel should have obliged him to intervene. There are too strong signs of adverse public opinion in France, not to speak of the clouds that are gathering along the Rhine, to make such an expedition agreeable or well timed. That M. Bismarck regarded the return of the French to Italy as a fatal mistake in policy, might of itself have alarmed Louis Napoleon.

The Italian policy, however, scarcely left a choice open. Capturing Garibaldi to-day, suffering him to escape to-morrow, and the day after permitting him to address a mob from the balcony of a hotel in Florence, while in the evening a special train conveyed him to the Roman frontier,—who can explain this? Who can understand it? It is too absurd for complicity—too weak for treachery. Some aver that the army could not be trusted to act against Garibaldi; and, so far as the new levies and the young soldiers are concerned, there may be some truth in this. Others declare that there is no doubt it was the King himself who hesitated and faltered; for the heroic soldier is an intense Papist, and would rather meet the wildest shock of charging squadrons than incur the rebukeful anger of the Pope.

But the nation which looks on and expects to be guided and governed, what does it say to all this change of purpose? to the brave words of Rattazzi one day, and to the apologetic proclamation of the King on the next? to three changes of Ministry within eight days, each incoming Cabinet more helpless and hopeless than its predecessor?

Men ask, Is this the nationality, is this the independence, for which we have fought and paid? It is

out of all this doubt and uncertainty people are turning to those few brave fellows who, under the walls of Rome, seem to assert the nation which ministers and statesmen despair of.

I have no doubt in my own mind it is a mistake—a great political blunder, as well as a social error—to wish to dispossess the Pope. I will not go over the reasons, which I have once before advanced, for this conviction; but I will add here, that so far from desiring extension of territory, it had been well for Italy she had never annexed Naples or Sicily. South Italy was neither prepared for, nor worthy of, the institutions which the North possessed; and men might have been warned, by the facility with which a dynasty was overthrown in such a country, how thin and light was the soil in which the seed of any government was to be cast. In this one instance, Bismarck has shown himself wiser than Cavour. When the South seeks annexation, it will be time enough, says the wily Prussian, to see if she is worthy of admission.

And now, what is to be the fate of Italy? A few days—a few hours, perhaps—may decide much for her immediate fortune; but for her future, who is to prophesy?

When I had written and despatched the foregoing, the last act of the Roman drama had not begun. Since that, however, the French have landed in Italy, the Garibaldini have been cut to pieces at Mentana, and their gallant old leader is once more a prisoner at Varignano.

It is rare at the end of a game to find that every player has been a loser,—and yet such is the case here. The Pope is a loser, in so far that he has challenged the public opinion of Europe, and the verdict has been given against him.

Garibaldi is a loser, for the prestige of invincibility is gone, and

men are at last agreed that undisciplined valour is no match for organisation and a breech-loading rifle.

Louis Napoleon is a loser, for he has surrendered the place it was his pretension to hold in the van of all human progress and advancement; and, to give a few more years to a system he has himself condemned, he has outraged the sentiments of France, and forfeited the love and gratitude of Italy.

Italy has lost most of all. Pretexting that the patriotism of the nation was a current too strong to oppose, she denounces the intervention that would dare to encounter it; and then, when she discovers that her menaces are unmindful and her threats despised, she ranges herself alongside of her adversaries to coerce her own.

To be sure it took three changes of Ministry to arrive at this deplorable conclusion. What Rattazzi would have said, what Cialdini would have done, Heaven knows; but we can all see what M. Menabrea has made of the situation. If he meant a joint occupation, why has he retired the Italian forces from the Papal frontier? If he meant unqualified submission to France, why is he calling out fresh levies, and raising the army to a war standard?

Can Italy imagine that Louis Napoleon is moved by any menace she can utter now? Who in all Europe knows better than the French Emperor that Italy has neither an army nor a fleet? It is in France, however—in Paris, on his own Boulevards—the Emperor will learn how unpopular his policy is; and in the police reports of each morning he will read that the dread of priestly tyranny is stronger with Frenchmen than all fear of a despotic government; and that, if they must be down-trodden, they would rather be crushed by the heavy boot of the cuirassier, than pressed by the silken slipper of the cardinal.

Meanwhile there is joy at Berlin, and pleasant gratulations are exchanged "unter die Linden." The French Emperor has done for M. Bismarck what all his craft and skill—and they are not mean—could never have accomplished. He has outraged the whole Liberal sentiment of Europe, and surrendered to Prussia the vantage-ground for which France paid by two bloody campaigns and some milliards of debt; and the only

recompense for all this is, the sneers of the Legitimists and the hate of Italy.

Some aver that Louis Napoleon is only playing his old game over again—seizing something that is not his own, and exchanging it for something else with "a title;" and just as he disposed of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, for Nice and Savoy, he will now cede Rome and the Pope's dominions for the island of Sardinia.

CHEAP NOBILITY—"WARRANTED."

I remember in my old days of Trinity—very happy days on the whole, but not of unmixed happiness—that there were a number of us who, though we took no prizes, no medals, no scholarships of any kind, were fully convinced that we were the cleverest fellows of the day, and that nothing short of that academic ophthalmia which afflicts "dons" and senior lecturers to a fearful extent, prevented our being regarded as the shining lights of the university.

From having frequently discussed this theme together, from having condoled with each other over our bitter misfortune, and bewailed the injustice of a world for which we found no more plausible excuse than that it knew no better, we at length resolved ourselves into a community, which, for the sake of organisation, became a club, under the name of "The Society for Mutual Appreciation." I am proud to say I was the first president, and sported the letters "P.S.M.A." on my card with no small vaingloriousness.

Our great principle was this, that as each man who was found worthy of belonging to the Society must have a profound consciousness of some high personal desert, the assertion of which in the world at large might expose him to a charge of egotism, it would be better that his peculiar merits should be put

forward by another who could describe them in more glowing terms and exalt them in a more conspicuous manner than their actual owner, and thus the work of appreciation being conducted on mutual principles, the most lavish praise, the most fulsome adulation, became possible without any disparaging trait of egotism whatever.

Experience has shown us that society will endure from A the most extravagant amount of admiration for B, while it would turn away disgusted if B only said one-half as much about himself. Nor was this all; for we saw that there were innumerable merits of which the individual owner might think lightly, but which, to the appreciative eyes of another, became great and grand qualities.

In looking over life, which of us has not perceived how certain families have traded on this great principle, and seen what efficient aid has been given to the colonel by his brother the lawyer, and how a word against the admiral has called forth the whole family like a phalanx, till actually it became a dangerous thing to touch certain people at all, and even the press, the chartered libertine of public opinion, measured its censure by drop doses when treating of men thus banded together?

I find it very hard not to grow personal here, and instance, by a

few striking examples, what I mean. I say it is only by great self-restraint that I turn from the instances which rush to my mind, to show what an amount of tyranny can be exercised over the world by a few men of the same name, resolved to club their respective abilities, and make their mark upon their time by a united effort.

I must, however, leave to my reader the task of supplying these illustrations, consoling myself with the thought that there is no difficulty in the matter.

From what I said, it will be seen that I claim no originality for the idea that suggested our Society. All I insist upon is, that we gave a form and a shape and an organisation to a practice which we saw sufficiently prevalent in the world to be regarded as a sort of human instinct, and that we reduced to rules and precepts what had hitherto been left to the capricious tastes and wayward humours of the multitude.

We were mutually appreciative because the world was so; but we perceived that just as organisation enables charity to be more effective than the well-meant but ill-directed efforts of benevolent individuals, we formed ourselves into a regular society, and studied the principles which might make our institution influential. Now, amongst the numerous advantages of this system, there is one which cannot be over-estimated. As no efforts of the most agile and active individual will enable him to paint himself all over, his friend, however, can do this for him; and so with regard to eulogistic appreciation. What a happiness it is to think that the great brush of affection is swabbing away at us, priming, tinting, and varnishing, where by no possibility could we contribute a touch of colour!

It would be a breach of that confidence which was the first principle of our union were I to tell what signal success attended our organ-

isation; what men we pushed into high places; how we got this man his deanery, and that man his wife. In fact, it was enough for any one of us to enter the public service to insure a passage for the rest. The small boy that was sent in through the window-pane could always unlock the hall door. No sooner did a vacancy occur anywhere, at home or in the colonies, than we knew the man to fill it, and we soon showed the world what an insult and an outrage would be committed on the interests of the nation if any other man were to be preferred to our man.

Of all the confiding creatures the world ever saw, there is nothing like the Public. There is one condition, however, that they positively require—insistance. They don't ask to be convinced, but they will have insistance. Hence it is that Moses, and Morrison, and Louis Napoleon are in such prime favour. The Sydenham trousers and the blessings of Napoleonism are daily placarded, and at length duly accepted. Now, mutual appreciation satisfies this condition. The most enthusiastic believer in his own excellence might possibly one day grow a little weary of self-praise; his friends, however, or some of them at least, would never tire.

Last of all there are many things, many little traits of our amiability, our gentleness, our sensibility, and suchlike, that we might shrink from insisting on ourselves, and which we can leave to our friends with a perfect trustfulness. But why do I go on to establish what is self-evident? Is it not mutual appreciation has made the Whigs?—is it not Grey's admiration has exalted Elliot, and Elliot's pound-brush has coloured Grey? What but mutual appreciation has made Scotsmen a club wherever they meet, be it in the Antipodes? and what but the want of it leaves Irishmen to the reproach of that sarcasm that said, "You will always find one Paddy

to put another on the spit, and a third to roast him."

Our society, I am sorry to say, died out with the original members: a few of us, myself amongst the number, were so busy helping others up the ladder that we necessarily remained at the foot of it. And yet even there as I sit now, I look up with a feeling of pride to the governors of colonies and chief-justices who were once on a time fellow-members with myself of this pleasant union, and who in their high estate, I believe, are in no wise forgetful of what they owe to "mutual appreciation." I must now explain how this reminiscence came up to my mind, and by what accident, I recurred to a theme which had not for years presented itself before me. I have before me as I write—I pledge myself that this is no fiction—a document addressed to an individual of station and consideration, and headed thus:—"Program of the Statutes of a Society for the Foundation of a Knightly Order, to be called the Minerva."

"The undersigned, profoundly penetrated with the conviction that emulation and distinction are the most impulsive springs of human action, have combined to form a society by which they constitute themselves founders of a knightly order, to be called 'the Minerva,' destined to stimulate emulation, and reward by suitable decorations the most distinguished individuals in the several walks of science, art, commerce, agriculture, &c. &c.

"Each founder to pay 1000 francs.

"Founders not to exceed 200, or be less than 50.

"Five hundred francs to be paid on joining, 500 more on initiation.

"The members to elect the grand-master.

"The honorary presidency to be offered to the King, Victor Emmanuel.

"The secretary to be named by

the grand-master, and receive 2000 francs a-year; to be also treasurer on giving security.

"No honour to be conferred without the concurrence of half the council.

"The Italian prime-minister *pro tem.* to be allowed to propose candidates for decoration; also inspectors of schools.

"Any one who, after the full number of the 200 founders shall have been completed, shall join the Society, paying a sum over 1000 francs, shall receive such class of the order as the council deem proper.

"There shall be five grades of the order:—knights grand cross; grand commanders; commanders; knights officers; and knights.

"The orders to be conferred only by the council.

"The highest grade to be limited to sovereign persons of royal lineage, lofty functionaries, or great benefactors of mankind.

"The second grade shall be the founders or initiators of the order. The inferior grades shall be conferred on such member as, being of the Society, shall have contributed to the moral or material welfare of their country. The cross shall be gold, on which enamel, bearing on one side of the centre the words, 'Order of Minerva,' and on the other, 'To Genius.'

"Its ribbon shall be a ribbed moiré silk, grass green, with white edges.

"Persons desiring to associate themselves with this project are to address the officiating Grand Master." Here follow the name and address, with the additional information that the distinguished fount of honour is also "Presidente dell' Instituto Filotechnico Nazionale Italiano, Florence," and that he is answerable for all moneys subscribed till the Society be fully constituted. The law of demand and supply is unquestionably as applicable to the social as to the economical condition of the world,

and however we may feel surprised as we run our eyes along the columns of a newspaper, and see what strange appliances are announced there, what extraordinary wants are paraded there, we may rest assured that these are addressed, not to individuals, but to very considerable classes of mankind.

Such an association as this, of which I have just given the prospectus, could never have had existence if there were not people to whom its advantages were a temptation. That there are men who would greatly like to be decorated with the smallest order of the smallest prince in Europe, and who would feel the ribbon of some obscure sovereign a blazon of nobility, is unquestionably true. Some of these decorations are very fine and showy, and their size is not unfrequently in the inverse ratio of the realm of the sovereign who conferred them; and to an unpractised eye "*The Frog and Buckler*" of Bratenstadt is little inferior in splendour to the insignia of the Golden Fleece. That it requires therefore some practice and some insight into these things to distinguish between the decoration of some petty Lord of Sauerkrautstein and the order of a real monarch, is as true as that it demands attention to discriminate between a hairdresser's promise to pay ten thousand pounds if he does not trim your whiskers to perfection, and a bank post bill of real value; but there still are a great many people perfectly happy when they arrive at mock distinction, and thoroughly satisfied that their nobility should be German as well as their spoons.

So far from decrying this taste, or those who indulge it, I am disposed to think we ought to like to see people of such unquestionable simplicity, whose desires are so humble, and whose ambitions so lowly. If humility be the basis of all the virtues, what shall we say of him who can be made happy by being made a Marquis of Monaco

or a Count of Lucca? The well from which they derive their honour may be the smallest and shallowest little spring that ever bubbled, but it is still a legitimate fountain; but what shall we say for those who are satisfied to decorate each other, who aspire to a limited-liability knighthood—or rather institute a lottery for nobility, with no blanks—the least lucky ticket-holder being eligible for the cross of a Cavaliere?

I pass by the unparalleled impudence of the proposal to offer the honorary presidency to Victor Emmanuel! It was, however, a cruel moment to launch this insult at the King. Was it not enough that he should be dared by Garibaldi and denounced by Louis Napoleon, but that he should be exposed to the shameless effrontery of a set of swindling speculators trading on the snobbery of mankind?

One thing is quite clear: such an association as this would never have been formed had not the world contained a class to whose tastes it could appeal. The President of the National Philotechnical Institute—whatever that may mean—had not evolved this conception out of any inner consciousness, but elaborated it after a considerable experience of mankind. He had mixed much with such people as Cook's excursionists and gentlemen from the United States—the latter of whom, with all their Republicanism, have a thorough appreciation of titular distinction, and heartily love a ribbon at the button-hole.

The immense reverence for rank in England naturally enough makes Bull, on his travels, very eager to pick up a distinction which would entitle him to a higher regard amongst his own. He knows well how he has felt in presence of a Lord, and he would like to give his neighbours "*a taste of his quality*" as a Count. The astute projector of the Universal Title and Decoration Society must, I feel certain, have

dined much at certain *tables d'hôte* frequented by Anglo-Saxons. It was to meet the wants of our countrymen especially, this scheme was devised. This peerage was created as much for our palates as that port we are so fond of, and which, despite its adulterations, we continue to imbibe. That it will find customers I have no doubt. The ingenious President of the

Philotechnic has studied us to much advantage; nor was it without a touch of humour that he suggested the colour of the ribbon should be green. Grass green was indeed the appropriate tint for the knightly decoration of this order, the invention of which it is not easy to say whether it is a more cutting sarcasm or a more consummate swindle of the age we live in.

GROWING OLD.

I suspect it takes some time to arrive at the conviction, but I have come to it at last, that there are few things so disagreeable in life as growing old. Now, although, as I have said, the knowledge and acceptance of the fact be the growth of years, yet somehow the real acknowledgment to one's self always comes with a shock.

You bear a certain stiffness in your back sinews, and a general grogginess about your ankle-joints for years. You take to soft hair-brushes, and avoid draughts, and eschew acid wines, by a process so smooth and frictionless as not to be recognised. You exchange your flippant mare, with a tendency to shy and a general skittishness, for a stout cob of fourteen hands, an easy mover, and quiet to mount. You accept your dinner invitations with a more discriminating regard for the cook than the company; but you do all these things so gradually as to be imperceptible. It is only when you have overheard a cabman speak of you as the "old gent what gave his two bob," or when a very fresh young lady asks what sort of dances were in vogue when you were young, that suddenly a new light breaks on you, and an indescribable sense of terror shoots through you at the thought that you have really rounded the "Tattenham" corner of existence, and have begun the "run home." Not that, even then, you fully realise all the horrors of

the situation. Much is ascribed to the ignorance of the critics; but you go home, certainly, with that puzzled sense that there is a problem to be settled, a doubt to be resolved, which, until that moment, had never given you even a passing uneasiness. It is like something the parson has said in the sermon, so startling and so novel that you cannot rid yourself of it, but keep on asking yourself, Is this a fact? has he an undoubted authority for telling us this?

Struggle how you may, from that day forward you are an altered man. Of course you make no admissions to the world at large of changed sentiments. The law of England declares no man is bound to criminate himself, and you go about as jauntily—perhaps even a little more jauntily—as of yore; just as a merchant with an approaching bankruptcy turns out in the Park with a more showy equipage. But in the solitude of your own dressing-room you own that the trial is over, the verdict is given, and all that remains is to entreat the court to suspend judgment. "A long day, my lord—a long day." A pitiful cry it is, sad enough to utter, and sadder to listen to.

Now, from all that I have just said, my reader will perhaps imagine that I am croning a dirge over the past, and sitting with deep crape over my heart to mourn my departed teeth and my lost hair,

the difficulties of uneven ground, and a tendency to deafness. Not a bit of it. I bear all these nobly and heroically. I can even jest to myself over my own infirmities, and laughingly recall a time when I sprang into my saddle, and mounted the stairs four steps at a time.

What I really rebel at—what, do what I may, I cannot reconcile myself to—is, being drafted into the veteran battalion, where there are nothing but old fellows—being condemned to serve with these tremulous old pensioners, who are only brigaded when the sun is strong and the weather genial. It is not in reality old age I dread; it is the old people. I remember an old school-fellow who once had served as a cadet in the Austrian service telling me that though the discipline was severe, and the penalties merciless, he was not so much afraid of either as of his comrades. It was the association with *them* that he felt to be impossible. Now it is thus that I regard my comrades. Tiresome people one meets of every age—dull people, dreary people, people who re-tell their stories and grow merry over the stalest and saddest of jokes. But to live amongst such, undiluted by anything fresh or buoyant or light-hearted—anything unsuspectful, or credulous, or wildly imaginative or fanciful—would be, to my thinking, about as good fun as to pass one's life over Colenso's Arithmetic.

As I grow older I want the qualities which association with younger natures can give me. I want their enthusiasm. I want their unmitigated faith in all things. I want that racy enjoyment of the present which excludes every idea of to-morrow; and just as my physical existence requires more of stimulant to repair the waste and wear of years, my mental needs that exhilarating agency which young minds yield, and yield so plenteous-

ly. And why, I would ask, when my case calls for brandy, am I put off with barley-water? Why, when I want wit and repartee and laughter, pleasant banter and bright fancy, why am I to be fed with reminiscences half a century old, retailed by people who are only interesting to the insurance office where they are insured?

You say at once, This is not a fair character of the old people. They are pleasantly chatty, full of wise experiences and sage maxims of the world, and so on; and I reply, Have you never, on coming home after dining with the One hundred and fifth, asked yourself if anything could possibly be pleasanter than to be sure every day to be summoned to as good a dinner with as pleasant a company? If instead of guest, however, you become one of them, what a change comes over your judgment! How flat you find the Major! What a bore is Jones! What a puppy Robinson! Such is precisely what I feel about these veterans I now serve with. I liked them all well enough before I was one of them. Indeed, I have often preferred them to livelier company; but there is all the difference, whether one is invited to the mess or is one of the regiment.

Another difficulty too. I have grown old so imperceptibly to myself, so to say, without even suspecting it, that I cannot for the life of me make out what younger men mean by a certain small homage they render me—a certain little deference, that excludes difference of opinion; and I often wonder, are they poking fun at me? Not that I have much to complain of in this way, nor, indeed, have I heard my contemporaries deplore the tendency; but now and then such instances do occur, and startle me considerably.

The cruellest part of all, however, is the treatment one meets from women. The coy reserve, the half-cautious prudery, the guarded-

ness, which gave to their society its pleasant zest and its most attractive charm, are all fled! You are now no longer a thing to be speculated on, to be quizzed, or occasionally to be dreaded. You are admitted to confidences, and sorrows, and heart-trials, with the amount of candour and coolness a man bestows on his doctor when he reveals to him what he would not betray to the world for millions.

Others may like this; *I don't*. Others may think it a compensation, and accept it as the dividend

of a bad debt long past recovery; *I don't*. I'll not sign the schedule on such terms; I'd rather lose all my capital.

A very worthy old grandfather of mine, whose utterance was none of the clearest, often repeated to me the adage that "age was honourable," but so mumbled and stumbled over the first syllable that I always thought he said "humdrumable." I begin now to believe that he was right; and perhaps my present reflections may make my reader like-minded with me.

GRIMM'S LAW.

A NEW SONG.

AIR—*Old Homer,—but with him what have we to do?*

[IN a late Number of the 'Anthropological Review' Grimm's law is explained in what is at least an ingenious manner. After describing an Aryan, or "articulate-speaking man," setting out to teach language to some rude inmates of the "kitchen-middens" of the primeval age, who are supposed to be speechless, a distinguished Anthropologist thus reports the result of the attempt: "But now assume the 200 [kitchen-middeners] to be mutes, and follow the leader of the Aryans in his first lesson to the crowd around him. Naturally he would get the crowd to pronounce after him some short syllables, such as *pa*, *ta*, *ka*, to illustrate the use of lips, palate, and throat, and very naturally the four or five men (or women more likely) just in front of him would pronounce them rightly, but not one man in fifty can tell the real effect of his work on a crowd. On their returning to their wigwams much would be the emotion of risibility and imitativeness displayed that night among the natives; and next morning the chances are that the majority who stood some distance from the speaker would have fixed for ever upon the whole nation the wrong utterance of *ba*, *da*, *ga*. The main point of my whole argument is, that such a result would most naturally follow among mutes, but would never happen among speaking men."—*Extract from Paper read before the Anthropological Society by the Rev. D. I. HEATH, M.A.—Anthropological Review, April 1867.*]

ETYMOLOGY once was a wild kind of thing,
Which from any one word any other could bring:
Of the consonants then the effect was thought small,
And the vowels—the vowels were nothing at all.
Down a down, down, &c.

But that state of matters completely is changed,
And the old school of scholars now feels quite estranged :
For 'tis clear that whenever we open our jaw,
Every sound that we utter comes under some Law.

Now one of these laws has been named after Grimm,
For the Germans declare it was found out by him :
But their rivals the Danes take the Germans to task,
And proclaim as its finder their friend Rasmus Rask.

Be this as it may, few have sought to explain
How it came that this law could its influence gain :
Max Müller has tried, as he thinks, pretty well ;
But I don't understand him, and therefore can't tell.

Anthropologists say, after Man had his birth,
There were two human races possessing the earth ;
One gifted and graced with articulate speech,
And another that only could gabble and screech.

The Aryans could speak, and could build, and could plough,
And knew most of the arts we are practising now ;
But the Dumbies that dwelt in those vile Kitchen-Middens
Weren't fit but to do their superiors' biddings.

So an Aryan went forth to enlighten these others,
And to raise them by speech to the level of brothers ;
On the Mutes of the Middens he burst with éclat,
And attempted to teach them the syllable PA.

This PA was intended to set things a-going
For a lot of Good Words very well worth the knowing ;
Such as Pater, and *πατήρ*, and Panis, and Pasco ;
But the Midden performers made rather a *fiasco*.

Scarce one of them all would say PA for a wonder,
But each blundered away with a different blunder :
Some feebly cried A, and some, crow-like, said KA,
While the nearest they came to was FA and was BA.

Then the Aryan propounded the syllable TA,
Which his pupils corrupted to THA and to DA :
Even KA, when they tried it, they never came nearer
Than to HA or to GA, or to something still queerer.

So slow were their senses to seize what was said,
That they never could hit the right nail on the head ;
And the game of cross purposes lasted so long,
That it soon was a rule they should always go wrong.

Thus the Dumbies for ever said Father for Pater,
And Bearing and Brother for Ferens and Frater :
The Aryan cried Pecu, the Midden-man Fee,
In which Doctors and Lawyers to this day agree.

Jove's Tonitru sank into Old-Saxon Thunner,
Which the High-German dunderheads changed into Donner;
From Domo came Tame, and from Domus came Timmer,
While the hissing Helvetians said Zämen and Zimmer.

From *θυρα* came Door, and from *θυγατηρ* Tochter,
Which dwindled away into Türe and Tochter:
From Hortus and Hostis came Garden and Guest,
And from *χολη* came Gall, which so bothers the best.

The Old Aryan GAU was the Kitchener's Koo
(Though some tribes were contented to call the beast Boo):
If your wife in her *καρδια* would give you a Cornu,
The Midden-man said, "In her Heart she would Horn you."

Such a roundabout race I can only compare
To the whirligig engines we mount at a fair;
Where each rides as in fear lest his steed be forsaken,
But he ne'er overtakes, and is ne'er overtaken.

A theory seldom is free from a flaw,
But the story I've told may account for Grimm's law:
Though some others suggest, if the Bible's no fable,
That Grimm's law was what caused the confusion at Babel.
Down a down, down, &c.

BROWNLOWS.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MOMENTARY MADNESS.

IT would be difficult to describe the looks of the assembled party in the library at Brownlows at this moment. Jack, to whom everything was doubly complicated by the fact that the intruder was Pamela's mother, and by the feeling that his own affairs must be somehow in question, made a step forward, thinking that her business must be with him, and fell back in double consternation when she passed him, looking only at his father. Sara stood aghast, knowing nothing—not even aware that there could be anything to be anxious about—an impersonation of mere wonder and surprise. The two elder people were not surprised. Both of them knew what it meant. Mr Brownlow in a moment passed from the shock of horror and dismay which had prostrated him at first, into that perfect calm which is never consistent with ignorance or innocence. The wonder of his children would have convinced any observer of their perfect unacquaintance with the matter. But he knew all about it—he was perfectly composed and master of himself in a second. Life goes fast at such a crisis. He felt at once as if he had always known it was to end like this—always foreseen it—and had been gradually prepared and wound up by degrees to meet the blow. All his uncertainty and doubt and self-delusions vanished from him on the spot. He knew who his visitor was without any explanation, and that she had come just in time—and that it was all over. Somehow he seemed to cease on the moment to be the principal in the matter. By the time Mrs Preston had come up to him, he had become a calm professional spectator, watch-

ing the case on behalf of a client. The change was curious to himself, though he had no time just then to consider how it came about.

But the intruder was not calm. On the contrary, she was struggling with intense excitement, panting, trembling, compelled to stop on her way across the room to put her hand to her side, and gasp for the half-stifled breath. She took no notice of the young people who stood by. It is doubtful even whether she was aware of their presence. She went up gasping to the man she thought her enemy. "I am in time," she said. "I have come to claim my mother's money—the money you have robbed us of. I am in time—I know I am just in time! I have been at Doctors' Commons; it's no use telling me lies. I know everything. I've come for my mother's money—the money you've robbed from me and mine!"

Jack came forward bewildered by these extraordinary words. "This is frenzy," he said. "The Rector is right. She must be mad. Mrs Preston, come and I'll take you home. Don't let us make any row about it. She is Pamela's mother. Let me take her quietly away."

"I might be mad," said the strange apparition, "if wrong could make a woman mad. Don't talk to me of Pamela. Sir, you understand it's you I come to—it's you! Give me my mother's money! I'll not go away from here till I have justice. I'll have you taken up for a robber! I'll have you put in prison! It's justice I want—and my rights."

"Be quiet, Jack," said Mr Brownlow; "let her alone. Go away—that is the best service you can do me. Mrs Preston, you must explain

yourself. Who was your mother, and what do you want with me?"

Then she made a rush forward to him and clutched his arm. He was standing in his former position leaning against the mantelpiece, firm, upright, pale, a strong man still, and with his energies unbroken. She rushed at him, a tottering, agitated woman, old and weak and half-frantic with excitement. "Give me my mother's money!" she cried, and gasped and choked, her passion being too much for her. At this instant the clock struck: it was a silvery, soft-tongued clock, and made the slow beats of time thrill into the silence. Mr Brownlow laughed when he heard it—laughed not with triumph, but with that sense of the utter futility of all calculations which sometimes comes upon the mind with a strange sense of the humour of it, at the most terrible crisis. Let it strike—what did it matter?—nothing now could deliver him from his fate.

"I take you to witness I was here and claimed my money before it struck," cried the woman. "I was here. You can't change that. You villain, give me my mother's money! Give me my money: you've had it for five-and-twenty years!"

"Compose yourself," said Mr Brownlow, speaking to her as he might have done had he been the professional adviser of the man who was involved; "sit down and take your time; you were here before twelve, you shall have all the benefit of that; now tell me what your name is, and what is your claim."

Mrs Preston sat down as he told her, and glared at him with her wild bright eyes; but notwithstanding the overwrought condition in which she was, she could not but recognise the calm of the voice which addressed her: a certain shade of uncertainty flickered over her countenance—she grew confused in the midst of her assurance—it seemed impossible that he could take it so quietly if he knew

what she meant. And then her bodily fatigue, sleeplessness, and exhaustion were beginning to tell.

"You are trying to cheat me," she said, with difficulty restraining the impulse of her weakness to cry. "You are trying to cheat me! you know it better than I do, and I read it with my own eyes: you have had it for five-and-twenty years: and you try to face it out and cheat me now!"

Then the outburst came which had been kept back so long; she had eaten nothing all day; she had not slept the previous night; she had been travelling and rushing about till the solid earth seemed to be going round and round with her; she burst into sobbing and crying as she spoke: not tears—she was not capable of tears. When Mr Brownlow, in his extraordinary self-possession, went to a side table to bring a decanter of sherry which had been placed there, she made an effort to rise to stop him, but even that she was unable to do. He walked across the room while his astonished children still stood and looked on. He alone had all his wits about him, and sense enough to be compassionate. He filled out a glass of wine with a steady hand and brought it to her. "Take this," he said, "and then you will be more able to tell me what you mean."

Mrs Preston looked up at him, struck dumb with wonder in the midst of her agitation. She was capable of thinking he meant to poison her—probably that was the first idea in her mind; but when she looked up and saw the expression in his face, it calmed her in spite of herself. She took the glass from him as if she could not help it, and swallowed the wine in an unwilling yet eager way—for her bodily exhaustion craved the needful support, though her mind was against it. She began to shake and tremble all over as Mr Brownlow took the glass from her hand: his quietness overwhelmed her. If

he had turned her out of the room, out of the house, it would have seemed more natural than this.

"Father," said Jack, interposing, "I have seen her like this before—I don't know what she has in her head, but of course I can't stand by and see her get into trouble: if you will go away I will take her home."

Mr Brownlow smiled again, a curious smile of despair, once more seeing the humour, as it were, of the situation. "It will be better for you to take Sara away," he said; "go, both of you—it does not matter." Then, having fallen into this momentary incoherence, he recovered himself and turned round to his visitor. "Now tell me," he said gently, "who you are and what you mean?"

But by this time it did not seem as if she were able to speak—she sat and stared at him, her dark eyes shining wildly out of her old pallid face. "I have seen the will—I have been at Doctors' Commons," she gulped out by degrees; "I know it must be true."

"Who are you?" said Mr Brownlow.

Then the poor trembling creature got up and made a rush towards him again. "You know who I am," she said, "but that don't matter, as you say: I was Phoebe Thomson; give me my mother's money—ah! give me the money that belongs to my child! give me my fortune! there's witnesses that I came in time; I came in time—I came in time!" screamed forth the exhausted woman. She had lost all command of herself by this time, and shrieked out the words, growing louder and louder; then all at once, without any warning, she fell down at the feet of the man she was defying—fell in a dead bundle on the floor, in a faint—almost, as it seemed for the moment, dead.

Mr Brownlow, for one dreadful second, thought she was dead. The

moment was terrible beyond all description, worse than anything that had yet befallen him; a thrill of hope, an awful sickening of suspense came over him; for the first time he, too, lost his senses: he did not stoop to raise her, nor take any means for her restoration, but stood looking down upon her, watching, as a man might watch the wild beast which had been about to kill him, writhing under some sudden shot. A man would not interpose in such a case with surgical aid for the wounded lion or tiger. Neither did Mr Brownlow feel himself moved to interfere. He only stood and looked on. But his children were not wound up to the same state of feeling. Jack rushed forward and lifted his Pamela's mother from the floor, and Sara flew to her aid with feminine succours. They laid her on the sofa, and put water on her face, and did everything they knew to restore her. Mr Brownlow did not interfere; he could not bid them stop; it never even occurred to him to attempt to restrain their charitable offices. He left them to themselves, and walked heavily up and down the room on the other side, waiting till she should come to herself. For of course she would come to herself—he had no doubt of that. After the first instant it was clearly enough apparent to him that such a woman at such a moment would not die.

When Mrs Preston came to herself, she tried to get up from the sofa, and looked at them all with a piteous look of terror and helplessness. She was a simple uneducated woman, making little distinction between different kinds of crime—and it seemed to her as if a man who had defrauded her (as she thought) all these years, might very well mean to murder her when he was found out. She did not see the difference. She shuddered as she fell back on the cushions unable to rise. "Would you like to kill me?" she said faintly, looking in

their faces. She was afraid of them, and she was helpless and alone. She did not feel even as if she had the strength to cry out. And there were three of them—they could put out her feeble flickering flame of life if they pleased. As for the two young people whom she addressed in the first place, they supposed simply that she was raving. But Mr Brownlow, who was, in his way, as highly strained as she was, caught the words. And the thought flashed through his mind as if some one had held up a picture to him. What would it matter if she were to die? She was old—she had lived long enough—she was not so happy that she should wish to live longer; and her child—others might do better for her child than she could. It was not his fault. It was her words that called up the picture before him, and he made a few steps forward and put his children away, and came up to the sofa and looked at her. An old, faint, feeble, worn-out woman. A touch would do it;—her life was like the last sere leaves fluttering on the end of the branches; a touch would do it. He came and looked at her, not knowing what he did, and put his children away. And there was something in his eyes which made her shrink into the corner of her couch and tremble and be silent. He was looking to see how it could be done—by some awful unconscious impulse, altogether apart from any will or thought of his. And a touch would do it. This was what was in his eyes when he told his children to go away.

"Go—go to bed," he said, "I will take care of Mrs Preston." There was a horrible appearance of meaning in his voice, but yet he did not know what he meant. He stood and looked down upon her gloomily. Yes, that was all that stood between him and peace; a woman whom any chance touch—any blast bitterer than usual—any accidental fall, might kill. "Go to

bed, children," he repeated harshly. It seemed to him somehow as if it would be better, as if he would be more at liberty, when they were away.

"Oh, no—no," said Mrs Preston, moaning. "Don't leave me—don't leave me. You wouldn't see any harm come to me, for my Pamela's sake!"

And then both his children looked into Mr Brownlow's face. I cannot tell what they saw there. I doubt whether they could have told themselves; but it was something that thrilled them through and through, which came back to them from time to time all their lives, and which they could never forget. Jack turned away from his father with a kind of horror, and went and placed himself beside Mrs Preston at the head of the sofa. But Sara, though her dismay was still greater, went up to him and clasped his arm with both her hands. "Papa," she said, "come away. Come with me. I don't know what it means, but it is too much for you. Come, papa."

Mr Brownlow once more put her away with his hand. "Go to bed, Sara," he said; and then freeing himself, he went across the room to the curtained windows, and stared out as if they were open, and came back again. The presence of his children was an oppression to him. He wanted them away. And then he stood again by the side of the sofa and looked at his visitor. "We can talk this over best alone," he said; and at the sound of his voice, and a movement which she thought Jack made to leave her, she gave a sudden cry.

"He will kill me if you go away!" she said. "Oh, don't leave me to him! I—don't mean to injure you—I— But you're in league with him," she exclaimed, rising suddenly with the strength of excitement, and rushing to the other end of the room; "you are all against me. I shall be killed—I shall be killed! Murder! murder!"

—though I don't want to hurt you. I want nothing but my rights."

She got behind the writing-table in her insane terror, and threw herself down there on her knees, propping herself up against it, and watching them as from behind a barricade, with her pallid thin face supported on the table. With her hands she drew a chair to each side of her. She was like a wild creature painfully barricading herself—sheltering her feeble strength within intrenchments, and turning her face to the foe. Mr Brownlow stood still and looked at her, but this time with a stupefied look which meant nothing; and as for Jack he stood aghast, half-frightened, half-angry, not knowing if she were mad, or what it was. When either of them moved, she crouched together and cried out, thinking they were about to rush upon her. For the moment she was all but mad—mad with excitement, fright, evil-thinking, and ignorance—ignorance most of all,—seeing no reason why, if they had done one wrong, they should not do another. Kill or defraud, which did it matter?—and for the moment she was out of her senses, and knew not what she did or said.

Sara was the only one who retained her wits at this emergency. She stepped behind the screen made by the table without pausing to think about it. "Mrs Preston," she said, "I don't know what is the matter with you. You look as if you had gone mad; but I am not frightened. What do you mean by calling murder here? Come with me to my room and go to bed. It is time everybody was in bed. I will take care of you. You are tired to death, and not fit to be up. Come with me."

"You!" cried Mrs Preston—"you! You that have had everything my Pamela ought to have had! You that have been kept like a princess on my money! You!—but don't let them kill me," she cried out the next moment, shud-

dering and turning towards the other woman for protection. "You're but a girl. Come here and stand by me, and save me, and I'll stand by you. You shall always have a home. I'll be as good to you—but save me! don't let them kill me!" she cried, frantically throwing her arms round Sara's waist. It was a curious sight. The girl stood erect, her slight figure swaying with the unusual strain upon it, her face lit up with such powerful emotions as she had never known before, looking wistful, alarmed, wondering, proud, upon her father and her brother at the other side, while the old woman clung to her, crouching at her feet, hiding her face in her dress, clasping her waist as for life and death. Sara had accepted the office thrust upon her, whatever it was. She had become responsible for the terrified, exhausted claimant of all Mr Brownlow's fortune—and turned round upon the two astonished men with something new to them, something that was almost defiance, in her eyes.

"I don't know what it means," she said, laying her long, soft, shapely hand upon Mrs Preston's shoulder like the picture of a guardian angel; "but it has gone past your managing, and I must take charge of her. Jack, open the door, and keep out of the way. She must come with me."

And then, indeed, Mr Brownlow within himself, in the depths of his heart, uttered a groan, which made some outward echo. He was in the last crisis of his fate, and his cherished child forsook him and took his adversary's part. He withdrew himself and sank down into a chair, clearing the way, as she had bidden. Sara had taken charge of her. Sara had covered the intruder for ever and ever with the shield of her protection; and yet it was for Sara alone that he could have found in his heart to murder this woman, as she said. When Sara stood forth and faced

him in her young strength and pride, a sudden Lady of Succour, it cast him to the earth. And he gave that groan, and sank down and put himself aside, as it were. He could not carry on the struggle. When Sara heard it her heart smote her; she turned to him eagerly, not to comfort him, but to defend herself.

"Well!" she said, "if it was nothing, you would not have minded. It must be something, or you would not have looked——" And then she stopped and shuddered. "I am going to take charge of her to-night," she added, low and hurriedly. "I will take her to my room, and stay with her all night. Tomorrow, perhaps, we may know what it means. Jack, she can walk, if you will clear the way."

Then Mr Brownlow looked up, with an indescribable pang at his heart, and saw his daughter lead, half carrying, his enemy away. "I will take her to my room, and stay with her all night." He had felt the emphasis and meaning that was in the words, and he had seen Sara's shudder. Good heavens! what was it for? Was he a man to do murder? What was it his child had read in his eye? In this horrible confusion of thought he sat and watched the stranger out. She had made good her lodgment, not only in the house, but in the innermost chamber, in Sara's room—in Sara's protecting presence, where nothing could get near her. And it was against him that his child had taken up this wretched woman's defence! He neither moved nor spoke for some minutes after they had left the room. The bitterness had all to be tasted and swallowed before his thoughts could go forward to other things, and to the real final question. By degrees, however, as he came to himself, he became aware that he was not yet left free to think about the final question. Jack was still beside him. He did not say anything, but he was moving and fidgeting

about the room with his hands in his pockets in a way which proved that he had something to say. As Mr Brownlow came to himself he gradually woke to a perception of his son's restless figure beside him, and knew that he had another explanation to make.

"I don't want to trouble you," said Jack at last, abruptly, "but I should very much like to know, sir, what all this means. If Mrs Preston is mad—as—God knows I don't want to think it," cried the young man, "but one must believe one's eyes—if she is mad, why did you give in to her, and humour her? Why did not you let me take her away?"

"I don't think she is mad," said Mr Brownlow, slowly.

Upon which Jack came to a dead stop, and stared at his father—"Good heavens, sir," he said, "what can you mean?"

"I don't know," said Mr Brownlow, getting up in his turn. "My head is not quite clear to-night. Leave me now. I'll tell you after. I'll tell you—some time;—I mean in the morning." Then he walked once more across the room, and threw himself into the big easy-chair by the dying fire. One of the lamps had run down, and was flickering out, throwing strange quivers of light and shade about the room. An indescribable change had come over it; it had been bright, and now it looked desolate; it had been the home of peace, and now the very air was heavy with uncertainty and a kind of hovering horror. Mr Brownlow threw himself wearily into the big chair, and covered his face with his hands. A moment after he seemed to recollect himself, and looked up and called Jack back. "My boy," he said, "something has happened to-night which I did not look for. You must consider everything I said to you before as cancelled. It appears I was premature. I am sorry—for you, Jack."

"Don't be sorry for me," cried

Jack, with a generous impulse. "It could not have made much matter anyhow—my life is decided, come what may."

Then his father looked up at him sharply, but with a quiver in his lip. "Ah!" he said; and Jack perceived somehow, he did not know how, that he had unwittingly inflicted a new wound. "It could not have made much matter—true," he said, and rose up and bowed to his son as if he had been a stranger. "That being the case, perhaps the less we say to each other the better now——"

"What have I said, sir?" cried Jack in amaze.

"Enough, enough," said Mr Brownlow, "enough"—whether it was in answer to his question, or by way of putting an end to the conversation, Jack could not tell; and then his father waved him away, and sat down again, once more burying his face in his hands. Again the iron had entered his soul. Both of them!—all he had in the world—his fortune, his position, his son, his daughter, must all go? It seemed to him now as if the external things were nothing in comparison of these last. Sara, for whose sake alone he feared it—Jack, whom he had not petted—whom perhaps he had crossed a little as fathers will, but whom at bottom—never mind, never mind! he said to himself. It was the way of the world. Sons did not take up their father's cause nowadays as a matter of course. They had themselves to think of—in fact, it was right they should think of themselves. The world was of much more importance to Jack than it could be to himself, for of course a young man had twice the length of time to provide for that his father could possibly have. Never mind! He said it to himself with his head bowed down in his hands. But he did mind. "It would not make much matter anyhow"—no, not much matter. Jack would have it instead of Sara and Powys. It

was the same kind of compromise that he had intended—only that the persons and the motive were changed.

Poor Jack in the mean time went about the room in a very disconsolate state. He was so startled in every way that he did not know what to think, and yet vague shadows of the truth were flickering about his mind. He knew something vaguely of the origin of his father's fortune, and nothing but that could explain it; and now he was offended at something. What could it be that he was offended at? It never occurred to Jack that his own words might bear the meaning that was set upon them; he was disconcerted and vexed, and did not know what to do. He went wandering about the room, lifting and replacing the books on the tables, and finally, after a long pause, he went up to his father again.

"I wish you'd have some confidence in me," he said. "I don't pretend to be wise, but still—And then if there is anything hanging over us, it is best that a fellow should know——"

"There is nothing hanging over you," said Mr Brownlow, raising his head, almost with bitterness. "It will not matter much anyhow, you know. Don't think of waiting for me. I have a good deal to think over. In short, I should be very glad if you would leave me to myself and go——"

"As you please," said Jack, who was at last offended in his turn; and after he had made a discontented promenade all round the room, he lounged towards the door, still hoping he might be called back again. But he was not called back. On the contrary, his father's head had sunk again into his hands, and he had evidently retired into himself, beyond the reach of all fellowship or sympathy. Jack veered gradually towards the door and went out of the room, with his hands in his pockets and great trouble and

perplexity in his mind. It seemed to him that he saw what the trouble must be, and that of itself was not pleasant. But bad as it might be, it was not so bad as the way his father was taking it. Good heavens, if he should hurt the old woman!—but surely he was not capable of that. And then Jack returned upon his own case and felt wounded and sore. He was not a baby that his father should decline to take him into his confidence. He was not a fool that he should be supposed unequal to the emergency. Sleep was out of the question under the circumstances; and besides he did not want to meet any of the fellows who might have been disturbed by Mrs Preston's cry, and might have come to his room for information. "Hang it all!" said Jack, as he threw himself on a sofa in the smoking-room, and lighted a dreary cigar. It was not a very serious malediction, but yet his mind was serious enough. Some terrible crisis in the history of his family was coming on, and he could only guess what it was. Something that involved not only his own prospects, but the prospects of his future wife. And yet nobody would tell him what was the meaning of it. It was hard lines for Jack.

When his son left the room, Mr Brownlow lifted his head out of his hands. He looked eagerly round the room and made sure he was alone. And then his countenance relaxed a little. He could venture to look as he felt, to throw off every mask when he was alone. Then he got up and walked heavily about. Was it all true? Had she come at the last moment and made her claim? Had she lighted down upon him, tracked him out, just as he was saying, and at last permitting himself to think, that all was over? A strange confusion swept over him as he sat and looked round the empty room. Was it possible that all this had happened since he was last alone in it? It was only a few hours

since; and he had been scarcely able to believe that so blessed a state of things could be true. He had sat there and planned every kind of kindness and bounty to everybody by way of expressing his gratitude to God. Was it possible? Could everything since then be so entirely changed? Or had he only dreamt the arrival of the sudden claimant, the striking of the clock too late, all the miseries of the night? As he asked himself these questions, a sudden shuddering came over him. There was one thing which he knew could be no dream. It was the suggestion which had come into his mind as he stood by the sofa. He seemed to see her before him, worn, old, feeble, and involuntarily his thoughts strayed away again to that horrible thought. What was the use of such a woman in the world? She had nothing before her but old age, infirmities, a lingering illness most likely, many sufferings and death—only death at the end; that was the best, the only event awaiting her. To the young, life may blossom out afresh at any moment, but the old can only die—that is all that remains for them. And a touch would do it. It might save her from a great deal of suffering—it would certainly save her from the trial of a new position, the difficult transition from poverty to wealth. If he was himself as old, Mr Brownlow thought vaguely (all this was very vague—it was not breathed in articulate thought, much less in words) that he would be glad to be put quietly out of the way. Heaven knows he would be grateful enough to any one even at that moment who would put him out of the way.

And it would be so easy to do it; a touch would do it. The life was fluttering already in her pulses; very likely the first severe cold would bring her down like the leaves off the trees; and in the mean time what a difference her life

would make. Mr Brownlow got up and began to walk about, not able to keep still any longer. The second lamp was now beginning to flicker for want of oil, and the room was darkening, though he did not perceive it. It would be the kindest office that could be done to an old woman; he had often thought so. Suddenly there occurred to him a recollection of certain unhappy creatures in the workhouse at Masterton, who were so old that nothing was any pleasure to them. He thought of the life-in-death he had seen among them, the tedious blank, the animal half-existence, the dead, dull doze, out of which only a bad fit of coughing or some other suffering roused them; and of his own passing reflection how kind it would be to mix them a sleeping potion only a little stronger, and let them be gone. It would be the best thing any one could do for them. It would be the best thing any one could do for *her*; and then all the trouble, all the vexation, all the misery and change that it would save!

As for the child, Mr Brownlow said to himself that all should go well with the child. He would not interfere. Jack should marry her if he pleased—all should go well with her; and she would not have the difficult task of reconciling the world to her mother. In every way it seemed the desirable arrangement. If Providence would but interpose!—but then Providence never did interpose in such emergencies. Mr Brownlow went slowly up and down the darkening room, and his thoughts, too, went into the darkness. They went on as it were in a whisper and hid themselves, and silence came—hideous silence, in which the heart stood still, the genial breath was interrupted. He did not know what he was doing. He went to the medicine-chest which was in one corner, and opened it and looked at it. He did not even make a pretence of looking for

anything: neither would the light have enabled him to look for anything. He looked at it and he knew that death was there, but he did not put forth his hand to touch it. At that moment all at once the flickering flame went out—went out just as a life might do, after fluttering and quivering and making wild rallies, again and again. Mr Brownlow for his part was almost glad there was no light. It made him easier—even the lamp had seemed to look at him and see something in his eye!

Five minutes after, he found himself, he could not have told how, at the door of Sara's room. It was not in his way—he could not make that excuse to himself—to tell the truth he did not make any excuse to himself. His mind was utterly confused, and had stopped thinking. He was there, having come there he did not know how; and being there he opened the door softly and went in. Perhaps, for anything he could tell, the burden might have been too much for Sara. He went in softly, stealing so as not to disturb any sleeper. The room was dark, but not quite dark. There was a night-light burning, shaded, on the table, and the curtains were drawn at the head of the white bed: nothing stirred in the silence: only the sound of breathing, the irregular disturbed breathing of some one in a troubled sleep. Mr Brownlow stole further in, and softly put back one of the curtains of the bed. There she lay, old, pallid, wrinkled, worn out, breathing hard in her sleep, even then unable to forget the struggle she was engaged in, holding the coverlet fast with one old meagre hand, upon which all the veins stood out. What comfort was her life to her? And a touch would do it. He went a step nearer and stooped over her, not knowing what he did, not putting out a finger, incapable of any exertion, yet with an awful curiosity. Then all at once out of the darkness,

swift as an angel on noiseless pinions, a white figure rose and rushed at him, carrying him away from the bed out to the door, unwitting, aghast, by the mere impetus of its own wild sudden motion. When they had got outside it was Sara's face that was turned upon him, pale as the face of the dead, with her hair hanging about it wildly, and the moisture standing in big beads on her forehead. "What were you going to do?" she seemed to shriek in his ear, though the shriek was only a whisper. He had left his candle outside, and it was by that faint light he could see the whiteness of her face.

"Do?" said Mr Brownlow, with a strange sense of wonder. "Do?—nothing. What could I do?"

Then Sara threw herself upon him and wept aloud, wept so that the sound ran through the house, sobbing along the long listening passages. "Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, clinging to him. A look as of idiocy had come into his face. He had become totally confused—he did not know what she meant. What could he do? Why was she crying? And it was wrong to make a noise like this, when all the house was hushed and asleep.

"You must be quiet," he said. "There is no need to be so agitated; and you should have been in bed. It is very late. I am going to my room now."

"I will go with you," said Sara, trembling. Already she began to be ashamed of her terror, but her nerves would not calm down all at once. She put her hand on his arm and half led, half followed him through the corridor. "Papa, you did not mean—anything?" she said, lifting up a face so white and tremulous and shaken with many emotions that it was scarcely possible to recognise it as hers. "You

did not mean—anything?" Her very lips quivered so that she could scarcely speak.

"Mean—what?" he said. "I am a little confused to-night. It was all so sudden. I don't seem to understand you. And I'm very tired. Things will be clearer to-morrow. Sara, I hope you are going to bed."

"Yes, papa," she said, like a child, though her lips quivered. He looked like a man who had fallen into sudden imbecility, comprehending nothing. And Sara's mind too was beginning to get confused. She could not understand any longer what his looks meant.

"And so am I," said Mr Brownlow, with a sigh. Then he stooped and kissed her. "My darling, good-night. Things will be clearer to-morrow," he said. They had come to his door by this time. And it was there he had stooped to kiss her, dismissing her as it seemed. But after she had turned to go back, he came out again and called her. He looked almost as old and as shaken as Mrs Preston as he called her back: "Don't forsake me—don't *you* forsake me," he said hurriedly; "that was all—that was all: good-night."

And then he went in and shut his door. Sara, left to herself, went back along the corridor, not knowing what to think. Were they all mad, or going mad? What could the shock be which had made Pamela's humble mother frantic, and confused Mr Brownlow's clear intellect? She lay down on her sofa to watch her patient, feeling as if she too was becoming idiotic. She could not sleep, young as she was: the awful shadow that had come across her mind had murdered sleep. She lay and listened to Mrs Preston's irregular, interrupted breathing, far into the night. But sleep was not for Sara's eyes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE MORNING LIGHT.

Of all painful things in this world there are few more painful than the feeling of rising up in the morning to a difficulty unsolved, a mystery unexplained. So long as the darkness is over with the night something can always be done. Calamity can be faced, misfortune met; but to get up in the morning light, and encounter afresh the darkness, and find no clue any more than you had at night, is hard work. This was what Jack felt when he had to face the sunshine, and remembered all that had happened, and the merry party that awaited him down-stairs, and that he must amuse his visitors as if this day had been like any other. If he but knew what had really happened! But the utmost he could do was to guess at it, and that in the vaguest way. The young man went down-stairs with a load on his mind, not so much of care as of uncertainty. Loss of fortune was a thing that could be met; but if there was loss of honour involved—if his father's brain was giving way with the pressure—if— Jack would not allow his thoughts to go any further. He drew himself up with a sudden pull, and stopped short, and went down-stairs. At the breakfast-table everything looked horribly unchanged. The guests, the servants, the routine of the cheerful meal, were just as usual. Mr Brownlow, too, was at the table, holding his usual place. There was an ashy look about his face, which produced inquiries concerning his health from every new arrival; but his answers were so brief and unencouraging that these questions soon died off into silence. And he ate nothing, and his hand shook as he put his cup of coffee to his pallid lips. All these were symptoms that might be accounted for in the simplest way by a little bodily derangement. But Jack, for his part,

was afraid to meet his father's eye. "Where is Sara?" he asked, as he took his seat. And then he was met—for he was late, and most of the party were down before him—by a flutter of regrets and wonder. Poor Sara had a headache—so bad a headache that she would not even have any one go into her room. "Angelique was keeping the door like a little tiger," one of the young ladies said, "and would let nobody in." "And, oh, tell me who it was that came so late last night," cried another. "You must know. We are all at such a pitch of curiosity. It must be a foreign prince, or the prime minister, or some great beauty, we can't make up our minds which; and, of course, it is breakfasting in its own room this morning. Nobody will tell us who it was. Do tell us!—we are all dying to know."

"You will all be dreadfully disappointed," said Jack. "It was neither a prince nor a beauty. As for prime minister I don't know. Such things have been heard of as that a prime minister should be an old woman—"

"An old woman!" said his innocent interlocutor. "Then it must be Lady Motherwell. Oh, I don't wonder poor Sara has a headache. But you know you are only joking. Her dear Charley would never let her come storming to anybody's door like that."

"It was not Lady Motherwell," said Jack. Heaven knows he was in no mood for jesting; but when it is a matter which is past talking of, what can a man do?

"Oh, then, I know who it must have been!" cried the spokeswoman of the party. She was, however, suddenly interrupted. Mr Brownlow, who had scarcely said a word as yet to any one, interposed. There was something in his tone which somehow put them all to silence.

"I am sorry to put a stop to your speculations," he said. "It was only one of my clients on urgent business—that was all; business," he added, with a curious kind of apology, "which has kept me up half the night."

"Oh, Mr Brownlow, I am so sorry. You are tired, and we have been teasing you," said the lively questioner, with quick compunction.

"No, not teasing me," he said, gravely. And then a dead silence ensued. It was not anything in his words. His words were simple enough; and yet every one of his guests instantly began to think that his or her stay had been long enough, and that it was time to go away.

As Mr Brownlow spoke he met Jack's eye, and returned his look steadily. So far he was himself again. He was impenetrable, antagonistic, almost defiant. But there was no hovering horror in his look. He was terribly grave, and ashy pale, and bore traces that what had happened was no light matter. His look gave his son a sensation of relief, and perhaps encouraged him in levity of expression, though, Heaven knows, there was little levity in his mind.

"I told you," he said, "it might have been the prime minister, but it certainly was an old woman; and there I stop. I can't give any further information; I am not one of the Privy Council." Then he laughed, but it was an uncomfortable laugh. It deepened the silence all around, and looked like a family quarrel, and made everybody feel ill at ease.

"I don't think any one here can be much interested in details," said Mr Brownlow, coldly; and then he rose to leave the table. It was his habit to leave the table early, and on ordinary occasions his departure made little commotion; but to-day it was different. They all clustered up to their feet as he went out of the room. Nobody knew

what should be done that day. The men looked awkwardly at each other; the women tried hard to be the same as before, and failed, having Jack before them, who was far from looking the same. "I suppose, Jack, you will not go out to-day," one of his companions said, though they had not an idea why.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," said Jack, and then he made a pause; and everybody looked at him. "After all," he continued, "you all know your way about; as Sara has a headache I had better stay;" and he hurried their departure that he might get rid of them. His father had not gone out; the dog-cart had come to the door, but it had been sent off again. He was in the library, Willis said in a whisper; and though he had been so many years with Mr Brownlow and knew all his ways, Willis was obviously startled too. For one moment Jack thought of cross-questioning the butler to see what light he could throw upon the matter—if he had heard anything on the previous night, or suspected anything—but on second thoughts he dismissed the idea. Whatever it was, it was from his father himself that he ought to have the explanation. But though Mr Brownlow was in the library Jack did not go to him there. He loitered about till his friends were gone, and till the ladies of the party, finding him very impracticable and with no amusement in him, had gone off upon their various ways. He did his best to be civil, even playful, poor fellow, being for the moment everybody's representative, both master and mistress of the house. But though there was no absolute deficiency in anything he said or did, they were all too sharp-witted to be taken in. "He has something on his mind," one matron of the party said to the other. "They have something on all their minds, my dear," said the other, solemnly; and they talked very significantly and mysteriously

of the Brownlows as they filled Sara's morning-room with their work and various devices, for it was a foggy, wretched day, and no one cared to venture out. Jack meanwhile drew a long breath of relief when all his guests were thus off his mind. He stood in the hall and hesitated, and saw Willis watching him from a corner with undisguised anxiety. Perhaps but for that he would have gone to his father; but with everybody watching him, looking on and speculating what it might be, he could not go. And yet something must be done. At last, after he had watched the last man out and the last lady go away, he turned, and went slowly up-stairs to Sara's door.

When his voice was heard there was a little rush within, and Sara came to him. She was very pale, and had the air of a watcher to whom the past night had brought no sleep. It even seemed to Jack that she was in the same dress that she had worn the previous night, though that was a delusion. As soon as she saw that it was her brother, and that he was alone, she sent the maid away, and, taking him by the arm, drew him into the little outer room. There had not been any sentimental fraternity between them in a general way. They were very good friends, and fond of each other, but not given to manifestations of sympathy and devotion. But this time as soon as he was within the door and she had him to herself, Sara threw her arms round Jack, and leant against him, and went off without any warning into a sudden burst of emotion—not tears exactly. It was rather a struggle against tears. She sobbed and her breast heaved, and she clasped him convulsively. Jack was terribly surprised and shocked, feeling that so unusual an outburst must have a serious cause, and he was very tender with his sister. It did not last more than a minute, but it did more to convince him of

the gravity of the crisis than anything else had done. Sara regained command of herself almost immediately and ceased sobbing, and raised her head from his shoulder. "She is there," she whispered, pointing to the inner room, and then she turned and went before him leading the way. The white curtains of Sara's bed were drawn at one side, so as to screen the interior of the chamber. Within that enclosure a fire was burning brightly, and seated by it in an easy-chair wrapped in one of Sara's pretty dressing-gowns, with unaccustomed embroideries and soft frills and ribbons enclosing her brown worn hands and meagre throat, Mrs Preston half sat, half reclined. The firelight was flickering about her, and she lay back and looked at it and at everything around her with a certain dreadful satisfaction. She looked round about upon the room and its comforts as people look on a new purchase. Enjoyment—a certain pleasure of possession—was written on her face.

When she saw Jack she moved a little, and drew the muslin wrapper more closely round her throat with a curious instinct of prudish propriety. It was the same woman to whose society he had accustomed himself as Pamela's mother, and whom he had tutored himself to look upon as a necessary part of his future household, but yet she was a different creature. He did not know her in this new development. He followed Sara into her presence with a new sense of repulsion, a reluctance and dislike which he had never felt before. And Mrs Preston for her part received him with an air which was utterly inexplicable—an air of patronage which made his blood boil.

"I hope you are better," he said, not knowing how to begin; and then, after a pause, "Should not I go and tell Pamela that you are

here? or would you like me to take you home?"

"I consider myself at home," said Mrs Preston, sitting up suddenly and bursting into speech. "I will send for Pamela, when it is all settled. I am very thankful to your sister for taking care of me last night. She shall find that it will be to her advantage. Sit down—I am sorry, Mr John, that I cannot say the same for you."

"What is it you cannot say for me?" said Jack: "I don't know in the least what you would be at, Mrs Preston; I suppose there must be some explanation of this strange conduct. What does it mean?"

"You will find that it means a great deal," said the changed woman. "When you came to me to my poor little place, I did not want to have anything to say to you; but I never thought of putting any meaning to what you were doing. I was as innocent as a baby—I thought it was all love to my poor child. That was what I thought. And now you've stolen her heart away from me, and I know what it was for—I know what it was for."

"Then what was it for?" said Jack, abruptly. He was by turns red and pale with anger. He found it very hard to keep his temper now that he was personally assailed.

"It was for this," cried Pamela's mother, with a shrill ring in her voice, pointing, as it seemed, to the pretty furniture and pictures round her—"for all this, and the fine house, and the park, and the money—that was what it was for. 'You thought you'd marry her and keep it all, and that I should never know what was my rights. But now I do know;—and you would have killed me last night!' she cried wildly, drawing back, with renewed passion—"you and your father; you would have killed me; I should have been a dead woman by this time if it had not been for her!"

Jack made a hoarse exclamation in his throat as she spoke. The room seemed to be turning round with him. He seemed to be catching glimpses of her meaning through some wild chaos of misunderstanding and darkness. He himself had never wished her ill, not even when she promised to be a burden on him. "Is she mad?" he said, turning to Sara; but he felt that she was not mad; it was something more serious than that.

"I know my rights," she said, calming down instantaneously. "It's my house you've been living in, and my money that has made you all so fine. You need not start, or pretend as if you didn't know. It was for that you came and beguiled my Pamela. You might have left me my Pamela; house, and money, and everything, even down to my poor mother's blessing," said Mrs Preston, breaking down pitifully, and falling into a passion of tears. "You have taken them all, you and yours; but you might have left me my child!"

Jack stood aghast while all this was being poured forth upon him; but Sara, for her part, fell a-crying too. "She has been saying the same all night," said Sara; "what have we to do with her money or her mother's blessing? Oh, Jack, what have we to do with them? What does it mean? I don't understand anything but about Pamela and you."

"Nor I," said Jack, in despair, and he made a little raid through the room in his consternation, that the sight of the two women crying might not make a fool of him; then he came back with the energy of desperation. "Look here, Mrs Preston," he said, "there may be some money question between my father and you—I can't tell; but we have nothing to do with it. I know nothing about it. I think most likely you have been deceived somehow. But, right or wrong, this is not the way to clear it up. Money

cannot be claimed in this wild way. Get a lawyer who knows what he is doing to see after it for you; and in the mean time go home like a rational creature. You cannot be permitted to make a disturbance here."

"You shall never have a penny of it," cried Mrs Preston—"not a penny, if you should be starving—nor Pamela either; I will tell her all—that you wanted her for her money; and she will scorn you as I do—you shall have nothing from her or me."

"Answer for yourself," cried Jack, furious, "or be silent. She shall not be brought in. What do I care for your money? Sara, be quiet, and don't cry. She ought never to have been brought here."

"No," cried the old woman, in her passion, "I ought to have been cast out on the roadside, don't you think, to die if I liked? or I ought to have been killed, as you tried last night. That's what you would do to me, while you slept soft and lived high. But my time has come. It's you that must go to the door—the door!—and you need expect no pity from me."

She sat in her feebleness and poverty as on a throne, and defied them, and they stood together bewildered by their ignorance, and did not know what answer to make her. Though it sounded like madness, it might be true. For anything they could tell, what she was saying might have some foundation unknown to them. Sara by this time had dried her tears, and indignation had begun to take the place of distress in her mind. She gave her brother an appealing look, and clasped her hands. "Jack, answer her—do you know what to say to her?" she cried, stamping her little foot on the ground with impatience; "somebody must know; are we to stand by and hear it all, and do nothing? Jack, answer her!—unless she is mad——"

"I think she must be partly

mad," said Jack. "But it must be put a stop to somehow. Go and fetch my father. He is in the library. Whatever it may be, let us know at least what it means. I will stay with her here."

When she heard these words, the strange inmate of Sara's room came down from her height and relapsed into a feeble old woman. She called Sara not to go, to stay and protect her. She shrank back into her chair, drawing it away into a corner at the furthest distance possible, and sat there watchful and frightened, eyeing Jack as a hunted creature might eye the tiger which might at any moment spring upon it. Jack, for his part, with an exclamation of impatience, turned on his heel and went away from her, as far as space would permit. Impatience began to swallow up every other sentiment in his mind. He could not put up with it any longer. Whatever the truth might be, it was evident that it must be faced and acknowledged at once. While he kept walking about impatient and exasperated, all his respect for Pamela's mother died out of his mind; even, it must be owned, in his excitement, the image of Pamela herself went back into the mists. A certain disgust took possession of him. If it was true that his father had schemed and struggled for the possession of this woman's miserable money—if the threat of claiming it had moved him with some vague but awful temptation, such as Jack shuddered to think of; and if the idea of having rights and possessing something had changed the mild and humble woman who was Pamela's mother into this frantic and insulting fury, then what was there worth caring for, what was there left to believe in, in this world? Perhaps even Pamela herself had been changed by this terrible test. Jack did not wish for the wings of a dove, being too matter-of-fact for that. But

he felt as if he would like to set out for New Zealand without saying a word to anybody, without breathing a syllable to a single soul on the way. It seemed as if that would be the only thing to do—he himself might get frantic or desperate too like the others about a little money. The backwoods, sheep-shearing, anything would be preferable to that.

This pause lasted for some minutes, for Sara did not immediately return. When she came back, however, a heavier footstep accompanied her up the stair. Mr Brownlow came into the room, and went at once towards the further corner. He had made up his mind; once more he had become perfectly composed, calm as an attorney watching his client's case. He called Jack to him, and went and stood by the table, facing Mrs Preston. "I hear you have sent for me to know the meaning of all this," he said; "I will tell you, for you have a right to know. Twenty-five years ago, before either of you was born, I had some money left me, which was to be transferred to a woman called Phoebe Thomson, if she could be found out or appeared within twenty-five years. I searched for her everywhere, but I could not find her. Latterly I forgot her existence to a great extent. The five-and-twenty years were out last night, and just before the period ended this—lady—as you both know, appeared. She says she is Phoebe Thomson, the legatee I have told you of. She may be so—I have nothing to say against her; but the proof lies with her, not me. This is all the explanation there is to make."

When he had said it he drew a long breath of relief. It was the truth. It was not perhaps all the truth; but he had told the secret, which had weighed him down for months, and the burden was off his heart. He felt a little sick and

giddy as he stood there before his children. He did not look them in the face. In his heart he knew there were many more particulars to tell. But it was not for them to judge of his heart. "I have told you the secret, so far as there is a secret," he said, with a faint smile at them, and then sat down suddenly, exhausted with the effort. It was not so difficult after all. Now that it was done, a faint wonder crossed his mind that he had not done it long ago, and saved himself all this trouble. But still he was glad to sit down. Somehow, it took the strength out of him as few things had done before.

"A legatee!" burst forth Sara in amazement, not understanding the word. "Is that all? Papa, she says the house is hers, and everything is hers. She says we have no right here. Is it true?"

As for Jack, he looked his father steadily in the face, asking, Was it true? more imperiously than Sara's words did. If this were all, what was the meaning of the almost tragedy last night? They forgot the very existence of the woman who was the cause of it all as they turned upon him. Poverty and wealth were small matters in comparison. He was on his trial at an awful tribunal, before judges too much alarmed, too deeply interested, to be lenient. They turned their backs upon Mrs Preston, who, notwithstanding her fear and anxiety, could not bear the neglect. Their disregard of her roused her out of her own self-confidence and certainty, to listen with a certain forlorn eagerness. She had not paid much attention to what Mr Brownlow said the first time. What did it matter what he said? Did not she know better? But when Jack and Sara turned their backs on her, and fixed their eyes on their father, she woke up with an intense mortification and disappointment at finding herself overlooked, and began to listen too.

Mr Brownlow rose up as a man naturally does who has to plead guilty or not guilty for his life. He stood before them, putting his hand on the table to support himself. "It is not true," he said. "I do not deny that I have been thinking a great deal about this. If I had but known, I should have told you; but these are the real facts. If she is Phœbe Thomson, as she says—though of that we have no proof—she is entitled to fifty thousand pounds which her mother left her. That is the whole. To pay her her legacy may force me to leave this house, and change our mode of living; but she has nothing to do with the house—nothing here is hers, absolutely nothing. She has no more to do with Brownlows than your baker has, or your dressmaker. If she is Phœbe Thomson, I shall owe her money—nothing more. I might have told you, if I had but known."

What Mr Brownlow meant was, that he would have told them had he known, after all, how little it would cost to tell it. After all, there was nothing disgraceful in the tale, notwithstanding the terrible shifts to which he had put himself to conceal it. He had spoken it out, and now his mind was free. If he had but known what a relief it would be! But he sat down as soon as he had finished speaking; and he did not feel as if he could pay much attention to anything else. His mind was in a state of confusion about what had happened the previous night. It seemed to him that he had said or done something he ought not to have done or said. But now he had made his supreme disclosure, and given up the struggle. It did not much matter what occurred beside.

Mrs Preston, however, who had been listening eagerly, and whom nobody regarded for the moment, rose up and made a step forward among them. "He may deny it," she said, trembling; "but I know

he's known it all this time, and kept us out of our rights. Fifty pound—fifty thousand pound—what does he say? I know better. It is all mine, every penny, and he's been keeping us out of our rights. You've been all fed and nourished on what was mine—your horses and your carriages, and all your grandeur; and he says it's but fifty pounds! Don't you remember that there's One that protects the fatherless?" she cried out, almost screaming. The very sight of his composure made her wild and desperate. "You make no account of me," she cried—"no more than if I was the dust under your feet, and I'm the mistress of all—of all; and if it had not been for her you would have killed me last night."

These words penetrated even Mr Brownlow's stupor; he gave a shudder as if with the cold. "I was very hard driven last night," he said, as if to himself—"very hard put to it. I don't know what I may have said." Then he made a pause, and rose and went to his enemy, who fell back into the chair, and took fright as he approached her, putting out her two feeble hands to defend herself. "If you are Phœbe Thomson," he said, "you shall have your rights. I know nothing about you—I never thought of you. This house is mine, and you have nothing to do here. All you have any right to is your money, and you shall have your money when you prove your identity. But I cannot leave you here to distress my child. If you are able to think at all, you must see that you ought to go home. Send for the carriage to take her home," Mr Brownlow added, turning to his children. "If she is the person she calls herself, she is a relation of your mother's; and anyhow, she is weak and old. Take care of her. Sara, my darling, you are not to stay here with her, nor let her vex you; but I leave her in your hands."

"I will do what you tell me, papa," said Sara; and then he stood for a moment and looked at them wistfully. They had forsaken him last night; both of them—or at least so he fancied—had gone over to the enemy; and that had cut him to the heart. Now he turned to them wistfully, looking for a little support and comfort. It would not be so hard after all if his children went with him into captivity. They had both been so startled and excited that but for this look, and the lingering, expectant pause he made, neither would have thought of their father's feelings. But it was impossible to misunderstand him now. Sara, in her impulsive way, went up to him and put her arms round his neck. "Papa, it is we who have been hard upon you," she said; and as for Jack, who could not show his feelings by an embrace, he also made a kind of *amende* in an ungracious masculine way. He said, "I'm coming with you, sir. I'll see after the carriage," and marched off behind his father to the door. Neither of them took any further notice of

Mrs Preston. It seemed to her as if they did not care. They were not afraid of her; they did not come obsequiously to her feet, as she had thought they would. On the contrary, they were banding together among themselves against her, making a league among themselves, taking no notice of her. And her own child was not there to comfort her heart. It was a great shock and downfall to the unhappy woman. She had been a good woman so long as she was untempted. But it had seemed to her, in the wonderful prospect of a great fortune, that everybody would fall at her feet; that she would be able to do what she pleased—to deal with all her surroundings as she pleased. When she saw she could not do so, her mind grew confused—fifty pound, fifty thousand pound, which was it? And she was alone, and they were all banding themselves against her. Money seemed nothing in comparison to the elevation, the supremacy she had dreamed of. And they did not even take the trouble to look at her as they went away!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MOTHER AND LOVER.

Jack followed his father downstairs, and did not say a word. It had been an exciting morning; and now that he knew all, though the excitement had not as yet begun to flag, care came along with it. Suspense and mystery were hard, and yet at the same time easier to bear than reality. The calamity might have loomed larger while it was unknown, but at least it was unaccompanied by those real details from which there is no escape. When Mr Brownlow and his son reached the bottom of the stair, they stopped, and turned and looked at each other. A certain shade of apology was in Mr Brownlow's tone. "I thought it was all

over last night," he said; "I thought you were all safe. You know my meaning now."

"Safe, sir, safe!" said Jack, "with this always hanging over our heads? I don't understand why we were not allowed to know; but never mind. I am glad it has come, and there is nothing more to look for. It bears interest, I suppose."

"That may be a matter of arrangement. I suppose it does," said Mr Brownlow, with a sigh.

Jack gave vent to his feelings in a low, faint, prolonged whistle. "I'll go and tell them about the carriage," he said. This was all the communication that passed be-

tween the father and the son; but it was enough to show Mr Brownlow that Jack was not thinking, as he might very naturally have thought, of his new position as the future son-in-law of the woman who had wrought so much harm. Jack's demeanour, though he did not say a word of sympathy to his father, was quite the contrary of this. He did not make any professions, but he took up the common family burden upon his shoulders. The fifty thousand pounds was comparatively little. It was a sum which could be measured and come to an end of; but the interest, that was the dreadful thought. Jack was practical, and his mind jumped at it on the moment. It was as a dark shadow which had come over him, and which he could not shake off. Brownlows was none of hers, and yet she might not be wrong after all in thinking that all was hers. The actual claim was heavy enough, but the possible claim was overwhelming. It seemed to Jack to go into the future and overshadow that as it overshadowed the present. No wonder Mr Brownlow had been in despair—no wonder almost—the young man gave a very heavy sigh as he went into the stable-yard and gave his instructions. He stood and brooded over it with his brow knitted and his hands buried in his pockets, while the horses were put into the carriage. As for such luxuries, they counted for nothing, or at least so he thought for the moment—nothing to *him*; but a burden that would lie upon them for years—a shadow of debt and difficulty projected into the future—that seemed more than any man could bear. It will be seen from this that the idea of his own relations with Pamela making any difference in the matter had not crossed Jack's mind. He would have been angry had any one suggested it. Not that he thought of giving up Pamela; but in the mean time the idea of having any-

thing to do with Mrs Preston was horrible to him, and he was not a young man who was always reasonable and sensible, and took everything into consideration, any more than the rest of us. To tell the truth, he had no room in his thoughts for the idea of marriage or of Pamela at that moment. He strode round to the hall door as the coachman got on the box, and went up to Sara's room without stopping to think. "The carriage is here," he said, calling to Sara at the door. He would have taken the intruder down-stairs, and put her into the carriage as courteously as if she had been a duchess; for, as we have already said, there was a certain fine natural politeness in the Brownlow blood. But when he heard the excited old woman still raving about her rights, and that they wanted to kill her, the young man became impatient. He was weary of her; and when she fell into threats of what she would do, disgust mingled with his impatience. Then all at once, while he waited, a sudden thought struck him of his little love. Poor little Pamela! what could she be thinking all this time? How would she feel when she heard that her mother had become their active enemy? In a moment there flitted before Jack, as he stood at the door, a sudden vision of the little uplifted face, pale as it had grown of late, with the wistful eyes wide open and the red lips apart, and the pretty rings of hair clustering about the forehead. What would Pamela think when she knew? What was to be done, now that this division, worse than any unkind sentence of a rich father, had come between them? It was no fault of hers, no fault of his; fate had come between them in the wildest unlooked-for way. And should they have to yield to it? The thought gave Jack such a sudden twinge in his own heart, that it roused him altogether out of his

preoccupation. It roused him to that fine self-regard which is so natural, and which is reckoned a virtue nowadays. What did it matter about an old mother? Such people had had their day, and had no right to control the young whose day was still to come. Pamela's future and Jack's future were of more importance than anything that could happen at the end, as it were, of Mrs Preston's life, or even of Mr Brownlow's life. This was the consideration that woke Jack up out of the strange maze he had fallen into on the subject of his own concerns. He turned on his heel all at once, and left Mrs Preston arguing the matter with Sara, and went off down the avenue almost as rapidly as his own mare could have done it. No, by Jove! he was not going to give up. Mrs Preston might eat her money if she liked—might ruin Brownlows if she liked; but she should not interfere between him and his love. And Jack felt that there was no time to lose, and that Pamela must know how matters stood, and what he expected of her, before her mother went back to poison her mind against him. He took no time to knock even at the door of Mrs Swayne's cottage, but went in and took possession like an invading army. Probably, if he had been a young man of very delicate and susceptible mind, the very knowledge that Pamela might now be considered an heiress, and himself a poor man, would have closed up the way to him, and turned his steps for ever from the door. But Jack was not of that fine order of humanity. He was a young man who liked his own way, and was determined not to be unhappy if he could help it, and held tenaciously by everything that belonged to him. Such matter-of-fact natures are seldom moved by the sentimentalisms of self-sacrifice. He had not the smallest idea of sacrificing himself, if the truth must

be told. He strode along, rushing like the wind, and went straight in at Mrs Swayne's door. Nobody interrupted his passage or stood in his way; nobody even saw him but old Betty, who came out to her door to see who had passed so quickly, and shook her head over him. "He goes there a deal more than is good for him," Betty said, and then, as it was cold, shut the door.

Pamela had been sitting in the dingy parlour all alone; and, to tell the truth, she had been crying a little. She did not know where her mother was; she did not know when she was coming back. No message had reached her, nor letter, nor any sign of life, and she was frightened and very solitary. Jack, too, since he knew she was alone and could be seen at any hour, did not make so many anxious pilgrimages as he had done when Mrs Preston was ill and the road was barred against him. She had no one to tell her fears to, no one to encourage and support her, and the poor child had broken down dreadfully. She was sitting at the window trying to read one of Mrs Swayne's books, trying not to ask herself who it was that came so late to Brownlows last night? what was her mother doing? what was Jack doing? The book, as may be supposed, had small chance against all these anxieties. It had dropped upon the table before her, and her innocent tears had been dropping on it, when a sudden shadow flitted past the window, and a footstep rang on the steps, and Jack was in the room. The sight of him changed wonderfully the character of Pamela's tears, but yet it increased her agitation. Nobody in her small circle except herself had any faith in him; and she knew that, at this present moment, he ought not to come.

"No, I am not sorry to see you," she said, in answer to his accusation, "I am glad; but you should

not come. Mamma is away. I am all alone."

"You have the more need of me," said Jack. "But listen, Pamela. Your mother is not away. She is here at Brownlows. She is coming directly. I rushed off to see you before she arrived. I must speak to you first. Remember you are mine—whatever happens, you are mine, and you cannot forsake me."

"Forsake you?" cried Pamela, in pitiful accents. "Is it likely? If there is any forsaking, it will be you. You know—oh, you know you have not much to fear."

"I have everything to fear," said Jack, speaking very fast; "your mother is breathing fire and flame against us all. She is coming back our enemy. She will tell you I have had a mercenary meaning from the beginning, and she will order you to give me up. But don't do it, Pamela. I am not the sort of man to be given up. We were going to be poor, and marry against my father's will; now we shall be poor, and marry against your mother's—that is all the difference. You have chosen me, and you must give up her and not me. That is all I have to say."

"Give up mamma?" cried Pamela, in amazement. "I don't know what you mean. You promised I was to have her with me, and take care of her always. She would die without me. Oh Jack, why have you changed so soon?"

"It is not I that have changed," said Jack; "everything has changed. This is what it will come to. It will be to give up her or me. I don't say I will die without you," said the young man—"no such luck; but— Look here, Pamela, this is what it will come to. You will have to choose between her and me."

"Oh no, no!" cried Pamela; "no! don't say so. I am not the one to choose. Don't turn away from me! don't look so pale and dreadful! it is not me to choose."

"But it is you, by heavens!" cried Jack, in desperation. "Here she is coming! It is not your old mother who was to live with us—it is a different woman—here she is. Is it to be her or me?"

"Oh, Jack!" Pamela cried, thinking he was mad; and she submitted to his fierce embrace in utter bewilderment, not knowing what to imagine. To see the Brownlows carriage dash down the avenue and wheel round at the door and open to let Mrs Preston forth was as great a wonder as if the earth had opened. She could not tell what was going to happen. It was a relief to her to be held fast and kept back—her consternation took her strength from her. She was actually unable to follow her first impulse and rush to the door.

Mrs Preston came in by herself, quiet but tremulous. Her head shook a little, but there was no sign of weakness about her now. She had been defeated, but she had got over the bitterness of her defeat and was prepared for a struggle. Jack felt the difference when he looked at her. He had been contemptuous of her weak passion and repetition about her rights; but he saw the change in a moment, and he met her, standing up, holding Pamela fast, with his arm round her. Mrs Preston had carried the war into her enemy's camp, and gone to his house to demand, as she thought, everything he had in the world. These were Jack's reprisals—he came to her citadel and claimed everything *she* had in the world. It was his, and, more than that, it was already given to him—his claim was allowed.

"You are here!" cried Mrs Preston, passionately. "I thought you would be here! you have come before me to steal her from me. I knew how it would be!"

"I have come to claim what is mine," said Jack, "before you interfere. I know you will try to

step between us ; but you are not to step between us—do what you like, she is mine.”

“Pamela,” said Mrs Preston, still, notwithstanding her late defeat, believing somehow strangely in the potency of the new fortune for which she felt everybody should fall at her feet, “things have changed. Stand away from him, and listen to me. We’re rich now—we shall have everything that heart ever desired ; there is not a thing you can think of but what I can give it you. You’ve thought I was hard upon you, dear, but it was all for your sake. What do I care for money, but for your sake ?—Everything you can think of, Pamela—it will be like a fairy tale.”

Pamela stood still for one moment, looking at her mother and her lover. She had disengaged herself from him, and stood, unrestrained, to make her election. “If it is so, mamma,” she said, “I don’t know what you mean—you know I don’t understand ; but if it is, there’s no more difficulty. It does not matter so much whether Mr Brownlow consents or not.”

“Mr Brownlow !” cried her mother ; “Mr Brownlow has been your enemy, child, since long before you were born. He has taken your money to bring up his own fine lady upon. He has sent his son here when he can’t do any better, to marry you and keep the money. Sir, go away from my child. It’s your money he wants ; your money, not you.”

Pamela turned round with surprise and terror in her face, and looked at Jack ; then she smiled softly and shook her head. “Mamma, you are mistaken,” she said, in her soft little voice, and held out her hand to him. Mrs Preston threw up her arms above her head wildly, and gave an exceeding bitter cry.

“I am her mother,” she cried out, “her own mother, that have nursed her and watched over her, and

given up everything to her—and she chooses him rather than me—him that she has not known a year—that wants her for her money, or for her pretty face. She chooses him before me !”

She stood up alone, calling upon heaven and earth, as it were, to see ; while the two clung together dismayed and pitiful, yet holding fast by each other still. It was the everlasting struggle so continually repeated ; the past against the present and the future—the old love against the new—and not any question of worldly interest. It was the tragic figure of disappointment and desolation and age in face of hope and love and joy. What she had been doing was poor and mean enough. She had been intoxicated by the vision of sudden wealth, and had expected everybody to be abject before her ; but now a deeper element had come in. She forgot the fortune, the money, though it was still on her lips, and cried out, in the depth of her despair, over the loss of the only real wealth she had in the world. No tears came to her old eyes—her old meagre arms rose rigid, yet trembling. “She chooses him before me !” she said, with a cry of despair, which came from the bottom of her heart.

“Mamma,” cried poor little Pamela, tearing her hand from that of her lover, and coming doubtfully into the midst between the two, “I don’t choose ! oh, mamma, how can I choose ? I never was away from you in my life—he promised we never were to be parted. How am I to give him up ? Oh, why, why should you ask me to give him up ?” cried the poor child. Floods of tears came to her aid. She put her pretty hands together like a child at prayer—every line in her sweet face was in itself a supplication. Jack, behind her, stood and watched and said nothing. Perhaps he saw, notwithstanding, that it was against his in-

terests—and in his heart had a certain mournful pity for the despair in the old woman's terrible face.

"But I expect you to choose," she said, wildly; "things have come to that. It must be him or me—him or me; there's no midway between us. I am your old mother, your poor old mother, that would pluck my heart out of my breast to give it you. I've survived them all, and done without them all, and lived for your sake. And he is a young man that was taken with your pretty face—say it was your pretty face—say the best that can be said. If you were like death—if you lost all your beauty and your pretty ways—if you were ugly and ailing and miserable,—it would be all the same to me; I would love you all the more—all the more; and he—he would never look at you again. That's nature. I require you to choose. It must be him or me!"

As she stood listening, a change came over Pamela's face. Her first appeal to her mother had been full of emotion, but of a gentle, hopeful, almost superficial kind. She had taken tears to her aid and pleading looks, and believed in their success now as always. But as Mrs Preston spoke, Pamela's little innocent soul was shaken as by an earthquake. She woke up and opened her eyes, and found that she was in a world new to her—a world no longer of prayers and tears, and sweet yielding, and tender affection. It was not tender affection she had to do with now; it was fierce love, desperate and ruthless, ready to tear her asunder. Her tears dried up, her pretty cheeks grew pale as death, she looked from one to the other with a wild look of wonder, asking if it was true. When her mother's voice ceased, it seemed to Pamela that the world stood still for the moment, and everything in heaven and earth held its breath. She

looked at Jack; he stood motionless, with his face clouded over, and made no answer to her pitiful appeal. She looked at Mrs Preston, and saw her mother's eager face hollow and excited, her eyes blazing, her cheeks burning with a strange hectic heat. For one moment she stood irresolute. Then she made one tottering step to her mother's side, and turned round and looked at her lover. Once more she clasped her hands, though she had no longer any hope in pleading. "I must stay here," she said, with a long-drawn sobbing sigh—"I must stay here, if I should die."

They stood thus and looked at each other for one of those moments which is as long as an age. The mother would have taken her child to her arms, but Pamela would not. "Not now, not now!" she said, putting back the embrace. Jack, for his part, stood and watched with an intensity of perception he had never exercised before—all power of speech seemed to have been taken from him. The struggle had ascended into a higher region of passion than he knew of. He turned and went to the door, with the intention, so far as he had any intention, of retiring for the moment from the contest. Then he came back again. Whatever the pressure on him might be, he could not leave Pamela so.

"Look here," he said, abruptly; "I am going away. But if you think I accept this as a choice or decision, you are much mistaken. You force her to give in to you, and then you think I am to accept it! I'll do no such thing. She could not say anything else, or do anything else—but all the same, she is mine. You can't touch that, do what you like. Pamela, darling, don't lose heart; it's only for a little while."

He did not stop to listen to what her mother said; he turned at once and went out, unconsciously,

in his excitement, thrusting Mrs Swayne out of his way, who was in the passage. He went off up the avenue at a stretch without ever drawing breath. A hundred wild thoughts rose in his mind; her mother! what was her mother to him? He was ready to vow with Hamlet, that twenty thousand mothers could not have filled up his sum of love; and yet he was not blaming his Pamela. She could not have done otherwise. Why had he never been told? why had not he known that this downfall was hanging over him? Why had he been such a fool as to give in at all to the sweet temptation? Now, of course, when things had come this length, he would as soon have cut his own throat as given Pamela up. And what with love and rage, and the sudden calamity, and the gradual exasperation, he was beside himself, and did not well know what he was about. He was almost too much absorbed in his own affairs to be able to understand Sara, who came to him as he entered the house, and drew him aside into the dining-room to speak to him. Sara was pale enough to justify her pretext of headache, but otherwise she was full of energy and spirit, and met the emergency with a courageous heart.

"We must face it out as well as we can, Jack," she said, with her eyes shining out large and full from her white face. "We must keep up before all these people. They must not be able to go away and say that something went terribly wrong at Brownlows. We must keep it up to the last."

"Pshaw! what does it matter what they think or what they say?" said Jack, sitting down with a sigh of weariness. As for Sara, who was not tired, nor had any personal complication to bow her down, she blazed up at his indifference.

"It matters everything!" she cried. "We may not be a county family any more, nor fine people,

but we are always the Brownlows of Masterton. Nobody must have a word to say about it—for papa's sake."

"Everybody will soon be at liberty to say what they please about it," said Jack. "Where is he? I had better go and talk to him, I suppose?"

"Papa is in the library," said Sara. "Jack, he wants our support. He wants us to stand by him—or, I mean, he wants you; as for me," she continued, with a flash of mingled softness and defiance, "he knows *I* would not forsake him; he wants you."

"Why shouldn't you forsake him?" said Jack, with a momentary growl; "and why should he be doubtful of me?"

But he did not wait for any answer. He took the decanter of sherry from the sideboard, and swallowed he did not know how much; and then he went off to the library to seek out his father. There was a certain stealthiness about the house—a feeling that the people belonging to it were having interviews in corners, that they were consulting each other, making solemn decisions, and that their guests were much in the way. Though Sara rushed away immediately to the room where her friends were, after waylaying her brother, her appearance did not alter the strong sense everybody had of the state of affairs. The very servants slunk out of Jack's way, and stood aside in corners to watch him going into the library. He called the footman out of his hiding-place as he passed, and swore at him for an impertinent fool. The man had been doing nothing that was impertinent, and yet he did not feel that there was injustice in the accusation. Something very serious had happened, and the consciousness of it had gone all through the house.

Mr Brownlow was sitting in the library doing nothing. That, at

least, was his visible aspect. Within himself he had been calculating and reckoning up till his wearied brain whirled with the effort. He sat leaning his arms on the table and his head in his hands. By this time his powers of thought had failed him. He sat looking on, as it were, and saw the castle of his prosperity crumbling down into dust before him. Everything he had ever aimed at seemed to drop from him. He had no longer anything to conceal; but he knew that he had stood at the bar before his children, and had been pardoned but not justified. They would stand by him, but they did not approve him; and they had seen the veil of his heart lifted, and had looked in and found darker things there than he himself had ever been conscious of. He was so absorbed in this painful maze of thought that he did not even look up when Jack came in. Of course Jack would come; he knew that. Jack was ruined; they were all ruined. All for the advantage of a miserable woman who would get no comfort out of her inheritance, whose very life was hanging on a thread. It seemed hard to him that Providence, which

had always been so kind to him, should permit it. When his son came in and drew a chair to the other side of the table he roused himself. "Is it you, Jack?" he said; "I am so tired that I fear I am stupid. I was very hard driven last night."

"Yes," said Jack, with a little shudder; and Mr Brownlow looked at him, and their eyes met, and they knew what each had meant. It was a hard moment for the father who had been mad, and had come to his senses again, but yet did not know what horrible suspicion it was under which for a moment he had lain.

"I was hard driven," he repeated, pathetically—"very hard put to it. I had been standing out for a long time, and then in a moment I broke down—that is how it was. But I shall be able to talk it all over with you—by-and-by."

"That was what I came for, sir," said Jack. "We must know what we are to do."

And then Mr Brownlow put down his supporting hands from his head, and steadied himself in a wearied wondering way. Jack for the moment had the authority on his side.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS.

IF her Majesty's present Ministers contrive to keep their places, and to carry on successfully the affairs of the empire, they will certainly not be much indebted for their triumph to the support which they receive from the great bulk of the periodical press of this country. Looking to what goes on in London alone, we find that, with a few exceptions, all the morning and evening newspapers are more or less hostile to the Government. Some, like the 'Star,' the 'Telegraph,' and the 'Daily News,' make no secret of the motives which stir them. They reverse the well-known axiom, and go in, undisguisedly, not for measures, but for men. Others take a line which, though perhaps more dignified, is at least as damaging, and is meant to be so. They alternate praise with censure; taking care that the latter shall always be large and unmeasured—the former, in every instance, modified by gibes and sneers, or by warnings which are quite as significant. The same may be said of the weekly press, and of the magazines and reviews which, month by month and quarter by quarter, come out to amuse and instruct the great British public. Whenever politics are discussed in these, it is for the most part in a spirit of the merest partisanship, which, if it cannot find fault with the results of actual legislation, is angry because legislation has not been directed by other men. It is in the midst, therefore, of a very hurricane of sarcasm and querulous abuse, that they who are now at the helm of State steer their course; and that they should have been able to steer it thus far, not only without suffering shipwreck, but with the prospect, growing every day brighter, of reaching in due time a haven of rest, tells not more

for the judgment and skill with which they have framed their measures, than for the good sense of the people of England. The English people are sometimes gullible, often credulous, and always reluctant to part from old friends; but they will not allow themselves to be either written or spoken out of respect for those who have given them measures which they believe to be good, and given them freely. But this is not all.

They who believe that the English people speak through the press—in other words, that the newspapers are more the expression of an educated public opinion, than vehicles made use of with a view to create a public opinion in this country—altogether mistake the real state of the case. There is but one newspaper in existence which so much as affects to go upon the principle of setting its sails to meet the coming breeze, and even that, ably conducted and cleverly written as we admit it to be, sometimes falls into the most egregious mistakes. To what particular newspaper we here allude, it is scarcely necessary to say: it bears the elucidation of its character on the title which the proprietors have chosen for it. All the rest are either the creations of parties and factions, got up to serve a political purpose, and under engagements to serve no other; or they are mere mercantile speculations, launched and generally kept going at a heavy expense, and ending at length, if they do not come to grief for lack of funds, in making the fortunes of the bold men who started them. The 'Star,' the 'Daily News,' the 'Beehive,' belong in a marked manner to the former category. Mr Bright has the credit of directing the politics of the first; the second was supported by, we believe, the late Mr Cobden; the

Trades-unions have called the third into being, and make it speak their sentiments. The 'Telegraph' is a fair specimen of the latter order of journals. We give its spirited proprietor credit for looking comparatively little to the political teaching of his journal, and a very great deal to the substantial results of such teaching; which, we rejoice to understand, more than realise his most sanguine anticipations. But here comes another element into our discussion. The bulk of the newspapers are Liberal, and the 'Telegraph,' not the least successful of them all, was a year ago even more decidedly Liberal than it is now. What does this indicate except that the opinions of the English people are deeply imbued with Liberalism?—otherwise speculators, such as we assume the spirited proprietor of the 'Telegraph' to be, would not allow their journals to teach Liberalism. It is not exactly so. The English people, with all their faults—and they have their faults as well as their virtues—are, *au fond*, an eminently loyal people. They reverence the Crown; they love the present bearer of that symbol of majesty, and the more so that she has suffered. They are therefore prone to support the Queen's Ministers, whoever they may be, except when misled by demagogues or maddened by physical distress. Let it not be forgotten that if, in the days of Lord Castle-reagh, we had our Manchester massacre and the campaign of Bonny-muir, there was the not less formidable rising in South Wales and the attack upon Newport under the *régime* of Lord John Russell. Neither the Manchester massacre, however, nor the siege of Newport, afforded any proof that, either in 1817 or 1844, the heart of the nation was unsound. They were nothing more than local disturbances brought about by bad men, who spoke to the passions of ignorant mobs, and persuaded them to rise

against laws which were represented to them as being oppressive. The disturbances were put down, the leaders in them punished, and the country at large betook itself to its old habits, as if nothing of the sort had ever occurred. The loyalty of the people was not shaken for a moment; and hence those newspapers continued to command by far the widest circulation which supported the Government of the Crown for the time being, and taught in their columns what the Crown's Ministers inculcated, or were understood to inculcate, in their speeches.

Between 1800 and 1830 the tone of the public press in this country was almost universally Tory. No doubt the 'Edinburgh Review' flourished in that interval, and commanded a considerable circulation. So did the 'Scotsman' in Edinburgh; so did the 'Morning Chronicle,' and, for a part of the time at least, the 'Examiner,' in London. But the influence of these and such as these on public opinion was comparatively little felt. Their circulation never came within the line of fair comparison with that of the 'Quarterly Review,' 'Blackwood's Magazine,' or the least read of the many newspapers which supported the Government. And this is the more remarkable that, throughout the thirty years of which we are speaking, while Tory statesmen were with one brief interval in power, not a single editor of a newspaper, nor a single writer for any other of the periodicals which advocated Tory principles, received at the hands of the Tory Government which they supported any mark of favour whatever. Able men, being Tories, worked their own way to eminence in their professions. A Tory Government could not avoid promoting distinguished Tory lawyers to posts of dignity. Sir John Stoddart became Attorney-General for the island of Malta. So, likewise, John Wilson became a Professor in the

University of Edinburgh ; and Sir Walter Scott was created first Sheriff of Roxburghshire, and by-and-by one of the Clerks of Session in the Supreme Court of Justiciary. But Sir Walter won these honours before he had ever written a line of politics ; and John Wilson owed his elevation to the Chair of Moral Philosophy to the general esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens in Edinburgh. As to Sir John Stoddart, his promotion, if such it deserves to be called, was the poor compensation made to a clever man for giving up his profession in order to take charge of a newspaper which the Minister set up, and which for that very reason failed. For it is one thing to let the people be taught, as it were, fortuitously, what the Minister of the day holds to be sound principles, and altogether another for the Minister himself to start the journal which is to inculcate these principles. The people are very willing to be led, but they will not consent to be driven.

A change came over the general policy of the country, and with it a change in the tone of the public press. The Whigs came into office, and by means which it is not now worth while to designate, they so played their cards as to secure to themselves a protracted tenure of power. The same spirit of loyalty which made the people take in and study newspapers and other periodicals which supported the King's Government between 1800 and 1830, led them to take in and study newspapers and other periodicals which wrote up the new men and their new measures. What was the rallying-cry when "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," rang through the land ? The King and the people ! The strife was represented to uninstructed men to be between the King and the people on the one side, and the aristocracy on the other ; and all the loyalty of the masses—stimulated, no doubt, as it was, by false hopes of bene-

fit to themselves—was thrown into the scale against the aristocracy, and weighed it down. From that date down to the present time it has been the business of Liberal statesmen to hold themselves up as the people's friends—in a state of chronic antagonism to the people's enemies, the Tories. And nobody can deny to them the merit of having managed this important business with consummate address. The hospitalities of Holland House were not thrown away : it was not without a purpose that Lord Palmerston made his parties so agreeable to every man, and especially every young man, known for his ability as a man of letters or an artist. Were advancements to office under Government, even if it were only to inferior offices—to clerkships, secretaryships, commissioner-ships—useful only so far as they rewarded the individual exertions of the gratified recipients of these things ? Far from it. Provide for one newspaper editor, doing it handsomely, whether in the Board of Trade, the Stationery Office, the Lunacy Board, or anywhere else, and you secure the devotion of the whole fraternity ; especially if a Government have been in office six-and-thirty years, and make no secret of its determination to retain offices six-and-thirty years longer, provided it can command by any means a majority in the House of Commons. The Whigs have always been wiser in their generation than the Tories ; they never forget to reward their friends. The Tories take it for granted that their friends have chosen their side in politics because they believe it to be the right side ; and so far as men of middle age and beyond it are concerned, they judge correctly. But young men fresh from the universities—law students, barristers as yet without briefs—these, and such as these, usually begin the journey of life not very strongly biassed to one side or another. The Whigs seek them out

if they be men of mark ; the Tories leave them to their own impulses. Hence, for one young writer of politics who tells the people what the Constitution really is, there are a dozen who advocate change not unfrequently because they are made aware that such advocacy is agreeable to the dispensers of social and more substantial patronage. Thus two powerful causes have operated to make the press of the country what it is at the present moment. The people who read prefer newspapers which seem to support the Throne by supporting the Queen's constitutional advisers. These have been, for six-and-thirty years, professed Liberals. The Queen's constitutional advisers have the loaves and fishes to dispose of ; and in the course of six-and-thirty years they have filled every permanent place, from seats on the episcopal and judicial benches down to clerkships in the public offices, with their own adherents. How could it be otherwise than that public opinion, or what is assumed to be public opinion, should have been thoroughly liberalised ? How could the liberalisation of almost all the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly literature of the country be prevented ?

It was under such circumstances, and withstood by such disadvantages, that the Ministry of which Lord Derby is at the head acceded to office. They came into power by a process too recent of occurrence, and too well known, to demand that we should describe it. They not only did not aspire to place when the present Parliament met, but they entered the Houses of Lords and Commons painfully convinced that in the latter they were in a minority, such as seemed to exclude all hope of being able to exercise any control over legislation, far less to direct it. Their rivals played the game for them, and a split in the ranks of the Liberal party raised them to power. They

used it to carry a measure of electoral reform far more liberal than that which they had contributed to defeat. They are furiously assailed day by day, week by week, month by month, for having done so. The ex-Lord Advocate in Edinburgh, Mr Forster at Bradford, Mr Bright at Birmingham, Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone everywhere, prove them to be traitors to their own party, and their country's worst enemies. There is, to be sure, a good deal of difference of opinion among these vituperators of the powers that be in regard to the precise nature of the political crime that has been committed, and of its inevitable consequences. Ex-Ministers, and the familiars of ex-Ministers, go about declaring that the Deluge is at hand. The Democracy, they say, has obtained a complete triumph, and been helped to it, not by its friends, but by its enemies. The more advanced Liberals contend that the gift offered to the people is a delusion, and will continue to be both a delusion and a snare till they succeed in manipulating it according to their own views of things. All this is natural. The Whigs never thought of giving the people more than would serve their own purpose. They found that the ten-pounders were less stanch than they expected them to be ; and that, without purchasing a further lease of office by concessions to Mr Bright and the Radicals, office would pass from them. They made these concessions and lost their places. No wonder that they complain, more especially as there seems to be good reason to fear that between the people and their rivals a close alliance is about to be struck up. But upon what grounds public men heretofore considered to be Tories should, either in their speeches or by their writings, swell this preposterous cry, is more than we can conceive. Happily for the country the number of these outraged Tories is not great. Un-

happily for themselves and for the cause of good government, they seem to command considerable influence in the republic of letters; and are disposed, we regret to say, to use it neither generously nor wisely.

In the last number of the 'Quarterly Review' there is an article entitled "The Conservative Surrender," which we have read with great interest, and with still greater regret. From what hand the article comes it is no business of ours to inquire. The world—that is to say, the gossip of the Clubs—attributes the authorship to a distinguished nobleman, who held, not long ago, an important office in the Cabinet which he now assails with equal acrimony and vigour. We confess that we are loath to accept the gossip of the Clubs as anything more than gossip. It does seem to us so unnatural—it is so entirely at variance with all our notions of party honour, that one who was but yesterday in strict confidence with a particular set of men, should go out of his way to attack and traduce them to-day, that till better proof of the fact be adduced than any which has yet come before us, we must decline to treat the scandal as more than an invention of the enemy. Be this, however, as it may, the article appearing in a work so deservedly esteemed as the 'Quarterly Review,' leaves us no alternative except to speak of it, and of the author of it, as both seem to us to deserve. Of the logic of the essay we shall use the freedom by-and-by to test the soundness, without forgetting what is due both to the 'Quarterly' and to ourselves. Of its tone we may observe, once for all, that it is disingenuous and spiteful, such as they usually adopt in argument whose self-esteem has been wounded, and their judgment darkened by bitterness and wrath. This is not the temper in which statesmen, or those professing to be states-

men, should sit down to criticise the acts of former friends. Neither, let us add, will the general style of this particular criticism lay open to the critic, if he be ambitious of a great career, the road to power. He has altogether isolated himself. With the Liberals he has not one idea in common, unless it be personal hostility to Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli; from the Tories he has separated himself by a gulf that cannot be passed. Unless, therefore, he succeed in creating a new party, powerful enough in talent and numbers to bring back the old constitution of half a century ago, he has, we are afraid, cut himself off from all opportunity of serving the country as alone the country can be served. This is a pity; for great talents which can find no outlet in a right direction are not unlikely to seek one in a wrong direction.

The article in the 'Quarterly Review,' of which we are about to discuss the merits, opens with a bitter jeremiad over the blow that has been struck at the prosperity and greatness of the country:—

"Now that the heat of the conflict is over, there is very little dispute as to the nature of the revolution that the year 1867 has seen accomplished. Fantastic computations, intended to soothe Conservative apprehensions, were in vogue in the early part of the session, but they have served their purpose and are forgotten now. No one at present doubts that, as far as figures go, the transfer of power has been complete. What the result of that transfer may be, must, of course, be a question of conjecture. Many are sanguine that a great and salutary change in our legislation is at hand, many more affect a hopefulness which they are far from feeling. Few care by injudicious frankness to incur the wrath of their new masters, whose rule is inevitable now. It is, indeed, scarcely worth while to guess the results which experience must soon reveal to us. The question of our destiny is one of extreme simplicity, and comparatively few years will enable us to judge how it will be answered. A clear majority of votes in a clear majority of constituencies has been made over to

those who have no other property but the labour of their hands. The omnipotence of Parliament is theirs, wholly and without reserve. Subject to them is a minority possessed in various degrees of a vast aggregate of accumulated wealth. If he were to set all considerations of conscience aside, each member of the poor but absolute majority would naturally desire so to use this new power as to make some portion of this wealth his own. We have legislated on the assumption that he will not do so. That assumption can only be justified on one of two hypotheses : either the conscience of the working-man will be so strong as to outweigh the suggestions of interest and the pressure of poverty, or they will not be clever enough to pull together for the purpose of gratifying their wishes. The measure of this session has been recommended by nothing but vague declamation ; it is not easy to discover to which of these two securities our legislators look to be the bulwark of property in this country. Both sides were singularly silent upon the principles of the vast change that was being made. The general tendency among those who are responsible for the measure appeared to be, in public to rely upon the virtues of the working class ; in private, to draw what consolation they could from a belief in its unbounded pliability."

Had all this appeared in a journal avowedly hostile to Government—had the 'Edinburgh,' for example, not the 'Quarterly' Review, given expression to it—we should have said that, subject to one exception, there was not much set forth that could fairly be objected to. Every man, every writer, is free to take his own views of the probable consequences of the measure of last session. And forasmuch as it was the pleasure of this particular writer to look at the subject through the darkest possible medium, he had a perfect right, his spirit being downcast, to express himself mournfully. But it is quite possible to be mournful, and to let the world know that we are so, without being savage at the same time. We can express regret without bringing charges of immorality against our neighbours, or prophesying evil in a tone which

seems to imply that we shall be very much disappointed if evil fail to come. This the author of the essay from which we are now quoting has not done. He is quite convinced that the Tory Reform Bill ought to ruin the country, and it shall not be his fault if the country escape ruin. Nor does he stop there : the authors of the measure, whether his colleagues of yesterday or not, are the meanest, basest, most untrustworthy of men. Their country and its requirements seem, according to his showing, to have had no weight whatever in guiding them to a policy. A great nobleman, not in strong health, one of the wealthiest of England's many wealthy citizens—a man constitutionally addicted to the refinements of literature, and to field-sports—gives up all that is calculated to make his life agreeable rather than forego the dignity of office, with its inadequate pay and harassing cares. His colleagues, acted upon by some spell which they cannot throw aside, sacrifice character, consistency, everything which can make men respect themselves, in order to secure to him the indulgence of this monstrous taste, and to themselves a little longer tenure of place. "Had this revolution been accomplished in fair fight, we should have been glad to lay aside the controversy at this point," but "it has been attended by political phenomena of no ordinary kind. It has been the result of manœuvres singularly skilful and successful, but in their character wholly new to our party conflicts." Therefore he must deliver his mind about persons as well as things, and thus he does so :—

"If the Conservatives had come into power, as they did in 1852, through the mere weakness of their opponents, or, as in 1858, by any accidental victory on a passing issue, they would have been free to deal with the question of Reform unfettered by their own previous action.

Even then, a sudden conversion, made in view of a hostile majority and under the threat of losing office, would have exposed their motives to suspicion. This species of obloquy Lord Derby experienced in 1852 upon the subject of protection; and again, in 1859, on the subject of the county franchise; and by the readiness with which he has executed a still more startling change this year, he appears not to have disrelished the sensation. But the charge recorded against him by recent events is far graver than that of change of opinion, however rapid. It is that he obtained the votes which placed him in office on the faith of opinions which, to keep office, he immediately repudiated. It is that, according to his own recent avowals, he had made up his mind to desert these opinions even at the very moment when he was being raised to power as their champion."

This is pretty well as regards Lord Derby. Now, observe how the same writer speaks of Mr Disraeli, and how the sentence of condemnation is supported:—

"Efforts have occasionally been made to argue that the opposition to Mr Gladstone's Bill of last year was not caused by its going too far, but by its not going far enough; that the Conservatives never objected to the class of workmen, but only to the class of skilled workmen; and that they would at any time have patiently submitted to the enfranchisement of the artisans, if they had been allowed to enfranchise the residuum at the same time. It is needless to say that this theory is of very modern date. It did not exist even in the spring of the present year. At that period it was the fashion to believe in the compound householder, and on the strength of his exclusion to represent the Ministerial Bill as a very moderate measure. It was not till that troublesome stalking-horse had been removed that it was found necessary to discover the antiquity of a Conservative belief in household suffrage. But the discovery is too new and too opportune to have had much weight with the public. It could only challenge a moment's attention from those who had either never watched or had wholly forgotten the events of 1866. Roman Catholics tell us that recent developments of their faith, which, to an ordinary reader of ecclesiastical history, seem very novel indeed, were in reality held by the ancient Fathers; and

that the entire absence of the mention of any such things in their writings, and indeed the occurrence of many observations of a totally different complexion, were due to the fact that the Fathers held these beliefs implicitly and unconsciously. Conservative belief in household suffrage previous to last Easter must have been very similar in character to the Papistic belief in the Immaculate Conception. It is not very difficult, either in the one case or the other, to show how wholly unconscious this belief must have been. The speeches of Lord Derby, of Mr Disraeli, of Lord Stanley, of Sir Stafford Northcote, of Mr Hardy, of Sir Hugh Cairns, even during the last two years, will furnish to any one who cares to refer to them abundant materials for a *catena* of Conservative authorities against a large reduction of the franchise. They have been quoted again and again within the last few months, both in Parliament and in the press, and it is not necessary to repeat them here. Any one who cares to refer to the newspapers will find that the danger of lowering the franchise, even to £6 or £7, because it would give to the working classes a preponderating power, was one on which the Conservative speakers constantly dwelt; and that no hint ever escaped them that a still larger reduction, and the bestowal of a still more preponderating power, would have in any degree diminished their objections. The most pointed statement of the Conservative view that can be found was given by Mr Disraeli, in his speech on Mr Baines's Bill for introducing a £6 franchise, in May 1865. As it was delivered just before the general election which was pending, it was accepted generally as a manifesto of the opinions of the leaders of the party."

A fairer specimen than this of the sort of argumentation which pervades "The Conservative Surrender" it could not be easy to point out. Three points are, it will be observed, taken for granted by the logician: first, that they who, among Conservatives, accept the late measure, do so upon false pretences; next, that up to last Easter the possibility of arriving at household suffrage under any circumstances was not so much as contemplated by the Tories or their leaders; and, lastly, that Mr Dis-

raeli's speech against Mr Baines's Bill in 1865 committed him and his followers to a policy of resistance to all lowering of the borough franchise, whether to £6 or to £7. Now, let us look into these three points separately, taking them in the inverse order to that which they assume in the 'Quarterly Review.'

Mr Disraeli's speech in 1865 is said to contain "the most pointed statement that can be found of what were the views of the Conservatives at that time on the subject of Parliamentary Reform." We turn to that speech and find that the circumstances which called for it had a character of their own. In the month of May of that year a Bill was introduced into Parliament "to extend the elective franchise in boroughs in England and Wales." The Bill was not a Government Bill, but the Bill of a private member of Parliament. Mr Baines, the member for Manchester, obtained leave to propose it, and received the individual support of every member of the Administration, and especially of Mr Gladstone. It was on this occasion that the then Chancellor of the Exchequer propounded his theory of the rights of man, and spoke of the necessity of proving the disqualification of individuals before they could with justice be excluded from the franchise. Mr Disraeli, as leader of the Tory party, opposed the measure, and did so in these words :—

"Sir, we have a measure before us to-night which is to increase the franchise in boroughs. I object to that measure. I object to it because any increase of the franchise in boroughs is a proposal to redistribute political power in the country. I do not think that the distribution of power in the country ought to be treated partially. From the nature of things, it is impossible, if there is to be a redistribution of political power, that you can only regard the suffrage as it affects one section of the constituent body. Whatever the proposition of the honourable gentleman—whether abstractly it may be expedient or not—

this is quite clear, that it must be considered not only in relation to the particular persons with whom it will deal, but in relation to other persons with whom it does not deal, though it would affect them. And therefore it has always been clear, *that if you deal with the subject popularly called Parliamentary Reform, you must deal with it comprehensively.* The arrangements you may make with reference to one part of the constituency may not be objectionable in themselves, but may be extremely objectionable if you consider them with relation to other parts. Consequently it has been held—and the more we consider the subject the more true and just seems to be the conclusion—that if you deal with the matter, you must deal with it as a whole. You must not only consider borough constituencies, you must consider county constituencies; and when persons rise up to urge their claims to be introduced into the constituent body, even if you think there is a plausible case substantiated on their part, you are bound in policy and justice to consider also the claim of other parties now in possession of the franchise, but whose right to consideration may be equally valid. And so clear is it, when you come to the distribution of power, that you must consider the subject in all its bearings, that even honourable gentlemen who have taken part in the debate, which is one merely on the borough franchise, have not been able to avoid the question of what they call the redistribution of seats—a very important part of the question to which I have referred, the redistribution of power."

Starting from this point, and stating a second objection to the Bill—viz., that he did not consider the subject to be one which ought to be intrusted to the care and guidance of any private member of the House, Mr Disraeli went on to give a concise yet accurate history of the Reform question, tracing it down through all its stages, from the passing of Lord Grey's measure in 1832, through Lord Derby's defeat in 1859, to the stage at which it had then arrived. After pointing out the disingenuous reception which had been awarded to his own proposals, and showing how those of the Government which supplanted that of Lord Derby

were scouted, not by Conservative members, but by speakers from the Ministerial side, he went on to say—

“All that has occurred—all that I have observed—all the results of my reflections, lead me to this more and more, that the principle on which the constituencies of this country should be increased is one not of radical, but, I would say, lateral Reform—the extension of the franchise, not its degradation. Although I do not wish in any way to deny it—being in the most difficult position when the Parliament of 1859 met—being anxious to assist the Crown and Parliament by proposing some moderate measure which men on both sides might support—we did, to a certain extent, agree to some modification of the £10 franchise, yet I confess that my present opinion is opposed, as it originally was, to any course of the kind. I think that it would fail in its object—that it would not secure the introduction of that particular class which we all desire to introduce, but that it would introduce many others who are unworthy of the suffrage. But, sir, while I retain these opinions, I think that it is possible to increase the electoral body of the country, if the opportunity were favourable and the necessity urgent, by the introduction of voters upon principles in unison with the principles of the Constitution, so that the suffrage should remain a privilege and not a right—a privilege to be gained by virtue, by intelligence, by industry, by integrity, and to be exercised for the common good. And, I think, if you quit that ground—if you once admit that every man has a right to vote whom you cannot prove to be disqualified for it—you would change the character of the Constitution, and you would change it in a manner which will tend to lower the importance of this country.”

We defy any candid and capable man to read these sentences without perceiving that their point is directed altogether against Mr Gladstone's plea for manhood suffrage. They avow, on the part of the speaker, a disinclination to disturb the existing franchise more than may be absolutely necessary; yet they show that he is willing to consider calmly whatever proposals may be submitted to him, and that he has in view some arrangement which, if forced to move at all, he

is prepared to adopt, and in the adoption of which he sees, or believes that he sees, the only possible solution of a tremendous difficulty. It is clear, too, that he considers public opinion to lag behind the conclusions at which he has himself arrived. He finds the table of the House covered with proposals, each contradictory of all the rest, and he despairs, in the absence of some leader of thought strong enough to grapple with them, of seeing any firm ground rise out of chaos:—

“I do not think that in this country generally there is a desire at this moment for any further change in this matter. I think the general opinion of the country on the subject of Parliamentary Reform is, that our views are not sufficiently matured on either side. Certainly, so far as I can judge, I cannot refuse the conclusion that such is the condition of honourable gentlemen opposite. We all know the paper circulated among us before Parliament met, on which the speech of its author, the hon. member for Maidstone (Mr Buxton), this evening is a comment. I quite sympathise with his ‘Liberal dilemma;’ it is one of the most interesting contributions to our elegiac literature I have heard for some time. But is it in this House only that we find these indications of the want of maturity in views upon this subject? Our tables are covered at this moment with propositions from eminent members of the Liberal party—men eminent for character or talents, and for both. And what are these propositions? All devices to counteract the consequences of their own Liberal Reform Bill, to which they are opposed; therefore it is quite clear, when we read these propositions and speculations, that the mind and intellect of the party have arrived at no conclusions on the subject. I would not speak of these projects with disrespect; I am prepared to give them grave consideration; but I ask whether these publications are not proofs that the active intelligence of the Liberal party is itself entirely at sea on the subject. I may say there has been more consistency, more calmness of consideration, on this subject on the part of gentlemen on this side, than on the part of those who seem to arrogate to themselves the monopoly of treating it. I can, at least, in answer to those who charge us

with trifling with the subject, appealing to the recollection of every candid man, say that we treated it with sincerity, prepared our measure with care, and submitted it to the House trusting to its candid consideration. We spared no pains in its preparation; and at this time, I am bound to say, speaking for my colleagues, in the main principles on which that Bill was founded—namely, the extension of the franchise, not its degradation—will be found, we believe, the only solution that will ultimately be accepted by this country. Therefore I cannot say that I look to this question, or that those with whom I act look to it, with any embarrassment."

Nothing can be more easy than to read this manifesto by the light which it has pleased the writer in the 'Quarterly Review' to shed over it. Himself opposed to all change, believing with Mr Lowe that the Constitution reached the summit of its excellence when the Reform Bill of 1832 became law, our essayist concludes that, in advocating an extended in contradistinction to a degraded franchise, Mr Disraeli pledged himself and his party in 1865 to a policy of resistance as often as a proposal should be made to give the privilege of voting to others than the ten-pound householders in boroughs, and the freeholders and fifty-pound occupiers of land in counties. But how could this be? An extended franchise, put upon the expression what meaning you may, is just as much a deviation from the line of 1832 as that which our essayist would call a degraded franchise. If you give the right of voting to one class of men because they are schoolmasters, to another because they are ministers of religion, to a third because they occupy lodgings for which they pay either ten or a hundred pounds a-year, you go just as far apart from the settlement of 1832 as if you were to lower the franchise in boroughs to £6 and in counties to £20. Yet to this lowering process, if we mistake not, not less than to the concession of the franchise to education

and respectability in lodgings, the 'Quarterly Review,' and probably the writer of "The Conservative Surrender" himself, were in 1859 well disposed. At all events, our recollection is very clear of a small secession at that time from Lord Derby's Cabinet, in consequence of the refusal of the head of the Government to substitute a £20 for a £50 franchise in counties, and his preference of a ten over a six pound franchise in boroughs; and we further recollect that the seceding statesmen were treated as martyrs to high principle in the highest of high Tory circles. Yet we can see no difference in principle, whatever there may be in degree, between a change from £50 to £20, and from £10 to £6, and a further change to any other figure, or to no figure at all, if the latter be preferred.

It seems, therefore, to us that the appeal to Mr Disraeli's speech in 1865 breaks down. Let us see what becomes of the other references with which the 'Quarterly Review' favours us, stating the case of the essayist in his own words:—

"He," Mr Disraeli, "declared (on the third reading of his own Bill) that not only had the Conservative leaders not opposed household suffrage in the previous year, but that they had come to a decision in favour of it even so far back as 1859. No one else has been sufficiently master of his countenance to repeat this wonderful defence. . . . It is needless to say that this theory is of very modern origin. It did not exist in the spring of the present year."

We have turned to Mr Disraeli's speech delivered on the 2d of April 1866, and we cannot discover therein a single sentence or expression which justifies, even partially, the assertion hazarded in the above extract. We find the then leader of the Opposition pointing out the effect that would be produced by lowering the franchise in boroughs and counties, without any care taken to hinder the former from

swamping the latter. Remember how Mr Gladstone's measure ran ; he himself thus summed up its main provisions :—

“The first is to create an occupation franchise in counties for houses alone, or houses with land, beginning at £14 rental, and mounting up to the present occupation franchise of £50. The second is to introduce into counties the provision that copyholders and householders within Parliamentary boroughs shall be put upon the same footing as freeholders in Parliamentary boroughs now stand upon for the purpose of county voting, without any alteration in the relative amounts of qualification for household and copyhold as compared with freehold. The third is a savings-bank franchise, which will operate in both counties and towns, but which may, we think, have the more sensible operation in counties. In towns we propose to place, first, the compound householders on the same footing as ratepaying householders. We propose next to abolish the tax and ratepaying clauses. We propose also to reduce £10 clear annual value to £7 clear annual value, and to bring in the gross estimated rental, taken from the rate-book, as the ordinary or presumptive measure of the value, thus *pro tanto* making the rate-book the register. We propose further to introduce a franchise on behalf of lodgers, which will comprehend both those persons holding part of a house with separate and independent access, and those who hold part of a house as inmates of the family of another person. The qualification for the suffrage in these classes will be the £10 clear annual value of apartments, without reference to furniture.”

It was simply impossible for Mr Disraeli, or anybody else, in resisting this measure, to express either approval or disapproval of household suffrage *per se*. What the House had to do, and what the leader of the Conservative portion of it did effectually, was to expose the damage which a measure so crude was calculated to effect, and the universal confusion which must attend on its adoption by the Legislature.

“Sir, my great objection to the measure of the Government is this—that though others may, I really cannot understand it. I cannot fathom what may

be the result of its provisions, unless I have those further measures upon the subject promised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But if I do consider the measure without reference to those further measures, I think I can show to the House that it must land us in a condition of such confusion—I believe little contemplated by the great body of the Ministers, and of those who support them on this occasion—that I verily declare—and I will give the proofs why I have arrived at that conclusion—if the Bill pass, and it should be the duty of Ministers to advise her Majesty to recur to the sense of the people—I do verily believe they would have to hold an autumn session in order to revise and modify this Bill, before, really, they could dissolve Parliament.”

Starting from this point, Mr Disraeli goes on to show how impossible it was, from the light thus thrown on the subject, to calculate what the results of the proposed change would be, and then he glances, so to speak, at the reduction of the franchise as an abstract proposition. He first proves that the working classes were in 1866 far more largely represented in Parliament than the authors of the Bill of that year had imagined, and then proceeds: “I think I have shown that the condition of the working-classes in this respect is not such as has been stated. The question is, Have they or have they not a fair proportion of that estate of the Commons of which they are entitled to be members? I do not say that they have.” He had already, be it remembered, accepted Mr Mill's proposal—not a recent one, but a proposal made many years ago—that the franchise should be coincident with the payment of direct taxes. Now, how can a poor man pay direct taxes? He exhibits no armorial bearings; he has neither man-servant, nor horse, nor carriage, for which to be charged; but he is liable, if he be not himself a pauper, to contribute to the maintenance of the poor, and to bear his fair share of the burdens which rest upon other ratepayers in the borough. Where

does this land us? We quite believe that the writer of the essay in the 'Quarterly Review' did not at the time observe the sequence. It is more than probable that a good many Tory members of Parliament would have received, only to reject it, had it been abruptly presented to them then. All this proves, indeed, that Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli looked further into the future than a large portion of their supporters in Parliament. But is the Tory party limited, in regard either to numbers or opinion, to the few hundred noblemen and gentlemen who chance to have seats in the legislature? Certainly not. And if the writer in the 'Quarterly' will have the candour to inquire, he may perhaps discover that whatever might have been the prevalent feeling in the spring of 1866 among Tory members of Parliament, in the Tory party out of Parliament there were multitudes—multitudes of able and thoughtful men—to whom the conviction had been brought home that household suffrage was inevitable. These only waited till their friends should be in office again to press upon them, with all the moral force which they could command, the wisdom of taking the initiative in this ultimate arrangement. That the chiefs of the party, in contemplating what may be called a downward progress in the franchise, had, long prior to 1866, come to the conclusion that there was no resting-place except household suffrage, guarded by the payment of rates, Mr Disraeli and Lord Derby have both assured us. Is there any just reason to doubt them, either in what they did or what they said, up to the moment when all reserve was withdrawn?

We come now to the third of our essayist's points—the first as they stand in order in the 'Quarterly Review,' of which a few words will, it appears to us, be sufficient to dispose. Till the writer in the *Quarterly* pro-

claimed the fact, we never entertained a suspicion that in the Tory party there could be individuals so simple as to suppose that "the opposition to Mr Gladstone's Bill of last year was not caused by its going too far, but by its not going far enough." Our idea was that the Bill had been fought, on the Conservative side of the House, on the ground of its incompleteness. Mr Lowe, doubtless, directed the force of his eloquence against the principle of a deviation from the settlement of 1832, and had it been possible to maintain that settlement, probably the Tories would have taken the same line. But the Tories were just as well aware in 1866 as in 1867 that the settlement of 1832 was virtually at an end; and they welcomed Mr Lowe, as in war we welcome any ally who is willing to join us, no matter by what motive actuated, against the common enemy. What they mainly objected to was, that a measure of such paramount importance should be introduced into the House of Commons piecemeal. This the very terms of the resolution which Lord Grosvenor brought forward, and they supported, distinctly show; and if their hostility was at the same time extended to certain of the details which characterised Mr Gladstone's proposition, can it be said that they either failed to defeat these details, or that they adopted them, wholly or in part, into their own measure? Has the writer in the 'Quarterly' forgotten Mr Disraeli's speech on the second reading of the Whig Bill?

"It becomes my duty to vindicate on this occasion, as I have done before, the conduct of Lord John Russell—and that I am prepared to do. Lord John Russell thought fit in 1852, for reasons to which the honourable gentleman opposite has just referred, and to which I shall advert in due time, to introduce a Reform Bill. That Bill was in itself a very good one; it is indeed probable that a long time will elapse before we again see so good a measure. It had only one fault, and that was, that nobody wanted it."

Again :—

“Persons called moderate—generally men who do not take the trouble of thinking for themselves—took it into their heads that bit-by-bit Reform was a harmless thing; that it could not do much harm, and might give a little satisfaction. But Lord Russell—knowing that the distribution of power is the real point, and that the interests of England depend on the whole question being always considered, and that if you deal with a single franchise, for example, which moderate men might consider an offence of no great importance, and did not deal with other parts of the question, you might effect a complete change in the British Constitution—felt in 1852, when pressed by piecemeal Reformers, that the only way to prevent them from proceeding was, to devise a large and general measure of Reform, by which he might baffle their endeavours. You know the result. He went out of office. Lord Derby, too, was beaten by the piecemeal Reformers, and therefore he was obliged to resign, or submit the question himself to Parliament, and so baffle the efforts of the piecemeal Reformers. Both Lord Derby and Lord Russell were influenced by the same cause, and had the same object. But the most singular thing is—and to this I call the attention of the House—Lord Russell is again Minister, and we have him now introducing a measure of piecemeal Reform.”

It is idle, with such evidence before us, to contend that at any time between 1852 and 1867 the Tory party stood upon the principle of resistance to Parliamentary Reform. It is worse than idle—it is uncandid—we might be justified in using a still stronger word—to assert, as the writer in the ‘Quarterly Review’ asserts, that no idea of descending to household suffrage in boroughs was ever entertained, far less expressed, by the leaders of the Tory party till last spring. At the same time, no human being contends—Mr Disraeli himself has never said—that the necessity of descending to that level was admitted, otherwise than gradually, and, as it were, upon compulsion. What statesman worthy of the name desires change in the constitution of an empire for its own sake? All

change is, while in progress, an evil. It is often better to put up with inconvenience, and even wrong, than to make an effort to get rid of either. But when change becomes a necessity, and repeated efforts have been made without success to bring it about, he is the only wise statesman who chooses a base which bids fair to be permanent; and boldly, and by one effort, strives to reach it. Remember how this particular case stood. It was the policy of the Government which had passed the Reform Bill of 1832, as soon as the probability of the return of the Tories to power became apparent, to make the country believe that the first act of a Tory Administration would be to repeal the measure. It was necessary for their own sakes, as well as to allay the ferment thereby excited in the public mind, that the leaders of the Tory party should expose the baseness of this calumny. Accordingly, Sir Robert Peel, in his well-known Tamworth Manifesto, explicitly denied that either he or his party entertained any such purpose; declaring that they had accepted the settlement of 1832 as a final one, and would neither themselves break nor tolerate in others any attempt to break in upon it. Mr Disraeli, in his great speech at the Edinburgh Banquet, states that of the abstract wisdom of this declaration he always entertained a doubt; and we confess that we agree with him. Wise or unwise, however, the declaration was made, and for twenty years the terms of it were maintained to the letter. But just twenty years after carrying their great measure, the Whigs, being then in office, broke in upon their own settlement; and Lord John Russell, himself one of the authors of the Bill, pronounced it to be no longer suited to the wants of the nation. What followed on the Tory side?—

“Sir Robert Peel had then unfortunately quitted the scene; but there were such men as Lord Derby himself—

others, some of whom are now in his Cabinet—there were men who have left us like Sir Robert Peel—there was Lord George Bentinck, there were Mr Banks and others, men associated in the public mind with the maintenance of what are called high Tory opinions, many of them—they met, they considered the circumstances of the case, they conferred with their adherents, they arrived at a definite and determined conclusion, that under no circumstances whatever was the Tory party ever to be induced to oppose a new Reform Bill—that they would always assist its introduction, and then attempt to mould it into that form which they believed would be most advantageous to the country. To that resolution, passed nearly twenty years ago, they have invariably and religiously adhered; and I can only say for myself, that from the time I first presumed at the request of my friends to take any lead in public affairs, I have never omitted any opportunity of claiming, whenever this question was brought forward, the right of the Tory party to deal with it—deeming that historically we had as good and a better right than our opponents, but that, totally irrespective of these considerations, it was a fatal position that one of the great constitutional parties of England should commence their programme by the admission, that upon the most vital and interesting of public questions they were to be considered to be debarred from ever interfering.”

From the date of their arriving at this resolution down to the close of last session, the Tories have been quite as surely as their rivals consistent Parliamentary Reformers. They had, besides, a principle for which to strive which their rivals had not. One of the main objections to the terms of Earl Grey's measure was, that it robbed the working-classes of the political rights which the old Constitution had conferred on them; and no measure of Reform could, in the opinion of the Tories, be a just one, which failed in some shape or another to restore these rights. It is most true that they did not arrive all at once at a clear understanding as to what would be the best and safest mode of restoring these rights. Time and circumstances were needed to throw light on that subject.

But the end itself was steadily kept in view, and is stated with more or less of clearness in every one of Mr Disraeli's speeches delivered between 1848 and 1867. The Whigs, on the other hand, never went farther than to propose that the occupancy franchise should be lowered; and that privileges should be enjoyed by copyholders and leaseholders such as the original Reform Bill had not conferred upon them. For a time these latter considerations—we mean the lowering of the qualification for the benefit of the class enfranchised by the Bill of 1832—weighed little if at all with the Tories. Their aim was by some scheme of lateral extension to meet, if possible, the wants of the disfranchised working men—or of the *élite* of them. But the manoeuvres of the enemy drove them out of that position, and in spite of themselves they were forced to take up another. They were constrained to adopt this course, moreover, by the application to them and to their endeavours of a system of political tactics which it is difficult in appropriate terms to describe. Hear Mr Disraeli himself on the subject, and say whether his account of the matter be not both candid and just:—

“Lord Derby acceded to office as Prime Minister for the first time in 1852, Lord John Russell having then just failed on the question of Parliamentary Reform. It was not necessary for Lord Derby in 1852 to deal with the question; and everybody felt that, however wise it might be to consider it with regard to ultimate settlement, there was no pressure for immediate solution. The measure of Lord John Russell of 1852 was generally considered, even by his friends—though I think there was much to vindicate his course—an immature movement. Well, when we came into office in 1852, though it was not necessary to deal with the question of Reform, it was necessary in 1852 to make up our minds as to the general policy we should adopt on that subject; because, although we need not bring forward a measure, the Opposition, who then for three years had agitated upon

the subject, were quite certain to bring forward motions upon the matter, and upon these motions the Government must be prepared to express their general policy. And so it turned out. We had not been in office ten days before notice of motions on Parliamentary Reform — some complete and comprehensive schemes, some of an isolated character — were showered upon the table like a snow-storm. Mr Hume gave notice of a motion which he had annually made for three or four years, and the pressure of which measure had forced Lord Russell to introduce a Bill — of making the same motion about a month after we acceded to office. The Government of Lord Derby had therefore to consider the course they would take, and the general policy they would announce. It fell to my lot — I hope, my lords and gentlemen, you will not think me egotistic if I speak, in these few remarks I shall make, a good deal of myself. It is convenient for narrative, but what I did I did not merely with the sanction of my colleagues, but ever with their counsel and advice. It fell to my lot, then, in the year 1852, as leader of the House of Commons, to express the policy of Lord Derby on the subject. It is upon record. It is upon the authentic annals of what is done in the great assembly at Westminster. I had to express the policy of Lord Derby. We were not prepared, we told the House of Commons, in answer to the motion of Mr Hume, and those made by Mr Locke King and others — we said we were not prepared to deal with the question of Parliamentary Reform; but we claimed our right even then, if we thought necessary, to deal with it. But we said, if it be necessary on any future occasion to deal with the representation of the people, it is our opinion that a very great mistake was made on that subject in the year 1832. It was the manner in which Parliament abolished the relations between the labouring classes and the Constitution of this country; and I said then, on the part of Lord Derby, that if ever we felt it to be our duty to deal with the question, we should endeavour to remedy that great deficiency, as we believed it to be the real cause of the discontent which prevailed upon this subject, and which frequently expressed itself in a manner which no statesman would despise, and might, on future occasions, prove inconvenient and injurious."

These are facts about which there is no disputing. Let us fol-

low the progress of events down the stream of time, and we shall find other facts not less demonstrative than these of the perfect honesty of purpose by which, in all their dealings with the question of Reform, the leaders of the Tory party were guided. Between 1852 and 1858 they were in opposition. Their duty as leaders of an Opposition was simple enough. They had only to watch, to criticise, to do their best to render at least innocuous, whatever measures her Majesty's Government might propose; and they conscientiously discharged that duty. At last their turn came; and how it was used, and how put out of court, Mr Disraeli shall say. He thus expresses himself in his great speech at the Edinburgh dinner:—

"Lord Derby did make an effort in 1859. This is the next connection of Lord Derby and his party with the question of Reform. He had to deal with that question. It was his opinion, after the most deliberate thought, and after the most painful investigation on the subject, that with regard to the borough franchise, any degradation of the borough franchise from £10 to £8, or £7, or £6, or so on, would be utterly unsatisfactory, that it would lead to no settlement, and that you could arrive at no settlement unless you came to some household suffrage without the condition of rental value. He was not prepared to recommend that; he did not believe the country would have supported him in such a course, and therefore he endeavoured to carry out the policy which he recommended as to facilitating the admission of the working-classes into the Constitution by a variety of franchises. I shall not go into them now. The Lodger franchise was one of them — then treated, of course, with contempt, but now, I understand, without doubt the palladium of our liberties. Well, now, these are the relations of Lord Derby to Reform. He had from the beginning laid it down as his view of the case, that no Bill which did not revive the relation of the working-classes with the Constitution of the country, and at the same time did not do justice to the population in the counties that were so feebly represented, would be satisfac-

tory. In 1859 you know what occurred. We were expelled from power by a resolution of Lord John Russell that no settlement of the question of Parliamentary Reform would be satisfactory which did not involve the lowering of the borough franchise. We resisted that. We believed that it was a policy which ought not to be sanctioned by the House of Commons unless it was definitely brought forward; and feeling confident that there was no mere degradation of the borough franchise that could bring any satisfactory settlement, we recommended her Majesty to dissolve Parliament upon that issue. The country did not give us a majority; and therefore both Parliament and the country were henceforth pledged to a lowering of the franchise in boroughs. Well, now, what happened in the memorable seven years which elapsed from 1859 to 1866, when Lord Derby was again called to power, and when he did me the honour again to ask me to attempt to lead the House of Commons? Now, observe, my lords and gentlemen, that from the year 1860, when Lord Palmerston, in consequence of the pledge into which he had been entrapped by the conduct of Lord John Russell—because Lord Palmerston, in consequence of his engagement to Lord Derby, was entirely opposed to the motion of Lord John Russell, and it was with great difficulty that in 1859 he agreed to support it—see, I say, what has occurred in Parliament on the subject of Reform in these seven years. They commenced with the measure of Lord Palmerston in 1860: that failed. They concluded with the measure of Lord John Russell, in 1866, which also failed; and in the interval there were all those separate motions of Mr Locke King and of Mr Baines of which we have heard. Therefore, during these years—from 1860 to 1866—the question of Parliamentary Reform was constantly before the public mind and the examination of Parliament. During that period of seven years, with the advice—I may say under the instruction of my colleagues in public life, after constant communication with them during these seven years, I endeavoured continuously to lay down the principles upon which, in our opinion, a measure of Parliamentary Reform ought to be founded. Now, mark this—because these are things which you may not have heard of in another speech which was made in this city of Edinburgh. We had to prepare the mind of the country—to educate, if it be not arro-

gant to use such a phrase—to educate our party on this subject of Reform. It is a large party, and its attention can only be obtained to the consideration of a great question by the pressure which is secured by frequent discussion. Now, what were the points which, not only with the concurrence of Lord Derby and my colleagues, some of whom are in this room—what were the points that, during the course of these seven years, I tried to impress upon the conscience and conviction of the country? They were these: First of all, and by far the most important, that a measure of Parliamentary Reform, whenever it was adopted, should be a complete and comprehensive one; that all the branches of the subject should be dealt with; that we would not be seduced, as was the habit of the Radical party after the failure of Lord Palmerston's comprehensive measure in 1860, into dealing with the question in detail. And for this simple reason, that if you deal with it in detail you may indeed establish a democratic constitution. Take Mr Baines's question of the reduction of the borough franchise, which we have been accused of inconsistency in having opposed. Had Mr Baines carried a very large reduction in the borough franchise without any reference to other portions of the subject, what would have happened? You would have had the next week, without any effective opposition—for it was a part of the subject on which the opinion of the House of Commons was matured—a great reduction in the county franchise. Well, when you had got these two things they would have rested, and in due time there would have been a dissolution of Parliament; and the county members would have been returned by the borough population that dwelt without the Parliamentary boundaries of the Act of 1832. Well, that was the first great point which it was my duty always to impress upon Parliament, that we could listen to no measure that was not complete. We contended that all the portions of Parliamentary Reform should be treated together, because we knew that on treating them all together depended that political equilibrium which has hitherto prevailed in this country. That was the first condition. What was the second? During these seven years I had to vindicate the principles upon which disfranchisement and enfranchisement should take place. I said for the party with which I acted, 'We cannot sanction any proposal for grouping boroughs; we contend that the representation of no

place shall be entirely abrogated, and that if you want to increase representation, you must look to a certain class of boroughs, and appeal to their patriotism—which appeal will no doubt be successful if recommended by a Ministry—to spare you one of their members.’ These were the principles upon which for seven years we insisted that disfranchisement and enfranchisement should take place. What was the third condition? I said no settlement of this question of Parliamentary Reform can be satisfactory unless you have a real and *bona fide* boundary commission—not a boundary commission that merely settles the boundaries of new boroughs, but that examines the boundaries of all existing Parliamentary boroughs, and takes care that people who are *bona fide* borough occupiers shall not, under your sweeping measures of Reform, become suddenly county electors, and so change the whole character of the constituencies. What was the fourth point during these seven weary, but not, I trust, unprofitable years, that we insisted on, on the part of our friends? The fourth point was this—that justice should at last be done to the majority of the English nation who live in counties; and that was to be done, not merely by giving representation to the towns that had sprung into importance since Lord Grey’s Act in 1832—not merely by the issue of a boundary commission of the effective character I have sketched—but by adding a considerable number directly to their representatives. Now, what was the fifth point that we insisted upon, and which we supported by our vote; and through which vote, though at the time we had no anticipation of it, we became the responsible Ministers of the Crown? We insisted that the borough franchise should be established upon the principle of rating. Now, these are the five points that during seven weary and toilsome years I have, with the entire concurrence of those who share your entire confidence, endeavoured in the House of Commons to impress upon the conscience and the conviction of Parliament.”

But, according to the ‘Quarterly,’ all this line of action, it appears—this manœuvring, for such is the term—was an abuse of the confidence of the party which had raised Lord Derby to power.

“The division which carried them to power was won by the votes of half-a-

dozen men. Numbers of those who voted with them on that occasion would have supported any leader, and accepted almost any Bill, rather than have promoted a measure of household suffrage. The Conservative leaders knew that perfectly well. They were not ignorant of the motives which inspired the enthusiasm with which the eloquence of Mr Lowe was received, or of the sentiments which animated the majority of the speeches delivered from their own side of the House. Both in public and in private they were stimulating those feelings to the utmost of their power . . . They kept their secret, apparently, even from their colleagues in Opposition, or those colleagues would hardly have plunged so deeply into pledges which they have since been forced to shake off. They certainly kept it after the critical division from their colleagues in office, as we know from the disclosures of the three seceding Secretaries of State, not only during the remainder of the session of 1866, but during the whole of the ensuing recess, and for many days after Parliament had met in the beginning of the present year. Indeed, it was not till the entire struggles of the session were over, and majorities had been obtained by apparent restrictions upon the compound householder, that the project of Tory democracy, which had been so long and so sedulously concealed, was at last given to the world.”

Here, we suspect, lies the sting of the whole matter. In Lord Derby’s Administration there were three men, two of them absolutely new to office, whose capabilities of trying the question of Reform by the light of experience had not been proved. Towards them, it would appear, and possibly to others of their colleagues, the two leading spirits of the Cabinet maintained, for a while, some reserve. Is it not so in all companies or bodies of men associated for purposes whether of war, commerce, or politics? Does it not devolve on one or two master-spirits to devise and prepare the way for accomplishing certain purposes, before these purposes are fully revealed to the whole governing body? Had Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli, immediately after acceding to office, announced their intention of propos-

ing household suffrage, can it be doubted that a split in the Cabinet would have been the immediate consequence? What then? We should have probably had Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone back in power, pledged to disfranchise entirely where they had previously proposed to group, creating new constituencies in large towns, and swamping counties altogether, by letting loose upon them all the copyholders and leaseholders resident within boroughs. Besides, how long would the £7 or £6 or £5 qualifications have been allowed to stand? The sole choice, therefore, submitted to Lord Derby was, whether he would give such a Bill as we have actually got, or hand over the country to be Americanised by a party which has shown that anything was in their opinion to be preferred to the loss of office for themselves and their friends.

Well, but can we excuse the shifts to which Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli had recourse?—their attempt to bring on a Reform Bill by resolution of the House? their proposal to guard against the extinction of the rights of property by giving to certain classes of voters dual votes? What can be said for these, and for the final abandonment of the clause which restricted compound householders from voting at all?

With respect to the last of these points it may suffice to observe, that the necessity for a qualification of the personal payment of rates is just as securely guarded by the law as it stands, as it would have been had the original proposal of the Minister been carried. The individual desirous to exercise the privilege of the franchise must enter his name on the rate-book, and pay the rates direct, or through his landlord, as he may prefer. The question of dual voting Mr Disraeli shall dispose of for himself:—

“Well, there is the principle of plural voting. The Tory party would never

have permitted the introduction of your Bill if they had known you were going to give up the principle of plural voting. Well, the principle of plural voting was introduced into the Resolutions; and if we had had a fair and good discussion on the principle of plural voting, which we had not, I think it might have been advantageous to the House of Commons and instructive to the country. But, gentlemen, the principle of plural voting is not a Tory principle. No Tory ever wrote in favour of plural voting. No Tory ever made a speech in favour of plural voting; but after Lord John Russell, by that fatal act of faction in 1859, pledged Parliament and the country to a reduction of the franchise, there was an immense alarm in the Liberal party on the possible consequences of such a course, and all the philosophers who belonged to the Liberal party, and I have reason to believe there are some in the city of Edinburgh, wrote books to show that they could only save the State by allowing men to have more votes than one. Well, there is no doubt the men who did this were philosophers—all very clever men—Mr Mill and his disciples—men of great brain, of great intelligence, many of them, and, like him, masters of composition; and no doubt they produced a certain effect on the public mind. Not that the great mass of the people had ever heard of such a thing, but these things affected the public mind among the more intelligent and influential classes, and therefore, in our Resolutions, knowing very well that if a Tory could have more than one vote he would have no objection to it, although he never invented the system, we introduced the principle of plural voting in our Bill, and we are denounced by great authorities because we introduced our measure with the recommendation of plural voting, and then gave up that great security in a moment. Now, what are the facts of the case? When I introduced the Bill, I referred to the circumstances I have just noticed, and said we had proposed there should be in certain circumstances a dual vote. I did not particularly insist on it, but wished to have the opinion of the House upon it. What happened next night? A county member—a highly Conservative member, I am sorry to say, although he is a very old friend of mine, not now present, for he was a Scotch member—the member for Inverness—gave notice of a motion denouncing plural voting under any forms and circumstances. That was the first welcome of

the principle of plural voting. Mr Henley, a remarkable man, to whom the Chairman has referred—probably his like has not been seen in the House of Commons since the Parliaments of Walpole and the days of Mr Shippen—wrote a letter to the Government, and made a speech in the House of Commons, in which he denounced plural voting; and all, and they are many, who are influenced by Mr Henley, would have acted with him. All that I know is, that I fixed one fortnight before the second reading of the Bill; and before a week had elapsed, those who had the best knowledge of our party—the gentlemen who assist me by their acuteness and universal acquaintance with the members—informed me they did not believe there were ten men in the Tory party who would vote in favour of plural voting. Mr Gladstone one week after announcing his implacable hostility to plural voting—of course, it was universally said that I immediately truckled to Mr Gladstone. The fact is, the party would not stand plural voting. They did not sympathise with the Liberal philosophers, and I was obliged to give it up. Would you not have done so in the same circumstances?"

It appears then, to us, that in libelling the public and private character of the two great leaders of the Tory party, the writer in the 'Quarterly Review' convicts himself not of gross ignorance only, but of something more to be lamented than ignorance. There is a bitterness in his style for which we can find no excuse, unless it be such as angry men usually offer when "temper has run away with them." Mr Disraeli, we perceive, accepts this excuse. "I would say that article was written by a very clever man who has made a great mistake. It is a combination which, it is said, produces strange effects on the temper and sometimes on the intellect." This is well put, but we doubt whether the Conservative party will so lightly pass by a piece of ratiocination, which, if it prove anything, proves them to be block-heads of the first water. Not only have they allowed themselves to be duped into ruining their own

cause and blasting their own reputation, but so blind are they, and so besotted, that they cannot even now discover how entirely they are befooled. They meet by thousands in all parts of the country to profess their undiminished confidence in the men who have betrayed them, and rejoice as people are supposed to do only when things go well with them. All this may be a delusion, but it is a delusion the like of which was never before heard of; for it throws its glamour over others than the avowed professors of Conservative opinions. There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the proposal to feast Lord Derby in Manchester and Mr Disraeli in Edinburgh would have thrown both cities into a ferment. Conceive such an idea entertained in Manchester during the dominance of the Anti-Corn-Law League, or just after Mr Gladstone had, in the spring of 1866, been venting his spleen in Lancashire at the treatment which the Whig Reform Bill had met with. Conceive such an idea entertained in Edinburgh any time between Lord Chancellor Brougham's reception there and the general election which sent Mr Black into private life, and delegated Mr M'Laren to represent the capital of Scotland in the House of Commons. Now Manchester and Edinburgh have given—the one to the First Lord of the Treasury, the other to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—such a greeting as in the memory of the present generation no public man ever before received in either city. Nor is it exclusively among the upper and middle classes of society that these gentlemen find their admirers. The dinners in the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester, and in the Corn Exchange at Edinburgh, were both brilliant in the extreme. Men of every rank and station, from the duke to the private gentleman, gathered by hundreds round the well-spread boards, and the reception awarded to the guest on

either occasion was all that the heart of man could desire. But even more significative of the sense of the nation was the anxiety displayed by the working men of Lancashire and Scotland to meet the chiefs of the Tory party, and to thank them for the good work which they had achieved. Unfortunately for himself, and much to the regret of the men of Manchester, the state of Lord Derby's health would not allow him to gratify his admirers in this respect. It was different with Mr Disraeli; and this we will take it upon us to assert, that by none who listened to it when spoken, nor by many who read the substance of it in the newspapers next day, will his address delivered in the Music Hall on the evening of the 30th of October 1867 be speedily forgotten. Upwards of two thousand persons, almost all of them working men, put into his hands an address as manly as it is eloquent, and were replied to in a tone which at once won their hearts and satisfied their sober judgment. Nor did the demonstration end where it began. The working-men of London have since met at the Crystal Palace to express their satisfaction at the passing of the Tory Reform Bill, and their confidence in the authors of that measure. They were well addressed by Lord John Manners, and well understood and appreciated his speech. We shall probably, after all this, hear less than we used to do of the natural antagonism of the Tory party to the working-classes. The 'Quarterly Review' itself will scarcely, we should think, take courage to write again about sudden conversions and a lifelong policy reversed. In like manner, insinuations about subtlety and craft, which it is so easy to throw out and so hard to verify, find their own level when tried by the touchstone of fact.

"Believe me," said Mr Disraeli, speaking to the working-men of Edinburgh, "that I am not entitled to those compli-

ments which I sometimes receive upon my marvellous dexterity. I will explain to you to-night all the arts by which I contrived to achieve this great success. All the black arts imputed to me are simply these—that on all important questions I took my own party into confidence, and that when I had to appeal to an independent Opposition, I remembered at all times that they were men of sense and gentlemen. And it was by these two means, and these only, that I succeeded at last, as the organ of a unanimous Government, in carrying a measure which I believe will add stability to the State, and spirit to the community."

So also, at the Crystal Palace, Lord John Manners explained clearly and at length what the links are which connect the Tory party with the working-men, and how steadily and consistently the former have, by their votes in Parliament, laboured, through good report and through evil, to get justice done to the latter. Is it becoming, is it commonly decent, for a writer, calling himself a Tory, in the face of all this, to sound an alarm of which the sole effect can be—if it have any effect—to intimidate the friends of order as much as it encourages revolutionists? What right has the essayist whose article we are now criticising, to assert that "Lord Derby does not pay the homage of hypocrisy to the virtues he is renouncing"? What justification can he offer for affirming that, "when summoned to power, his (Lord Derby's) ambition was not to struggle for the Conservative principles which he had, up to that moment, advocated, or to fall in the attempt. He did not welcome the opportunity of showing the sincerity of his Opposition professions by his practice when in office. The simple standard which he proposed to himself to reach was to bring forward such a measure as would save himself from being ousted from office, and would convert the majority of his opponents into a minority"? Is it virtue in a public man called to the guidance of public affairs to take up in times like

these a position which he knows to be untenable, to advocate a policy which the country and the Parliament had alike rejected, instead of striking out some new device, which might afford at least a chance of saving the Constitution from shipwreck? Are Conservative principles synonymous with sheer obstinacy—the determination not to move a hair's-breadth from a constitutional settlement which has been thrown over by the authors of it? Or would the Quarterly Reviewer be content had Lord Derby put himself at the head of those bit-by-bit Reformers, the necessary consequence of whose legislation, if not its avowed object, is to keep the public mind in a state of chronic agitation? A leap in the dark! Well, be it so. Surely it is better to take a leap in the dark, knowing, at all events, beforehand where we expect to land, than to find ourselves pushed down from one slippery crag to another, till our very brain becomes confused, and courage and strength to hold on anywhere alike forsake us. But this is idle verbiage. The business of all lovers of their country now

is not with the past, but with the future. What is done cannot be undone; and this much at least her Majesty's Ministers are justified in saying for themselves, that, whether right or wrong in the course which they believed themselves constrained to take, they have carried the great bulk of the party with them. It may be that in the throng of their followers some may be found who would rather that events had turned out differently. This is quite possible; and so long as the sense of regret operates only like any other private sorrow, making them graver and more anxious than they would have otherwise been, the most rigid of partisans can have no right to find fault. But he who, swayed by private pique, does his best to render good government under any set of Ministers impossible, deserves no pity. Now, with this grave crime against his country—rather than against his party—we charge the writer in the 'Quarterly Review;' and our worst wish concerning him is that he may sooner or later discover where his great mistake lies, and yet do his best to atone for it.

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